

thou art accepted through the beloved? How important are these questions! May they affect thee rightly, and awaken thee to a lively consideration of the unutterable importance of thy soul's dearest interests in time and eternity! See to it that thou art justified and sanctified, living in the present and abiding enjoyment of a conscious salvation. Engrave it on thy heart in indelible characters, that something more than making a profession of religion and joining the church is essential to thy happiness and safety in both worlds; and if thou hast any doubts as to thy religious state before God, rest not until this, of all matters the most momentous to thee, is settled, and thou knowest from the indubitable witness of the Spirit, that thou art a Christian indeed and of a truth, and thy experience of divine things fully justifies in the sight of him who knows all things, the profession thou makest before thy fellow-men, who at least can only look at the outward appearance. So entreats thy well-wisher.—*Methodist Magazine.*

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"LET HIM ALONE."

"Ephraim is wedded to idols; let him alone." Hosea iv, 17. There is not in all the Scripture a more awful sentence; the command itself, the occasion of it, the Being who utters it. Let him alone! Methinks it should startle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss and gay contentedness with this world's good. Ephraim is wedded to idols; he has chosen the world for his portion, and likes it; he has set his heart upon the things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness; his cup is full; his spirit is sated; he drinks it eagerly and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dream to tell him it is no reality—do not disturb his conscience, or mar his pleasures, or wake his fears, or check his hopes. He has made his choice, let him have it, and abide it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue us for ever with thy chastening rod! If we have an idol that we love too much, better that it be dashed in pieces before our eyes—better that the scorpion-sting of sorrow chase from our bosom every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than that we be left to such a posterity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery. While he deigns to correct us, there is hope in the very zenith of our folly. While he pursues our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly. But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupefied conscience sounds no alarm, all on earth goes well with us, and no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal,—start not our bosoms at the thought, He may have said of us, as he said of Ephraim, "Let him alone!"