

and hatred in his heart. He who observes not the condition of a transaction so advantageous, does not comprehend what he owes to God, and is a madman who resolves to perish. Let us adore the infinite love and mercy of God and let us beseech him to give us such a heart as is indulgent, charitable, and always ready to forgive.

And lead us not into temptation,

We must say it with the heart of a sick person, who implores the assistance of his physician, acknowledging that he deserves to be forsaken by him. The way of salvation is a way of humility, and the Christian grace a grace of combat. There is nothing makes men more humble, renders them more vigilant, and obliges them to have recourse more frequently to the arms of faith and prayer, than their being unable to ascribe to themselves any good, their perceiving themselves capable of all evil, their having a domestic enemy who leaves them not one moment's quiet or security, and their depending continually upon a grace which is not due, and of which they are altogether unworthy.

But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Lastly, we must say it with the heart of a captive, an exile, or an afflicted person, who has recourse to his deliverer. With how many snares, how many obstacles to good, how many occasions of sin, how many enemies of salvation are we surrounded, among whom our false friends are the most dangerous! Lord, from thee alone we expect deliverance: delay not to succour us. May the frequent combats, in which the tempter engages us, make us sigh and long after the general deliverance, which will forever banish to hell the tempter and the temptation, all disorderly affection and concupiscence, all sin and wickedness whatsoever. Let us adore the power and justice of the sovereign Judge; let us wait like exiles, to be called home, and, like captives, to be delivered; and let us fly to him for aid under the miseries of our banishment and slavery, and in all the assaults of our enemies.

POETRY.

ANGELS.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place,
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majesty.
More fair is that where those *Ideas* on high
Enranged be, which Plato so admired,
And pure intelligences from God inspired.
Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do reign
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states.
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
And heavenly dominations are set:
From whom all earthly governance is set.
Yet far more fair be those bright Cherubims,
Which all with golden wings are over dight,
And those eternal burning Seraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light.
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On God's own person, without rest or end.

Spenser.