

there is nothing—(I speak in the case of reverses for which you are not morally responsible)—there is nothing so mean and dastardly as this. Unkindness and resentment, under any circumstances, are indefensible; but to trample on a *fallen* foe—to crush the powerless—to visit them with coldness and unkindness at the very moment when they most need their aching wounds bound up—this is cruel indeed!—*Macduff*.

HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE.

Life is now before most of us, with its bright plans and phantom-visions;—its rainbow-hues and air-castles. Many have no eyes to see the end of that glowing perspective—the close of the avenue, which at present is over-arched with the green boughs of hope. But as we go on, the distance sensibly diminishes; our consciousness becomes more and more vivid that the end is nearing; and we feel that we are passing, like the millions that have preceded us, to the “long home.”

“*How long,*” said Barzillai, “*have I to live?*” “*How long have I to live?*”—what a solemn question for us all, amid the daily-occurring proofs of our frailty and mortality. Oh, what a motto to bear about with us continually amid the tear and wear of life!

Young man! with the flash of young hope in thine eye; existence extending in interminable vista before thee;—pause ever and anon on the enchanted highway, and put the solemn question, “*How long have I to live?*”

Man of business! in availing yourself of new openings in trade, accepting new responsibilities and anxieties, involving yourself in new entanglements, have you stopped at the threshold and probed yourself with the question, “*How long have I to live?*”

Child of pleasure! plunging into the midst of dissipating excitement,—the whirl of intoxicating gaiety;—have you ever, in returning, jaded, and weary, and worn, from the heated ball-room, flung yourself prayerless on your pillow, and sunk into a feverish dream, with the question haunting you, “*How long have I to live?*”

Fruitless professor! who, with the form

of godliness, art yet destitute of every practical active Christian virtue; who hast never known what it is to relieve the needy, or succour the poor, or whisper the word of unselfish kindness, or help the languishing mission-cause. Thou who hast lived a useless life;—who in the retrospect can point to no one good, or generous, or self-sacrificing deed. Amid abounding opportunities, perhaps with full coffers at thy side, and the bar of God before thine eyes, hast thou ever seriously pondered the question—how soon the opportunity may be past and gone!—“*How long have I to live?*”—*Macduff*.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

Once in a Sabbath school, a very little girl repeated the twenty-third Psalm very well, and so pleased a visitor who was present and heard her, that he took a shilling from his pocket and said, “This is for your little lesson, my child.”

The child's eye flashed with delight on what she never, perhaps, had had in her possession before, and she clasped her hands tightly over her prize.

“Now,” said her father, “I see a great many shops open in this quarter, though it is God's day. You must, on no account, spend that coin in any of them to-day, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand, I won't be with you to see you; but there is One who will see you, and find out at once if you break the Sabbath day.”

The child was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark, thoughtful eye.

“Who will see you?” he asked, after a pause.

“*Myself will see me,*” said the child in an instant, and with a gesture of pride.—She did not know how noble her answer was; but she gave it clearly and promptly. She would disdain to lie or deceive, even when alone. She could never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes. That was the simple answer, full of truth and honour.

Of course, the visitor expected her to reply, “God will see me.” Perhaps, after all, it came to this, that God was so at home in the poor little heart, that she knew no difference between his eye and her own.