

but when he shall also add the facilities which commercial intercourse affords to further the great design; when the man of science shall make his discoveries subserve the godlike work; and when not only the poor, but the *rich* and *noble* will feel honoured in identifying themselves with Missionary operations, and in consecrating their influence, their wealth, and even their *sons* and their *daughters*, to this work. And why should not the *son* of a nobleman aspire to an office that an angelic spirit would deem an honour? Why should not such become active agents in an enterprise which is to regenerate and bless our world? They aspire after *military* and *naval* glory, but here they may obtain distinctions far higher than these:—here, instead, of inflicting death in the acquisition of their laurels, they would scatter life and comfort and peace to unborn millions. And is there more glory in spreading misery than in conveying mercy? Is it more honourable to carry the sword of war than the Gospel of peace? Is it a higher dignity to bear a commission from an earthly sovereign than from the King of Kings? Oh! that the minds of the noble youth of our country could be directed to this field of labour and of love, and that the soldiers of the cross were as high in the estimation of our nobility as those who bear commissions from our King. It will be a blessed day for our world, when the first nobleman's son, influenced by a spirit of piety, and constrained by the 'love of Christ,' shall devote himself to go among the heathen 'to turn them from darkness to light.' But whether such forward it or not, the work will go on, enlargement and deliverance will come, until the earth, instead of being a theatre on which men prepare themselves by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple to the living God, in which the children of men shall learn the anthems of the blessed above, and be made meet to unite with the spirits of the redeemed from every nation, and people, and tongue, in celebrating the jubilee of a ransomed world!"—[588—590.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS MEDITATION.

NO. III.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

SURELY this solemn declaration of the Prophet is realized at this present moment, in the experience of thousands.

The God of Love has blessed us with an abundant harvest, has spared us another season, and drawn us with the sweet attractions of his benevolence, that we may recognize his bountiful Providence, and turn unto him with grateful, thankful hearts, and live by faith, in the merits of his dear Son!—But, alas, all nature seems to answer the designs of a gracious Creator,—but thoughtless, guilty man; and hence the Prophet's lamentation, "the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallows, observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

And thus it is at the present day: the judgments of the Almighty are abroad in the earth, and we lay it not to heart. We read of the Famine and the Pestilence destroying thousands, and heed it not,—we hear of the ravages of dark rebellion, and bless ourselves that we are secure,—indeed, as a people, we have abundant reason to rejoice in the goodness of Almighty God,—but let us rejoice with trembling.

It is true we have been blessed with the precious fruits of the earth, highly favoured with the sweet comfort of general health, enjoying the happiness of internal peace, under the paternal protection of a mild and righteous government.

These are certainly privileges which ought to inspire our bosoms with holy gratitude to the great

giver of every good and perfect gift, and render us more determined than ever to improve these great blessings to his glory, by being more humble, more holy, more zealous in his blessed service, that he may delight over us as his people, and spread the shield of his love over us continually for good.

And let us never mistake his character: He is indeed a great King, but benign in his government; His laws are most holy, but not severe; His commandments are imperative, but not grievous; His service requires diligence, but is perfect freedom; it delights the soul and keeps the bosom free,—for we should be ever careful to observe, that in keeping the commandments of our God, there is a present reward,—in every deviation, a pang of misery; the one dignifies our imperfect nature, and renders us meet for eternal glory,—the other degrades our best affections, and fits us for future woe.

And we should ever remember, with bosoms burning with sacred love and praise, that our God is the great fountain of benevolence, and cannot take pleasure in the misery or wretchedness of any of his creatures that his hand has formed, for he has said in his own word, "I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

Therefore, all our moral and physical evils are procured by our sad transgressions and rebellions against God; hence, the Prophet makes this sad and solemn appeal to Israel, when surrounded by calamity, "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord, thy God? Know therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing, and bitter that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts."

Therefore, it is evident, if the sons of men did but reverence their great Creator, render a willing obedience to his most holy laws, and cordially love one another, man would be a happy being, and this beautiful world would be a Paradise of delights. But, alas! sin is the bitter root, from whence springs all our woes, and pollutes the fountain of human happiness,—experience has confirmed the above in every age—and its baneful influences are felt and seen on every hand.

Can we ever forget that dark and cloudy day of affliction, when the Angel of Death held his sceptre over our devoted town? Then did all places gather blackness,—joy withered away,—and lamentation, mourning and woe was written on every countenance—then we heard the tolling bell, saw the opening grave, and the mourners going about our streets, then did the minister of the Lord stand between the living and the dead, and cried,—Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach. Every mind was impressed with a solemn sense of eternal realities, every heart was humbled under the mighty hand of Almighty God, and that sacred Being that despiseth not the sighing of the lowly, contrite heart, heard our petitions, and sent us deliverance, causing the joy of health and thanksgiving to be heard again in our dwellings.

How many solemn vows are now on the records of eternity, made in that season of affliction? But alas! these holy resolutions in reference to many, were "as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away."

But blessed be God, we are still the spared monuments of his long suffering mercy, still the objects of his kindest care, and as this goodness is intended to lead us to repentance and newness of life, let us ask our hearts the solemn, all important question, "are we saved?" or, in other words, have we forsaken all our sins, and turned from dead works, to serve the living God? by faith that works by love, are we endeavouring to alleviate the afflictions of our suffering fellow-men, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, letting the oppressed go free, pleading the cause of the widow, and causing the orphan's heart to sing for joy,—if those things are so, and abound in us, then our hearts will not condemn us, but we have confidence towards