

do others ; let me see death before I feel it, and conquer it before it kill me ; let it not come as an enemy upon my back, but rather let me meet it as a friend half way. Die I must, but let me lay up that good treasure before I go, (Matt. vi. 19) carry with me a good conscience when I go (2 Tim. iv. 6, 7), and leave behind me a good example when I am gone ; and then let death come and welcome !

UPON THE CLOGGING A STRAYING BEAST.

Had this bullock contented himself, and remained quietly within his own bounds, his owner had never put such a heavy clog upon his neck ; but I see the prudent husbandman chooses rather to keep him with his clog than lose him for want of one. What this clog is to him, that is affliction and trouble to me. Had my soul kept close with God in liberty and prosperity, He would never thus have clogged me with adversity ; yea, and happy were it for me, if I might stray from God no more, who hath thus clogged me with preventive afflictions ; if with David I might say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray : but now have I kept Thy word" (Psal. cxix. 67). O my soul, 'tis better for thee to have thy pride clogged with poverty, thy ambition with reproach, thy carnal expectancies with constant disappointments, than to be at liberty to run from God and duty.

'Tis true, I am sometimes as weary of these troubles as this poor beast is of the clog he draws after him, and often wish myself rid of them ; but yet, if God should take them off, for aught I know I might have cause to wish them on again, to prevent a greater mischief. 'Tis storied of Basil, that for many years he was sorely afflicted with an inveterate headache (that was his clog) : he often prayed for the removal of it ; at last God removed it : but instead thereof, he was sorely exercised with evil temptations ; which when he perceived, he as earnestly desired his headache again, to prevent a greater evil. Lord, if my corruptions may be prevented by my affliction, I refuse not to be clogged with them ; but my soul rather desires thou wouldst hasten the time when I shall be for ever freed from them both.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

What is it ? Hast thou ever been among those who roam afar,
Whose forgotten household fires gleam on them like a star ;
A guiding star that glitters still to show a haven blest,
Where the wand'rer yet may moor his bark, the weary yet may rest ?

Hast thou marked them when they spoke of home, and seen the flushing brow,
The eyes that soften now with tears, and now with pleasure glow ?
The voice whose earnest tones grow sweet with music of the soul,
As mighty tides of love and hope across the bosom roll.

Oh ! I have seen the happy smiles that childhood used to wear,
Come back to brighten for a while the man's pale brow of care,
As thought's bright magic pencil wrought a picture half divine,
Of home and all the thousand joys round childhood's home that twine.

And not less dear the Christian's home, that blessed land, should be
To him who hopes its golden streets, its living streams to see ;
The breathings of its summer air should reach him even now,
And light the smile upon his lip, the gladness on his brow.

Then when the travellers to that land should hold communion here,
How blest, how glad those hours would be ! how sacred and how dear !
Nor weariness nor cold restraint to cloud their brightness come,
Forgotten while the full heart holds no thought but that of home.