

THE STEAMER MAGNET.—We are gratified to learn that this noble steamer is safe in Kingston, having been rescued from the wrecked position.

From this family descended the gallant John Vassall, an Admiral of London, who in 1682, at the age of twenty, joined the Royal Navy to oppose the Spanish Armada.

NEW PAPER.—We have been favored with a copy of the Daily Magnet, for the first time since its publication.

DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF SCARBOROUGH.—Died, of a Paralytic stroke, at Scarborough, on the morning of the 8th inst., aged 80 years, Mrs. Mary Thomson.

THE OGDENBURGH RAILROAD.—Several years since, the Legislature of this State granted to a company, authorized by the construction of a railroad from the village of Rome to the village of Watertown.

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The following despatch will set at rest some absurd conclusions which the Great Liberals have drawn with regard to the retirement of the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward's Island from the Government of that Colony.—Halifax Times, No. 46. (Copy.)

who approached to carry out the fatal task. Upon this the captain retired to the cabin, saying he would have nothing to do with the affair, thinking that they were all near their end.

At this moment a boy named Hughie Ross, of Bangor, Wales, aged 19, spoke up and said that the youngest should die first; this free-will offering was not accepted by Brown, states that as he threw himself upon the berth his eye was attracted by the hand sticking up near, which he thought belonged to an azule. He told the boy to fetch it and it proved to be an azule.

Thinking that something wrong was about to be enacted on deck, he followed the boy when he returned, and saw the boy seized round the waist by the now desperate Brown, with the intention of making him the victim.

On the morning of the 13th, early three vessels here in sight, one of which was the brig Tampico, Captain Brown, bound from New York for the West Indies, took off the three survivors from the ship.

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NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS having in their custody or possession any MONEY, GOODS, CHATTELS or EFFECTS hereafter belonging to DECEASED EMIGRANTS, or other persons belonging to SICK EMIGRANTS, are hereby required, without loss of time, TO DELIVER THE SAME to the undersigned, GENERAL AGENT, dated the 29th day of October Instant, being duly empowered to receive such Money, Goods, Chattels and Effects.

ORDERED, that Students of Medicine be permitted to attend the practice in the Hospital, for the period of Six Months, on payment of the sum of £2 10s.; or for Twelve Months, on payment of £3 10s.; subject to such rules and regulations, as the Trustees may from time to time adopt.

DESTRUCTION OF ATLISCO BY AN EARTHQUAKE. ATLISCO was entirely destroyed by an earthquake, on the 23rd of October. Not a house was left standing. A large proportion of the inhabitants was buried in the ruins.

POSTSCRIPT.—We have just learned, on authority which we look upon as unquestionable, that the Provincial Parliament will be dissolved in the course of a few days.

NEW BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

THE FIFTEENTH LOAN MEETING. TORONTO BUILDING SOCIETY.

TENDERS FOR BEEF AND MUTTON. Emigrant Hospitals.

ROWSELL'S DIARY; Law & Commercial Remembrancer, FOR 1848.

JUST PUBLISHED. ROWSELL'S SHEET ALMANAC, FOR 1848.

WANTED. A SITUATION AS GOVERNESS, by an English Lady, in a Private Family. She is capable of giving instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, French, and the usual branches of an English Education.

JAMES BICKET, ACCOUNTANT. No. 3, City Buildings, King Street East, Toronto.

MORPHY & BROTHERS, WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS, No. 9, King Street East.

DOCTOR O'BRIEN, Has Removed to 27, Bay Street.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS' BUILDING SOCIETY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, A general assortment of Hardware.

BARNARD, CURTISS & Co., 111, WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

MARSHALL HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION.

JUST RECEIVED. THE CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO, THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF REV. GEORGE MORTEMER, M.A.

Poetry.

TRUSTWORTHINESS.

THE CHILD JESUS TAILED BEHIND IN JERUSALEM.

The care, the love of parents fond,
 Go deep, all loves, all cares for them,
 Fein would they read the good and ill
 That nestles in our silent will,
 And night and day
 They wish and pray
 That only good may find their way.

But deeper lurk all breasts within
 The secrets both of good and sin,
 Each has his world of thought alone,
 To one dread Watcher only known,
 And far and wide
 On every side
 Our dreams dart on—no earthly guide.

Glad may they be and calm of heart,
 Who, when their child too walks apart,
 Seek him and find where straggles come
 On Jesus' work, in Jesus' Home;

Who, out of sight,
 Know all his right,
 One law for darkness and for light.

If in pure aims and deeds and prayers
 His path mount high, and far from theirs,
 It ending him and friends below
 They find him not, what joy to know
 He hath not turn'd
 Where Jesus' ways
 To be;—where heavenly Love is learn'd!

Thus who distat teach Thy mother dear,
 In three dim days of doubt and fear,
 By timely tracing to his feet
 Thy Passion and its three days' weal
 Prepara Thou still
 Our heart and will,
 And hearts that are as ours, for good and ill.

THE PENANCE.

(From "Stories of the Primitive Church," by Sophia Woodroffe.)

"In the Primitive Church," says our holy and venerable Reformers, "there was a godly discipline, that such persons, as stood convicted of notorious sin, were put to open penance, and punished in this world; that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord; and that others, admonished by their example, might be more afraid to offend."

One of the most remarkable instances of a person being thus put to open penance is that of the Emperor Theodosius, who reigned more than forty years after the death of Constantine.

He was a great and good man; but he had one fault, a very violent temper; which often led him into actions, of which he afterward bitterly repented.

It happened once, that in Thessalonica, the people became unruly and disorderly. They found fault with those who were set over them; and not only murmured, but broke out into the rebelliousness of an open insurrection. In this tumult, they killed the commander of the Emperor's army; and slew along with him, some other officers also.

When Theodosius heard of this, he was greatly enraged; he forgot the lessons of patience and forbearance, which he had learned from the Bible; and in his wrath, he ordered, that a number of the people of the city should be put to death.

At this time, the Bishop of Milan, where Theodosius often kept his court, was the illustrious Ambrose; who, on account of his great piety and humility, had against his own will, been chosen to that important office. He gave all his lands and money to the Church and to the poor; and he spent his whole time in preaching, and in teaching, and in studying the Holy Scriptures, and in reading the writings of good men who had lived before him, and in conferring benefits to the utmost of his power.

When this holy man heard of the sentence which had been passed against the Thessalonians, he went to the Emperor, and begged him to have pity on them; beseeching him to remember, how wicked and unjust it was to punish the innocent with the guilty, and how unbecoming a Christian it was to give way to anger and violence. With these and many other such words, Ambrose strove to appease him: until, at last, he promised to forgive the people.

The Bishop then departed: rejoicing that his intercession had prevailed, and little thinking of what was about to happen.

But, as soon as he was gone, the courtiers and officers of state, began to oppose every thing which he had said, and laboured to stir up afresh the Emperor's wrath against the Thessalonians. They told him, it was not fit so great a prince should be insulted without taking vengeance, and that the people deserved a very severe and heavy punishment. This, and much more to the same purpose, they urged upon him: until he was persuaded to break his promise to Ambrose, and to sign the sentence which he had originally passed.

It was executed in a most cruel manner. The people of Thessalonica were invited to the Circus, the place for the public games. Thither they crowded, men and women, rich and poor, with joyous faces, unsuspecting of any evil. When they were all assembled, a signal was given, and a body of soldiers rushed in. Dismay filled every heart; and every countenance was pale with fear and horror. The scene, that followed, is too dreadful to describe. In three short hours, no less than seven thousand persons had perished by the sword. As night closed in, everywhere might be heard wailing and lamentation: wives mourning for their husbands; sisters, for their brothers; children, for parents; and parents, for their children. None slept; for, in every street, the silence of the time of darkness was broken by the long melancholy cry of sorrow and despair.

When the good Ambrose knew of this cruel deed, he was grieved to the heart. He sorrowed for the death of so many persons, most, if not all of whom, were innocent: and he sorrowed that a Christian Emperor should thus give way to wrath, and should so fearfully transgress the commandments of God.

Full of these feelings, Ambrose left Milan a few days before Theodosius, who had been absent for a time, returned thither. The Emperor was surprised at not seeing him on his arrival; but Ambrose, not content with thus only faintly showing his grief, wrote him a letter, exhorting and intreating him to repent of this great wickedness.

"That you have zeal for the Faith," so ran the letter of this faithful servant of God, "I cannot deny: that you have the fear of God I do not dispute. But you have a violence of temper; which if any one tries to soothe, you quickly turn to compassion; but, if any one excites it, you are made yet more angry, so that it becomes absolutely or nearly unmanageable. Would that, if there were no one at hand to soothe it, there may be no one to provoke it! I willingly trust it to yourself. Do you yourself calm it. By your zeal for piety, overcome the violence of your temper."

He then goes on to shew Theodosius the greatness of his sin: and exhorts him to repentance by the example of David and others. "It is not to be wondered at, that man should sin; but he is most blameable, if he does not confess that he has erred, and humble himself before God." He adds: "I have written this, not to confound you, but that these examples may stir you up to put away this sin from your kingdom; and you will best do it by humbling your soul before God. You are a man: and temptation has assaulted you. Strive, then, to overcome it. Sin cannot be put away, except by the instrumentality of tears and repentance. Neither angel nor archangel can pardon it. God himself, who alone can say *I am with you*, will assuredly forgive none save the penitent. I persuade, I entreat, I exhort, I admonish you: for I am grieved, that you, who were an example of unheeded piety, who were distinguished for mercy, and

who did not suffer even individual offenders to be unjustly treated, should not sorrow that so many innocent people have perished."

Besides writing this letter to the Emperor, Ambrose refused to allow him to enter the church at Milan, to which place he had now returned. The Bishop met him at the door of the Church: and thus addressed him:

"Surely you are not aware of the heinousness of the slaughter which has taken place. Passion is now over; and yet reason does not estimate the greatness of the crime. Perhaps kingly rule is an obstacle to repentance: perhaps sovereignty prevents reflection. Yet it is well for man to feel his perishable nature, and to remember that dust is his beginning and his end. The gorgeous purple may beguile the heart: but it cannot change the feebleness of the frame, which it covers. You are our Emperor; but your subjects are your fellow-creatures. I should rather, in truth, say they are your fellow-servants: for all, whether prince or people, are equally and jointly servants of one Universal Lord and King, the maker of the Universe. Dare you, then, look upon his shrine, who is the Lord of the high, as well as of the low?—Dare you, as yet impenitent, tread his holy pavement? Dare you stretch forth, unto him, hands, which are yet reeking with the blood of innocent victims? Dare you receive in them the most holy body of your Lord? Dare you taste his precious blood with lips, which have spoken their rage in an unjust slaughter? Go hence. Add not a new offence to what is past. Submit to the bond according to the will of the Most High. 'Take it, as a medicine to restore the soul.'"

Theodosius, honestly yielding to the admonitions of his conscience, instead of proudly fighting against what he felt to be true, listened with reverence to the upright Bishop's plain dealing. He might have easily forced his way into the church, for there was no obstacle save a weak old man: but he knew, that he could not thus force his way into the presence of God. Accordingly, bowed down by a sense of his sin, he acknowledged the remonstrance of Ambrose to be just; and meekly retired to his palace, where, for eight long months, he remained, shut out from the privileges of Christian communion. At length, on Christmas-day, as he was sorrowing with many sighs and tears, Rufinus, one of his courtiers, asked the cause of his grief. "Servants and beggars," replied the Emperor, "may enter freely to join in prayer; but, against me, the gates of heaven are shut: for well I know what the Lord hath so clearly said: *What ye bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven.*" Rufinus then offered to go and persuade Ambrose to receive him. Accordingly, he went: and told the Bishop that Theodosius was coming to the Church. Ambrose still refused to allow him to enter it; and Rufinus returned without having been able to effect a change in his purpose. Theodosius, whose conscience told him that he had deserved even a heavier punishment than he had suffered, left his palace, and slowly and sadly proceeded to the church, where he found Ambrose ready to meet him at the entrance. He approached him with reverence, and said: "I am come to submit myself to whatever you command!" Ambrose rejoiced to see, how deeply and sincerely he repented of his sin. He desired him to do penance in public; and induced him to promise, that, in future, he would allow the period of a month to elapse between the signing and the execution of a sentence of death, that the innocent might not again suffer from the effects of his hasty anger.

The Emperor submitted to all that Ambrose required. He took off his purple robes and his jewels; he clothed himself in sackcloth: he strewed ashes on his head; and he fell down on the pavement of the church-porch, praying humbly to his God.

"My soul cleaveth to the dust," so, in the words of the Psalmist, ran his supplication: "quicken thou me, according to thy word."

The people prayed and wept with him: and he thus continued, in prayer and fasting and humiliation, until the Thursday before Easter; when according to the custom of penitents in the Primitive Church, he came to the holy table, and there, with solemn prayers and laying on of the Bishop's hands, he was once more received into Christian communion.

Theodosius, after he was absolved, did not forget, what this penance was meant to teach him; namely, how awful a thing it is to sin against God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

All the rest of his life, he shewed a humble and contrite spirit, with a deep sorrow for this his great sin and with an earnest striving to serve God every day more faithfully.

THE SLOTH.

(From "Facts not Fables.")

The sloth, when placed on the ground seems strangely and awkwardly formed. His fore legs, or more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew; so that when put on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Suppose, then, he supported himself on his legs, like other animals, he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved, so that were his body supported by his feet it would be by their extremities,—just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers! Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little risings upon it, from stones, roots of grass, &c., this just suits him, and he moves his fore legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onward, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of sloth. Indeed, his looks and his gestures show his uncomfortable situation; and as a sign every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

But mark! The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel and monkey, nor does he hang head downwards, like the vampire, but under the branches. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. The first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line; and in this position he seems perfectly at rest. Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it; were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them; and were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds. His tail scarcely exceeds an inch and a half in length, and its shortness is a benefit to him.

One day, Waterson, whose description we have given, found a large two-toed sloth on the ground, upon the bank of the Essequibo. "As soon as we got up to him," he says, "he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore legs. 'Come, poor fellow,' said I to him, 'if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it. I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune; the forest is large enough both for me and thee to rove in; go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds; it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man; so fare thee well.' On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then

conveyed him to a high and stately moor. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute, he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest.

"Thus I felt persuaded that the world has hitherto erred in its conjectures concerning the sloth, from descriptions being given of him on the ground, and not in the only position in which he ought to have been described, namely, clinging to the bough of a tree."

APPLICATION.

"What an odd looking fellow that is," says a town boy, as he sees one who has just come from a distant village, "and then how awkward he is; how sheepish he looks; how he strokes down his hair; and how he throws out his legs when he walks!"

Let me say for him, then, you see him out of his place. Were you to go back with him, you would find he could plough, and reap, and thrash, and look after the sheep and the cattle, and support his aged mother by his earnings; and this is more than you can do!

"What do you think," says the country boy, "of that cockney lad? Why he knows nothing! Father put him on our Jack, and how he looked! why I could ride better when I was three years old! Ha! ha! ha! And then he thought them clipped hedges grow so! and that we cut wheat with a scythe—and—"

Stop, my boy, you have not yet seen him at home, and in a farmer's house he is out of his place. He reads nicely, he writes beautifully, he cyphers well, and he can tell you all about the kings of England; and mention all the mountains and rivers, and productions of the earth—and this is what you could not do.

Children and people, then, are to be judged of when they are in that state for which nature or instruction has designed them. A weaver would make a poor blacksmith; a carpenter would make a poor tailor; and yet each of them, kept to his place, may do his work well; and no one is to be blamed for the want of what he never had an opportunity of acquiring.

THE DESERT.

(From "Facts not Fables.")

Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, states, that in a desert, generally speaking, there are few springs of water, some of them at the distance of four, six, and eight days' journey from one another, and not all of sweet water; on the contrary, it is generally salt or bitter; so that if the thirsty traveller drinks of it, it increases his thirst, and he suffers more than before. But when the calamity happens, that the next well, which is so anxiously sought for, is found dry, the misery of such a situation cannot be well described. The camels, which afford the only means of escape, are so thirsty that they cannot proceed to another well; and if the travellers kill them, to extract the little liquid which remains in their stomachs, they themselves cannot advance any farther. The situation must be dreadful, and admits of no resource.—Many perils, victims of most horrible thirst. It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt. In such a case there is no distinction. If the master has none, the servant will not give it to him; for very few are the instances where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in the desert, where people are strangers to each other. What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravans! He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him; he offers all he possesses—no one hears him; they are all dying—though by walking a few hours farther, they might be saved. If the camels are lying down, and cannot be made to rise—no one has strength to walk—only he that has a glass of that precious liquor lives to walk a mile farther, and perhaps dies too. If the voyages on seas are dangerous, so are those in the desert.—At sea, the provisions very often fail—in the desert it is worse; at sea, storms are met with—in the desert there cannot be a greater storm than to find a dry well; at sea one meets with pirates—we escape—we surrender—we die; in the desert they rob the traveller of all his property and water; they let him live perhaps—but what a life! to die the most barbarous and agonizing death! In short, to be thirsty in a desert, without water—exposed to the burning sun, without shelter—and with no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain—the eyes grow inflamed; the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness; and the brains appear to grow thick and inflamed—all these feelings arise from the want of a little water.

APPLICATION.

How little are our common mercies valued! Their frequent enjoyment ought to increase our gratitude; but instead of this it is perverted to produce insensibility to their worth. Let us learn, however, that if a little water may be so precious, how great are our obligations to the Giver of all, who have not only what is necessary to the support of life, but to its comfort also.

The Garner.

THE RESURRECTION.

"The resurrection and the life," these are thy magnificent titles, Captain of our salvation! And therefore we commit to thee body and soul; for thou hast redeemed both, and thou wilt advance both to the noblest and most splendid of portions.—Who quails and shrinks, scared by the despotism of death?—Who amongst you fears the dashing of those coil black waters which roll between us and the promised land? Men and brethren, grasp your own privileges. Men and brethren, Christ Jesus has "abolished death" will ye, by your faithlessness, throw strength into the skeleton, and give back empire to the dethroned and destroyed? Yes "the resurrection and the life" "abolished death." Ye must indeed die, and so far death remains undestroyed. But if the terrible be destroyed when it can no longer injury; and if the injurious be destroyed when it can no longer injure; if the enemy be abolished when it does the work of a friend, and if the tyrant be abolished when performing the offices of a servant; if the repulsive be destroyed when we can welcome it, and if the odious be destroyed when we can embrace it; the quicksand be abolished when we can walk on it and sink not; if the fire be abolished when we can pass through it and not be scorched; if the poison be abolished when we can drink it and be hurt not; then is death destroyed, then is death abolished, and all who believe on "the resurrection and the life," and the noble prophecy is fulfilled (bear witness ye groups of the ransomed, bending down from the high citadel of triumph), "O Death! I will be thy plagues; O Grave, I will be thy destruction." Hosea, xiii. 14.

"I heard a voice from heaven"—oh, for the angel's tongue, that words so beautiful might have all their melodiousness—"saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yes, with the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13. It is yet but a little while, and we shall be delivered from the burden and the conflict, and, with all those who have preceded us in the righteous struggle, enjoy the deep raptures of a mediator's presence. Then, reunited to the friends with whom we took sweet counsel upon earth, we shall recount our toil only to heighten our ecstasy; and call to mind the tug and the din of war, only that with more bounding thrill, and a richer song we may feel and celebrate the wonders of redemption. And when the morning of the first resurrection breaks on this long-disordered and groaning creation, then shall our text be understood in all its majesty, and in all its marvel; and then shall the words, whose syllables mingle so often with the funeral knell, that we are disposed to carry them on theypress-trace rather than on the palm, "I am the resurrection and the life," form the chorus of that noble anthem, which those for whom Christ "died and rose and revived," Rom. xiv. 9, shall chant as they march from judgment to glory.—Rev. Henry Melville, B.D.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED GROWING TOGETHER.

It appears that God mercifully and wisely permits the mixture of the good and the bad, for the trial of both, for the improvement of the one, and for the amendment of the other.—Both pass their days together, both grow together till the harvest, and God makes his sun to shine and his rain to descend upon both, and allows both to partake in common of the common blessings of his providence. Thus shall he till the end of the world. Then the state of probation ceases, and the state of retribution begins, and there is no longer any reason that persons of such different tempers, views, and behaviour should inhabit the same place. The wicked will then be separated from the righteous, banished from the presence of God, and sent to dwell with creatures of the same perverse dispositions; which also would be a terrible punishment. The fear even of this should be sufficient to warn us so to behave ourselves here, that hereafter we be not doomed to such cursed society, but may live with God, and with beings who love and imitate him.—Archdeacon Jorin.

NO SIN IN HEAVEN.

The happiness of the Messialic kingdom will, in a more particular manner, consist in a perfect freedom from sin. There "the wicked shall cease from troubling." (Job, iii. 17.) We shall have nothing to fear from the enticements, the bad example, the ridicule, the deceit, or the violence, of those who love not God; and what is still greater consequence, we shall be in no danger from ourselves, and from our own corrupt inclinations. The tempter will be bound in chains of everlasting darkness; the struggle between the flesh and the Spirit will be brought to a happy end, by the flesh itself being sanctified, and cleansed from all wicked affections. In innocence, no less than in power, and in beauty, we shall become like the angels of God; and all self-reproach, and all that agony, which arises from the fear of future transgression, shall be banished from our hearts. What other blessings it will be the will of God to bestow hereafter on his servants, we cannot tell; and we know, in Scripture, that they are such, as, from their greatness, exceed our present faculties to understand, or to receive. The glory, which then shall cloth us, would now, if we could behold it, strike us blind; the blessings which will then be scattered on us, would now overwhelm us in an agony of joy; and our ears cannot as yet receive that unutterable song, in which the chosen of Christ shall join. But whatever is bestowed on us will be rendered of still greater value by the recollection that it is for ever. We cannot be happy here, because our happiness is only for a time; and because the danger of future loss must mingle with our present enjoyment. But in heaven is no more fear; we shall rejoice; and our joy, neither men nor angels can deprive us of; our safety will be as firm, as the throne of God itself, and our lot will be cast for ever with the lot of his own beloved Son; "where He is, we shall be also."—Ep. Heber.

THE PUNISHMENT OF SIN.

God has annexed two great evils to every sin, in opposition to the pleasure and profit of it; to wit, shame and pain. He has, by an eternal and most righteous decree, made these two the inseparable effects and consequences of sin. They are the wages assigned it by the laws of Heaven; so that whoever commits it, ought to account shame and punishment to belong to him as his rightful inheritance. For it is God who has joined them together by an irreversible sentence; and it is now in the power of our art to put them asunder. And now, as God has made these two evils the sure consequences of sin, so there is nothing which the nature of man does so peculiarly dread and abhor as these; they being indeed the most directly and absolutely destructive of all its enjoyments; forasmuch as they reach and confound it in the adequate subject of enjoyment, the soul and body; shame being properly the torment of the one, and pain of the other. For the mind of man can have no taste or relish of any pleasure in the world, while it is actually oppressed and overwhelmed with shame; nothing does so keenly and intolerably affect the soul as infamy; it drinks up the quickness, the gaiety, and activity of the spirits; it dejects the countenance, made by God himself to look upwards; so that this noble creature, the masterpiece of the creation, dares not so much as lift up either his head or his thoughts, but it is a vexation to him even to look upon others, and yet a greater to be looked upon by them. And as shame thus mortifies the soul, so pain or punishment (the other twin effect of sin) equally harasses the body. We know how much misery pain is able to bring upon the body in this life (in which our pains and pleasures, as well as other things, are but imperfect); there being never a limb or part, never a vein or artery of the body, but it is the scene and receptacle of pain, whenever it shall please God to unloose it, and let in some sharp disease or distemper upon it. And so exceedingly afflictive are these bodily griefs, that there is nothing which affects the body in the way of pleasure, in any degree comparable to that which affects it in the way of pain. For in these there is pleasure in nature, which equals the impressions of the gout, the stone, or even the toothache itself? But then further, when we shall consider that the pains which we have here mentioned, and a great many more, are but the preliaments, the first-fruits and beginnings of that pain which shall be indefinitely advanced, and finally completed in the torments of another world; when the body shall descend into a bed of fire and brimstone, and be lodged forever in the burning furnace of an almighty wrath; this consideration surely will be ought to satisfy us, that God will not be behind-hand with the sinner in point of punishment, whatsoever promises his sin may have made him in point of pleasure.—Dr. South.

REWARD.

This word soundeth as though we should merit somewhat by our own works; for reward and merit are correspondent, one followeth the other; when I have merited, then I ought to have my reward. But we shall not think so; for ye must understand that all our works are imperfect; we cannot do them so perfectly as the law requireth, because of our flesh, which ever letteth us. Wherefore is the kingdom of God called then a reward? Because it is merited by Christ; for as touching our salvation and eternal life, it must be merited, but not by our own works, but only by the merits of our Saviour Christ. Therefore believe in him, trust in him; it is he that hath merited heaven for us; yet for all that, every man shall be rewarded for his good works in everlasting life, but not with everlasting life. For it is written, *Vita eterna donum Dei*; "The everlasting life is a gift of God." Therefore we should not esteem our works so perfect as though we should, or could, merit heaven by them; yet God hath such pleasure in such works which we do with a faithful heart, that he promiseth to reward them in everlasting life, Bishop Latimer.

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