

forgiveness which the most heinous offenders are encouraged to seek through the meditation of a Redeemer, he hastily exclaimed, 'What's the use of talking to me about mercy?' When entreated again and again to 'behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' he said, 'I tell you, it's of no use now; 'tis too late—'tis too late.' In reply to my exhortation to pray, he said, 'Oh, I could pray once, but now I can't pray; and after a pause, 'I will not pray.' These expressions were subsequently several times repeated, 'I cannot pray, I will not pray.' Two men having entered the room, whom I understood to have been leaders in the guilty company by whom this poor man had been deluded, he hastily turned his face from them with obvious disgust and terror; and after they had addressed to him some blustering expressions, by which they hoped to rally his spirits, he raised himself on his bed, lifted up his hands, and in the most deliberate and solemn manner called on God Almighty to blast those wretches to all eternity! They almost immediately left the apartment, uttering a profusion of oaths. Some time afterwards three others of the wretched men entered, and occasioned a repetition of the imprecations, which it was impossible for any to hear without shuddering.

"After I had been with him about two hours, during which time he frequently repeated such expressions as have been stated, he became quite indifferent to what was said to him, rolling about on his bed, and now and then ejaculating, 'My Bible! Oh, my Bible!' His eyes were for several minutes fixed on me, but he seemed not to hear the questions and entreaties, which I continued to address to him. He then concealed his face by turning it to the pillow; and after having remained in this position perhaps a quarter of an hour, his whole frame was violently convulsed; he groaned, and then again was still; and while I was speaking to the by-standers, he expired. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'"

2. See a young man that ranks not thus openly with the enemies of holiness. He spends his Sabbaths in worldly company; on the newspaper, or mere worldly science. He neglects all piety. He lives a prayerless life. In vain for him opens the house of worship, he enters not that sacred place; or if occasionally there, goes in only lifeless form. In vain for him the Christian minister proclaims the tidings of heavenly love. He treats those wonders on which angels gaze astonished, with utter indifference. But what is his condition? Is he safe and blest? Ah, no! Ruin, only ruin lies before him. He is exposed to utter danger, to eternal destruction. Yet he is vigorous, and fears no ill. True; but health may soon leave him. It has left millions once as fearless and vigorous; and they, guilty and ruined, have sunk into the grave. Insensibly lessons not his guilt nor his danger.

Behold a young man different from all these. He respects religion, treats its truths with reverence, its friends with kindness. No open profanity or vice marks his conduct. As far as the outward observance of many divine precepts is concerned, he can say with a young man of old, "All these have I observed from my youth." He is regular at the house of God; and is generally esteemed and beloved. Yet his heart is not given to Christ. He has not surrendered himself and his all to the Saviour. What is his condition? Alas, with all that is so promising, he is still perishing. Though he joins not the scoffer and the drunkard, still, while he receives not the Saviour, he belongs to the same wretched family as they. Unhappy youth! with so much that is commendable and promising, yet to want the one thing needful. Unhappy youth! that meets with Christians, yet has himself no part in Christ; that shuns the place where scorners and blasphemers meet, yet has no more interest in the Saviour than they, and is hastening to the same dark dwelling of despair.

3. But see a young man different from all these. He is humble and devoted disciple of the blessed Jesus. If once a profligate and a Sabbath-breaker, he now hates all the paths of sin, and loves the Sabbath he profaned. If brought up strictly, he now feels much more than the mere influence of habit or education; he has unfeignedly yielded up himself to God. Religion is the element in which he lives. Prayer his pleasure; the Bible his guide; the friends of Christ his beloved associates. Youth cannot beguile him with its delusions. Whatever prospects of opening life are before him, he looks to brighter

prospects and to fairer scenes beyond the limits of earth and time. God is his God. The Saviour is his all; and heavenly mansions his expected home. Happy young man! He possesses the good part that shall not be taken away from him.

Which of these very different characters do you resemble? If the latter give God the praise. If any of the former, ruin is before you. O, flee from the paths of youthful sin and folly; or you will find, too late, that the way of transgressors is hard.—J. G. Fike.

INCIDENTS OF TRACT VISITATION.

Mr. Desponding and Miss Much-Afraid.—We called on a bright, warm-hearted, intelligent old man of some four score and six years; for a long time, an active, useful officer of the church, who is the subject of the most distressing despondency, often absenting himself from the house of God, for months together. We gave him the Tract, "Your place in church is empty," and the hand bill, "Come to the House of God." He seemed pleased with the gift, and was amazed at the title of the Tracts, and their evident adaptation to his case. Upon one occasion, when he said, "I know I shall be lost; I must go to hell," he was asked: "Well, what will you do when you get there?" and then the old man instantly replied, as did another before him, "Why! I'll set up a prayer meeting!" We have just noticed in that most touching memorial of a Christian by Bonar, entitled "a stranger here," the following passage, in keeping with the above. "I thought well, if I am lost, I will sit in a corner, and think about Jesus! and I actually felt, as if I could be happy even there, if I could think forever about Jesus."

We found a young woman, one of a class much too large, who might answer for a counterpart of Bunyan's "Much afraid," as the preceding character will of his "Despondency," and to her we gave the Tract, "Come to Jesus," and "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The Novel Reader in the Alms House.—In a remote, dusky corner of the old dilapidated building, occupied by the destitute poor in the village of—, we found one in the prime of life, a miserable monomaniac, in a state bordering on insanity. A few years ago, she was an accomplished, elegant young lady, and a member of the church, and gave promise of usefulness. But she became addicted to novel reading—and though doubtless often upbraided by conscience, she was charmed and fascinated and borne along, until her taste for such works of fiction became a passion, and then she gave herself up to a love of display, and dress, and vain imaginations, and airy schemes, until from one step to another, to make our story as brief as possible, she impoverished herself, and alienated herself from her friends, and is now reduced to the pitiable condition in which we found her. We could not behold her without the deepest sorrow, and many a prayer is offered, that she may be restored to health of body and soul, and the enjoyments of religion; and many a prayer is needed that the souls of our precious youth may be kept from the contaminating influences of the pestiferous literature every where abounding.—N. Y. Obs.

THE SCORNER.

Oh! what a dreadful character is that of the scorner, and yet how many are there who fully answer to the description of Solomon,—"The scorners delight in scorning, and fools hate knowledge." They will never enter the house of God. No; they scorn to be reckoned amongst his worshippers. They scorn to listen to a sermon. They say, What good should we get there? There is nothing in that place that can benefit us. And so they go on, following their own evil ways. They never "search the Scriptures." Perhaps they never so much as open the book of God, because they scorn to do so. Their hearts are too proud to allow them to do this, and therefore they continue in their course of sin; thus rushing, as it were, headlong down a precipice into eternal misery. It may be, these very scorners have sometimes felt a little prick of conscience, which told them, "All is not right within;" but they would not allow that feeling long to have any influence over them, and they speedily reject it. They may have met with a minister, or some kind friend, who has faithfully warned them of the ruinous path they were treading, but all was of no avail; they heeded not this friendly warning. They were rather offended than otherwise, and

thought it impertinent of people to intermeddle with their affairs; thus verifying the words of Scripture: "A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him." (Prov. xv. 12.)

It is but a few days since, that a young man in the village of C— was summoned before his God most suddenly. He was leading a life of vice and profligacy, scorning the works of his minister, who had frequently warned him to quit his evil ways, to repent and turn to Him that is willing to forgive sin. But this young man scorned the warning voice, and was carried off by typhus fever, after three day's illness. Reader, let this be a warning to you. It is true, few, very few, love those who reprove them. Yet there was one who never sinned, "who, when He was falsely reviled, reviled not again." (1 Pet. ii. 23.) Surely we sinners ought not to faint when we are justly rebuked. A scorner,—continuing such,—is never likely to learn much. His heart is too proud to receive instruction, and thus, as Solomon says, "A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not." (Prov. xiv. 6.) But should such a one read these few lines, let him remember, "The Lord scorneth the scorners." (Prov. iii. 34); and, "Judgments are prepared for scorners." (Prov. xix. 29.) Oh! how terrible are the judgments of the Lord! Our God is a consuming fire!

Scorner, whoever you are, stop ere it be too late, repent and turn unto the Lord our God with a meek and lowly heart, "for He giveth grace to the lowly." (Prov. iii. 34).—Church Magazine.

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

Often from my window on the sea-shore I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, and month after month, it is seen on the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer, and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord scarcely visible enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state,—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement.—They are remote as ever from the haven of rest; this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen, allowed indulgence, drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onwards over the ocean of life, to the haven of everlasting rest.

WHAT WILL MEET MY CASE?—Every thinking man will look round him, when he reflects on his situation in this world; and will ask what will meet my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the rich—and I see Ahab in the midst of all his riches sick at heart for a garden of herbs? I see Dives, after all his wealth, lifting up his eyes in hell, and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his sufferings! I see the rich fool summoned away, in the very moment when he was exulting in his hoards! If I look at the wise, I see Solomon with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know that, if possessed of all his wisdom, were I left to myself I should act as he did. I see Ahithophel with all his policy, hanging himself with vexation! If I turn to them of PLEASURE—I see that the very sum of all pleasure is that it is Satan's bed, into which he casts his slaves! I see Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage! I see Solomon, after all his enjoyments, leaving his name a scandal to the Church to the latest age! If I think of HONOUR, take a walk in Westminster Abbey, there is an end of inquiry; there I walk among the mighty dead! there is the winding up of human glory! And what remains of the greatest men of my country? A boasting epitaph! None of these