

He was sure of forgiveness through Jesus Christ, though feeling deeply that he was a sinner. I said that his illness had been a trying one; he replied that it had been indeed, and that it was hard to bear up against it. I said there was one verse of a Psalm which was very comforting to one in his situation:—"When my flesh and my heart faileth, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," (Ps. lxxii. 26.) With a sweet smile he said, "Yes,—I have many promises to rest upon. He is ever faithful, ever sure: his mercies endure for ever."

When I left his sick room I took a walk over a high hill which lies about half-a-mile from his house. The sun was near setting, and on the sides of the hills cast long shadows; and as he sank nearer to the horizon they deepened, till finally the whole scene was wrapt in the shades of night. How beautiful did the landscape look! it seemed, as the sun slowly sank to his rest, composedly sleeping,—for the winds were hushed; scarce a breeze fanned the brow, "and all the air a solemn stillness" held. The newly awakened fresh green verdure of the earth, bathed in the soft evening sunlight glory, and the various tints, mellow and mild, which the departing sun cast on hill and dale, on tree, tower, and town, reminded one of, and carried one back to, the time when earth's scenery was pure and unsullied by sin in the Garden of Eden. This was a favorite walk of W—'s, and we had oft on a summer's eve admired the landscape. But my thoughts were sad as I thought he would behold these beauties no more. My feelings at first were somewhat akin to the poet's when he said—

"And when I looked along the laughing earth
Up to the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully razing with the skylark's song,
I wept, and thought how sad for me, so young,
To bid farewell to so much happiness."

But when I mused on his hopes and his faith, when I recollected that he was soon going to a world where sin did not darken, sorrow did not vex, and suffering did not weaken the soul, my sadness was changed for joy. The quiet scenery harmonized with my feelings, and I felt it good to be there.

I saw him no more, he became too ill. On the 8th of May he died. His last words were very expressive:—"I know in whom I have believed." Oh that all who read this short memoir may be able to say in that last hour, in that struggle which will come to each, "I know in whom I have believed!" Happy, thrice happy will he be who can thus speak.

A mind like his, alive to the beauties as well as to the instruction of literature, possessing taste as well as information; a character like his, so in unison with the precepts of the Divine Word, is seldom to be met with. When sterling qualities of intellect and heart meet together, they raise feelings of respect and affection. Would that those characters were less rare, would that they were more common! They are flowers of earth adorning the social wilderness with beauty, and refreshing it with their fragrance.

On Sunday morning, May 14th, he was buried in C— church-yard. The day was lovely, the air was warm, and no cloud crossed the rays of the sun; a light balmy breeze swept across the church-yard; the birds warbled in the trees; the winged insects hummed merrily by; all nature spoke of joy and gladness. It was on that joyous morn that we assembled to deposit in the grave, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection from the dead, the remains of one who was cut off in the springtime of life. And while we mourned thus to render the last offices of affection to one whom we had loved, we believed (and that belief alleviated our sorrow) that he was gone to his home and was happy, being, though absent from the body, present with the Lord.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now."

WILL IT EVER BE KNOWN?

Yes, conscience will tell of it. Conscience is a traitor; and when you trust her with your secret sins, you must not be disappointed, if she betrays you. She was on the spot, and recorded them. She tried to restrain you; she whispered in your ear, not to do the fearful deed; and because you would not listen to her, she told you then that she would publish it to the world. More than twenty years rolled away, and Joseph's brethren appeared to have had no compunction for their crime. They had kept the secret, and no doubt imagined that it

would forever lie buried in their own breasts. But in the providence of God they were sent into Egypt, and by a cluster of circumstances, stood agitated and trembling before that very brother whom they had so cruelly sold as a slave. "Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him." Conscience could no longer sleep. "And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us!" A "fire not blown" consumes the man who has a guilty conscience. In the midst of laughter he is sorrowful. Like that pagan monarch, surrounded by his guards and princes, and amid all the delights of music and banqueting, he is terrified by a sentence which he cannot even understand.

And the providence of God will tell of it. "His eyes are upon the ways of men." There is "no darkness, neither shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." In a thousand ways, unknown and unsuspected by you, he can bring it to light. Men are sometimes most unaccountably infatuated in the commission of what they themselves suppose to be secret sin. Saul spared "the best of the sheep and the oxen and the fatlings," themselves to proclaim the sad tale of his disobedience. Your wonted prudence may forsake you, and you may act as if you were determined to be your own accuser. The very plans which you have devised with the greatest art for concealing your guilt, may prove the discovery. God is above you. Say not, "Can he judge through the dark cloud?" He so controls and governs all your devices, that their very secrecy may prove the occasion of their disclosure. He has your heart, your lips at his disposal, and he can make them tell the mournful and astounding tale of all your secret wickedness. He can unmask your character, and disclose it in all its deceit and loathsomeness. He can so order your external condition, as to prove your guilt to the world.

Evil spirits will tell of it. They know it who tempted you to commit the wickedness; who helped you to palliate its aggravations; and who promised you the veil of secrecy. They were artful in leading you into embarrassment and difficulty; but they will be faithful to rescue you. They wait only for the permission of their great Sovereign, not only to proclaim your folly, but unmercifully to aggravate it.

Holy angels will tell of it. Though unseen by you, they saw what you so vainly hoped to conceal. They noted it down. They have preserved it in long remembrance, and are witnesses against you.

Men will tell of it. They know of it too. Your accomplice knows it. All your guilty companions know it. And the oath of secrecy will be dissolved, whenever selfishness and pride shall become the gainers by the perjury.

There was another who was witness to it. His grim form stalks unseen amid the frequented and the solitary abodes of men. His ghastly eye was there; and on his ear fell that soft whisper, those still and almost sepulchral breathings, that were never designed for mortal man. All-pervading, omnipresent *Death* will reveal the secret. Nothing shall have power to silence his testimony. He shall come up into your windows; he shall have a place near that pillow of anguish, there to recount your crimes, and fill you with reproaches. And when you are left alone, in the dark and narrow house, he will write your history on the stone that covers you, and many a passer-by shall read it and mourn.

"And after death, the judgment." This is the great revealer. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God." The Son of Man shall come with power and great glory, and all nations shall stand at his bar. Sovereigns and slaves shall be there. Rich and poor, young and old, male and female, every saint and every sinner shall be there. Deeds of solitary wickedness shall there stand forth. Deeds long forgotten shall then be remembered. Deeds committed under the veil of night and darkness shall then be set in the light of God's countenance. Deeds done far away from human eyes, shall no longer lose their atrocity in the distance of place, or time, or retirement; but every eye shall see them. The sentence of the world will be of little moment then, compared with the judgment of God; and yet will his judgment be sanctioned, and justified, and honored by

the unanimous concurrence of the world. The magnificent scenes of that day, and all its solemn splendor, impressive and affecting developments of human character. God will do justice to the secret transgressor then; and the secret transgressor will be constrained to do justice to himself. His history shall no longer be secret, and he shall no more ask the question, *Will it ever be known?*

IDLE CONVERSATION.

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

These words have been suggested to my mind very powerfully of late, by observing, when in company with professors of religion generally, and even among those who profess to be looking for the appearing of their Lord, a proneness to trifling conversation, which ill accords with the profession they have made, and which must ultimately, if persisted in, result in their serious injury. The apostle says, "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour;" and that Saviour for whom we are looking, has plainly told us in his holy word, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned. I think Christians are not aware, oftentimes, of their liability to this fault, nor how soon one idle word makes room for another; and when they begin to lose their confidence in God, which, as a consequence, they must certainly do, they know not the cause, and wonder why they do not enjoy the smiles of their Saviour as formerly.—There is no surer way to become cold and back-slidden in our affections to God, than by foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient, and thereby causing a disrelish for secret devotion, and holy communion with our Maker, which has been a source of joy and rejoicing to our souls. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man," is an injunction which should not be forgotten, especially in these latter days. Speaking of the coming of Christ, Peter says, "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" It is my earnest prayer and desire to God, that his true children may humble themselves under his mighty hand, that he may exalt them, and that they may cast themselves upon his mercy, knowing that he careth for them, and will enable them, through faith in his name, to resist every evil influence, so that "when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, they may receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Idle words of little meaning
Far too oft our lips express;
Words which surely cannot profit,
And which Jesus cannot bless.

Say, shall those who love their Saviour,
And his precious word believe,
Shall they still be so unmindful,
And God's Holy Spirit grieve?

O! that all professed believers
In the dear Redeemer's name,
Might at once abjure a practice
Which oftentimes has caused them shame.

Let our thoughts and words be holy,
Unfeigned like God's dear Son;
So that in the last great conflict,
We may say, the victory's won.

DEATH WARRANT OF JESUS CHRIST.—Of the many interesting relics of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have been more interesting to the philanthropist and believer, than the one we publish below. "Chance," says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, "has just put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recorded in human annals;" that is, the identical Death Warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor in these words:—Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, Acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross.

In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, and the 27th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem. Anna and Caiaphas being priests sacrilegious of the people of God. Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the Presidential Chair of the Prætor, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying:—