

treas of any kind, cast themselves upon him, shall not do so in vain.

10. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee— for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

The name of God—the sure memorial of his character, warrants the most unbounded confidence of all those who can appreciate it. (See Exodus xxxiv. 5-7.) His faithfulness is engaged to hear and answer those who call upon him.

11. Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

Glorious things are said of Zion: "Jehovah has chosen her for his habitation." "He is great in Zion." "He is known in her palaces for a refuge." And because of these manifestations of his character, he is greatly to be praised—yea, his glorious doings are to be celebrated among all people.

12. When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

It has sometimes seemed as though God did not hear the cry of his oppressed and persecuted people—yea, the cry of their blood from the earth on which it has been spilt like water, has apparently been disregarded. But he has most solemnly declared that he will make inquisition for blood; (comp. Genesis ix. 5.) and he has fixed his own time in doing so. Alas, for the mystic Babylon, when the time for her retribution arrives. (See Rev. xvii. 5, 6.)

13. Have mercy upon me, O Lord; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death.

Deliverance from enemies, like every other blessing, must be sought from the mercy of God. And the consciousness of having been rescued by his grace from the jaws of hell, will embolden the believer to plead with him for a deliverance from every other danger.

14. That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion: I will rejoice in thy salvation.

To publish the praise of Jehovah first in the Church on earth, and afterwards in the Church in glory, is the highest end which the believer can propose to himself; and he may well, like the psalmist, pray for all that may fit him for this employment. Intimately connected with praise, though distinct from it, is joy in God's salvation. When we glorify God, we also enjoy him.

15. The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made: in the net which they hid is their own foot taken.

However wicked nations may combine their counsels to oppose the cause of the Saviour, and to harass and destroy his people, these shall all be made to recoil on their own heads, so that his avenging justice, and the impotency of their malice shall at the same time be rendered more conspicuous.

16. The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Higgsaion, Selah.

God is glorified even in the infliction of vengeance on his enemies, and his agency is the more seen in the retributions visited upon the wicked, when their sins become their punishments.

NOTE.—Some regard these words, *Higgsaion, Selah*, as a musical sign; so Gesenius who renders them "Instrumental music, Pause;" many others whom Alexander follows, render them "Meditation, Pause."

17. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

Those who are living in wickedness, and in forgetfulness of God, become more daring and secure from their numbers; but alas! as the day of judgment is to be "the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God," the numbers of those who shall be obnoxious to his vengeance, shall only render the manifestation of it more awful.

18. For the needy shall not alway be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.

The day of vengeance on the impenitent shall be the time of complete deliverance to God's lowly and afflicted people. They shall then prove the perfect faithfulness of all God's promises towards them, and more than the fulfilment of their own highest expectations.

19. Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail: let the heathen be judged in thy sight.

The people of God know that the day of retribution never lingers, yet when smarting under oppression for persecution, they cannot but pray, that the Lord would hasten the time when he shall plead his own cause, and avenge himself on his enemies, how numerous soever they may be.

20. Put them in fear, O Lord: that the nations may know themselves to be but men. Selah.

The wicked are now fearless of judgment, as though God were a man whom they might despise, and they themselves more than men; but ah! how altered will be their judgments of themselves and of the Judge, in "the great day of his wrath."

MONTREAL, Jan. 17, 1851.

THE DANGER OF SECURITY.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

Am I a believer in Christ? I hope I am. I sometimes feel considerably assured that I am.—Only sometimes, but often enough to make me painfully sensible that the want of habitual assurance is a want occasioned chiefly by the neglect of known duty and the indulgence of known sin. In careless moods I sometimes feel tempted to call in a pernicious sort of logic to the support of my declining confidence Godward—instead of having fresh recourse to the true restoratives of faith and penitence. The reasoning in question is after this fashion—its foundation consisting, as any one may see at a glance, in an obvious perversion of a precious truth:—

Once a believer, always a believer;

The experiences of the past convince me that I was a believer once;

They may warrantably convince me therefore, that I am a believer still.

On the pillow, furnished by some such syllogism, many, it is to be feared, go to sleep, and sleep on till they awake with scarcely more time at their disposal than what may serve them to prefer the hasty and infelicitous request—Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out. The most distressing circumstance in the case of such is, that any thing short of the Bridegroom's approach, or their own lapse into open and aggravated sin, has seldom any effect in arousing them to a consciousness of their state—seldom, I say, for gentler means, blessed be God, are not always found unavailing.

The conversion of the soul frequently stands related to a long train of instrumentalities all tending, and, under God, contributing to the one great result. The subject of the happy change may never be able to trace out all the circumstances which compose the series; but there are usually some of them, one or more, as it may be, whose influence has been so decisive, that they never fail to meet his view in looking back upon the past. I have my eye at present upon my old connection with Margaret F. If I have been born again, that connection plainly helped much to put me on the way to the cross. Alas, poor Margaret! how I wish that her story had been a more satisfactory one! As it is, I at least can never cease to cherish the memory of her.—When I first got acquainted with her, she had reached her sixty-second year; she was poor, almost entirely dependant upon charity. I was then a stranger to God, but religiously inclined enough to feel it a luxury to aid her a little, and an honour to be able to reckon among my friends one of Christ's poor ones. I did not doubt her title to that character; she herself did not doubt it, and I never met with any one to whom she was known who "doubted for her."

My acquaintance with Margaret soon ripened into friendship—I loved the poor old woman.—In regard to temporal matters she had seen more prosperous days. Until her thirtieth year her own honest industry had sufficed to earn for her a respectable maintenance; but about that time a bitter reverse of fortune overtook her. In an evil hour she fell into the snare of the seducer, and her proud heart refused to outlive the shame of a ruined character. Despair became her counsellor, and she rashly resolved to act upon its evil counsel; twice she attempted to take away her own life, but was on both occasions happily interrupted—on one of them, I believe, while engaged in the very act. How kind in God, sir—she would in effect say—to have prevented me from rushing into His presence—my soul stained with the sin of the suicide! How kind in God, sir—the very severity of his chastisements soon left me without any farther chance of carrying out my mad purpose—hands and feet failed me—a few weeks' illness, under rheumatism in its worst form, left me in a state worse even than that in which you now find me—helpless indeed, in many respects, as the new-born babe. A short time after the hand of God had been laid thus heavily upon her, she was visited by a pious elder of the church; and to all appearance, was led, through his instrumentality, to a saving knowledge of the truth. Thenceforth her trials were borne with apparent fortitude and resignation. She usually lived alone, but never seemed to feel alone; for, except when agonized with pain, as she often was, she always appeared to be contented and happy. Her little chamber, always neat and clean, was long a noted rendezvous of the piously-inclined. For some years a band of youths met weekly there for prayer and the study of God's word; the number of Margaret's visitors embraced besides, some of the decidedly pious, belonging respectively to no less than four different denominations. We used to say, that the Catholic spirit of the good old town owed not a little to that humble cabin in the venel, and its lowly occupant.

It was with pain that I parted with the old woman. She was among the last whom I bade farewell, on tuesday eve for a season, or for ever, as it may chance, of my native land. She was frail and full of troubles, and I knew that I would see her no more on earth, I doubted not, however, that I would meet her in glory, should I myself fail not in obtaining grace to make her Saviour mine—pressing her withered hand, I breathed a prayer for preservation from so awful a failure. Many years have passed since then, and Margaret is now no more. Thanks to the kind friends who forgot not to minister to her wants to the last—some of them partly for Inah's sake, partly for the sake of his poor friend herself, but chiefly