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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm 137, 4-5.

### SERMON.

By Rev'd R. Burnet, M. A., St. Andrew's Church, Pictou.

"And ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your Spirit, which are God's.—I COR. VI. 19, 20.

"And ye are not your own,"—the truth is so unfamiliar to our hearts that, when announced in its naked form, it startles us. Our first impulse, until we recollect where it is found, and by whose authority it is averred, and by what uncontested evidence it is sustained and fortified, is, to set ourselves at issue with it. We have so long nursed the notion of self-proprietorship, that, for the moment, we are roused into a petulant posture of self-defence, when we are told that we are not our own.

The fact is, that this truth has never found its way into our practical life; and it has not taken up a firm and unassailable position in our hearts; and hence it has shared the fate of most great spiritual truths which have been doomed to stand at the cold door of the intellect; it has been nearly scouted away as a startling paradox, because so entirely at variance with the feelings and actions of mankind.

What we want at the present day,—want as individuals,—want for our pri-

vate good,—for our public work,—want, in order to be raised in power to the full level of our obligations,—is, not the acquisition of any new idea, even tho' a true one. It is not explorers into unknown regions of spiritual truth we need, but we need men that will give to the old truth its full sway over their convictions, and their lives. We are rich enough in knowledge; rich enough, at least, in notions. We ought to be alarmed at our knowledge. We ought to tremble lest we should meet God with such an amount of unliving truth within us. Better, yes, ten thousand times, better, that we knew less, or felt, and did more.

Who shall make old truths live? Who shall break down and disperse the obstruction which seems to lie between the head and the heart? Who shall restore our whole being to such a blessed unity, that every truth as soon as seen shall command into willing action every energy of the soul? Who? This is a work above the power of man. But we have the privilege, and may we all have grace to use it, of applying to Him, who has at command every sensibility within us, and who can give to truth an unlimited dominion over the whole man, "Lord unite our hearts, to fear thy name."