

is,"——What? The essence of insecurity and peril? No. "The joy of the Lord is your *strength*." O these defective, one-sided views of Bible truth: what a poor, weak thing they sometimes make of a man!

Wesley says that "a clear communion with the Father and the Son will do more in an hour in promoting the growth of piety, than the absence of it will do in an age." Let not the Christian mariner sail to heaven as if he had death's head and cross-bones on his flag; let him not carry ballast or freight in order that Satan may have no temptation to board him. Rather let him, if the imagery may be allowed, clothe his crew with the panoply of the cross, load his guns to the muzzle with faith and prayer, freight his vessel to the bulwarks with the costly merchandise of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, nail his colors to the mast head, carefully watch and boldly defy his most malignant adversary, and, as he breasts the waves of life, let him sing as he sails,—

"Onward I haste, To the heavenly feast,
That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove,
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love."

—H. F. BLAND.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A MEDITATION FOR GOOD FRIDAY.



THE crucifixion of Christ is the all-absorbing question of the world's history. The theatre of its operation is the church in the wilderness. Its final results in the song of the redeemed of every nation in heaven. Its grand design presents a subject of the highest and most inspiring contemplation, both to angels and men. If the hope of man was at a very early period directed to a Deliverer, far distant in the events of time, it was natural to conclude that some distinguishing marks should be afforded by which he might be known. This was the great intent of prophecy and type. They were portraits of his character, indications of his conduct, prefigurations of the circumstances by which his advent might be ascertained. So vast and costly a ritual could not have been set up, and worked with such minute precision for so long a period, for no purpose. They had a grand centre somewhere, to which all were tending, and were designed to accomplish a purpose worthy themselves and their great Author; and whether we admire their grandeur, or are dazzled with their splendor, as they guide the faith of patriarchs, kings, prophets, and righteous men in all ages, they all converge toward one focus,—they gather around the person and cross of Christ. They irradiate, as with a crown of glory, the head which was once crowned with thorns; they descend upon the sacrifice, and demonstrate that Jesus, the crucified, was the Lamb slain—in the intention of God—from the foundation of the world.