

knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord!" With such unscriptural and dangerous conceptions, the truth as it is in Jesus can never coalesce; and without any effort of their own, the holders of these opinions will and must be left to their own desired separateness and solitude. We rejoice to know that many, nominally associated with these, are far from being like-minded with them,—and it is, indeed, refreshing to find such a man as the Bishop of Calcutta—and he speaks for many more—warning his deluded brethren that they are "ON THE VERGE OF AN APOSTASY FROM CHRIST." Brethren, let us hail, with gratitude and joy, the manifestation of a purer and a better spirit, in all the evangelical communities of the present day. Let us anticipate with devout acknowledgment, to "the Author of Peace and Giver of Concord," the probable coalition, at no distant period, of those whose differences are scarcely more important, and whose common relations are certainly more endearing, and more enduring too, than those of the tribes of Israel. Already they are united in spirit and in aim—and the world is beginning to reap the blessed fruits of this fraternal harmony.

Turning again to you, my brethren, the members of this church and congregation, let me exhort you to continue steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. You have yet much to do as a Christian Church. May the Spirit of wisdom and truth and love be poured out abundantly upon you; and may the future developments of Divine Providence show that God has declared concerning you—"From this time I will bless you." Amen.

J. J. C.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TOMORROW."

"What elegant woman is that before us?" said I to my friend Lucy, as we were walking the busy streets of the town of C—, in England.

"Ah! let us join her," exclaimed my companion; "it is Julia Moressan, a beautiful Jewess—her elder sister, you have heard me mention, as one who had recently renounced her dependence on the Abrahamic covenant, and who was last Sabbath baptized by our Rector, preparatory to receiving confirmation. Julia is still an unbeliever in the Messiah." We hastened onward, and soon overtook the object of our pursuit; as her animated face glowed with pleasure at the unexpected sight of my friend, I thought I had never beheld so lovely a being.

She was very tall, but perfectly formed—and

moved with a grace I have never seen equalled. Her complexion was fair, and her skin had an uncommon transparency and brilliancy.

Her closed lips were tinted like the delicate pencilling of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek, the timid blood had faintly welbed through, like something that was half afraid of light. Her features were finely chiselled, and her soft blue eye, with its long lashes, was a study for a painter. But beyond the elements of beauty, there was writ a something that the wounded roe might trust for shelter from its hunter.

Our walk together was long, and I was delighted to find that the mind within was as lovely as the casket that enshrined it. The conversation ran upon different literary topics. Miss Moressan sustained her part in a manner that showed her well read, and also denoted that she was accustomed to exercise her mind upon her reading. A good German scholar, she was versed in the Rabbinical lore, and her poetic temperament exhibited itself in the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the glory that rested as a halo around the faith of her fathers. I remarked that the halo being caused usually by some vapours, or mists, was to my mind, a very apt emblem of the glory of the Mosaic dispensation, while, in the coming of Messiah, these mists being driven away, the clear unsullied light from Heaven beamed forth upon us.

Her eye kindled indignantly as she exclaimed: "Call you the overpowering manifestations of the Divine Presence on Sinai's top, mists and vapours? Show me anything in your New Testament to compare to it." Very long was our discussion continued, until, as we reached a retired spot, we proposed sitting down on a fallen tree, that we might carry on our controversy more undisturbed.

"Nay, nay, interposed Lucy, "you shall no longer discuss your differences. You will both be with me in the country this summer, and then we will try by the blessing of God to lead dear Julia to Jesus."

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The month of August found me at the door of my friend's country seat—and one of my first enquiries was, if Miss Moressan had arrived. Lucy's eye filled in a moment. "Is it possible you have not heard?" Heard what?" I replied; "has any thing happened to her?" "Sit down, and I will tell you the sad story."