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plied, our desires gratified—that we are surrounded by those in whose society we feel pleasure,—that we are blessed with those round whom the heart has twined its fondest feelings,—all—all are the gifts of that hand, which even neglect and ingratitude cannot close. But strong as are the claims of the Lord our God to love on these grounds, even they sink into utter insignificance, when compared with those which are found in the work of redemption. Oh ! what language can express the burning glow of love and gratitude, which should be kindled in every heart by the thought that our Almighty Creator gave his only begotten Son, that “ whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” In contemplating this stupendous mystery, we know not on what topic first to dwell,—so many and so wondrous are the claims, which it urges for all the most intense affection, of which our nature is susceptible. The Lord of Hosts—the everlasting God—the Creator of the ends of the Earth—stooping from the Throne of Omnipotence to manifest love towards men ; the overwhelming demonstration of that love, in that it was his only begotten son, the brightness of his Father’s glory and the express image of his person, whom he gave up as a propitiation for our sins ; the degradation and ignominy, to which he subjected him, when he sent him from Heaven to Earth, from a Throne to a Cross, from Life to Death ; and all this in unmerited mercy to rebellious and ruined creatures !

Yes—although every work of creation, every dispensation of Providence beams with the love of God, yet so far does the scheme of Salvation surpass every other manifestation in lustre, that they are dimmed and lost in the effulgent brightness of redemption.—