

glow, and his countenance smile, while his exclamations, at one time, "the precious—precious blood!" at another, "the words are sweeter than music," and again, "that is the blessed—blessed truth,"—all showed that the Holy Scriptures were doing their destined work.

But, I continued, we have not done with this doctrine. There is no truth in the whole of Revelation more certain, than that the sufferings of Jesus Christ are accepted instead of the sufferings that we deserved. He was foreshadowed in all the types of the law, where the sacrificial victim was brought to the altar instead of the transgressor. The victim was accepted in the stead of the transgressor, the victim was slain in the stead of the transgressor, the blood of the victim was accepted for the blood of the transgressor, the death of the victim for the death of the transgressor; the throes, the struggles, the suffering of the victim were accepted for the throes, the struggles, the sufferings of the transgressor. The whole ceremonial represented a vicarious atonement. The law demanded the suffering of the transgressor, but the law was satisfied to accept the suffering of the sacrificial victim in his stead. This was the type of Him, who is our sacrificial Victim, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." He has been our sacrificial victim; His suffering, His blood, His death, has been accepted as a vicarious atonement for our suffering and blood and death. It is therefore the prophet says "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. liii. 4—6. THIS IS THE GOSPEL. And this it is, that, while it comforts and encourages the believer, confounds that fiction, which would teach us that Jesus Christ remits the guilt without remitting the punishment of sin.

A TRUE STORY.

The Hebrides, as you know, my dear child, are islands on the west of Scotland, and form (as it were) a breakwater to the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

The inhabitants have little intercourse with the mainland, and are exposed to great distress during the long winter, and live chiefly on fish, sea-fowl, and their eggs,

which are found in the fissures of the rocks.

On St. Kilda, one of the smallest and most desolate of those islands, lived a poor widow and her son. Her husband, a fisherman, had perished, and left her with one only child to cheer her sad heart.

She trained him in the love and fear of God, and well did he repay his fond mother's care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age.

The winter of 1846 will long be remembered as one of unexampled suffering by the poor, especially in Ireland and Scotland, owing to the failure in the potatoe crop.

Ronald and his mother suffered with the rest in their wild sea-girt home. To help their scanty meal, he set off one morning to collect some of the wild-fowls' eggs from the neighboring cliffs. It was often a dangerous thing to attempt; for should the parent bird be there, she might dart off the nest and strike with her powerful wing the enemy of her young.

But Ronald was brave, and was nerved with the desire to obtain food for his beloved mother.

Having received her blessing, supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down the cliff, a knife to strike the bird should she attack him, and a basket for the eggs, he set off.

The view as he went was grand in the extreme. The cliffs rose perpendicularly three or four hundred feet from the sea, whose wild waves dashed madly against them, and then broke into fantastic spray, glittering like so many gems in the bright sunshine of a fine frosty morning.

Nor was young Ronald generally indifferent to these glorious scenes. Oh no! for he had learned to look on them as the works of his loving Father's hand. But now his eye was heavy, and his heart was sad; for anxious fears arose for the future, and he saw not in the distance the steamer approaching, laden with food sent by kind Christian hearts in England for the poor starving people.

Ronald now reached the highest point of the cliff whence his companions were to let him down by a thick rope of many plies.

It was fastened round his waist, and he was slung down until he got half way; he