

ever is Christ-like,—whatever is good, and holy, and true, and just, then Christ is dwelling in us.

Is Christ thus in you, my dear friends? Do you think of Him? Do you desire and love Him? Do you think of, desire and love whatever is good? This is the grand test of your hope. There can be no true hope unless the thoughts, desires, and affections are under the influence of Christ.

How, now, in the second place, does hope arise from the indwelling of Christ? Even if we think only of Christ and good, and desire and love only Christ and good,—how is the hope of heaven caused by these thoughts, desires and affections? Suppose, for one moment, that Jesus Christ dwelt again in human form on earth,—supposing that in all His wisdom, love, and power, He became your intimate friend and companion,—supposing that He dwelt beneath the same roof with you,—that He warned you in time of danger, supported you in the time of temptation, cheered you in sorrow, and delivered you when in doubt and perplexity,—would not your soul be filled with a glad and glorious hope. There would be no need for anxiety or despair. Ever near you would be an Almighty and loving Saviour, who came to save you, and *would* save you. The consciousness of such a Saviour and friend ever near would banish all fear and fill your soul with a living and joyful hope!

If, however, the bodily presence of Jesus would produce the hope of glory, will not His spiritual presence? If you would not be afraid were Christ beside you to take you by the hand and lead you onward and heavenward, can you be afraid when He is in you? Every good thought, desire and resolution is Christ in you,—not Christ near you, but Christ in you,—leading you on and up to glory. The consciousness of this inward abiding presence of Christ produces hope and banishes fear.

In conclusion, my dear friends, what are your hopes? You may hope to go to heaven,—but remember that Christ must dwell in your hearts here, before you can dwell with him in glory hereafter. It is time to decide whether Christ is in you or not. There is no time for trifling. If death should come suddenly and take you hence, what would be your condition? Glory or shame? Which? One it *must* be,—which then? Glory, it is certain, will never be yours if you continue in sin,—if your thoughts, desires and affections are evil and only evil! O, then call upon Christ! Pray for the Holy Spirit yourselves, and my prayer to the God of all grace will ever be that “Christ may be in you, the hope of glory.”

A PEEP UNDER THE SURFACE.

(The following touching sketch is from a small volume just published in Edinburgh,

entitled—*The Orphan, or Comfort and Counsel to the Fatherless and the Motherless.*)

We had been on a fishing tour in the highlands, and en route to town, were idling a day or two in the ‘gray metropolis of the north.’ *Scotchman, Express, Merckerry, fewzees, penny a hunder*—this day’s *Scotchman*, sir! shouted a shrill piped, ragged little imp as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal, in Prince Street.

‘No, we don’t want any.’ ‘Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day’s paper, sir—half-price, sir, only a bawbee,’ persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith. ‘Get along, Bird’s eye, don’t want any,’ growled my friend Philips. ‘They’re gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder—They’re gude fewzees, sir,—hunder and twenty for a penny, sir,’ coming round on my flank. ‘No, don’t want them, my boy.’ The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of dirty rags looked up piteously at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the street no more. Somehow, in this instance, that pledge wouldn’t stand by me, but gave way. ‘Give me a penn’orth, young ‘un.’ ‘Yes, sir—They dinna smell.’ ‘Ah, I haven’t got a copper, little ‘un, nothing less than a shilling; so never mind, my boy, I’ll buy from you to-morrow.’ ‘B-y them the nicht, if you please. I’m very hungry, sir. I’ll gang for change, sir.’ His little cold face, which had lighted up, now fell; for, from his bundle of papers, I saw that his sales had been few that day. ‘Well, little ‘un, I’ll try you—there is a shilling—now, be a good boy and bring me the change to-morrow to the hotel. Ask for Mr. Turner.’ ‘Give my friend your word of honour, as a gentleman, as security for the hob,’ said Philips. ‘As sure as death, sir, I’ll bring the change the morn,’ was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling. . . .

Next morning we were on the Koslia stage to ‘do’ the wonderful little chapel there. We were stopped near the University by a crowd congregated round some poor creature brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher’s cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and followed by a crowd, bore it off. . . . On our return to the inn, I inquired, ‘Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?’ ‘Boy, sir? Call, sir? No, sir.’ ‘Of course he didn’t. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?’ said Philips. ‘Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest.’ ‘Then, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!’ Later in the evening, a small boy was introduced who wished to speak to me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless shirtless,