

a glimmer of literary moonshine, just now taken by its credulous admirers for the day. If all men are in this natural progress, whence comes it that we have so many savage races? For a savage race is, by the accepted definition, one that lives without progress. If these races once held a higher position, which I believe, and have lost it, then they are examples of retrocession. If they had not, but always existed at their present low point then what law of progress is it in them which has had full play for so many thousands of years, and has not yet set them forward one inch of advancement and, as any one can see at a glance, never will? Besides, what vast majorities of the human race are seen by their monuments and other historic evidences to be actually running down. What has become of the famous civilizations of Cyrus, and of Babylon? By what law of progress have the Egyptian, the Etruscan and the Roman races disappeared or fallen out of history? What law of progress can we discover when we see the feeble Incas and Aztecs by the side of their ancient monuments? The Chinese what are they but a race dwarfed by their institutions, and dying out of their own civilization?—And the immense hordes of Tartary and Southern India, followers of Budh and Brahmah—whence does it come that their religions give to the scholar such tokens of a profoundly intellectual origin, while they themselves are profoundly ignorant of their significance as incapable of ascending to their high contemplations as they are to the teachings of Plato or the doctrines of Christ? And what shall we say of the Mahomedan races—what progress have they made since their day of power, when Europe heard them thundering at her eastern gates, or since the glorious time when the Arabic literature was the only flower of intelligence left blooming in the world?—How large a part of the world have we gone over in these brief questions and where is the progress? If progress be the natural law of society what mean these savage and visibly decadent races covering five sixths of the globe? The only rational conclusion is that no such law exists."

"I do not deny," he continues, "that the Christian nations are in a law of progress, just so far as they are in the power of Christ and they are in such progress for the manifest reason that this power of Christ is a power supernatural. But, apart from this, the more natural law of society is a law of retrogradation, just as we see it with our eyes. And it should be so even theoretically; for if sin be a fact, then by the inevitable laws of retribution, which are set in us and the world, disorder must be a fact; and then, since disorder cannot mend itself by its own causative action, but can only propagate and multiply disorder, we find a law of sin and death plunging the race inevitably downward, until it is met by some force supernatural, bringing deliverance. There might *have been* a pro-

gress in the world, on the basis of mere nature and there would have been but for the fact of sin. But sin is against nature, a breach of nature's original order and harmony. Henceforth, nature is like an eye fretted by a grain of sand. It is still the same organ, having all its parts and functions, but an organ of pain rather than of sight. And just so the whole creation, called nature," groaneth and travelleth in pain together, waiting for the redemption!"

The preacher next shows the ground Christianity itself assumes concerning its own work and office in this respect. The word of prophecy represents the holy government of the world as declaring that it will go on to root out and destroy, to overturn, overturn, overturn it, until he come whose right it is. And then when he comes, it declares that all kings shall fall down before him; showing too how the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion, all savage and venomous, all fierce and gentle natures, coalescing in harmony, shall lie down peacefully together—by that sign or figure setting forth a state of universal order and peace among men. Accordingly, when Mary triumphs in her song, she sees the proud scattered, the mighty put down, the lowly exalted, the hungry fed, and the equilibrium of society restored so as to inaugurate finally a day of complete justice and peace, when all people shall call her blessed. When Christ, therefore, begins his ministry, he gives his disciples to understand that they are the salt of the earth, the little leaven that is to leaven the whole lump of humanity; and it is a great point with him, as appears in his preaching from first to last that he is come to set up the kingdom of God or heaven among men. This Kingdom is not natural and physical, but supernatural, viz: a kingdom within which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and still it is called a kingdom because it is going to work in men's bosoms, subduing, changing, renovating till all society is penetrated with a divine spirit, and the kingdoms and peoples and nations coalesce and lapse in the glorious order of universal truth and peace and Christ is owned by them all as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

We regret that our space does not permit our making more extracts from the discourse of this truly able and eloquent preacher, who, in our humble opinion, might well be an ornament to any church.

#### INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

##### "Strong in Him."

I AM going to tell you, my young readers, about a boy of eleven years of age, whom I visited, not long ago, when he was dying. Now you must not think that all good children become sick and die, for this would almost make you frightened to become good, because you wish, of course, if it pleases God, that you

should be in health, and live long and happy in the world. There is nothing wrong in your wishing this, and I hope God may grant you so great a blessing, as He has done to many for there have been thousands, who began very early in life to serve God, and who continue to do so, getting wiser, and better, and happier as they grew older, and who have lived long and died at last surrounded by every comfort and many friends. See how good in early youth were such men as Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Daniel, Timothy, and as well as great numbers whose names we do not know, who lived long, and "grew up in favour with God and men." But what I wish you to see is, how one may be very peaceful and happy, although it may be God's will that they shall suffer much pain of body, and die when they are young.

The boy James M., who is the subject of my story, was, for some time, in a junior Sabbath class taught by a friend of mine, who was very fond of him for his gentle manners, attention to his lessons, regular attendance, and kindness of disposition. James was at last seized with a severe disease in his neck, which confined him nearly three years to his house, and often to his bed. He gradually got worse, and all the while suffered so much pain, that it often amounted to agony; yet his sweet temper did not leave him, and he was greatly beloved by his poor parents, who were from the Highlands, and had very sore hearts as they saw their boy getting worse and worse, without any doctor being able to heal him or give him the least relief. The Bible and prayer were the chief sources of James' comfort. He did not pretend to like them, or wish to make any show of them, so that people might see he was a good boy; this would have been vain and deceitful. But neither was he ashamed to be seen reading his Bible, or to ask, as he often did, in the middle of the night, when he could not sleep with pain, his parents to read aloud to him. James really believed and knew God as his Father, and Jesus as his Saviour, and he liked to hear about them, and also to turn his face to the wall, and to shut his eyes and speak to them in prayer, telling all his wants, and opening his whole heart. Now, all this time I had never seen James, but only heard from his teacher what a sincere, good, Christian boy he was. But that teacher at last came to me one day to tell that he believed little M. was dying, and that, as the minister whom his parents attended was from home, he hoped I would go and pray with the boy. I of course instantly went. When I entered the lowly dwelling, I saw a mass of clothes in a bed, with a woman bending over them in grief. It was the mother with her dying boy. I will not describe to you the signs of suffering visible there, the blood and the wounds which were on that little body! I drew near, and at last discovered the pale face, with expressive blue eyes, looking quietly upon me. He was so weak that it was difficult for him to speak; I therefore spent the time I had praying with him and reading a short passage of Scripture, reminding him of the love of his Father and Saviour which never changes, and was much greater than even his mother's love, and was able to guide him in perfect peace and safety through the dark valley and shadow of death. Before parting, I bent over him and asked him how he was, telling him how much I felt for him. The only words I ever heard him speak were these into my ear: "I feel very strong in Him!" What precious words were those! "Strong in Him!" Yes, he was pained, weak, and dying child! thou wert indeed stronger than all the feets and arms