

your Almighty Judge? Is it not a privilege for your *soul*, to pacify your conscience, to pacify your heart, to ransom your undying spirit from the ruin of its fate? Is it not a privilege that reaches into *eternity*?—that ceases not when the body dies, but being your everlasting salvation in the presence of the Lord God and of the Lamb? Is it not a privilege purchased by the blood of the Son of God—so precious, that no price inferior to this could procure it; so noble, that even this ransom was not deemed too valuable for its bestowal? Yes, you have heard of the glorious struggles of the Covenanters and the Puritans in the dear fatherland. You have heard how they toiled, and suffered, and died, fighting under the banner of truth and liberty, and receiving the legacy which they have bequeathed, you feel your *blood-bought* rights to be dear to your heart. But here we point you to your birthright, in offered mercy, and tell you it was made yours at a yet higher cost. It was procured by the blood of the Lamb of God. What privilege of your nature can be equal to this? Does it not come to you as a dying man, with the gift of immortality? Does it not come to you, as a sinner, with a deed of pardon? Does it come to you, as a sufferer, with a message of everlasting consolation? Does it come to you, as an heir of hell, with a welcome to heaven? All this, dear reader, is your property, as a poor, perishing, sinful man, whom God, in his free mercy, has visited with the offer of salvation through his Son! All this is your birthright—an offer, a free, personal, present offer of mercy from God in Christ. You may be rich in this world's wealth; but this is a treasure that casts contempt on all your other possessions. You may be poor in earthly substance; but here is a testament, gifting to you an inheritance that enriches and ennobles you for ever. You may be little esteemed among men, and have nothing else to distinguish you; but here God himself dignifies you. Just because you are a *man*—a perishing sinful man, he gives you as your birthright an offer of his sovereign mercy. He addresses to you a call and invitation to accept of eternal life, at the hand of his Son—to become one of his redeemed children—to secure at last a crown of glory in his holy heaven. “Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high? He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes, even the princes of the earth.”

W. R.

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SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN PREACHING.

(Continued from p. 10.)

We have said that *perhaps* no preacher in Scotland can impress an audience like Mr. Caird, and the qualifying adverb had a special reference, as our readers will doubtless have supposed, to Dr. Guthrie. He, too, is essentially an orator. We may become tired of reading his volume, we can hardly become tired of hearing himself. Edinburgh, where he has laboured for some twenty years, is not yet weary of him.* One needs only to pass the gate of Free St. John's, beneath the shadow of the Castle, when the bells are ringing, any day when the Doctor is to preach, and the clustering crowds will assure him of the fact. We grant, indeed, that the crowd will consist, to a large extent, of visitors to the town. For Dr. Guthrie is one of the sights of Edinburgh. If you go to see the Castle or Holyrood on Saturday, you must go to Free St. John's on Sabbath. But you will not easily get admittance, unless introduced by some friend belonging to the congregation. You must be contented to wait in the school-room under the church, or in the lobby, or on the stair, till the opening prayer is over, when, if you be active, you may get some seat whose customary occupant happens to be absent, or more probably, a standing place in one of the passages, which are soon filled along their whole extent, so that all