

Heart of Christ ! O cup most golden,
Tasting of Thy cordial blest,
Soon the sorrowful are folden
In a gentle healthful rest,
Thou anxieties art easing,
Pains implacable appeasing,
Grief is comforted by love ;
Oh ! what wine is there like love !

Heart of Christ ! O cup most golden,
Liberty from Thee we win ;
We, who drink no more are holden
By the shameful cords of sin,
Pledge of mercy's surer forgiving,
Powers for a holy living ;
These ! O cup of love are thine ;
Love thou art the mightiest wine !

—LYNCH

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

BY THE REV. W. MCKENZIE, ALMONTE.

Continued from last Number.

I must here give you still more of these details, drawn, however, principally from my own recollections of the work in Scotland. There are few things more instructive to a minister of the gospel, and more stimulating to him in his work, than the earnest consideration of the process of revival, and of the work of God's Spirit during its course. These details are to serve their own purpose in subsequent remarks.

That same summer, 1859, when such a blessing was being poured out on Ireland, a similar work had its beginning in Scotland. With the deepest interest the children of God there heard of the work of grace in America and Ireland, and watched its development. Fervent desires were begotten that the shower of Divine blessing might also fall on them, and prayer was made to God without ceasing that so it should be. The Lord heard their cry, and very soon he sent to His heritage in Scotland a plenteous rain.

Having spent a large portion of that summer in Scotland, I was privileged to see the beginnings of the work in various quarters. Some ten days were spent in visiting my relatives in a district in the south of Scotland, and there I could trace the evidence of a great awakening. I could do this all the better, having been for years intimately acquainted with the whole region. Everywhere the people were thirsting for the Word of God ; wherever I went I was solicited to speak to them ; and a very few minutes sufficed to draw an audience together such as we might have sighed for in vain in former times. As a specimen you may take the following :—

One day I took a fishing excursion up the river Teviot with a friend, who, under Dr. Bonar's direction, had devoted himself for years to evangelistic work. A little after mid-day we reached the small village of Roxburgh, and took the opportunity to call on an old friend residing there. When I saw the mistress of the house, two or three years before, she was in spiritual darkness, a kind and amiable woman but destitute of spiritual life. Now, however, she was rejoicing in the light of life, one of the first fruits of the awakening, and full of sanctified feeling and energy. After a little while of most interesting conversation, she said, "Would you not have a meeting wit' us here ?" "There is no time, I fear," I replied, "All the people are in the fields at their work, and we cannot stay until the evening," "Only