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IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—Ps. 137, v. 5

Sermon,

By the Rev. J. Sinclair, Missionary, Pictou.

JOHN XIV. 1.—"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench;" so prophesied Isaiah of Christ many centuries before his advent, and our text is one proof of the accomplishment of the prophecy. The design, and the execution of the scheme of salvation, proceeded on principles of unutterable tenderness and compassion. Unbounded the love of Jesus: himself a man of sorrows, he always felt for the sorrows of others. He is "touched with the feeling of our iniquities." Never had sufferings met his eye without commiseration: nor was the fact that mankind were themselves the cause of their misery, sufficient to avert his compassionate regard. Misfortunes brought on by themselves, as well as those over which they had no direct control, evoked his sympathy. The prodigal's tears of penitence, and the widow's tears of bereavement, he wiped away. He assuaged all the griefs, and alleviated all the trials of life. This is the character under which he is presented to us in our text.

In familiar converse with his little band of followers, he speaks to them of his departure, and tells them that this was as expedient as was necessary. They heard the intimation with pain, not only because they saw their worldly prospects blasted, their fond hopes of the restoration of the kingdom unto Israel extinguished, and all their vain fancies reflecting a temporal reign of Jesus vanish away; but also because their loving friend was to leave them. They thought not, in their grief, that Christ must suffer, and enter

into his glory. They understood not that he would rise again from the dead on the third day. One thought only filled their minds, and left no room for another. He was to be torn from them for ever, and this heartrending thought filled their hearts with anguish so overwhelmingly, that every ground of comfort seemed to be swept away. It was the bitterness of unlooked-for disappointment that fell on their dismayed hearts, a calamity that can be appreciated only by those whose expectations were this moment high, and the next withered and crushed. It is a sore trial to witness the inroads of disease, sapping by slow but steady approaches the life of a dear and valued friend; and the heart is wrung with affliction when the dreaded event occurs; but to part with our friend in the midst of his usefulness, or in the dawn of his promising career, and that unexpectedly. Oh! it is this that adds untold poignancy to our sorrows. It was the suddenness of the stroke that so crushed the Patriarch Jacob, when tidings of the untimely end of his beloved Joseph were brought him, that he said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning."

The sorrow of the disciples of Jesus was so intense as to spread a haze of uncertainty and unbelief over their whole minds. In this dejected state they stood much in need of a counsellor who should direct them to the best antidote against all trouble. Their counsellor was their master, and the antidote faith. In further discoursing from this passage we shall endeavor to explain how faith is the best remedy for an aching heart, and contrast it with other remedies that are sometimes prescribed.

"Ye believe in God, believe also in me;"