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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm 137, 4-5.

SERMON FOR THE YOUNG.

Rev. vii. 9-14.

There is one more vision of things unseen I want you to think about. It was sent to the apostle John at Patmos. It was a vision of the happy people in heaven, and there are three things about them that I want you to notice. 1st.—What they are doing there. They have beautiful harps in their hands, and they are singing a beautiful song. It is called a new song, but every one of those happy people, except those who were too young when they went there to learn anything, learned to sing that song when they were down here on earth. There was one little girl, who is singing that song in heaven now, who learnt it when she was only three years old. God taught it to her. As she knelt down to say her evening prayer she said, "I thank Thee, O Jesus, that Thou was punished instead of me." She could not even speak plainly, but God had put the new song in her heart, and this was how she sang it with her lips. You see it does not need a fine voice or a correct ear to sing that song, only a loving, thankful heart. It was just the same song the happy people up in heaven sing, only the words were a little different. There was a little boy who learn-

ed this song when he was very weak and ill.

A gentleman once visited a gipsy camp, hoping to have an opportunity to speak about Jesus to those who knew very little of Him. He found most of the gipsies absent, and those who were at home did not seem to care to listen to his message, and he was going away discouraged, when a man said, "There's a lad in there, very bad. You can see him if you want." The gentleman went into the tent, and found a boy of about twelve in the last stage of fever. His eyes were closed, and he seemed unconscious of all around him. The gentleman bent over the heaps of rags, on which the boy was lying, and repeated the verse, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten-son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The child took no notice, again he said the verse, with the same result. Over and over he repeated his message, and at the twelfth time the boy turned, opened his eyes, and said, "Did He? and I never thanked Him for it, but then no one ever told me." And he was not content till the gentleman knelt by his side, and thanked God for His unspeakable gift. The next time the gentleman visited the camp, the boy was thanking God in heaven; but he found many who knew