

ground." The mysterious nature of the Spirit's work however, is not to check this inquiry—Does the Spirit of God dwell in you? The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. The viewless wind shows its presence and power by its effects, and thus *results* that never issue from the natural inclinations of man's heart, appearing and continuing in the life and character, proclaim the work of a Divine hand. The fruits of the Spirit and the works of the flesh are easily distinguishable. You know that the Spirit is there when you see the ripe clusters of the fruits of righteousness. The dew of the morning refreshes the rose, imparting new vigour to the flower, which fills the air with balmy fragrance, and cheers the sight with its beauty. Israel's dew refreshes and beautifies the soul; it falls on Gideon's fleece till the water may be wrung out, and Israel's deliverance known. Messages pass from hand to hand, through the invisible electric current of the telegraph; and power from on high constrains the soul of man, to obey the heavenly call to seek for glory, honour and immortality: visible effects are marked in the ripening fruits of love, joy, peace.

We must not confound mere natural seriousness with a gracious work. There are struggles of conscience, which may be complacently viewed as religious capital. A Felix-like fear may be transmuted by the alchemy of a deceitful heart, into hope towards God. Saul among the prophets appears filled with a heavenly impulse. *Seven* spirits return into the man whose soul is unoccupied, it is empty, swept and garnished, and *they* re-tenant the home that had formerly been the solitary abode of *one*. Education, profession, privilege, placed in the room of the new birth, is a mistake, the consequence of which may be everlasting ruin.

Have you the Spirit? Should inquiry begin, we remind you that he brings the blind by a way that they knew not. Him the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth Him. A new interest in religious truth fills the heart. An impulse unknown before draws upward, heavenward. Yet it is not always in the same way that the work is done. There is no dead level in Christian experience, no mould into which all being cast come forth in the same stereotyped form. Age, clime, circumstances are varied in different cases, showing the diversities of the Spirit. Drawn as with the cords of love, or chased as followed with a sweeping hurricane from the precincts of destruction, awakened as with a mother's kiss, or wrenched as with iron bar from the clinging power of sin, the soul is brought from darkness into light, from danger to safety, from hell's door to heaven's gate.

Where the Spirit dwells there are marks of his abode. The Spirit is the "Spirit of Life." Quickened from the death of sin, the pulsations of a new life are felt. Indifference to religious truth disappears. You find men alive to business, to politics, to pleasure, but dead to divine things; not so, when the breath of the Almighty has revived the affections of the soul in knowledge and true holiness. The Spirit always honours his own word, hence fancies, impressions, dreams, can never displace the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Love for the scriptures is a sign of the spiritual condition. How, why, and when, we read the volume of mercy, show the interest we take in it. New born babes of the kingdom are nourished by this sincere milk. One man's meat is another man's poison. Is it food for us to read