

THE LAMB OF GOD.

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

"I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

"I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

"I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song."

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

AMID the duties and difficulties, the cares and perplexities of life, how many a pang and tear would it save us, if we went with chastened and inquiring spirits to these sacred oracles! How many trials would be mitigated, how many sorrows soothed, and temptations avoided, if we proceeded every step in life with the inquiry, "What saith the Scripture?" How few, it is to be feared, make (as they should do), the Bible a final court of appeal, an arbiter for the settlement of all the vexed questions in the consistory of the soul? God keep us from that saddest phase and dogma of modern infidelity—the sacred volume classed among the worn and effete books of the past—God keep us from regarding his lively oracles with only that misnamed "veneration," which the antiquary bestows on some piece of mediæval armour, a relic

and memorial of by-gone days but unsuitable for an age which has superseded the cruder views of these old "chroniclers," and inaugurated a new era of religious development. Vain dreamers! "For ever, O God, thy word is settled in heaven." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." "The word of the Lord is tried." "Thy word is very sure, therefore thy servant loveth it." What a crowd of witnesses could be summoned to give personal evidence of its preciousness and value. How many aching heads would raise themselves from their pillows, and tell of their obligations to its soothing messages of love and power! How many death-beds could send their occupants with pallid lips to tell of the staff which upheld them in the dark valley! How many in the hour of bereavement could lay their finger on the promise that first dried the tear from their eye, and brought back the smile to their saddened countenances! How many voyagers in life's tempestuous ocean, now landed on the heavenly shore, would be ready to hush their golden harps, and descend to earth with the testimony that this was the blessed beacon-light which guided them to their desired haven!

Ab, *Philosophy!* thou hast never yet, as this book, taught a man how to die! *Reason!* with thy flickering torch, thou hast never yet guided to such sublime mysteries, such comforting truths, as these! *Science!* thou hast penetrated the arcana of nature, sunk thy shafts into earth's recesses, unburied its stores, counted its strata, measured the height of its massive pillars, down to the very pedestals of primeval granite. Thou hast tracked the lightning, traced the path of the tornado, uncontained the distant planet, foretold the coming of the comet, and the return of the eclipse. But thou hast never been able to gauge the depths of man's soul, or to answer the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

No, no: this antiquated volume is still the "Book of books," the oracle of oracles, the beacon of beacons; the poor man's treasury; the child's companion; the sick man's health; the dying man's life; shallows for the infant to walk in; depths for giant intellect to explore and adore! *Philosophy*, if she would but own it, is indebted here