

judgment-hall, and guilty fear antedates the gloomy sentence which awaits us here. It is a guilty conscience which makes cowards of us all. We are afraid of the issues of death, and therefore, we strive to forget death,—like the foolish bird which when the eagle is about to swoop upon it hides its head under its wings and because it sees not its danger supposes itself safe.

But ought any of us to rest content for even one hour in such a state of mind as this? Is freedom from the fear of death hopeless? Is deliverance from sin, the sting of death, unattainable? What Christian can say so who remembers what the divine Redeemer did and suffered in order to rescue "those who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage?" Wherefore did Christ take flesh and become our surety, but that sin might be expiated and the sinner pardoned? Wherefore did Christ encounter death and pass into the world unseen, but that the last enemy might be despoiled of his power to hurt and affright the believer? My brother, thou mayest now through conscious guilt be afraid to die, and thou mayest deem it even hopeless ever to attain to the privilege of peace in the view of death; but only go to Christ with thy burden of guilt and fear—only devolve the whole on His sacrifice—only embrace Him heartily in all His redemptive offices and influences,—and forthwith another and better temper will spring up within thee. A sense of pardon will take away thy sense of guilt—death will cease to be a sound of terror; and instead of repairing only to the "time to be born" for images of joy, thou wilt turn for thy pleasant thoughts far oftener to the "time to die."

PATMOS.

BY THE REV. DR. ANDREW THOMSON.

Our course now lay in the midst of islands of every size and shape, some of them rising high in pyramidal and even fantastic forms, and others retaining a comparatively low level, many of them so small that their entire outline could be traced, as if the sea were a map, and those islets the highly-relieved and richly-coloured parts of it. Classical and Christian associations strangely mingle in many of those islands. There, for example, is Cos, the birthplace of Apelles and Pythagoras, so fascinating in old heathen altars, that the inhabitants scoop them out for vessels in which to bruise

their corn, and in whose little seaport capital Paul must have spent a night on his great missionary circuit. And that larger island which seems like one vast mountain, its summit dark with clouds and nursing the thunder, when all the rest of the Ægean is cloudless and serene is Samos, where Paul touched, and perhaps preached, on the same eventful voyage; and which is memorable as the birthplace of Hippocrates and the scene of Herodotus' temporary exile, where he wrote some of the books of his delightfully garrulous history. But our highest satisfaction was reserved for the afternoon of that singularly beautiful day; for an hour before sunset there was pointed out to us, beyond the shoulder of another island, the doubly sacred isle of Patmos.

It continues to this day, in its external features, the "aserrima insula" which ancient writers called it. But to our mind, it shone in that bright sea with all the solemn grandeur of a temple. As the scene of banishment for John the beloved, as the place from which the Heaven-sent messages were communicated by the faithful Apostle to the seven churches on that western seaboard, and where there passed before the seer, in a succession of symbolic visions, the history of the Church of Christ from the ascension down to the winding up of its history at the judgment, what scene approaches it, in the interest of its sacred recollections, out of Palestine? Between what spot of earth and heaven was the intercourse so intimate and continuous? The golden ladder which Jacob saw for one brief night at Bethel, here spanned the distance between the two worlds for many a day and night. As we brought the island nearer to us by means of a good telescope, and saw it in the light of the western sun, we were able to appreciate the description of it by Clarke, as "surrounded by an inexpressible brightness, and seeming to float upon an abyss