

This seventh day God "blest." He uttered His mind concerning it, calling it a day of blessing, and in so doing, communicated to it (as it were) the power to impart blessing. That is, He made it the day in which He would specially give blessing. This is, then, the primary meaning and object of the Sabbath. It is the day on which God specially blesses man. But more than this. It is added, He "sanctified it." He marked it off from all other days, as the tabernacle was marked off from all the tents of Israel. He drew a fence around it, which was not to be broken through. He set it apart for *Himself*, just as he set the six days apart for man. It was to be *His* day, not *man's*, just as the altar was *His* altar, the laver *His* laver, not *man's*. And when, or where, or how has God's claim to a Sabbath been renounced? When has His setting apart been done away? Men speak and act as if this "blessing," this "sanctification" of the day were a yoke not to be borne; as if the Sabbath were a curse, not a blessing; as if the Gospel had at length broken fetters forged in Eden by God for man! But, no. The Sabbath was set up by God, and by Him only can be taken down. It was set up (1) as a memorial of past labor; (2) as a pillar of testimony to God as Creator; (3) as a proclamation of rest; (4) as a type and earnest of coming rest. These four points in particular contain God's reasons for the institution of this day. All these are still in force; nor has the Gospel blunted the edge of any of them, least of all *the last*. Till the antitype come, the type must remain. Till that glorious rest arrive—better than creation-rest, better than Canaan-rest (Heb. iv.)—its type must remain. Nor is it easy to understand the reason why some, calling themselves expectants of this coming rest, should be so anxious to set aside the type of it. It is strange also that now, when the resurrection of Christ has added another to the many reasons for observing a day like this, we should be asked to abolish it!

THE ONE THOUGHT.

A friend once told me, that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harassed by the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if, in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bedchamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless and wretched hours he had to pass upon it. In this case it was recommended to him to endeavor, when he lay down at night, to fix his thoughts on something at the same time vast and simple,—such as the wide expanse of ocean, or the cloudless vault of heaven,—that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away, or hushed to rest, by the calming influences of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man, at the time, this advice suggested to his mind, that if an object, at

once vast and simple, was to be selected, it could serve the purpose so well as that of the day. He resolved then to make the trial, and think of Him. The result exceeded his sanguine hopes; in thinking of God, he fell asleep. Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so much so, that he used to long for the usual hour of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it, in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose at night was in all his thoughts by day. And at the time this person spoke to me, God, as revealed in the Gospel of His Son, was "an all-sufficient salvation, and all his desire."—*Wooden Shunamite*.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

A gentleman, while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked what it was for.

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time. It can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for.

"It is to mark with," was the answer.

"But supposing the lead is out, and it can't mark, what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing."

He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what it was its use.

"To whittle with," said some. "To cut with," said others.

"Suppose it has no blade, then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or pencil, or knife, is good for nothing, unless each can do the thing which it was made?"

"No sir," the children all answered.

"Well, children, what is a boy or girl good for?"

The children hesitated.

"What is the answer to the first question in the Catechism?—'What is the chief end of man?'" asked the gentleman.

"To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever."

"Now, then, if a boy or girl does not glorify God, or does not enjoy Him, what is he or she made for, and glorify God, or does not enjoy Him, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, with a look of surprise, "Good for nothing."

"Well, if children are made to glorify God, and they don't do it, are they good for anything? That is, it is so much more important that they glorify God, and become prepared to enjoy Him for ever, than anything else, that if they fail to do this, it is as though they failed in everything. Without love to God, all other things are as nothing."

Dear boy, or girl, are you answering the question?—What is the chief end for which you were made? If not, say so.