

and while the man of God was on his knees, one of the hidden and invisible hosts of the Lord, the angel of death, passed throughout the ranks of the foemen; and when he returned from his chambers, one hundred and eighty five thousand carcasses were dead around the walls of the city; the aid was promised—the aid was sought—the aid was given. The same hand that plucked Joshua as a brand from the burning—the same grace which was sufficient for Paul—the same God whose messenger smote the invading troops of Assyria, are yours—all yours—yours in covenant—yours in pledge—yours in gift. Let your after-communion seasons then be seasons of prayer, for special grace to support you, and in answer you will hear the voice of your Heavenly Father saying to the Adversary, "The Lord rebuke thee, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee, are not these brands plucked from the burning?"

### Miscellaneous.

#### GRACE ABOUNDING.

[Translated from the German of Luther.]

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—Rom. v. 20.

Almighty God! I call to Thee  
By shame and anguish shaken;  
Incline Thy gracious ear to me,  
And leave me not forsaken;  
For who that feels the power within  
Of past remorse and present sin  
Can stand, O Lord, before Thee!

On Thee alone my stay I place,  
All human help rejecting,  
Relying on Thy sovereign grace,  
Thy sovereign aid expecting;  
I rest upon Thy sacred word  
That Thou'lt repulse him not, O Lord,  
Who to Thy mercy stoeth.

And though I travail all the night  
And travail all the morn,  
My trust is in Jehovah's might,  
My triumph in my sorrow;  
Forgetting not that Thou of old  
Did Israel, though weak, uphold,  
When weakest, Thou most loving!

For though my sinfulness is great,  
Redeeming grace is greater,  
And though all hell should lie in wait,  
Supreme is my Creator;  
For He my King and Shepherd is,  
And when most helpless, most I'm His,  
My strength and my Redeemer!

#### THE GRANDEUR OF MISSIONS.

BY DR. DUFF.

This enterprise has about it all the characteristics of a divine amplitude and grandeur, compared with which all the mightiest enterprises of earthly monarchs and earthly associations are as nothing. It is in reality, not only the most venerable of enterprises, but it is the most ancient in its conception and design. It is not only as old as the globe which we inhabit, but it is as old as eternity. God is unchanging. We cannot doubt, with his word in our hands, that in eternity he contemplated our first parents and their descendants, wretched and ruined in a miserable fall, and the raising up of a new world of life and light, and beauty, out of this wreck and ruin of that fall. In time, this divine purpose came to be unfolded. It was announced in Paradise ere our first parents were banished as outcasts from its consecrated plains; it was onwardly developed, through successive ages, along a line of patriarchs and prophets, till the fulness of time came—slowly, as we would think, according to our poor human reckoning—very slowly and very strangely—but still working on and developing according to the all gracious purpose and design of the eternal God.

An intense worldliness has crept into the Christian Church—a secularity and carnality that is most overwhelming. Here are tens of thousands, as it were, in the vision of faith, representing themselves as at the foot of the cross, and saying, "O Lord, we were hell-deserving sinners, we were suspended half over the bottomless abyss, ready to plunge into it in a moment; but thou, O Father, in Christ didst manifest thy glory by sending him into the world, and thou, O blessed Saviour, didst lay down thy life and shed thy precious blood to snatch me from the yawning gulf of perdition: Lord, I praise and thank thee; I see the

gates of heaven open to me through thee; I see crowns of glory and palaces of light in Immanuel's land awaiting me; praised be thy name, O blessed Saviour!" Now, what would you say if such individuals were to sit calmly still and gaze at the spectacle of their fellow-creatures, in millions—millions, not of dead bodies, but of dead souls! Yes, here is one awful, tremendous procession of immortal souls, with the arch fiend at their head, carrying them away, exulting in his triumph, and plunges them down into the depths of woe, there to rejoice over them for evermore—another and another, in one long, endless procession, moving on day after day, year after year through successive centuries! What would you think of the professing disciple that could realize that, and yet turn round and say, "Lord, I thank thee for having saved my soul, but as for these millions of souls that are going down to the pit of destruction, let them perish if they will!" Yet this, practically, is the spectacle presented by myriads in the bosom of the Christian Church at this moment; and is it not cruel selfishness, beyond the power of language to express! Is there not something absolutely fiendish in it? And if this be the spirit which is greatly prevalent in the Church of Christ, how can we expect the blessing of God upon us and upon our instrumentality? No, brethren, we ought to be up and doing; we ought to be keeping in view everlastingly these myriads and the shame and dishonor done to the great God by the reflected image of Satan in them. We ought to realize what our position is, and what our calling is, as his agents and instruments in accomplishing, through the aid of the heavenly grace, this mighty work, and raising up that which would be a spectacle of glory through eternal ages. We ought to act in such a manner that no man or woman, within our reach, could perish without trampling His blood under foot, and crossing over Him in order to reach the frontiers of the burning lake. O, if this spirit were in us, we should have a moral and spiritual revolution in British Churches which would tell over the ends of the earth.

\* \* \* Brethren, the aspect of the world is indeed dark in many respects; no one feels the pressure of the darkness of it more than I do; often have I smarted under the spirit; and if it were not for that polar-star of prophecy that points so steadily to the bright and glorious future, often would my heart sink within me, and my spirit fail utterly. But whatever may be the intermediate process by which we shall be ushered into scenes surpassing fable, we ought never to relax in the strength of our assurance that the most glowing visions of the prophetic muse shall one day be realized. The way in which the whole will be accomplished may be humbling to us; we may have to make endless confessions of error and shortcomings and prejudices; and we may all have bitterly to mourn on our knees over the many ways in which we wronged our brethren by our uncharitableness and misjudgments. It may be that all our existing organizations, so dotingly idolized, will have to go down into dissolution, so that out of the dissolved chaotic mass there may rise up a re-constituted Church, bright and pure, and worthy of Him who is its Divine Head and King. All this may be, and much more; but let us be sure that the end will be glorious. At present, indeed, it may look almost like the very climax of unlikelihood. There may be oceans of difficulties and mountains of impossibilities in the way; but faith ought to prevail, that God's omnipotency will level these mountains, roll out oceans into emptiness, rend the heavens, and make a way for the effusions of the Spirit of grace over a ransomed and gladdened world. Everything now may look ominous. The shadows of evening may seem to be closing fast on the hoary heights of Christendom; the sun may seem to be setting in a red and angry sky; and around the horizon clouds may be rising black and lurid, and in their bosom lies sleeping the tempest that shall one day burst over the apostate and unbelieving nations; with only the occasional twinkling of a star, darkly shining, as it were, through the thickening gloom. All this, and much more, may be true; but shall we not rise in the spirit of faith, and say, "Come, O Almighty Saviour; come thou in the infinite sympathies of thy boundless compassion; come, thou Almighty Spirit of Grace, in the plenitude and overflowing of thy soul-reviving and comforting influences! and let the blighting, it may be, of once fondly cherished hopes, and the failure or retardation of once fondly cherished prospects, and the consequent bringing down of every high thought and lofty imagination to the foot of the cross—let all these be unto us and unto other believers throughout the world but the discipline and preparation for that night of storms which is now so ominously brooding over the nations! And when the gloom is thickest, and the tempest of human passion loudest, and the rage of Satan, who cometh down in great wrath fiercest, may ours be the faith to discern even in all this, but the signs and passages of that hallowed morn that shall chase away the long dark night of ages—the heralds and precursors of the coming of him in the glory of his kingdom, whether visible or invisible—of him

"Whoso coming like the morn shall be  
Like morning songs his voice."

#### THE WISE FOOL.

We have seen many strange sights in our time—many horrible sights; but none so strange, none so horrible, as that of a wise man making himself a fool. Solomon did that; and he was a wise man, even the wisest of men. If the deep sagacity of Solomon—if his keen discernment—if his strong reason—if his profound knowledge of human life and character—if even his intimate acquaintance with the law and counsels