

and fondled him unbidden at her side,—type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have “sought the grave to weep there,” and found joy and consolation in Him “whom, though unseen, they loved;” they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which he declares himself “the resurrection and the life,”—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the “keys of the invisible world,” “who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens,” letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved us, to call himself the “Son of man,” though angels call him the “Son of God.”

It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an *illusion*, every variety of experiment proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a millions of Strausses and Newmans. *Probatum est*. At his feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there “the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.” Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than his.

### THE DEACON'S BATTLE.

By nature the Deacon loved Mammon; by grace he loved God. Between them there was continued war. Both fought—one like Michael, the other like the devil. As there was a long war between the house of David and the house of Saul, so there was long war in the earthly house of the deacon.

As with God, so with the Deacon; a troop overcame him; but he overcame at last, as appears by the following circumstance.

In the same church with M. was a poor brother. This poor man had the misfortune to lose his cow. She died.

To get him another, the good Deacon headed a subscription with five dollars, and paid it. This act disquieted Mammon. Mammon, with true Iscariot zeal, began to rant and rave: “Why this waste? charity begins at home; the more you give the more you may, let people learn to take care of themselves.”

The Deacon was a Baptist; but he found that the baptismal water did neither drown, wash away, or wash clean the old man. The tempter backed Mammon, and putting a glass to the Deacon's eye, showed him, not the kingdoms and glories of this world, but the poor-house, wretchedness, poverty, and rags, and said, “All these things will your master give you in your old age as a reward of your charity.”

To still these clamors, Deacon M. went to the destitute man and told him he must give back the five dollars. The poor man returned it. This last act roused the NEW MAN, and now nature and grace stood face to face.

To give, or not to give, that was the question.

There stood the Deacon, poising and balancing, and halting between two opinions. The Deacon spoke—“My brother some men are troubled with their old women; I am troubled with my old man. I must put off my old man as the Jews put off their new man—crucify him, crucify him.” Then unstrapping his pocket-book, he took out a ten dollar bill, and gave the poor man. “There,” said the Deacon, “my old man; say another word, and I'll give him twenty dollars.” —*Christian Treasury*.

### THE LAST ONE REMEMBERED.

It is a mark of grace, that the believer, in his progress heavenward, grows more and more alive to the claims of Jesus. If you “know the love of Christ” his is the latest name you will desire to utter; his is the latest thought you will desire to form; upon Him you will fix your last look on earth; upon Him your first in Heaven. When memory is oblivious of all other objects,—when all that attracted the natural eye is wrapped in the mists of death,—when the tongue is cleaving to the roof of our mouth, and speech is gone, and sight is gone, and hearing gone, and the right hand lying powerless by our side, has lost its cunning, Jesus! then may we remember Thee! If the shadows of death are to be thrown in deepest dark-