

rence of our iniquity, that we shall deem it impossible any sinner could have sinned so grievously. When the mother stands over the inanimate body of her firstborn, and the full anguish of her bitter bereavement shakes the foundation of the soul, does she not feel that the cup of wrath is full, and that there breathes not one who has been tried with such a trial? When the widow bends over the clay-cold form of her husband, and feels that the whole stay of bread and the whole staff of water has been taken from her, as the sense of desolation overwhelms her spirit with sorrow unutterable, does she not in her anguish and grief exclaim—Was ever such desolation as mine? When the prophet is weeping over a degenerate and fallen people, with the vision of their vices rising before him, does he not call out in vehement sorrow, “Draw near all ye that pass by, and see if ever there was sorrow like unto my sorrow wherewith I am afflicted.” And so the sinner, when his sin rises before him in all its enormity, as he beholds himself with all his impurities standing exposed to the full blaze of the perfect holiness of God; and he sees the judgment-seat set as the books opened, and the Judge, the all-discerning Judge, on the throne, and feels at once the fearfulness of the impending doom and the justice of the sentence; as he reflects on the manifold goodness of God, and there rises into his view some real conception of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of that love of God in Christ Jesus against which he has sinned—it is then he finds all the pleas, whereupon he propped and stayed himself before, suddenly give way, and he sinks overwhelmed by the enormity of his guilt, feeling in his inmost heart that he is a sinner. It is when the Spirit of God has unveiled his spiritual vision and disclosed to his view his enmity towards God, the long array of sins against infinite love, the realities of his condition, that bitter sorrow and anguish for sin possess his soul. The pains of hell take hold on him. He mourns over Him whom his sins have pierced, as one mourneth over an only son and is in bitterness for him as one is in bitterness for his first-born. It is then that the conviction of sin truly pierces his heart. He feels so solitary in his sorrow, so desolate and deserted of God, so carried away with grief and hatred of his sin, that it is as if the eye of God were upon him alone and singled him out from all the multitude of sinners—as if he stood before God, the

head and chief of all that had ever offended against his law.

Thus every man, who is in any intense degree affected by his sins, who arrives at any spiritual understanding of what sin is, of God's purity, and of Christ's love, must share more or less in the feelings of the Apostle when he calls himself the chief of sinners. Whether among men he has spent a holy and saintly life, or whether all life long he has drunk iniquity with greediness, he must, if awakened to his real state and character, join in the Apostle's confession, and make it his own.

#### TO KNOW THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.

While I pray and search to know,  
HOLY SPIRIT! deign to shew  
What the Ransomed Ones above,  
See and taste of JESU'S Love.

See His Love, its generous rise  
And its costly Sacrifice.  
Taste His Love, its Blessings Three—  
Pardon, Peace, and Purity.

Pardon, to remove all sin;  
Peace, to quench each fear within;  
Purity, to fit for heav'n;—  
May these gifts to me be giv'n.

Giv'n, and raise from Guilt's despair;  
Giv'n, and save of Hell an heir:  
Lost, polluted though I be—  
SAVIOUR! bring me back to Thee.

Back to Thee from Sin and Grief  
Hastening, may I gain relief;  
Grace to help me, I implore:  
More than Grace! I beg for more.

More than Grace, Thou wilt supply;  
Glory, Thou wilt not deny,  
While, through Thine atoning Blood,  
I seek the friendship my God.

Friendship of God! Joyful Light!  
Gladd'ning e'en Earth's darkest night.  
Friendship of God! Only this  
Yields to Heaven the highest bliss.

JESU! Ope to me the door,  
First to Grace, and then to more:  
On me let Thy favour shine,  
Be Thy Friendship ever mine

W. H.

EDINBURGH, 10th December, 1863.

Timeliness marks all the works and ways of God. Truth has its seasons, and the kingdom of God has its periods. The Christian life is indeed plant-like, a thing of gradual growth; but then it is also none the less plant-like as a thing of stages (Mark iv. 28).—Boardman.