

The former would make us doubt the credentials of our Lord's divinity, and the supernatural nature of the church; the latter would make us suspicious of the record which contains them. There has been a sad tendency to minimize all that savors of the supernatural and miraculous in the word of God, and leave the Christian's heart, like Mary's, to exclaim: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." There is no reason to fear that fair criticism will undermine the eternal truth of God's word. The divinity of Jesus Christ will for ever shine in its pages in all its light and beauty, and in all the strength of its life giving and attractive power, like the sun in the heavens above us. On this truth, this eternal Rock, the Saviour has built His church, and all the hosts of earth or hell will not prevail against it.

A church, founded upon Christ, built by Christ, and enduring as Christ, is worth entering, worth living for, worth dying for. A church with an antiquity surpassing all earthly kingdoms, a history unique among the histories of the earth, and a roll of princes with God and heroes of faith, which out-shines the greatest and most valorous of the world, is worthy the homage of our hearts and the service of our hands. Brethren, have we become members of this church? Are we living stones built on this divine foundation? Have we, like Peter, believed in the heart and confessed with the mouth that Jesus is the Christ the son of the living God? And as members of this one and only true church are we drawing others to unite with it? or are the irregularities and inconsistencies of our lives a mockery of our profession, so that people say, "If these are the kind of members that make a church I don't want to belong to it." Brethren, let us remember we are stones of witness to the world. What is the testimony we bear? God grant that we may be living stones cut and polished by the spirit and radiant with the holiness of our God.

"The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word.
'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore."

Fort Covington, N.Y.