

THE CITY OF GOD.

Glorious things are spoken of the *resources* of this city. In the economy of the world cities spring up, and grow in proportion to the wealth and enterprise of their inhabitants. While the means last and are judiciously applied, the cities continue to advance; but when the means are exhausted or cut off, they decline, and desolation ensues. But He who founded the city of God has all resources in his own hands. We learn from the Holy Scriptures that the gold and the silver are His; the sea is His, for He made it, and His hand formed the dry land; the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; the sun, moon, and stars are His; yea, heaven is His throne and earth His footstool. Again, *we* are His, for He is the maker of our frames, the father of our spirits, and the redeemer of our souls; and angels are His ministers to do His pleasure. Who, then, can stay His hand, or arrest the progress of His city? It was planned by unerring wisdom, is executed by omnipotence, tempered with unbounded goodness, and will be consummated with ineffable glory. Opposition to Him, whether from men or devils, avails nothing. Poverty, disease, and death, while they depopulate other cities, only hasten the building-up of His city. While banks are crashing, commerce is failing, and empires of earth are crumbling to atoms, the kingdom of Christ is rolling on in silent majesty, and subduing the nations to its sceptre of righteousness. Even the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath shall He restrain. Well might Dr. Hawes say: "Proud philosophy, contemptible infidelity, atheistical immorality, heretical depravity, and political Christianity may unite their forces in vain against the holy Child Jesus and his everlasting gospel, but the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The persecuted Church will rise, like the phoenix, from her ashes, and coming forth from the furnace of affliction, leave only the dross behind."—*Bishop Morris*.

THE COLD RIVER.

An Alpine hunter on Mount Blanc, passing the *Mer de Glace*, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundations. By catching in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projections of ice, he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but