

phets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; but ye would not."—"Oh! that thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes,"—the city, which besides being washed with his tears, was now stained by his blood,—that same city, guilty, devoted as it was, was yet to receive the first announcement of the remission of sins, and the Lord's command was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when Peter freely proclaimed repentance and remission of sins, even to the very men whom he charged as the murderers of his Lord. To them, without exception and without reserve, he proclaimed a full and free salvation, and in this one fact, we have a conclusive proof of the perfect freeness of the Gospel,—for where is the man now under the Christian Ministry, whose case is worse than that of the thousands who then received the joyful sound? Viewing it in this light, John Bunyan, the able author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," makes a felicitous and powerful application of this part of the Gospel narrative, to remove all doubts and scruples of those who think themselves too guilty to be saved, or who do not sufficiently understand the perfect freeness of this salvation. He supposes one of those whom Peter addressed, exclaiming, But I was one of those who plotted to take away his life: is there hope for me? Another, but I was one of those who bare false witness against him: is there grace for me? A third, but I was one of those that cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him! can there be hope for me? A fourth, but I was one of those that did spit in his face, when he stood before his accusers, and I mocked him when in anguish, he hung bleeding on the tree: is there hope for me? A fifth, but I was one who gave him vinegar to drink: is there hope for me? And then, in reply, Peter proclaims, "Repent and be baptised every one of you, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you and to your children." Bunyan thus applies it to the conscience of every sinner. "Wherefore, sinner, be ruled by me in this matter; feign not thyself another man, if thou hast been a vile sinner. Go in thine own colours to Jesus Christ. Put thyself amongst the most vile, and let him alone, to put thee amongst the children. Thou art, as it were, called by name, to come for mercy. Thou man of Jerusalem, hearken to the call,"—say, "Stand aside, devil, Christ calls me. Stand away, unbelief, Christ calls me. Stand away, all my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to receive mercy." "Christ as he sits on the throne of grace, pointeth over the heads of thousands directly to such a man, and says, *Come*. Wherefore, since He says come, let the angels make a lane, and all men make room, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Christ for mercy!"

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

There is a kind of narrowness into which, in our every-day experiences, we are apt to fall, and against which we should most carefully guard. When a man who is in perfect health, has a wound inflicted upon him—a wound in his foot, a cut on his finger, a pain in his hand—he is almost always sure to feel, even though it be only a small member that suffers, and the suffering itself be unworthy of the name, that the perfect soundness of all the rest of his body counts as nothing; and a little annoyance is magnified into a universal pain. Only a single point may be hurt, and yet he feels himself clothed with uneasiness, or with a garment of torture. So, God may send ten thousand mercies upon us, but if there happen to be only one discomfort among them, one little worry, or fret, or bicker, all the mercies and all the comforts are forgotten, and count as nothing! One little trouble is enough to set them all aside! There may be an innumerable train of mercies which, if they were stopped one by one, and questioned, would seem like angels bearing God's gifts in their hands! But we forget them all, in the remembrance of the most trivial inconvenience! A man may go about all the day long—discontented, fretting, out of humor—who, at evening, on asking himself the question, "What has ailed me to-day?" may be filled with shame because unable to tell! The annoyance is so small and slight that he cannot recognise it; yet its power over him is almost incredible. He is equally ashamed with the cause and the result.