

as Mediator, be incomplete. But, as long as the arm of God retains its power, the blood of Christ its virtue, his intercession its providence, and the Holy Spirit its power in the heart, so long shall I believe in the final perseverance of the saints.

4. *The perfections of God are a guaranty for it.*—He has said it, and will he not make it good? Can his purpose be frustrated? Shall his promise fail? Can he be under any temptation or necessity to falsify it? When he seals an heir of heaven, he knows all about him; all he ever was, all he is, and all he ever will be. Why then should he put such a soul into the covenant to throw him out again? Christian, the lines of the poet are yours:—

"The work which his goodness began,  
The aim of his strength will complete;  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet;  
Things future, and things that are now,  
Not all things, below or above,  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.

"My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase;  
Engraved on his heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given.  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven."

The design of this doctrine is to comfort believers in seasons of despondency, temptation and trial. It is a reviving cordial from their heavenly Father, to raise their drooping spirits, and cheer their fainting souls, and also to cheer, comfort, and support every pilgrim on the way to heaven. Take heed that your faith in this doctrine, does not prove your destruction. For the Devil believes in it, preaches it, and deceives souls by the misapplication of it. The use is not accountable for this abuse. He turns it into an opiate. His victims fall asleep, and never awake until their day of grace is gone. Hence you meet with numbers who talk about past feelings and final perseverance; but they have not taken a step heavenward for months or years. "A deceived heart hath turned them aside." The Devil has dosed them. They are asleep, and thus they dream and talk in it. O, Eternal Spirit, arouse them?

—N. Y. Rev.

R.F.

#### THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

In my youth, I frequently used to hear, in the prayer-meeting, the prayers of a venerated father in Israel who was accustomed to thank God that we were in the land of the living. The phrase had then a significance which it has lost in the lapse of time. Earth no longer seems to me to

be the land of the living, but of the dying. The phrase, "land of the living," seems applicable only to that country whose mansions are built by the celestial Architect, where God's eternity is shared by the Inhabitants.

Earth is the land of the dying. How numerous the illustrations of this truth, and yet how much we need to have it forced on our attention! Who of us think of death as often as we ought to think of it? Who of us labors to prepare for it as we ought to labor?

The venerated father alluded to above, has long since exchanged the thanksgivings of the land of the dying for those of the land of the living. The last enemy came upon him suddenly, but did not surprise him or take him at a disadvantage. One morning he rose from his bed, and went to his accustomed place for secret prayer, where he remained somewhat longer than he was wont. He then joined his family, and having partaken of the frugal meal, led them in prayer. During that exercise, there was a faintness in the tones of his voice which indicated illness. "Father, are you unwell?" said his son, as he rose from his knees. The old man shook his head, laid his hand on his heart, and said, "I have a strange feeling here."

He then sat down in a chair, and soon said with a smile to his daughter-in-law, who was bending over him, "I believe my time is come." Then, turning his eyes upwards, he said in a whisper, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and immediately expired.

People were disappointed that he was not permitted to give at length his dying testimony to the supporting power of religion. But it was remarked that his living testimony was far better than any dying testimony.

His nearest neighbor died soon after. He was a professed deist, profane and intemperate, though a man of wealth and standing in society. He, too, was called suddenly. In the evening he had been conversing with some thoughtless young men, and amusing them by his profane ridicule of religion and its blessed Author. At midnight, God commissioned the angel of death to summon him to the bar of judgment. The poor wretch was seized with a severe fit of cholera morbus, and it soon appeared that he must die. "Doctor, can't you do anything more for me?" said he, in tones which told that the idea of death was far more dreadful to him than the bodily pains that well-nigh convulsed his body.

The doctor shook his head.

"Try something," said the sufferer.

"I have tried my best. God only can help you. Shall I send for Mr. Noyes?" Mr. Noyes was the minister of the parish.

"No, he can do me no good. Yes, but

send for him, and I send for Deacon Bayley, and tell them to pray for me."

"Pray for yourself," said the Doctor, who, by the way, was not a religious man.

"I can't pray," said the dying wretch.

The minister and his devout deacon were sent for, but before they arrived, the despiser of God, and the reviler of his Christ, had gone to receive the reward of his doings.

By how many death-beds has the reader of these lines poured forth his tears! How many who were dear to him has he seen borne to their homes in the dust! and yet, has he been so effectually warned by these solemn scenes that he has set his house in order, and is living in constant preparation for an exchange of worlds? Surely it is not a slight preparation that is necessary. A few thoughts in relation to it, indulged when there are no earthly objects to solicit our attention; a few faint prayers that we may be prepared for the hour when heart and flesh shall fail, are not adequate preparation for that solemn, tremendous event.

The land of the living—the true land of the living—let us carry our thoughts toward it. What is its most striking feature? The presence of Christ: "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." "And because I live, ye shall live also."

The presence of Christ constitutes the chief glory of heaven. In judgment in relation to our future or a residence there may be formed from our view in relation to this point.

On what account does heaven seem desirable to us? Because of this freedom from toil, and care, and pain? Because the voice of weeping shall never be heard there, and separation from friends shall be unknown? Because the warfare with sin shall be forever ended, and peace, like a river, eternally flow? Or because Christ is there?

"My home," said a young woman, rich in the treasures of affection, who had gone to service to procure the means of ministering to the wants of those she loved, "my home is a very humble one, but my mother is there, and I would not exchange it for the finest mansion on earth without her." So it is with the heart in which the love of Christ dwells richly. Its possessor will desire heaven chiefly, I had almost said solely, because Christ is there.—*Western Recorder*

It is by receiving the Father's record of his Son, unquestioningly, looking to the Lord the Spirit, which proceedeth from the incarnate and glorified Memra, or Word, to fulfil his pleasure in us, without reference to ourselves, that we may hope to be saved continually from the hand of all our spiritual enemies, daily triumphing more and