

There was silence in heaven, the cherubim's gaze
Was lifted in awe to the Ancient of Days.
There was wonder on Earth—lying low in a stall,
In the guise of an infant—the Sovereign of all;
There was joy in the tidings the angels rang out,
Filling earth with their voice, going up with a
shout,

All it circled the throne of the First and the Last,
Where the crowns of the elders and martyrs were
cast;

The Son had gone down from His Father's abode,
To reconcile man to an infinite God,

While the angels who carried the message from
heaven,

Return to rejoice over sinners forgiven.

And still through the courts of the great upper-
land,

Where the Saviour now sits at the Father's right
hand,

Whose love cannot weary, whose help cannot fail,
Our High Priest forever, having passed through
the veil;

There is joy where the angels encompass his
throne,

And sing the new song of the first-born alone,
Where the tempted and tried rise up from the
strife,

And strong in their Lord, pass from death unto
life;

Thus through Him who came down and ascended
again,

Still "Glory to God and good will towards men,"
The angels repeat as they hail the new birth

Of each lost one redeemed and repentant on
earth.

HALIFAX, JANUARY, 1863.

M. J. K.

Memorial.

IF the righteous are to be held in everlasting remembrance, we should not omit all mention of those who fall asleep in Jesus, however humble their merits, or unknown to fame their persons; on the contrary, we should notice them for a twofold reason: to glorify the grace of God in them, and to derive profitable lessons from their departure. This has prompted many a memoir, and the *Record* has already embalmed the memory of a christian lady of great worth (August, 1862). I have no such flattering account to give in the present instance, but write a few plain remarks concerning the religious character of a youth, who, last week, after a lengthened sickness, closed his eyes upon this world at the early age of 21.

A. M.—was ill for nine months, but it was within the last two that he had confidence to call Christ his Saviour, and God his Father. His first experience in his illness was that it was grievous to be laid low in youth, and that the sooner, therefore, he got well, the better. Wherefore he tried many a remedy, and spent much upon physicians, but it all failed, whereupon he abandoned hope and resigned himself to his fate. Now commenced his religious career, and he began to pray,—not that he had been altogether a prayerless, and he had never been a wicked youth; but there is a distinction between

making conscience of devotion and mercy, saying one's prayers, and of him might it be now said, with reference to his frequency and seriousness, "Behold, he prayeth." But his beginnings were any thing but flattering. He evidently satisfied himself with the mere performance of a duty, and remained for a season in a state of formality. But God had another purpose in view than to let him die a self-deceiver, and therefore he was not suffered to rest in mere duty. Now was he faithfully shown the way of salvation: that "not by works of righteousness which we could do, but according to His mercy God saves us," and the message of grace was explained to him; but all was listened to without any real concern. Why could he not purchase salvation, or have Christ when and on what terms he chose? Thus his heart reasoned, and in his own righteousness he remained many a day. But now from viewing himself safe, he began to feel his situation dangerous. He had never seen his condition as a sinner, nor ever felt that he was under the condemnation of a broken law. Christian's fright at the foot of Mount Legality might serve as a type of his, when the commandment came home to him and his sinfulness was revealed. Now he dreaded that his convictions were not sufficient, and that he could never find peace. Anon he read and listened and prayed earnestly, so as to impress visitors with his sincerity. He cherished edifying conversation, and was obedient to his counsellors. Yet it was not then he found peace. The seed of the word had been within, but he could not act in faith in the Redeemer. The blade was there, but he could not distinguish it from the weed or tare, and he cried that he was in the deep, and that all the billows went over him. In vain was he directed to the promises; like the wandering dove, his soul had as yet found no resting-place, and like the sheep astray, he trembled at the roar of the lion. But why enumerate all his trials, or what was done for him? Sufficient to say that within a month or two he came to solid peace, by taking Jesus as all his righteousness and salvation, and at last ventured to approach to God. For it is by little and little that the soul learns to confide, like the eye opening to the light of day; but when it has believed, then certainty and progress mark its course. Like the light, flickering for a time, but prevailing till mid-day, so with the illumination breaking in upon the benighted soul: first, men as trees walking are seen; then things distinctly, and at last delightfully. So with A. M.—. He found Christ, and his fears and doubts vanished; then he understood his relation to God; and, lastly, declared that his heart was drawn to his Saviour. On Christmas day, his mother reported that he could scarce contain his joy, when he thought of his interest in a Saviour the anniversary of whose birth was then celebrated, and of his privileges in