

us unto thee. But *we* must exert ourselves, too—must not be inactive. The competitors for the Isthmian crown were energetic. They ran, and ran steadily. So must we, not looking back, but going straight forward. Onward, onward, ever onward, and upward, let this be our motto. The Isthmian competitors competed for a terrestrial crown, but we for a heavenly. Let us then put forth our whole strength—let us so run that we may obtain.

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Armenian Doctrines examined.

THE Armenians strenuously maintain that it would be unjust in God to require anything of us beyond our present power and ability to perform; and also hold that we are now unable to perform perfect obedience, and that Christ died to satisfy for the imperfections of our obedience, and has made way that our imperfect obedience might be accepted instead of perfect; wherein they seem, insensibly, to run themselves into the grossest inconsistency. For they hold "that God, in mercy to mankind, has abolished that rigorous constitution, or law, that they were under originally; and, instead of it, has introduced a more mild constitution, and put us under a new law, which requires no more than imperfect, sincere obedience, in compliance with our poor, infirm, impotent circumstances since the fall." Now, how can these things be made consistent? I would ask, what *law* these imperfections of our obedience are a breach of? If they are a breach of no law we were ever under, then they are not sins. And if they be not sins, what need of Christ's dying to satisfy for them? But, if they are sins, and the breach of some law, what law is it? They cannot be a breach of their *new* law, for (according to their principles) that requires no other than imperfect obedience, or obedience with imperfections; and, therefore, to have obedience attended with imperfections is no breach of it, for it is as much as it requires. And they cannot be a breach of their *old* law, for that, they say, is entirely abolished, and we never were under it. They say it would not be just in God to require of us perfect obedience, because it would not be just to require more than we can perform, or to punish us for failing of it. And, therefore, by their own scheme, the imperfections of our obedience do not deserve to be punished. What need, therefore, of Christ's dying to satisfy for them? What need of His suffering to satisfy for that which is no fault, and, in its own nature, deserves no suffering? What need of Christ's dying to purchase that our imperfect obedience should be accepted, when, according to their scheme, it would be unjust in itself that any other obedience than *imperfect* should be required? What need of

Christ's dying to make way for God's accepting such an obedience as it would be unjust in Him not to accept? Is there any need of Christ's dying to prevail with God not to do unrighteously?

If it be said "that Christ died to satisfy that old law for us, that so we might not be under it, but that there might be room for our being under a milder law;" still, I would enquire, What need of Christ's dying that we might not be under a law which, by their principles, it would be in itself unjust that we should be under, whether Christ had died or no, because, in our present state, we are not able to keep it?—*Jonathan Edwards*,

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Christ Knocking at the Poor Man's Door.

AN EXTRACT FROM JEAN INGELW'S POEMS.

THERE was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night,
And, "Lord have mercy on the lads!" said he.
"That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine;

For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls and stops and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,
And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea,
My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down.

And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—
The awfullest, the longest, lightest night—
That ever parents had to spend. A moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths.

"Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied—loved my work; but now
I am a useless hulk; 'tis time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself: but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in; but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me;
But I make bold to say, 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to Thee; but in the book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou camest thou didst love the sea,
And live with fisher folk, whereby 'tis said,
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble. As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old—
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord, they were such little ones
I know they went to Thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.