

shall never forget. My friends, I do indeed intend to follow your course of life, and 'tis a pleasure to me. All give you all their best respects, and do thank God for my return. I thank God too. I am happy now."

"I am happy now!" Would that such might be the experience of every thief and beggar! Does your heart respond to this wish? Then give your help.—There are those who have hold of the rope whereby they trust to effect this deliverance, and there is no hand, however feeble, that may not give them some aid. Help the Society which sends out messengers of mercy into these dreary abodes. Help with your gifts, help with your efforts to awaken the sympathy of others,—help with your prayers!—*Sunshine; or, Believing and Rejoicing.* By M. A. Barber.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

[In his reply to Mr F. W. Newman's blasphemous assault on our blessed Redeemer, Mr Roger's concludes with the following noble passage:—]

And now, what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history; in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which here is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room" where he instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate his memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of his love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which he well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred

things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisp infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its grey locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by Him when he came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demons sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus,—not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity,—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of his mission, and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character, and are types of the spiritual cures his gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time, the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately,