

Jesus! receive my spirit!" Then the prayer was *from* Jesus, now it is *to* Jesus; then it was from Jesus on his cross of shame on earth, now it is to Jesus in heaven, at the right hand of God himself, God blessed for evermore! Did Jesus, with his last accents of love, pray for his murderers, "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!" So did Stephen with his last accents breathe the same prayer of love for those that were crushing him to death, "Lord! lay not this sin to their charge!"

More than thirty years after, another servant of the Lord Jesus went to his martyrdom for the same noble testimony, and we have the very language in which he, too, welcomed his blood-stained end. "I am now ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." This latter martyr was he that held the clothes of those that were stoning Stephen. We can only cry out in his own words of astonishment and gratitude, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Barton Bouchier*.

GRACE PUT IN CHRIST'S PLACE.

Here is a woful course of a great many; when Christ bestows his grace, grace many a time is put in his own room; when he makes his grace to dwell in us, we are apt to forget that our standing is in himself alone, who created, and infused, and dispensed the grace that is lodged in us. That a believer should live the less dependent upon Jesus Christ, is a snare that you have great need all of you to take good heed of, and beware of. Remember that you do not live, and that you do not stand by the grace that is in you, but only by the grace that is in Him. Our strength stands in the fountain: "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." A believer thinks himself exceedingly weak, when he can see nothing of Christ's grace in himself; but that is a great mistake: that man is exceedingly weak indeed that can see no grace in Christ Jesus; that man is fallen wofully. How excellently does the apostle speak of it, 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10: "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—For when I am weak, then am I strong." It is best with me when I am nothing. What a mighty word is that, "Though I be nothing!" ver. 11.—*Trail*.

Thoughts from the German.

The countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the preface,—a portion of the work we should by no means leave unread.

As without the sun there could be no sunlight, so without Christ there could be no Christians. And as the sun's rays enlighten and enliven the world,—although they are not the sun,—so Christians too are the light and life of the world.

A noble mind, weighed down and obscured by suffering, may be likened to one of the plain wooden clocks of our forefathers' days. A glance at the outside discloses nothing brilliant or beautiful; nothing strikes the eye but the dark, heavy weights which give it motion; but for usefulness, these are the best of clocks.

With our finite understandings, we comprehend sacred things just as a child which has just acquired a knowledge of the alphabet might be supposed to read a volume: what manner of insight into its contents would it gain?

How frequently, in the course of our lives, do we gain an experience by the loss of a pleasure!

As we may notice, even in a calm, by the inclination of a tree in a forest, from which side come the fiercest and most frequent blasts of the storm, so an attentive observer of men may easily distinguish the heaviest gales of passion.

Beneath what a load of wordliness and worldly cares is the soul of the Christian often buried; and how anxiously and perseveringly he struggles to penetrate the mist, to return again into the bright, clear light of heaven! Yet, at other times, how easily, and by what trifling matters, we suffer ourselves to be led away from God!

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls as leaves from a tree—so natural, so unconstrainedly ornamented, so easily stirred, so closely connected, so entirely one in nature. And like leaves upon a tree, when a storm-wind shakes them, we shall see only the sickly, the pale, and the dead fall to the ground.