

died for human nature. What is the condition of human nature? A lost sheep, a wandering prodigal, an infidel Sadducee, a hypocritical Pharisee,—perishing, dying, beyond light and life and truth,—and you will behold what a brother is. And if you want to see a sister, read the tale of the Turkish wife, study the picture of the Indian mother, or the life of the Hindoo widow; and in that Turkish wife, in that Indian mother, in that Hindoo widow, you will have the picture of your sister. When you ask, where is thy brother? or where is thy sister? Know that the broad road that leads to ruin, is beaten smooth by brothers' and sisters' feet. The prison, the penal settlement, the Old Bailey, the Penitentiary, the tread-mill, the model prison,—every cell of them is filled with those that are our brothers and sisters. That home of poverty where all man's original affections are abused or broken,—that squalid hovel where horrid appetite alone holds its terrible supremacy, where fancy sheds no beauty, where faith creates no purity, where hope gives no consolation, where holiness has no sanctuary, where prayer has no altar, and the Sabbath has no service,—that squalid home where the sun rises upon no morning prayer, and sets upon no evening praise; where intemperance makes man a fiend and woman a wreck; where beauty is turned to corruption, and all the gladness and the glory of humanity is gone,—that home contains those who are brethren. There, rich one,—there, great one,—there noble and wealthy one,—is thy brother;—the same flesh, the same blood with thyself, just what thyself would have been if thy circumstances had been otherwise; and where, because thy circumstances are different, thou art called upon to go as an angel of light and life, and mercy; and rescue man from the brutality of sin, and enfranchise him with all the glory and freedom of the children of God. Brothers sow our fields, brothers temper the steel for our swords, brothers man our ships, brothers fight our battles.

“Let us hail in humanity one grand brotherhood, as we hail in Christianity one lofty fatherhood; and feel that wherever a heart beats, there is a brother seeking for our sympathy, our assistance, and our aid, and to whom all are due.”—pp. 200—202.

And, without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness. 1 Tim. iii. 16.—“What the great apostle saith upon occasion of one mystery, we may say of the whole, ‘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!’ Who could have thought that THREE, really and personally distinct, should be equal, and one in nature and essence. Who could have imagined that God should become man, infinite become finite, the Creator a creature; the Father of spirits become flesh; and the Lord of life be put to death? Who could conceive that He, who made all things of nothing, should be himself ‘made of a woman.’ That He whom the heavens of heavens cannot contain, should be found ‘wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger?’ That the ‘Bread of Life’ should be hungry, and the Water of Life thirsty? Who could have imagined that one, yea millions, should be made rich by another's poverty, filled by another's emptiness, be exalted by another's humiliation, healed by another's wounds, be absolved by another's condemnation, and live eternally by another's temporal death? Who could have imagined that infinite mercy and infinite justice should combine to save those who had slighted mercy and wronged justice; and that both these attributes should be magnified in doing the deed? Who could have thought that many thousands, yea millions, living many miles and ages distant, should be fellow members, and be truly one body sympathising with, serviceable to, rejoicing in the welfare of each other; and all be united unto, receive influence from, and live wholly by one Head, as far from them as heaven is from the earth. Eph. v. 27-30. Coloss. ii. 12. ‘Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness.’”

And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Matt. xiv. 31.—“A persevering faith is a rare attainment. Upon every new danger and temptation, there is a new want of grace, and a new necessity for prayer. Not one moment passes, but we have occasion to say—Lord, save me. A feeble faith fears, where no fear is. I have often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every rippling wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshing and a cooling shade: and so the unskilful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all his dangers is in himself, none at all from without. If he be indeed a believer, faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country, and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, they make a noise and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship, and leap into the sea; quit the interest of religion, and run into the securities of the world; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces; we are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended with the world.”

Mr. Cameron's Maine Law Bill.

We have hardly time in our present issue to give the following telegraphic despatch of the fate of the above bill.

QUEBEC, April 14th.—Last night after the report left, the House discussed until half-past one this morning the Maine Liquor Law. The debate was very animated and personal, and the contest very close. Finally a motion of Mr. Cartier to give the Bill the six months hoist, was carried.—Yves, Badgley, Burnham, Cartier, Cauchon, Chauveau, Christie of Gaspé, Crawford, Dixon, Fortier, Gouin, Hincks, Langton, Laurin, Leblanc, Lemieux, McDonald of Kingston, McDougall, Morin, Morrison, Murney, Richards, Ridout, Robinson, Seymour, Shaw, Sicotte, Stevenson, Street, Terrill, Turcotte, Varin and Viger, 32.—Nays, Brown, Cameron, Chapais, Christie of Wentworth, Clapham, Dumoulin, Gamble, Hartman, Jobin, Laoste, McDonald of Cornwall, McKenzie, Malloch, Marchildon, Mattice, Mongenais, Paige, Patrick, Poulin, Rose, Sanborn, Smith of Durham, Tache, Valois, White, Wilson, Wright of East Riding York, and Wright of West Riding York, 28.

We confess we did not expect the bill to pass this session, and were not even prepared for such a triumphant vote. It may now be considered a settled point that the law will pass at the next session of the Legislature. In the meantime the friends of the cause must be up and doing, so that the public mind may be fully prepared for the operation of the law. Let petitions again be poured in upon the Legislature at its next session, from every man and woman in the Province. All are interested in the final triumph of the Hon. M. Cameron's bill.

Grand Division S. of T. of C. E.

The next meeting of this body will take place at St. Andrews, C. E., on the eleventh of May, at 5 o'clock P.M.