

From a Sermon on 1 Cor. 11 c. 26 v. by Rev. W. Cogswell, M. A. Curate of St. Paul's, Halifax.

"As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

"Who is there that knows he is a sinner, who that knows that Jesus died for sinners, that can fail of being excited by that love to come and commemorate the love of his Saviour for him, to plead the agonies which the supper of the Lord recalls to mind, as the ground of his acceptance with God, and to renew his acquaintance with that wonderful event which blotted out a world's iniquities? Who is there that pretends to call himself a Christian, that can hesitate about coming to avow himself such in the sight of God and man; or that can be indifferent to the promises of grace, to be conveyed in the faithful feeding upon his Saviour's body and blood, whose supplies, every one having any knowledge of himself, and of the work before him, must feel not only a monthly, but a daily need of! O! who is there that really believes that Jesus died *for him*, that he bore his sins in his own body on the tree, and hath forgiven him all his trespasses, that can need to be urged to come and remember what his Saviour has done for him, and refresh his soul with a view of those tremendous agonies which his sins have caused the Saviour, and by which he has been reconciled to God? No one surely, that hath the love of God in Christ in his heart; none that can look to God as reconciled to him in the broken, dying body of Christ; none, that feels how Christ hath loved him, and can believe the promises of forgiveness, of grace, of renewal in holiness made in Christ, can need to be pressed, to be urged, to be entreated to come and shew his remembrance of Christ in the way which his dying Lord himself appointed!

Timid Believers encouraged to come to the Lord's Table.

Surely, there is nothing here to terrify, but every thing to encourage such a one, however weak his faith may be, to draw near and shew his Lord's death to God and to his soul, as the only plea of his acceptance with God, and the sure foundation of his peace, the authority for his boldness in approaching God. He that simply believeth in Jesus, and rests in His death as his only atonement and his only righteousness, though his soul may be overwhelmed with a sense of his own unworthiness, and though he may mourn and groan under the remaining corruption that defiles him, yet is he the very person most clearly invited, most encouragingly called to shew his Lord's death till he come.—For does such a soul hold back from a deep sense of its unworthiness; and is not its unworthiness, its utter unworthiness, the very reason that Jesus died? And does not this very soul, in the sense of its unworthiness, depend only on the merits of Christ's death, and trust in His perfect righteousness, as its only hope, its only refuge? O! then, surely it should come and *shew the Lord's death* to God, as thus its plea of acceptance, its condition of reconciliation and of peace with God! Does such a soul hesitate about approaching the table of the Lord, because it has not that peaceful assurance of hope, that confidence that it is of the brethren of Jesus, which it longs for? And does it expect to find this in staying away from Jesus? Does it look for grace in the neglect of the means of grace? Nay, let it examine itself, whether its trust is in the death and righteousness of Christ, and if it be resting only upon that foundation, let it come and shew to God that it is so, and assuredly God will come to meet it, and manifest Himself to it in all the fulness and comfort of His grace. Yes! believer in Jesus, whosoever thou art! is He all your salvation, is He all your desire? then come and feed upon the memorials of His love for you; come and certify yourselves of the agonies He has endured for you—come and look upon the victories He has gained for you—come and see the righteousness He has accomplished for you—and the Lord will be made known to you, in the breaking of bread, as your Wisdom, your Redemption, your Holiness, your Peace—as your Brother, your Companion, your Friend, as your Atonement, your Intercessor, your Priest, your King, your God. Yea, examine yourselves only whether ye be in the faith, and so come and eat the flesh, and drink the blood of Christ.

"I WOULD NOT BEAR THAT."

A Christian said so. One, not a Christian, had been giving an account of his ill-usage, and the above was the disciple's reply. A few words with you, brother, about that speech.

It was not well. The man's ill-usage was a torch suited to set on fire the combustible in his heart, and lest there should be a failure of ignition, you must bring a little fire and make sure of it.

You will not bear it. But your Master would, and it were well if you 'could not bear' to be so unlike him. Paul would have borne it. Pity you 'could not bear' a little closer resemblance to Paul.

But what would you have done? Give him 'a piece of your mind,' I suppose. A piece of your heart rather. Such a heart! I should think you would not wish to have a piece of it seen. But then you must receive a piece of his heart quite as black, in return. Now you are fairly at it. And Satan cheers up both sides, in all the glee of a demon, malignantly exclaiming, 'What a precious disciple of the Prince of Peace!'

'You would not bear it,' you said. That was enough. The man heard it from a disciple. The flame of resentment is kindled afresh. It had almost gone out. It would perhaps have been extinguished utterly; but you must add fresh fuel. So it burns again. It may become a fierce, a dreadful flame! and he poured oil upon it, who professes to have been anointed with the grace of Him who was 'meek and lowly in heart,'—'who when he was reviled, reviled not again.'

So then it is not enough for you to indulge a passion which the whole spirit of Christianity forbids, but you must give others countenance in the same indulgence. You must needs augment the powers of sinful principle in another bosom, where it may have already been giving fearful tokens of perdition. You could scarcely have failed of giving vehemence to the passion of anger in that man's bosom, and you gave him countenance, by that speech, in any future occasion for the indulgence of resentment. The influence you have thus exerted over the character and destiny of a fellow-being may be unspeakably unhappy.

You would not bear it! Then others ought not to bear their persecutions, for surely you would not claim for yourself the exclusive honor and happiness of revenge. Paul is at Philippi. A villainous Jew insults him. 'Give him a piece of your mind, Paul.' And so he does, suppose, in a volley of reproach. But he does not turn the next corner before a missile from the tongue or the hand of some malicious Pagan reaches him. 'You have but one thing to do, Paul. You must not bear that. Give him a piece—' stop, if a man may throw any thing, in such a case, I see not why he may not as well throw it out of his hand as out of his heart. Especially since that is 'paying one in his own coin;' the very sweet and precious principle of revenge. 'Therefore, Paul, instead of giving him a piece of your mind, just throw back that stone.' And if Paul has fifty such cases in a day, he must dispose of them all in the same manner. And when the day closes, do you not think, brother, he has done a fine day's work for an apostle?

You would not bear it! But you had better, for a dozen reasons, of which these are a specimen. You would please Jesus Christ, the best friend you have in the universe. You would set a lovely and powerful example of one of the most important Christian graces. You might send a deep conviction of his guilt into the bosom of your enemy. You would show the world your sacred profession is not an empty name. And last, not least, you would disappoint the devil, who delights in finding Christians in a passion. And I beg you would do so.—*Boston Rec.*

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE BOY THAT TOLD A FALSEHOOD.

The following is from the story of a boy who told a falsehood to excuse himself to his teacher, Mr. Palmer, for not knowing his lesson. To conceal this he told a second and then a third. At last he was obliged to tell his father, after which, "with a heavy heart, Alfred took up his books, and went to school; his eyes were red with weeping, and he looked very unhappy. His school-fellows tried to make him play, but he would not; and he was hurrying away after school,

when Mr. Palmer stopped him, and kindly asked what was the matter."

"O, do not ask me! do not ask me!" said Alfred, and he hurried off. He dreaded speaking, for he did not feel prepared to confess the whole to Mr. Palmer, and he feared he might again be tempted to depart from the truth.

At the dinner-table no one spoke: Mr. Singleton looked extremely sad, and Alfred saw by his mother's countenance that she had been weeping. What a different scene from that of the Saturday evening before! And how miserably did Alfred feel, as he witnessed the sorrow he had caused.

'I can bear this no longer,' he said to himself; and after dinner he followed his father into his study. 'O father, my dear father, do forgive me!' he exclaimed: 'only smile upon me once more, and I never, never will tell another lie. Can you not forgive me? I cannot bear to see you and mother looking so sorrowful.'

'You have lost the smile of a kinder father, a better friend, than I am, Alfred. You broke the commandment of God some days since, and you must know that you are not receiving his approbation; for he has said, that 'lying lips are abomination in his sight. I can punish you for this sin, but I have not power to make you better. God alone can do that. Your first offence is against him: obtain his forgiveness and you will readily receive mine.'

'I will never sin again in this way,' said Alfred; 'I will 'set a guard upon my lips, that I sin not with my tongue.'

'You can promise this, Alfred, but you have not the power to keep your promise. Peter also promised. He declared that he would never deny his master: but he was depending upon himself—upon his poor human strength; and what was the result? 'Before the cock crew,' he thrice denied his blessed Lord. Like you, he feared man more than God.'

'But, father, what am I to do? Will God hear me if I pray? I am almost afraid to appear before him.'

'You were afraid to confess your fault to me, Alfred, and now you rejoice that you have done so. 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' God is a more tender parent than I am. He is waiting to be gracious. Go to him, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and claim his promise, that whosoever cometh to the Father through Him shall in no wise be cast out. If you really feel your sin, you will be willing to go, like the publican, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

'We spoke of Peter—you have read the story of his repentance, and how his affectionate Master again received him into his service. This account is given us for a warning and an encouragement that we may see the effect of real repentance, and imitate his zeal and fidelity. You must seek the help that cometh from above, and then you too may regain the lost favour of God.'

NEVER DO MISCHIEF.

A very fine-looking and intelligent youth, named Henry, resided for a time near one of our great public schools. A scholar at this place who lodged in the same house, united with the servant-boy in the following stratagem to frighten him. One night when the master of the house was absent, the servant boy hid himself under Henry's bed, and remained there till midnight, when, as previously agreed, on three raps given at the chamber-door, it suddenly opened, and in stalked the school-boy dressed in a white sheet, with his face frightfully disguised, and bearing a lighted candle in his hand; and at the same moment, the servant boy heaved up the bed in which Henry was lying with his back.

Now mark what followed. Henry did not rise as usual in the morning, and when some of the family went to call him, he could only answer by incoherent cries—his reason was gone—he was an idiot! In the course of the first year after this, reason appeared in a small degree to return! thus what has been related became partly known, and other particulars were disclosed by the confession of the servant-boy; but it again retired, and though he is perfectly harmless and gentle, his state for many years has been one of idiocy. Seldom does he betray any violent emotions, except occasionally about midnight, when, full of indescribable terror, he exclaims, 'Oh, they are coming! They are coming!'—*Praise and Blame.*