

ty; lest I should be betrayed by my own presumption and self-confidence. I can remember some who have forsaken the way and fallen into snares; and the sad memorials of their folly are strewed along my path. Why should I hope to pass unwatched and unmolested? The enemy is not asleep. Many a time have I been baffled by his artifices. Rest where I will, and rise when I may, he is always at my side. And shall I dream of peace? Shall I not watch and pray? Will not presumption and sloth cost me dear? Blessed God! hold thou me up, and I shall be safe! Pity thy erring creature. Forgive thy wandering child. Keep, and with the bounties of thy grace, bless thy poor suppliant. Preserve him another year. Let him not be conformed to this world. Give him a warm and humble heart. Let nothing interrupt, or retard his progress toward the Zion above!

I would live another year, if it be my heavenly Father's will. And yet I would not live to sin, and fall, and reproach my Saviour and his blessed cause. Better die than live to no good purpose! I would live till my work is done—cheerful when it is most arduous, and grateful for strength according to my day. But I would not be afraid to die. Shall the child desire to be away from his Father's house? Shall the traveller, already weary, choose to have his stay in the wilderness prolonged? It were a sad sight to see a Christian die with regret—to see him go home, as if he were going to a prison! O let me think much and often of my heavenly home!

"Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see."

Let me then often climb the mount of contemplation, and prayer, and praise, and there try to catch a glimpse of the *glory to be revealed*, and get my cold heart affected with a view of its yet distant endearments. Love to God—communion with God—devotedness to God, these are the foretastes of heaven. In through the cares and duties of secular life, I cannot preserve an invariable tendency of mind toward that holy world,—let it be a more habitual and frequent tendency! I feel the sorrows of this guilty insensibility, this languor of spiritual affection, and long for those hallowed moments when the meltings of contrition, the fervours of desire, the vividness of faith, and the hope full of immortality shall shed their sacred fragrance over my spirit, and make me pant for heaven. Nor let it be a transient emotion, kindled by some momentary excitement, or awakened by some impulse of the imagination, but marked by all the ardour of passion and all the constancy of principle.

Spirit of the Redeemer! shed abroad thine own love in this poor heart of mine, and thus seal it to the day of eternal redemption. Let me greet every truth, every providence, every meditation that shall invite me to more intimate intercourse with heaven. Let me dwell upon the communications sent down from that blessed world to cheer my fainting spirit and revive my courage by the way. Let me welcome those messages of divine providence that are designed and adapted to intercept my constant view of earth, and bring the realities of eternity near. Let me grieve at nothing that makes me familiar with heaven. Let me never mourn when some little stream of comfort and joy is dried up, and I am driven more directly to the Fountain. Let me take a fresh departure for the land of promise from the beginning of this New Year. I would fain look upward with a more steadfast eye, and march onward with a firmer step. Nor would I lose sight of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, but go where it goes, and rest where it rests.

And who, *who* will remain behind? Who will be content to have his hopes bounded by the narrow scenes of earth? Go up, fellow traveller to eternity, go up to some selected eminence of thought, where the splendours of the Holy City shall break upon your view. This world is not *your* home, any more than *mine*. It cannot comfort *you*, more than it has comforted *me*. You may be called away from all its scenes as soon as I. Your journey to the grave may be shorter even than *mine*. Nay, *this year*, thou mayest die.

A CATECHISM ON THE GOVERNMENT AND DISCIPLINE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

The Constitution and Jurisdiction of Church Courts.

I. What is the nature and extent of that authority which Christ has given to the rulers of the Church? It is merely ministerial and subordinate. 2 Cor. 1:24. "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy."

II. What is meant by Ministerial authority?

It is authority, as Ministers or servants of Christ, to proclaim, apply, and execute his laws for promoting the order and spiritual edification of the Church.

III. What is meant by subordinate authority?

It is the subjection of the inferior to the superior Court of the Lord's house,—as of Session to Presbytery, and of Presbytery to Synod, and of all to Christ.

IV. How is this rule or authority exercised?

By the Presbyters or Elders assembled in Session, Presbytery, Synod, or general Assembly. Acts xv.