

As we ought to imitate Christ's *moral works* by a real doing, as we have him for an example, so must we imitate him in his *mediatory works*, by way of similitude. This is done by transferring to the actions of our spiritual life what he did as our Mediator. We must *die to sin, rise again to newness of life, live to righteousness, ascend up to God with our desires, and sit down at his right hand, living in heaven, with our affections.*

Christ nowhere bids us learn of him how to create a world, or to raise the dead, but how to be meek and lowly, and to love one another; to follow him, not in his power, but in his self-denial and cross-bearing. And it is our comfort, that if our souls be made like him in the spiritual resurrection, he will change our vile bodies, and make them like to his own glorious body, in the resurrection of the dead.—*Christopher Ness.*

THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by its power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and forefathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.