

Here surely is the highest: "You are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works;" grafted by Him into Christ, unto the bringing forth of much fruit. Whatever God creates is exquisitely suited to its end. He created the sun to give light; how perfectly it does its work! He created the eye to see: how beautifully it fulfils its object! He created the new man unto good works: how admirably it is fitted for its purpose!

O God I am in Christ: created anew, made a branch of the Vine, fitted for fruit-bearing. Would to God that believers would cease looking most at their old nature, and complaining of their weakness, as if God called them to what they were unfitted for! Would that they would believingly and joyfully accept the wondrous revelation of how God, in uniting them to Christ, has made Himself chargeable for their spiritual growth and fruitfulness! How all sickly hesitancy and sloth would disappear, and under the influence of this mighty motive—the faith in the faithfulness of Him of whom they are in Christ—their whole nature would rise to accept and fulfil their glorious destiny!

O my soul! yield thyself to the mighty influence of this word: "Of God ye are in Christ Jesus." It is the same God of whom Christ is made all that He is for us, of whom we also are in Christ, and will most surely be made what we must be to Him. Take time to meditate and to worship, until the light that comes from the throne of God hath shone into thee, and thou hast seen thy union to Christ as indeed the work of His almighty Father. Take time, day after day, and let in thy whole religious life, with all it has of claims and duties, of needs and wishes, God be everything. See Jesus, as He speaks to thee, "Abide in me," pointing upward and saying, "My Father is the Husbandman. Of Him thou art in me, through Him thou abidest in me, and to Him and to His glory shall be the fruit thou bearest." And let thy answer be, Amen, Lord! So be it. From eternity Christ and I were ordained for each other; inseparably we belong to each other: it is God's will; I shall abide in Christ. It is of God I am in Christ Jesus.

WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO THE BIBLE.

Foremost in the category, I reckon the emancipation of the land from the spiritual bondage, the degrading superstition, and the crying abominations of Popery. England, it has well been said, owes all to the Reformation. All, however, that we cherish as Protestants, we owe to the Bible. It was this sword of the Spirit which enabled the noble army of the martyred reformers to win the victory in the battle which they waged against Papal corruption and Papal usurpation. It was the flash of this sword, unsheathed from its scabbard, as it waved over the land, which scattered the moral midnight of centuries, awoke reason from her slumbers, and disclosing the "mystery of abominations," gave the light to our forefathers by which they detected the opposition between the doctrines of Popery and those of God's eternal truth. The keen edge of this sword was too sharp for Popery to encounter; it cut asunder the cords of spiritual despotism where-with the crafty Philistines sought to bind the slumbering Samson. Equipped with Bible truth, and fetching all their weapons from this armory, the gallant band of reformers confronted the Papal Hierarchy, and achieved a spiritual triumph, the fruits of which we, their descendants, God helping, will never, never surrender. It is still the Bible which is the best weapon wherewith to withstand every form of Papal aggression. Very true it is that Popery may be assailed upon the ground of its manifest hostility to the prosperity of nations. When Rome is seeking to plant in our midst the standard of Popery, we may legitimately point to other nations where she has had scope for development, and inquire what are the results that have

followed from her rule? Has she contrived to elevate or to degrade, to emancipate or enslave, the countries over which her banner has waved? If—we say in the name of England to the Pope, with his Cardinal Wiseman and his retinue of twelve would-be Bishops—if you desire to luxuriate in the rich pastures, and to re-settle in the fertile valleys of old England—if you aim to have free-born Britons come and crouch at the feet of the Papacy—show us first of all that other nations which have blindly submitted to Papal domination, have become happier and nobler, more intellectual and more religious, more prosperous—and more powerful, beneath the shelter of her wing. Rome cannot stand this appeal. All history is against her. All lands in which she is enshrined, send up a voice of bitter accusation. What has Italy—that land of loveliness and beauty; land of azure skies and fertile soil; land of ancestral glory, whence once issued laws for the world;—what, I ask, has Italy become beneath your rule? Italy, it has been aptly said, is like a flower that wishes to expand into beauty and efflorescence, but is compressed in every part by a cold and rude hand. From Italy, turn to any other Roman Catholic community or state, and the same accusation against Popery—of having stifled freedom, hindered national progress, and fostered immorality—is stereotyped in the annals of the country. From across the bosom of the vast Atlantic, the same voice of condemnation wafts upon every breeze. Contrast Mexico with Massachusetts. Mexico was colonized a whole century before Massachusetts. Its first settlers were the noblest spirits of Spain in her Augustan age—the epoch of Cervantes, Cortes, Pizarro, Columbus, Gonzalvo de Cordova, Cardinal Ximenes, and the great and good Isabella.

Massachusetts was settled by Protestants, who carried with them nothing but the Bible, and faith upon that God from whom the Bible came. Mexico, with a rich soil adapted to everything which grows out of the earth, and possessing every metal used by man; Massachusetts, with a sterile soil, and uncongenial climate, and no single article of transportation but ice and rock; how have these blessings been improved in the one case? How have these obstacles been overcome in the other? What is the respective condition of the two countries? In productive industry, in wide-spread diffusion of knowledge, in public institutions of every kind, general happiness and advancing prosperity,—in letters, arts, morals, and religion, you find Massachusetts at the highest point, and Mexico at the very lowest. And this is the universal testimony. We appeal to every land where Popery is the dominant religion, and challenge you to deny that her influence is for evil in proportion to her power.

And, notwithstanding, I would prefer to wage battle against Popery with the sword of the Spirit, rather than with any political weapon, whatsoever its value. Our victory over Romanism is due, under God's Spirit, to the force of Bible truth. It is the Bible which, pointing the avenue to spiritual freedom, teaches men to spurn the yoke of spiritual bondage. In the Bible you find revealed the true object of religious worship—not the virgin—not images, and relics, and rags and bones, but one God in three Persons; the all glorious and Triune Jehovah. In the Bible you find revealed the true method of approach; not by seeking of Peter or Paul, or of this Saint or the other to intercede for us; but by coming at once to the Father by one Spirit, through the one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus. The breath of the Bible will extinguish the tapers and wax lights of the Christian's contemplations, all other intercessors but Jesus; all glories but those of the Redeemer.

The Bible reveals a method of salvation so plain, that all may comprehend; so plenteous, that none are excluded from the offer of its benefits—so free, that all may partake without money and

without price. The Bible is in itself a fountain of spiritual blessing; it is the revelation of God as a reconciled Father in Christ, long-suffering to all men; not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The Bible points to an eternity of which time is the vestibule; to an endless existence upon which we must enter, when this life is over. It proclaims to every human being—to each of you, my fellow-wrestlers on this present scene of care and toil and conflict—you have an immortal soul to be saved or lost; Jesus died and rose again for its redemption. Heaven, and Heaven's ambassadors, beseech you, by all that is noble in your constitution, by all that is glorious, and all that is awful in futurity—be wise for eternity. Born for immortality, fritter not away your majesty of being by living only for time: ransomed by the blood of Jesus, glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's.

Would you know how to pass securely through life, and to inherit a blissful eternity? God's word is a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path. Cleave, I beseech you, in these days of peril and conflict—cleave to the Bible. It is the only safe chart. Here there is truth, without intermixture of error. Here there is guidance which cannot mislead. It is the voice of God that speaks in this volume. Its utterance: "Thus saith the Lord," can neither change nor deceive. Study prayerfully and diligently at this source, and you shall find truth to enrich you for all time, and gladden you to all eternity. Drink in from this fountain, and you shall find relief from anxious care, and fretting toil, and weary disappointments. Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues can attest the worth of the Bible. Men of every rank, of every clime, and of every occupation, have found in this volume the knowledge without which they must have everlastingly perished. I may even affirm, that men of all creeds, and men of no creeds at all, have contributed their quota of homage to this matchless volume. It is not long since the following testimony was borne to its worth, by one who is nevertheless a disbeliever in the inspiration of Scripture:—"The Bible is read of a Sabbath in all the 10,000 pulpits of our land. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature, and it colours the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it. No ship of war goes to the conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself. The timid man, awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright. He does not fear to stand alone—to tread the way unknown and distant—to take the death-angel by the hand, and thus bid farewell to wife and babes at home. Men rest on their dearest hope. It tells them of God, and of his blessed Son; of earthly duties, and of heavenly rest."

Surely such a volume bears the impress of Divinity. It carries with it its own witness. Every hour of every day it is gaining new trophies of its power. It is the oil on the troubled waters of human life. It is the chart of navigation to the haven of eternal glory. Happy, happy England, to have the Bible! No city, no town, no village of this mighty empire, but contains within it hearts in which Bible-truth is firmly lodged—hearts from whence, in earnest hope and trusting faith, there waft upward, day by day, songs of praise, and cries of supplication, to the God of the Bible. These, whether nobles of the land, or merchants, or tradesmen, or peasants—these are the salt of the nation; these are the remnant for whose sake England yet rests beneath the shadow of the Almighty—the nation whereof it may be said, as of ancient Israel

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