

the redeemed in heaven, that the thrills of concord on the natural organ are not the divine joys of a regenerated soul? Would that one and all were made to feel the force of the Apostle's admonition, "I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding also." Then would they never be found virtually singing, as many, alas! do, with heedless indifference, or singing to the regalement of their own carnal sense, while they professed to be singing to the praise and glory of God. Thus, with a sweet and gracious sense of Jehovah's loving kindness pervading the soul, and a divinely-inspired joy replenishing and employing all its powers and faculties, the renovated spirit would soon find itself stirred up from the depths; words expressive of the prevailing sentiment would soon flow in ready and spontaneous utterance, and that utterance would naturally manifest itself in audible cadences or sounds. Oh! how different from the vapid, insipid tones of the poor lifeless formalist, useless and worthless to himself, and horribly grating and discordant in the ear of God,—sounds which, as they roll along, cannot but whisper whence they come, even from the fount itself of heavenly melody, now communicating from its fulness to the heir of glory.

Ah, if in this manner on the Sabbath-days, believers came up to the house of God with the full intent and purpose of heart to praise Him,—not with the idolatrous design of regaling their carnal selves—soon would their teeming and surcharged spirits find vent for themselves in sacred songs. Each singing with grace in the heart to the Lord, and finding scope for the breathings of the inner man in words which inspiration itself delighted to employ; and these words linking themselves with grave sweet melodies, which soon assimilate the sympathies of all hearts with the symphonies of all voices; there would soon arise such a tide and swell of harmony from the whole congregation of adoring worshippers as would prove, even in the absence of all instruments and refined and labored niceties of art, the most grateful music to the truly pious, and the most acceptable to God, the great author of all the harmonies of this immeasurable universe!

Such music was wont to be heard, in days long gone by, on thy bleak upland moorlands, and dreary mountain solitudes, oh, sorely tried and tempest-tossed Scotland;—when thy poor persecuted children, hunted, for conscience sake, like partridges on the mountains, so often braced and emboldened their spirits by loudly rehearsing the songs of Zion, heroically to confront the stakes and the scaffolds of martyrdom.

Such music we have sometimes heard even in more recent times in thy rural churches, and solitary churchyards, and sequestered glens, oh, highly-favoured Scotland, when after the high solemnities of a communion Sabbath, the praises of the divine Redeemer, pealed forth by assembled thousands, whose hearts gushed to overflowing under the smilings of divine love, broke upon the enraptured ear like the parting thrill of seraphic voices, or the far-sounding echoes of heaven's own eternal hallelujahs.

Oh, that there were in this and every other people such a spirit to praise the Lord! Ye would not want ample food and matter for your songs. Ye could range through all creation, and catching the holy flame, ye would, with the entranced Psalmist, exclaim, "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl: kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: both young men and maidens, old men and chil-

dren; let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven." Ye could then range for fresh aliment through the unfolding roll of divine Providence, with its wondrous records engraved as with a pen of iron for ever, in the history of individuals, nations, and empires, records of mercies and deliverances the most amazing, of retributive judgments the most appalling. Above all, ye could find matter ever new and ever exciting in the stupendous scheme of redemption. Ye might strive to emulate the choral strains of the heavenly host over the plains of Bethlehem on the first advent of the Prince of Peace, and surely when ye rise from contemplating with the eye of faith, and susceptible, loving hearts, the astonishing scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary;—when *conscience* awakes with its stinging convictions of sin and guilt, and scorching pre-apprehensions of the divine wrath; and *repentance* awakes, under a gushing sense of provocations and affronts offered to the Majesty of heaven, into the overflowings of bitter but ingenuous sorrow; and *memory* awakes and recalls to mind the Egypt of inglorious bondage in which by nature ye were enthralled, and the hell of horror on whose fiery frontiers ye were carelessly treading;—when *faith* awakes to apprehend the dreadfulness of the divine vengeance, whose terrible sword descended with swift and resistless fury to smite the Shepherd, surety and substitute of sinners, that out of his riven side the life-stream of salvation might freely flow;—when *gratitude* awakes at the marvellousness of that love which so broke through the mountain barrier of our transgressions, as to rear a fabric of mercy and pardon on the foundations of a magnified law, and satisfied justice;—oh, when by such heavenly contemplations and exercises of spirit, the smouldering embers of languid, benumbed affections are blown into a glowing warmth, and the altar of your devotion is made to smoke with the sacrifice of loving hearts, inflamed with the holy fire of God's ineffable love to you, surely, surely, ye cannot but respond to the jubilant hymn of the great assembly of the first-born, that surround the throne on high, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory sound forth the triumphal song, ever exhilarating and ever new, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Amen." "For thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood. Amen." "Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. Amen." "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

HENRIANA.

Blood to the blood-thirsty is like drink to the dropsical—the more they drink the more they demand.

Unbridled wrath, armed with unlawful power, often leads men to perpetrate the most absurd acts of cruelty.

Blessed be God, there is no occasion of grief in this world; no, not even that supplied by sin itself, that will justify us in refusing to be comforted.

The worse things are, the sooner they will mend.

In all our movements, it is good to see . . . way plain, and God going before us.

We should not move one way or the other without orders.

No place can exclude God's gracious visits.

If we, on our part, keep up intercourse with God, He will not fail to maintain it with us.

Persecuted saints not unfrequently live to tread on the graves of their persecutors.

God's people follow His directions, whosoever He leads them, and wherever he lodges them.

God reveals his mind to His people by degrees,

to keep them still waiting on Him, and expecting to hear from Him.

If one enemy of Christ and His Church drops, another presently appears, to keep up the old enmity.

God will not trust His children into danger, except when necessary for His glory and their trial.

Providence commonly so orders it that God's people shall not want a quiet retreat from the storm.

Those whom Christ saves, he saves from the guilt of sin by the merit of his death, and from the dominion of sin by the spirit of his grace.

In Christ are seen the deepest mystery and the richest mercy.

What is conceived by the Holy Ghost is never abortive; but what is of the will of man, and of the flesh often fails.

In the most important steps and turns of life, the most safe and comfortable course is to take direction of God. His mind may be generally known through his word, through the hints of Providence, the debates of conscience, and the advice of faithful friends.

What is conceived in grace will be brought forth in glory.

Even when most conscientious let us not expect to escape calumny and suspicion.

Keeping a clear conscience let us leave to God the protection of our characters.

Nothing will awaken those that resolve to be regardless.

Those who are nearest the means of grace are often the farthest from salvation.

Extraordinary appearances of God in His works should put us upon inquiry after His mind and will.

Those who truly desire to find Christ will not regard perils in seeking Him.

Those who know something of Christ cannot but covet to know more of Him.

There is more gross ignorance in the world, and even in the Church, than we are aware of.

Many, that we think, should direct us to Christ are strangers to Him.

Carnal hearts dread nothing so much as the fulfilling of the Scriptures.

The slavery of sin is foolishly preferred by many to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The chief reason why the Kings and the people of the world oppose the kingdom of Christ is because they do not know it.

Many a good question is put with an ill design.

God can make the worst of places serve the best of purposes.

Youthful converts when they first set out in the ways of God, often receive very encouraging tokens of the divine love.

All communications connected with the Record and the Several Schemes of the Church, to be addressed to "REV. W. REID, OFFICE OF THE MISSIONARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD," Toronto.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

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