

faith is fanaticism—our morality is self-righteousness—our preaching is a tinkering symbol, our churches are temples without alters—sanctuaries without shekinah—wells without water—lamps without light,—palaces whence the King has been bidden to depart, and when he has gone not alone, but taking with him his courtly revenue,—every grace that can adorn the soul in this world, or fit it for that which is to come.

If the cross is the fountain of pardon, it is also the fountain of holiness, of power, and of consolation. It alone can deliver a man from hell, it alone can deliver him from himself. It cannot be removed by law, human or divine. Take you will, selfishness to the neighborhood of Sinai, in the hope that there it will be brought under the influence of a power that will slay it; even there, it may tremble at the lightning, and under and tempest, it will not die, but when the "commandment comes, sin revives." There is but one spot in the universe in which selfishness is seen to quench and expire. She will reveal in sickness and in health, in adversity and prosperity, in youth and in old age, in the heyday of life, and in the hour of death, she will traverse the moral universe with unexhausted strength; she will acquire fresh energy from every assault she receives, until she come to the place "called Calvary," and there as she looks up her eyes to the crucified one, she receives a blow from which, if not instantly fatal, she will never recover. All might the Apostle exclaim:—"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me.*" The life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." He lost himself in selfishness at the Cross, and only he can it be lost. From that hour, in which he saw his redeeming Lord, he died in his death a motive power equal to all the work he had to do. For every time it was an effective impulse, for every sorrow it was a sufficient support. Shall we never learn that the Cross is designed to be the fountain of eternal consolation for all the church's sorrows and sorrow in every age? He is the highest christian; who never feels

the need of any other motive than that "he has been bought with a price." It is a sad sign when this is felt to be insufficient, and when it has to be supplemented by other and inferior motives. Can that soul be healthy when, failing to yield to the magnetism of the Cross, it is attracted to duty by the force of other considerations? Would that the Church in all its members, might be brought to the Cross, and might be constrained to gaze upon her dying Lord, until in the light of his love, other motives should fade, as do the stars in the light of the Sun!

It will be a glorious day for the world, when, as if every other impulse had been suddenly annihilated the church shall place the whole of its machinery in the grand, swelling stream that flows from the cross, and shall sing "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if Christ died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all, that they who live, shed not henceforth live unto themselves, but to Him that died for them, and rose again."

Whence comes it, that out of the comparatively large number of professed Christians, there is such a scanty proportion that can point to *one* duty which they are discharging purely in virtue of their avowed religion? It is because they have not felt that they are "*not their own.*"—Whence comes it, that, with many there is a manifest decay of zeal, that the sap of earnestness is drying up within them, and languor marks both their speech and action? It is because they are losing their grasp of the truth that they are "*not their own.*"—Whence comes it, that in some churches all the vitality which is left seems to express itself in vigorous quarrelling? It is because they do not believe that they are "*not their own.*"—Whence comes it, that the exchequers of nearly all our religious institutions are in a state of chronic exhaustion, and only ceases for a brief season, to burst forth in more pitiful and piercing tones?

It is, because the truth is not deeply and widely felt that we are "*not our own.*"—whence comes it, that when the inadequacy of funds becomes known, instead of streams of wealth flowing in to the relief and release of societies thus embar-