

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXVIII.

July 13. } *THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS.* { Rom. viii.
1879. } 28-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If God be for us, who can be against us."—Rom. viii. 31.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Rom. vii. 9-25....Spiritual conflict.
T. Rom. viii. 1-11....No condemnation.
W. Rom. viii. 12-37...Saved by hope.
Th. Rom. viii. 28-39...No separation.
F. Ps. xci. 1-16....."Under the shadow of the Almighty."
S. Rom. xii. 1-21....A reasonable service.
S. John x. 22-30....."I give unto thee eternal life."

HELPS TO STUDY.

In this passage the apostle gives two arguments in favour of the security of believers. The first is founded on the decree or purpose of God (vs. 29, 30), and the second on his infinite and unchanging love, vs. 31-39.

V. 28. *We know*—by Christian consciousness: (1) From the testimony of God's word (Isa. xxxvii. 7-9; liv. 15-17; Ps. xciv. 12-15; (2) from the nature and tenor of the covenant of grace (2 Sam. xxiii. 5); (3) from our relation to God as His children (Ps. ciii. 13; Heb. xii. 5-11); (4) from the experience of His people, as Joseph, Job, Moses, David. *All things*—all events, of every kind. *Work together*—as parts of one plan. *For good*—real, spiritual or eternal good. *To them that love God*—with the supreme affection of their hearts. *Called according to His purpose*—effectually called according to His eternal plan, and brought to accept the blessings to which they are invited. V. 29. *Whom he did foreknow*—love, chose, selected. *Did predestinate*—destine or appoint beforehand. See Eph. i. 5. *Conformed*—made to resemble. *Image*—form, likeness, character. *That he*—that Christ might be the glorious Head or Leader of many sons of God. Heb. ii. 11. V. 30. *Called*—by the inward, effectual call. *Justified*—absolved from guilt and made righteous in Christ. *Glorified*—with Christian gifts and graces in this life, and complete and everlasting glory in heaven. V. 31. *What shall we say then*—what conclusion shall we draw from the facts now stated? *If God be for us*—reconciled to us, in covenant with us, all His attributes and promises for us. All that He has, and is, and does, is for His people. *Who can be against us*—so as to prevail or prevent our salvation. V. 32. *How shall he not*—having done the greater, He will not leave the less undone. All other gifts are included in this one great gift. V. 33. *God's elect*—those whom God has chosen, predestinated, called and justified. If God acquits, none can bring a charge against them. V. 34. *It is Christ that died*—since Christ has died for their sins and risen for their justification, and ever liveth to make intercession for them, none can condemn them. V. 35. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ*—no one can accuse, no one can condemn, no one can separate us from Christ's love to us. *Tribulation*—a general term, including all the particulars afterwards mentioned. *Distress*—straits, difficulties, perplexities. *Persecutions*—sufferings for the profession of the gospel. *Perils*—dangers to which as Christians they were often exposed. *Sword*—violence carried to the last extremity, to the infliction even of death. V. 36. *As it is written* (Ps. xlii. 22)—a description of what God's people may expect from their enemies when there is nothing to restrain them. See Gal. iv. 21. *Accounted*—reckoned, looked upon by enemies. *Sheep for the slaughter*—indicating the barbarity of the persecutions, the helplessness of the persecuted, their innocence, their patience and their meekness. V. 37. *More than conquerors*—everything ministering to their good and swelling the glory of the victory. V. 38. *I am persuaded*—fully convinced. *Neither death*—in its most terrible form. *Nor life*—the hope of life, the love of life, the offer of life on condition of abjuring their faith. *Nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers*—no superhuman power, however mighty, 1 Cor. vi. 3; Eph. vi. 12; 1 Cor. xv. 24. *Things present*... things to come—no present nor future suffering, no possible trial. *Nor height, nor depth*—nothing in heaven or earth. *Nor any other creature*—any other created thing in the whole universe of God. The believer's security is thus triumphantly proved from the decree or purpose of God and His infinite, unchanging love.

From this lesson we learn the following truths: Those who love God may repose in perfect security beneath the shadow of his wing. God chose certain individuals and predestinated them to eternal life. Those who are thus chosen shall certainly be saved. The love of God, not human merit or power, is the proper ground of confidence. The love of God is manifested to sinners only through Jesus Christ our Lord. God's protection bids defiance to our enemies. Without God we can do nothing. All strength to endure and conquer comes to us through Him that loved us. Holiness consists in our conformity to the image of Christ.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Montreal, at 53 Ottawa street, on the 19th ult., by the Rev. A. L. MacLachlan, B.A., pastor of Inspector street Church, William James Steward to Miss Hannah Burha., both of Montreal. No cards.

ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his dally toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantages of finding himself next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that cornerstone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

"Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander where a ravished guest—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find."

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of us, most of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if we were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though, I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them might be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feelings in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle. I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the many expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn old woman dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on every side of her, seeming so alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice. The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning until I longed to place gently my own in her poor, tired, empty hands, if haply mine could in any measure fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered, old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely far-away look it was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the old country," and failing to find them there had gone straight on into the heavenly land.

Did she find them? Who knows? But the song whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longing for the dear, dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool, critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us perhaps this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticise them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!—*Sunday Afternoon.*

THERE was a stormy scene in the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday. Cassagnac accused Ferry of uttering calumnies against religious orders and with falsifying documents. He refused to retract, and on the Left voting censure of Cassagnac the confusion became so great that Gambetta left the chair, temporarily closing the session.

POLITICAL offenders are being summarily arrested and dealt with by the Russian military tribunals. The fact that at Kieff there was recently discovered a large store of materials necessary for constructing infernal machines, has not, of course, tended to lull the suspicions of the authorities. Accounts continue to be received of the outbreak of fires in different parts of the country, and at Warsaw an order has been issued to the effect that all persons over fourteen years of age must provide themselves with certificates of residence.

Around the Table.

HOW MAUD KEPT WATCH.

"Why, Rover, I'm surprised at you! I've got too many things to do To waste my time in play, so now You needn't come with bow-wow-wow To tempt me. It is time, you see, For papa to come home 'o tea; And I must warm his slippers and His dressing-gown, you understand!"

"You cannot help me, ha-ha-ha! What vain old things some doggies are! You'd go to sleep before the fire! You do not know what folks require When they come home all tired at night. I'm papa's girl. I know what's right. I'll keep a bright lookout, you'll see, Till my papa comes home 'o me."

"For it would hurt his feelings so, If no one watched for him, you know, I wouldn't trust you, Mr. Rover, To watch him. You just go over And lay down there till I am through. O dear! I've got so much to do! For mamma said she'd trust to me To welcome papa home to tea."

"There, now, lie rest in papa's chair; There is half an hour to spare Before he comes. O, Rover, dear, Isn't it nice and warm in here?— Do you feel sleepy?—well, I knew There'd be no sense in trusting you. I wish my papa—mamma said"— Down dropped the curly, nodding head.

And over eyes so soft and blue Down dropped the golden lashes, too, While very quiet grew the room, Fast filling with the twilight's gloom. And thus the minutes hastened past, Till—some one's step was heard at last. But it was Rover don't you see? Who welcomed papa home to tea!

—*Mary D. Brine, in March Wide-Awake.*

SCOLDING.

WE are all very like the little boy who said he ought not to be scolded so much for being naughty, because he was not half so bad as he could be. Nothing will so help a boy who is "from fair to middling" in character to develop into an incorrigible pest as constant teasing and fretting, and the reiteration in every tone known to bad temper of the tender phrase, "Oh, you bad boy!" Some boys are brought up on that kind of food, and you might as well expect a horse to be docile who enjoys the presence of a burr under the saddle as to expect a boy who has a pin stuck into him by ill-tempered criticism every time he comes into the house to prefer to stay at home rather than steal out of the back door and go fishing. Some parents scold and fret the wings off their children's backs without knowing it. There is nothing in the world which better enables a boy to see the fun of skating on thin ice, with the chance of getting a drenching, than the feeling that he will get a drubbing at home whether or no.

GRANDMA SUNBEAM.

CAN you guess why they call her Grandma Sunbeam? I will tell you. Though eighty years of age, she is always cheerful to both old and young.

See her as she comes back from her morning walk. The very kittens follow her. Harry, who is sitting on an old tub before the woodshed door, cries out, "I'm glad you've come