

any) must have said of him, "We shall not find any occasion against Peter Ogilvie, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God."

L. J.

Springfield, N. B., 9th Dec., 1872.

Illustrations of Sabbath School Lessons for February.

FIRST SABBATH.

Golden Text: Hebrews xi-7.

ILLUSTRATION.—Christ, a Refuge. The ancient city of refuge was a very beautiful type of Christ. Every thing was done to render the city easy of access. It was not to be built in a valley, concealed among trees, but set on a hill, that it might be seen from afar. So 'Christ is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour,' and "exalted to shew mercy." The roads leading to it were to be very wide and spacious. Once every year, the magistrates sent workmen to clear them, and put them into complete repair. So the way to Christ is plain; and it is the work of ministers to keep it clear. God says to them "Cast up the highway, take up the stumbling block, gather out the stones, prepare the way of my people." Stones were set up on the road at every crossway, for fear the fugitive should go astray. The word Refuge! was written on the stone in large letters; so that one might read as he ran. Thus do faithful preachers and teachers direct sinners to the Saviour and cry, "REFUGE! Flee from the wrath to come!" The gates were never shut, day nor night; so that any hour the manslayer could enter. Christ says, "Him that cometh to I will in no wise cast out." The people of the city were to receive the fugitive, and provide him with food and lodging and everything he needed. So does Christ feed and clothe those who flee to him. He that believeth shall never hunger nor thirst. There is no want to them that fear him. This city was for all strangers, as well as Jews. So Christ is offered alike to all of every kindred and people and nation and tongue.

SECOND SABBATH.

Golden Text: Gen ix-13.

ILLUSTRATION.—The promises of God are to the believer an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Happy is it for him if he knows how to search out their secret veins, and enrich himself with their hid treasures. They are an armory, stocked with all manner of offensive and defensive weapons. Blessed is he who has learned to enter into the sacred arsenal, to put on the breastplate and the helmet, and to lay his hand to the spear, and to the sword. They are a sur-

ger in which the believer will find all manner of restoratives and blessed elixirs; nor lacks there an ointment for every wound, a cordial for every faintness, a remedy for every disease. Blessed is he who is well skilled in heavenly pharmacy, and knoweth how to lay hold on the healing virtues or the promises of God. The promises are to the Christian a storehouse of food. They are granaries which Joseph built in Egypt, or as the golden pot wherein the manna was preserved. Blessed is he who can take the five barley loaves and fishes of promise, and break them till his five thousand necessities shall all be supplied, and he is able to gather up basketsful of fragments.

THIRD SABBATH.

Golden Text: Luke i-51.

"He hath showed strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

ILLUSTRATION.—Consequences of Pride. It thrust proud Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, proud Adam out of Paradise, proud Haman out of court, proud Lucifer out of Heaven.

Spiritual pride. There never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by-and-by; there never yet was an angel that had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings, and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there shall never be a saint who indulges self-conceit and pride and self-confidence, but the Lord will spoil his glories and trample his honors in the mire, and make him cry out yet again, "Lord have mercy upon me," less than the least of all saints, and the "very chief of sinners."

FOURTH SABBATH.

Golden Text: Romans iv-20.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Obedient faith. The beautiful reply of a child, when asked, "what is faith?" was, "doing God's will, and asking no questions."

"One evening, a father and his little daughter, who had been spending the afternoon at a neighbour's, started through the darkness for home. It was the first time that she had ever been out of doors in the night; and she began to be troubled about the way home. "I can't see our house, papa, I don't know the way. Where are we going?" she said anxiously. He replied, "I can see the road; and, if you will keep hold of my hand, I will take care of you." Then she said, as if chiding and comforting herself, "Yes, you do know the way, don't you papa? You will take care of your little girl, 'cause you love her, don't you, papa?" After this she only grasped his hand a little tighter, and trudged cheerfully onward wherever he led the way.