

such preservation, and such preservation has in fact been hitherto granted, baptism is thus a standing proof of the Divine origin and protection of the Christian religion. And this, in part, is the connection which this visible ordinance has with the evidences of Christianity.

(*To be continued.*)

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### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(*Concluded.*)

If we cast a glance about and reflect we shall perceive that God has provided that all the natural and inherent desires of men may be prudent, and proper efforts on his part be gratified to a reasonable extent. His desire for food, his desire for the continuance of his species, for the accumulation of wealth, and his aspirations of ambition, can all in a reasonable degree be realized. Is it then to be presumed that a benevolent Creator has imbued the human heart with an anxious, *restless* "longing after immortality," with a design, a predetermination to prevent the realization of those ardent wishes, and to disappoint and blast those fond heart-cheering hopes? If such is the case we are indeed of all beings the most miserable. But, thanks be to God, it is not so, for not only does our experience, so far as it goes, contradict this; and the character of the Supreme Being as developed in the order of his government of the universe, which is a pledge that it cannot be so; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who stamped his truth with the seal of his resurrection.

It can not be, says a modern writer, that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothing. Else why is it that the high and holy aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it we ask that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness. Why is it that the stars which hold their sentinels around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are everywhere presented to view, and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts?