

wave, as if bent on recovering what was given up, and also adding thereto, comes rushing on, covers the forsaken ground, and rushes up the beach further than ever to mark the boundary of the fresh acquisition. Again the wave retires and again it advances, and thus the majestic ocean rises till it recovers from the dry land every inch the Creator assigned it.

Such of our readers as have been privileged to see what we have here endeavoured imperfectly to describe, have as is often the case, seen a picture of the way God works in the moral world. As the calm silent ocean thus rises, sending its waters into every remote bay and creek, and estuary, and frith, so will the Gospel of Christ rise till it covers the face of the moral world as the waters cover the face of the great deep. Thus in holy vision did the Jewish seer see it rise. "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold waters issued out from under the threshold; he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters: the waters were to the ancles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were up to my loins. Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river I could not pass over; for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." In the gradual rise of the fertilizing river, in the quiet advance of the ocean, we see how we may expect Christianity to cover the face of the earth.

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### "OURS."

Years ago, when servants used to be servants, there was a certain lord who was greatly amused with the way in which his old body-servant always used to talk. They were down in the country, and a waggon stood at the door of the country seat, and his lordship said, "John, whose waggon is that?" "Oh," said he, "that is ours, my lord; it has brought some of our goods down from town." In a minute or two his lordship enquired, "John, what coach is that coming up the drive?" "Oh, my lord," said he, "that's our carriage." "But," added the master, "I see some children in it; are they *our* children, John?" "Oh, yes, my lord," he replied, "bless their hearts, they are *our* children, and I am going down stairs to bring them in!" and he went down stairs accordingly. Now, whenever we look upon poor lost sinners, and upon the Gospel which alone can save them, let us say, "Oh, blessed Lord, these are ours, these are ours; we seek them because they belong