

the precious seed to spring up into the beauteous tree of holiness, and how mighty is the contrast. It is now his meat and drink to do the will of his Father which is in heaven. Walking in the Spirit, he fulfils not the lust of the flesh. He stands forth a pattern of every thing which is pure, and lovely, and of good report. He brings forth abundantly the fruits of the Holy Ghost, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." To sum up, he rejoices in the liberty with which Christ has made him free.

Yes, my friends, the Gospel is the true Magna Charta.—To it the genuine patriot ever looks. By its rules and maxims he is ever guided. For here alone he knows the treasure is to be found, and he regards with suspicion and distrust every political or social system which is not based upon the rock of God's most holy word. And for this, among other reasons, that experience has demonstrated that liberty at no time has permanently flourished when divorced from religion. Christianity is the sun, without which the fair flower must pine, and wither, and die.

Open the pages of history, and see what the preaching of the pure truth, as it is in Jesus, has done for mankind even in a mere worldly point of view. The stream which took its rise on Mount Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, has continued to run, and swell, and increase, ever since that eventful hour; and, wherever it has shaped its course, refreshment, and fertility, and life, and peace have followed. Take one instance out of many. Look at our own beloved Britain.—In her state of darkness and idolatry, there was not a more wretched, degraded, or enslaved land on the face of the globe. The great mass of her inhabitants were but little if anything removed from the level of savages. Comfort was a word equally unknown in the castle of the Thane, and the hut of the Serf. And often was the atmosphere darkened and polluted by the smoke of the flames, in which human victims were offered up to their hideous and bloody idols. Anon the Cross was planted amid our ancient oaks. The proclamation