

have no witnesses, sir, the trial must be put off, otherwise you certainly will be convicted. You well knew the testimony that will be brought against you, and the exertions that are making to accomplish your ruin." Mr. Tennent replied, "I am sensible of all this, yet it shall never be said that I have delayed the trial, or been afraid to meet the justice of my country. I know my own innocence, and that God, whose I am, and whom I serve, will never suffer me to fall by those snares of the devil, or by the wicked machinations of his servants; therefore, gentlemen, go on to the trial."—TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Thou art My Hiding Place.

People that have never been in battle may discourse of it, but it will be in a very different way from what a soldier would speak about it. Religion is a warfare, and the man who has maintained the conflict and who has made extensive observations, will speak of it in a very different way from others who merely speculate upon it.

David had been a military man, and his life had been preserved more than once by finding a hiding place, when he was "hunted as a partridge upon the mountains;" and though he had frequently escaped by these means, yet he knew that there was but one true place of safety, therefore he looks beyond the means and says: "Thou art my hiding place." The language of the Apostle expresses the same sentiment: I know in whom I have believed." I can place everything in his hands; everything that concerns my body or soul; everything that concerns time or eternity. Every true Christian triumphs in this, namely, that he has a constant refuge; he says, not only, "Thou *hast* been," but, "Thou *art*" my hiding place, which presents itself upon all occasions; when sin would allure and betray; when the enemy comes in like a flood, and I am ready to be driven away by the torrent of temptations by which he assaults me; when I travel through the deep waters of affliction; when the terrors of the law threaten and alarm; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgement,—still in all, "Thou *art* my hiding place."

M. L.