

and ye shall be my sons and daughters," saith the Lord Almighty. (2 Cor. vi 17, 18.)

May the blessing which was so abundantly poured out upon the churches of the first Christians, be renewed in you. Pursuing the footsteps of the ancient flock of Christ, go forth in the strength of the Lord; cast away all pretensions to merit of your own; and rest with the simplicity of a little child on the will, power, and grace, of Christ to save you. Trusting in him, you shall be delivered from every snare and temptation; and in all these things "be more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

For the Colonial Churchman.

ADVICE FROM A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH TO A SICK FRIEND.

Dear Mrs. J—,

Let me exhort you not to defer a preparation to meet your God! A solemn thought! Think of it again. To meet the infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, and ever adorable Lord God—the Creator—the Preserver of the Universe—the final Judge of all men. What preparation should we not make to meet a prince, an emperor, a conqueror of nations! How humble in aspect; how clean in person; how reverential in behaviour! This we may do, and yet not give the respect of the heart. But God cannot be deceived, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, who charges his angels with folly.

Consider again the end of this meeting. It is for no trifling purpose that the spirit returns to God who gave it. It is for an event of the deepest importance to its everlasting destiny. It is to undergo the strict scrutiny of Divine wisdom—the close investigation of unerring truth. It is to give an account of the deeds done in the body, to this Judge of all the earth. It is to receive that sentence which involves everlasting happiness or endless woe.

Consider then the preparation necessary to meet such a God, and for so important an end. O Lord, if thou art extreme to mark what is done amiss, who shall be able to stand? Who shall be prepared to meet his God, or to stand when He appeareth? Alas! man is by nature born in sin, and the child of wrath;—for God has declared, that sin shall not go unpunished. Man is born a rebel against his God, with the seeds of disloyalty deep sown in his heart, and disobedience in his members. Can, then, childhood with its folly—youth with its levity,—or ripen years with deliberate transgression, find the righteous Judge with approbation.—Ah, Lord! in thy sight shall no man living be justified. All are included under sin, that the righteousness of Christ might be made known to all. For what the law could not do through the weakness of the flesh, the Son of God in the likeness of sinful flesh, condemned sin in the flesh.

As then in no stage of our existence can we be accepted of God in our natural state, neither can we recommend ourselves by our best performances—the discharge of moral and social obligations, observance of the sabbath, regular attendance upon the ordinances of the sanctuary, and correctness in the ordinary transactions of life. Alas! in every instance we have come far short of our duty; and wherein we have discharged it, it has been but imperfectly performed. Our very offerings must be washed in the cleansing fountain of a Saviour's blood. Our tears are embittered with sin,—our prayers an abomination—our sinful flesh encircling even the spotless Son of God, was for a time rejected and forsaken!

What preparation then, you are ready to ask, can I make to meet my God? He is holy; his law is holy, and His people must thus resemble Him? It is my desire; but my nature is sinful, and to that I have added actual transgression. Neither can I, you say, recommend myself; wherewith then shall I appear before the Lord, or how shall I ascend into His holy hill?

My dear friend, this is the chief object in what I have already written. It is that your inability by nature may appear—that you may see the total want of adaptation in your own righteousness, and seek that which cometh from God only. It is that you may inquire, "what shall I do to be saved?" Oh! let me then point you out the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, through whom alone you are enabled to do all things.

And herein is the preciousness of Christ to be found—that He has a supply for all our wants. Though our disobedience has rendered us poor, by His obedience we may become rich: and though we have long despised His proffered mercy, when we repent and return by an active faith, all His merits are our own—pardon, justification and redemption. Oh! the depth of the riches of that grace, which has thus not only enabled us to perform what God requires of us, but renders it acceptable to God: for our imperfect services through Christ become perfect. God in Christ, is a God all mercy; out of Christ, is a God all wrath: and thus it is, whilst the actions of some, however devotional, are an abomination, those of others, externally not more so, are a sweet smelling savour in His sight. Although the christian has therefore to lament his frequent aberrations, both of body and mind, from the right path, and like the holy Paul, cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," he is not to be cast down or to despair; for when looking out of himself to Christ, whose merits he is entitled to by his baptismal covenant and a living faith, he can with the same inwrapped apostle, exclaim with joy, "thanks be to God which giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." In himself he has nothing to hope for, but in Christ, every thing. There he sees God reconciled—His Law fulfilled—his honor vindicated—His justice satisfied;—his imperfect services are therefore rendered acceptable, offered up with the holiness and perfection of his Redeemer. Oh! how sweet is Christ to the believer in the hour of danger. He is the altogether lovely—the only desirable. He is the city of refuge—a hiding place from the wind—a covert from the tempest,—as rivers of water in dry places—as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Oh! what comfortable reflections, that God pities our weakness, and through Christ accepts our feeble endeavours. And though we have sinned, we still have an Advocate, our righteous Redeemer, who can offer a propitiation for our sins! In the flesh he pleased God, being in every respect tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Thus has our flesh been redeemed through Him from the bondage of fear, and we are again born unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Grafted into Christ and united to Him by a living faith, you shall pass through the grave and gate of death to a joyful resurrection.

Seeing then this Saviour is so adapted to all your requirements, it is only necessary to exhort you to embrace His salvation. Thank God the only fitness required to procure His favor is, that you already feel your need of Him; your lost condition without Him; your desire to be saved; your inability to save yourself. To you therefore is the encouragement, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.' Whosoever cometh thus, with a sense of his need, and a desire for deliverance He will in no ways cast out. Though your coming be with weakness and fear, still it is coming, and therefore will obtain his favor; for He is a strong hold in the day of trouble, and knows them that trust in Him. A. B.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE REASONABLE SACRIFICE.

When some read or hear of the troublesome and sometimes costly sacrifices which the Jews were required by God perpetually to make to Him, do you not feel thankful, my young readers, that the offering which the Almighty hath required since the sacrifice of our blessed Saviour, (offered up once for all) is that of the heart and life, rather than of animals or birds? Our heavenly Father requires us to "offer and present unto Him, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto Him." (Communion Service.) This sacrifice is not by the death of brute beasts, but by living according to His holy law, and right reason. You know that when offerings were once set apart to God, they ceased to belong to him who had owned them; so should we offer up our immortal souls to Him who made us, and who is ever most ready to redeem us. If God by His holy Spirit graciously enable us so

to offer our hearts and souls, our lives will be happy, and our deaths will but introduce us to life eternal. You have read, perhaps, of that nobleman (Wolsey) who, when he came to die, exclaimed, in agonies of remorse—"Had I but served my heavenly as I have served my earthly Master, He would not have left me alone and in misery, in my grey hairs." Another is said to have uttered in the horrors of approaching dissolution—"It is impossible for me to express the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! every doubt wears the face of horror. Great God! how have I employed myself! what enchantment has held me! I have been treasuring up dust and sporting myself with the wind." If you would avoid their horrid doubts, shun also their former carelessness about heavenly things, and give to God your heart—your soul—love Him—as your Bible and the catechism teach—with all your soul and with all your strength."

I would readily urge on you the importance—the delight and the everlasting benefit of early dedication of yourself to God, but you would probably prefer reading the following excellent lines from an American paper—to which I have made some alterations, that you might more readily understand, and (with God's blessing) profit by them. All—especially you who are about to be confirmed, or who present yourselves at the Holy Sacrament, consider well that it is the heart which God requires from each of us, and which confers the value on our offerings to Him who giveth us all we possess. "My Father! take my heart, such as it is, and make it such as it should be—take possession of it, and set up Thy throne in it."

"MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."
23 Prov. 26.

How grateful, Lord, my heart should be,
For ev'ry gift of thine,
For light and love diffused by Thee,
To bless both me and mine!
Sweet as the hamlet's friendly ray,
To wanderers through the night,
Thus sweetly o'er my erring way,
Thy mercy smiled in light.

What offering shall my soul prepare,
Will gold and incense please?
Will flow'rs delight whose balmy air,
Perfumes the grateful breeze?
Will bounteous streams or oceans blue
Which circle southern isles,
Or nature's gems—the kindly dew,
Or spring's delightful smiles?

Lord! all these glorious gifts are Thine,
'Twas Thou didst paint the rose,
And hung on high the clouds which shine,
At evening's purple close:
The stars which stretch their boundless maze,
And reach Thy glorious throne,
Reflect through all their wondrous ways,
The hand of Thee alone,

Lord! thou hast named the sacred prize,
Which we must freely give,
A gift e'en thou wilt not despise—
The heart by which we live.
Oh! make that heart Thy dwelling place,
Thy temple and Thy throne,
And Thou shalt all its stains efface,
Because 'twill be Thine own.

Accept the gift for all things bright,
Its living thoughts attend,
The bloom of flow'ers, the diamond's light,
With them their beauty blend;
And may we through those thoughts behold
Thy grace and glory beam,
As fountains flow o'er sands of gold,
Which sparkle through the stream.

It must be thine—its deep recess
With such affection glows,
As man can neither prize nor bless—
But God, our Father, knows.
Then let us like that Indian tree
Whose branches bend to earth,
Rest all our hopes and thoughts on Thee—
For Thou didst give them birth.

For the Colonial Churchman.
Messrs Editors,—The following is an answer to the Riddle in your paper of the 20th ultimo.—
When faithful Abraham of old
Stretch'd out his hand to slay his son,
His faith and works were fully prov'd,
And with united beauty shrou'd. E.