

a substitute had been procured, Isaac must have been slain; so unless Christ the blessed Lamb of God had died as your substitute, you must have been eternally slain.

You all know something about Christ, and this is a very important part of your knowledge of Christ—that he was once a little boy like any of you; but he was a holy child—completely holy. Samuel, Jeremiah, and John the Baptist were holier than any of you in their youth, but not so holy as Jesus. These all sinned in thought, word, and deed, but Jesus never sinned. He did no sin, neither was any guile found in his mouth. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Jesus spent a great part of his time in performing the duties of children, and it is recorded of him that he was subject to his parents, and grew in favour with God and man. Imitate Jesus, and pray to be like him when he was a boy. We have said boys and girls may be in the city of God—that is, may be converted, changed in heart and life from the condition in which they once were, or from that in which other children now are. How many of you are thus converted? Twenty or ten, or how many? O! Remember that none but converted boys and girls are in the city of God. I have seen converted boys and girls in Canada, and a most delightful sight it was. How did I discover their heavenly character? By their intense interest manifested in our spiritual conversation around their hearth. When I spoke to them about their farm, crops, and cattle, they paid but little attention; all continued to ply their several domestic duties; but the moment I began the soul-stirring story of redeeming love, and enumerated some of the glorious effects and blessed fruits of the constraining love of Christ, a group encircled me in respectful attention, to hear of the self-sacrificing labours of missionaries preaching Christ in heathen lands, in the piercing

cold of Siberia, and the scorching heat of India, as well as in those remote regions where savage men eat the flesh and drink the blood of their fellows; and last, but not least, to hear of the pious father who, though oppressed with poverty and the fatigues of the day's incessant toil, nevertheless assembles his little flock around him for family worship; and all these, traced up to their divine source in the everlasting love of God, as seen in the counsels of eternity, and the gift of his Son to save them, and they sang the following anthem sweeter than angels could sing:—

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my load,
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,

Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page,
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,

Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughter of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over my soul,
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu: 'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me I trembl'd to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free—
Jehovah Tsidkenu was all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield.

Even treading the valley—the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath,
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

How many of you are still unconverted? Ah, poor boys and girls who are unconverted, you are not yet within the precincts of the blessed city that is full of boys and girls playing in its streets. Are you not concerned about your eternal safety, and