

THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

DECEMBER, 1859.

"I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—*Psalms 137, v. 5.*

Sermon,

By the Rev. Thomas Talloch, A. M., Pugwash.
"Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—*Romans XII., 15.*

It has justly been considered a striking proof of the divine origin of our most holy religion, that it recommends and adopts itself, not only to man in all circumstances and in every phase of his existence, but exclusively to his better nature—to the nobler and purer, and loftier instincts of his being. Not only are there no physical obstacles to its progress, not only may it embrace within its influence, Jew and Gentile, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, but it is to what is good, and to what is good alone in the heart of each, that it appeals, and it is what is good, and what is good alone, which it seeks to enforce and stimulate. Unlike every other false and heathen system, it does not propagate by allying itself with the base and the carnal propensities, by rendering burdens and lasciviousness and credulity and avarice, subservient to its interests. It panders to no appetite, it gratifies no mere secular taste, promises no heaven filled with sensual joys. Human nature, though a ruin, still retains traces of its former splendor, and it is these traces, faint, and blurred and heaped round with rubbish though they are, which it is the province and the boast of Christianity to renovate and adorn. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," these, it is designed to refresh and strengthen; while on what is false,

what is unjust, what is dishonest, what is impure, what is unseemly, what is of evil report, it wages an incessant and unrelenting war.

It is one of the native and one of the most amiable impulses in man, that he is a sympathizing being. Formed for society, he feels with his fellow-men. Not more surely does the ship, when, under full sail, she strikes on a sunken reef, respond to the shock in every spar and timber of her frame, from keel to topmasts, then does the universal human heart thrill in all its recesses to the sudden access of calamity or joy. We are so constituted that we cannot behold suffering without sorrow, gladness without pleasure. The emotion which fills one human heart, flows out with all the suddenness and subtilty and force of electricity into another and another and another, until the feeling of a whole community is as that of one man. How often in the history of the world, have whole nations been animated but by a single sentiment—how frequently have the utterances of the orator been an inspiration and a power among millions—a word of truth, a thing of beauty, are they not joys forever! We cannot appreciate, we cannot read a book unless we can also sympathize with the author—we fail to impress an audience, unless we are impressed ourselves—every where, in every relation of life, in our daily intercourse with our fellow men, we invite, and in a great measure depend upon sympathy. He who feels most earnestly, is he who will excel, who will command the widest influence. The most gifted speaker, is the man of keenest susceptibilities; the best poet, is he who has loved nature so well that he has discerned and can sympathize with his