

less He made my cause His own. No fee was required to secure this all powerful advocate with God. He gave the precious services of His intercession without money and without price. I needed a righteousness. My filthy rags were not 'presentable' at His Father's court. He offered me a righteousness complete and gratuitous. I needed a surety, for I was without credit before God. He became my surety; pledging to me a grace that has proved all-sufficient for my sorest, sharpest hours of trial. I needed a new heart.—His converting power wrought the blessed change.

III. Jesus is the very friend for adversity.—Among men, prosperity makes friends; adversity tries them. Let the blaze of success flood me and mine, and there will be plenty of butterflies to flutter in the warmth. My house will not lack guests, or my table occupants. I shall be most readily recognized in the street—even by near-sighted people. But let the sudden drought of poverty parch away the herbage, and the hungry herd will decamp and leave me to the faithful few who care more for me than for my provender.—Prosperity fills the garden—not always with the choicest growths; adversity weeds it.

In blessed contrast with human treachery and inconstancy, stands the fidelity of our Redeemer, The darker my lot, the closer to me draweth my "Elder Brother," Let bereavement come; let persecution for the truth's sake, let reproach and honourable poverty come, and Christ is sure to come too. He is the "brother born for adversity." He can be toughed with the feeling of our infirmities, for He too was a man of sorrows. He knows what an aching heart and a weary head mean, for He had not where to lay His own blessed head during that long pilgrimage of love. He knows what unkindness means, for He too "came unto His own, and His own received Him not."—Who can comfort like Jesus? What oil so healing to the raw, open wound, which calamity inflicts, as the balm of Christ's consolation. And when in the damps of the valley of the death-shadow every flickering lamp of human philosophy has gone out, He walks by our side with the light that grows brighter as we near the dark river. "Lo! I am with you always!" is the sweet assurance that bushes our fears and puts to flight our anxieties. "Lo! I am with you," quiets us as the mother's lullaby quiets the frightened child in the cradle. We fall asleep with the blessed assurance in our ear; we wake up in heaven, and find ourselves for ever with the Lord! Our friend upon earth is our companion in eternity.

"For ever with the Lord!

Amen; so let it be,

Life from the dead is in that word;

'Tis immortality."

T. L. Cuyler.

For the Good News.

BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE.

Mark v. 36.

The simple truth of Jesus,
O! trembling sinner hear;
It is the truth that frees us,
And quells desponding fear.
Our sins are great, searched out and known
But Christ is mighty to atone.
Be not afraid, only believe.

His love on earth was boundless;
In glory 'tis the same;
The sinner's fears are groundless,
While Jesus is his name.
His darling attribute is love,
It shineth high the rest above.
Be not afraid, only believe.

His death was all availing
To save and justify,
His pleading's all prevailing,
Before the throne on high,
For sin he hung on Calvary's hill,
For sinner's intercedeth still.
Be not afraid, only believe.

The Righteous Branch was broken,
The Rock of Ages cleft,
An earnest, and a token
Of ev'ry other gift.
And now the call's to all that hear,
Ho! ye that thirst! to God draw near.
Be not afraid, only believe.

With golden fruit is bending
The plant of God's reman, ^{remains}
Heaven's manna is descending,
Yea, now, 'tis coming down.
Arise and feast, on Angel's food,
Oh! taste and see that God is good.
Be not afraid, only believe.

Why wring thy heart with anguish?
Why drink the cup of gall?
Why will ye sit and languish,
While Jesus died for all?
"Come" is the invitation still,
"Come now, yea whosoever will,
Be not afraid, only believe.

X. Y. Z.

Toronto, March, 1862.

Fly, sinner, fly! God help thee to fly!
Hark hear the word of the Lord! ^{See}
The world consumed, the Avenger at thy
heels! Before to-morrow you may be
damned for ever!—Whitfield.