

to all good, a perfect man in a perfect world. Such is the goal to which the Gospel leads, the crown it will bestow. And when that goal is reached it will be seen that everything from first to last is due to God; all is from Him and all is for Him. (Heb. ii. 10.) There will be no glory for man. All will be for God's glory, and God's glory will be not in His power or wisdom or riches, but in His mercy and grace. (Exod. xxxii. 18, 19, xxxiv. 6, 7; Jer. ix. 23, 24; 2 Cor. x. 17.)

CATECHISM LESSON.

THE CREED—"He ascended into Heaven."

Here is a grand truth for our consideration—that Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, who came from heaven to take our nature upon Him, to suffer, die, and rise again—has returned to the right hand of God the Father in Heaven, where he still wears our nature at the throne of God. Heb. ix. 24; Rom. viii. 54.

Thus a *Man* has been found who can enter into the very presence of the holy God, John iii. 13. This was the important question raised when man sinned and fell, Gen. iii. 8-10, 24: this is the question that calls for a reply in every anxious heart, Micah vi. 6; this was the question long ago proposed by the Holy Spirit of God, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" Ps. xxiv. 3.

Thus a *Priest* has been found who can enter the Holy of Holies, Exod. xxx. 10; Heb. ix. 7; and no longer is Satan able to resist Him, Zech. iii. 1-8; Rom. viii. 33, 34. In the work of the high priest in the tabernacle and temple, God had taught his people to look for the accomplishment of this truth, Lev. xvi.; and at length Christ, laying aside His garments of glory and beauty, Exod. xxviii. 2; Phil. 2, 7; and putting on the ephod of humanity, Lev. xvi. 4; Phil. ii. 8; went with his own blood into heaven, Heb. ix. 11, 12.

Thus a *Ruler* has been found to sit on the throne and dispense the blessings of heaven, Isa. ix. 6, 7. God had taught His people long ago that such an One should come, in the typical history of Joseph humiliated and exalted, Phil. ii. 5-11; see Gen. xxxvii. xlii., etc. Pharaoh said, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou." So "the Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at my right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool," Ps. cx. 1. See 1 Cor. xv. 25.

"And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

I. Two things are here asserted concerning the POSITION of Jesus in Heaven.

1. *He sitteth*.—Aaron was always represented as standing: his work was never complete. *Sitting*, the position of rest, shows Christ's work to be a finished work, Heb. x. 11-13. But we also read of Christ *standing* in heaven to show that he is always ready to come to the help of His people, Acts vii. 55, 56; Rev. v. 6.

2. *On the right hand*, the position of honour and authority, 1 Kings ii. 19; Mark xiv. 62. For all power is given unto Jesus, Eph. i. 19-23.

II. Three things are taught in the Scriptures concerning the WORK of Jesus in Heaven.

1. *He is the King exalted to give gifts unto men*, Ps. lxxviii. 18; Eph. iv. 9-15: the gift of repentance, Acts v. 31;—of pardon, Col. i. 14;—of faith, Eph. ii. 8;—of eternal life. Rom. vi. 23; above all, the gift of the Comforter, John xiv. 26; xv. 26; xvi. 7; Acts i. 4-8; ii. 33.

2. *He is the Advocate, exalted to intercede for us*, 1 John ii. 1; Heb. vii. 25. This is typically set forth in Exod. xxviii. 12, 21-30.

3. *He is the Forerunner, exalted to prepare a place for us*, Heb. vi. 20; John xiv. 2; Rev. xxi. 2. We must be made meet for the inheritance he is preparing, Col. i. 12.

Christ is thus in Heaven for us, Heb. iv. 14; 1 Pet. iii. 22. Let us therefore "in heart and mind thither ascend." Collect for Ascension Day, Col. iii. 1-4.

Children's Corner.

LEAVES NOT THE LIFE.

"Grandpa what can you be doing," inquired Gerald, coming toward grandpa, with a face full of amused astonishment; "what can you be doing?"

"I am making a gooseberry bush for you," replied grandpa, composedly: "I noticed you liked the ripe gooseberries, when you were at Pemberton Lodge, last week, and I think you would like a bush of your own."

"But, grandpa," began Gerald, looking very

hard at grandpa, and thinking very hard in trying to decide if he was joking, or had quite gone crazy—"grandpa, gooseberry bushes grow; they are not made."

"It pleases me to make this one. All the rest may come as they please," replied grandpa, pinning a leaf here and there to a tall, dry brier, which he had previously planted firmly in a large pot.

"How do you like your gooseberry bush?" Gerald did not wish to hurt grandpa's feelings, but what could he say? He looked at the pretended bush, and at grandpa's face, and was perplexed, for grandpa appeared heartily in earnest in the work of trying to make the bush.

"It cannot have berries on it," he replied evasively.

"It cannot, pray tell me why?" inquired grandpa seeming to be astonished as he drew off a little way to admire his bush, and to glance at Gerald.

"Because, grandpa, it has no life."

Grandpa folded his arms across his breast; he gave a little push up to the glasses astride of his nose; he looked so inquiringly at Gerald, that Gerald felt obliged to add: "Dead bushes do not bear berries."

"How do you know it is dead? You say hard things of a fresh, green bush. See the leaves. Why boy, your grandpa knows that a dead bush does not bear berries, but look, don't you think he has given it life?"

"It will not stay fresh and green, grandpa; you only put on its leaves; you did not put any life in it," said Gerald, gravely, more and more perplexed by grandpa's uncomfortable notion about the bush.

"Will not the green leaves bring it life?" said grandpa; "what is the life of the bush if such beautiful green leaves are not its life?"

"Grandpa dear, you are only hoaxing me: I believe you know it is the sap. The sap makes the leaves grow, and shows that the bush is alive, but the leaves do not make the sap."

Grandpa laid down the leaf and pin: he did no more toward making a bush; he drew Gerald close to him, and laid his hand upon his head, and gave a long pleased look in his face, as he asked: "And you think all those beautiful fresh leaves do not give life to this bush?"

"No grandpa; they never can."

"And suppose they have grown on the bush, what then?"

"Oh, then we would know that the bush was alive."

"Why? if the leaves are not the life of the bush how would you know any better about it if it had leaves of its own?"

Gerald considered.

"I think, grandpa, that the leaves only show that the bush is alive; they do not make it alive."

"Can a bush without leaves be alive?"

"Yes, sir; if I cut off all the leaves of my bushes in the garden they would still be alive."

"Can a bush grow without sap?"

"No, sir; the sap makes it grow."

"But if the bush has sap—that is life—how about the leaves?"

"It will put out leaves, of course, grandpa if it has life."

"Now Gerald," said grandpa, very earnestly, this world may be compared to a garden: every boy and girl, and man and woman in it may be called one of God's plants: what is the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones?"

"What a funny notion, grandpa; I do not believe I know what you mean."

"What is the difference between a real Christian and a make-believe Christian?"

"Real Christians are good, and the make-believes only seem to be good: is that it grandpa?"

"That is right so far it goes, but the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones is that the living ones grow and bear leaves and fruit, while the dead ones have the leaves pinned on."

"Grandpa! what a funny, funny notion."

"The leaves and fruit of God's plants are their works; and boy, many plants, not really living plants of God, have leaves and fruit of a certain kind, but they are dead leaves. Can you tell me why?"

Gerald thought a minute. The lesson he had been taught flashed upon his mind with a new light.

"Grandpa," he said, "do you mean that living plants must have God's Spirit, and that works without God's Spirit are dead?"

Grandpa smiled. "You are right, boy; even dead plants often have leaves and fruit which do not grow from the living power of God's Holy Spirit, which come from outside influences, and are like good, green leaves pinned upon a dry, dead stem. The leaves and fruit, you see, are not the life; the Spirit of God in the heart is the real life, just as the sap in the plant is its life."

"Grandpa, why did you ever try to make a gooseberry bush?" inquired Gerald, looking at the result of grandpa's effort.

"I tried to make it, boy, because I wanted you to remember for the rest of your life that leaves are not the life—that works never make a Christian—but that good works, the leaves of God's plants, must grow by the influence of his Holy Spirit, or they are like dead leaves pinned on; for good works are not the life, they are only the consequence of life. What kind of a plant do you wish to be—a plant with a few leaves pinned on, or a living plant, sending out green leaves and sweet fruit, because God's Spirit has made you a living plant?"

Gerald whispered his answer in grandpa's ear, and grandpa smoothed back his hair and smiled, and taking his hand walked out to the bright sunshiny and fresh air, leaving the dead bush, with its false leaves, while he enjoyed the beauty and fragrance of the living plants holding up such sweet, contented faces in the living garden toward the brightness overhead.

GOD COUNTS.—A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one.

His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

"You are right," he replied; "God does count, for the Bible says that 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

"WHO STOLE THE CHURCH BELL."

This startling question naturally brings to mind the old college days of many readers of this paper, when the "boys" used to climb into the belfry at night (the faculty being asleep,) and remove the clapper from the bell so that it should not ring to wake them at six o'clock in the morning. But the exclamation made by Brother Smith, a member of the church living about four miles away, who, coming into the village, looked at his church and then up to the tower where a new bell had rung for the first time the Sunday before. Seeing the bell was not in its place, he naturally (thinking of old college days,) exclaimed: "Deacon! who stole the Church Bell; I don't see it in its place!"

Deacon.—"No one stole the Bell, Brother Smith. But when it was rung for the first time last Sunday, the tone of the Bell was not a perfect tone. Its vibrations and sound were very dull, and although purchased from a foundry that for many years has been noted for its bells, we decided to return it to them as unsatisfactory, and it was sent back."

Bro. Smith.—"But are we not to have a Bell? Must we do without a Bell because those manufacturers who depends upon the reputation made by others, can not give satisfaction?"

Deacon.—"Oh, no! the Board have now ordered one of the 'Silver Tone' Baltimore Bells, made by J. Register & Sons, Baltimore, Md., and from what I learn of the great number of these Bells in our vicinity and throughout the entire county, I am satisfied we have at last found the place to get a good Church Bell and would recommend any church desiring a satisfactory Bell, to address the Baltimore Bell Foundry before deciding so important a matter as the procuring of a good Bell."