

every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess that he is Lord of all. He who was insulted on earth with the purple of a mock royalty, is now exalted on the throne of heaven, and he will return to judge this world where he was despised and rejected.

Again look, at what we call the religion of Jesus Christ, how small and feeble its beginnings, how unlikely, even as a root out of dry ground, ever to become great and notable. One hundred and twenty persons assembling in an obscure upper chamber, with no leaders but eleven men of their own humble order, unlettered and private persons—what could these accomplish, with the wealth, and learning, and power of the world against them? The church was but a very tender plant, and seemed incapable of outliving the storm, which the powers of darkness raised around it again and again. The onlooker could predict for it nothing but speedy destruction. But, contrary to all human probabilities, it lived and grew, till it became a mighty tree, under whose branches myriads of men have sought shelter, and of whose fruit they have partaken to their soul's life and joy.

Looking at the matter still more closely, what could be so unlikely as that the shameful death endured on the accursed tree should become a fountain of life to the world? The idea of good educed from evil was familiar to men; pain turned into pleasure, and the bitter into sweet, disappointment overruled to promote the end which it seemed to frustrate—such ideas were familiar to observant and thoughtful men. But eye had not seen nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive, that life should give itself to die to bring death back to life; that the worst death which human hands could inflict, the most painful and ignominious which human sufferer could endure, should be the ground and source of eternal life to sinners. Believers in Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God, could cling to the hope that notwithstanding his death he was the Son of God. But that not in spite of his death, but by means of it, he should save the world, and fill heaven with the saved, was, even to believers in him, such an improbability that it never entered their thoughts. And yet this is the truth. He died that we might live, and through his death a multitude which no man can number are already in possession of eternal life.

We see now what was meant when it

was foretold that the Saviour, that wondrous person who was to divide the spoil with the strong, and by whose knowledge many were to be justified, should grow up in the presence of and in the judgment of the Jewish nation as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground. He was unattractive to their blind eyes, even as such a root is to the traveller. And of his ever becoming great and mighty there was as little apparent probability as that a feeble, shrivelled sapling in a desert place should ever become a fruitful and wide-spreading tree.

But it is our joy to know that in both respects the judgment formed of him was not in accordance with truth. And now we preach Christ unto you, the wisdom of God and the power of God to the salvation of the lost. We call you away from your pleasures and your ambitions, your toils, your merchandise, your studies, your gains, to contemplate the Son of God, to see his Divine beauty, to adore his Divine majesty, and to cast yourselves on his Divine mercy. If you have eyes to see, we ask you to look on the face of the Son of man, and confess that there you see the brightness of the divine glory. If you have ears to hear, we ask you to listen, and you will hear a still small voice of love and tender compassion which will make you feel that it is the voice of God. If you have a heart to sorrow or to joy, we ask you to study the reason of that death which was endured on the cross of Calvary, and you will find that he who suffered it could have saved himself if he had only chosen to let this world be lost.

For love of us he bled,
For love of us he died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And pierced his sacred side."
—Sunday at Home.

"WAIT, CHRISTIAN, WAIT!"

"Wait till it is a little darker, and then you'll see the stars."

Till deeper shadows lie upon thy spirit:
Wait till some dearer member of thy household band—

Perchance thy loved companion—
Depart to join those gone before, [veil,
And then a Father's hand will draw aside the
'And thou wilt see the stars!'

And wait, thou man of hoary hairs!
Thy heart is weary, and thy step is slow;
Shades of life's evening darken round thy path,
And still thou'rt waiting till thy summons come.

Wait till the skies a little darker grow,
'And thou shalt see the stars!'