

HOLY SEASON OF ADVENT.

THE Advent of the Redeemer, the Coming of the Saviour, what holy thoughts and pious affections and good purposes must it not awaken in the soul! It is the event of events, the central fact of the universe, the pivot on which the world's history hinges. The Creator becomes a creature, God comes in person to dwell in His own creation, *leaping o'er the mountains, skipping o'er the hills*, to find "his delights among the children of men." Kings desired to see His day, patriarchs sighed for it, prophets saluted it afar off, Abraham saw it and was glad, and yet it was only through the mists of time in the shadows of the remote dawn that but dimly announced the Sun of Justice.

Geologists, who make a study of the earth's crust, tell us that the present condition of the globe, which makes it a fit habitation for man, is the outcome of cycles of change, of moulding and remoulding, of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals, of rising and sinking, of flood and stagnant deposit. So the history of the world for four thousand years, the wanderings of tribes, the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of empires, the triumphant marches of conquerors, all led up to the central fact of history, to the crib and manger of Bethlehem. It was only God's preparation of the world for the advent of its Redeemer. Men seem to be making history, but like the busy myriads in the ant-hill, they are only bringing about the fulfillment of the designs of the Almighty Ruler. "*When the fulness of the time was come, God*