

Rev. W. Hare, A. B., of Blackrock, Ireland. I thought the article might be blessed to some of your readers ; and that it may be so is the prayer of your's affectionately, W. G.

"My brethren, this trust in the Lord, which we have been inculcating on you, is both our duty and our happiness.

"It is our duty, because God enjoins it on us ; and he deserves it, since he unites infinite wisdom and power to a boundless love for all those that put their trust in him. To give our confidence to any other being than God, is to say, that that being is more wise or more powerful, or more loving than God. It is by a natural consequence to give it in our hearts the place of God ; for the being to whom we give our confidence, is also the being to whom we give our heart—the being whom we fear above all things to lose, and which becomes our God. *Where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.* If it be upon our riches, our talents, our knowledge, our prudence, or any creature, that we rest our hopes, that being, on which we make our happiness depend, will be our treasure ; and there will our heart be also. Hence Jeremiah says of the man who *trusteth in man, that his heart departeth from the Lord.*

This is just what happened by the revolt of our first parents : man seduced by the declaration of Satan, *'Ye shall be as Gods,* chose to listen to his own wisdom, instead of trusting to what God had told him ; he left his own place to take that of God ; and from that time, in all ages, he has more or less openly worshipped himself ; he has, as the Scripture saith, *sacrificed to his own net, and burnt incense to his own drag.* Read the works, listen to the conversation of the unregenerate who are still in rebellion against God ; they breathe nothing but the idolatry of a man who admires himself in his own works, and who, as the Scripture saith, *bows down before the work of his own hands.* They boast of man, of his wisdom, his industry, his dignity, and his strength ; they seek no succour for human ills, but from human means ; in a word, they raise not their views above the earth. Some notion of God may indeed remain, but it is easy to perceive that it is merely a form. The unregenerate man, to speak plainly, leaves to God the titles, but reserves to himself the honor and the confidence, which belong to Jehovah alone. But what does the Gospel do when it brings man back to his God, and rescues him from his rebellion ? It restores him to his proper place by taking away from him all confidence in himself. It makes him acquainted with his absolute misery, that being freed from the

delusions of pride, and feeling that without Christ he can do nothing, he may be led to put *his faith and hope in God*, and live to bless and to love him who hath given him *everlasting consolation and good hope through grace.* From that moment God resumes his place in the heart of man, for God becomes his all, by becoming his hope. From that moment his rebellion against God ceases, because the heart cannot be in rebellion against him in whom it trusts. Thus are explained and justified the blessings promised to him who trusts in the Lord, and the maledictions denounced against the man who puts his confidence in any other than him.

We have said that trust in the Lord is our happiness as well as our duty. Is it possible to be happy while we trust not in God, while we depend on the strength or wisdom of man and make flesh our arm ? If you saw a place full of sharp spikes where there was only a spot here and there on which you might with great circumspection tread without being wounded, would you feel easy if you saw a weak and ignorant child obliged to walk in that dangerous path ? And would you not tremble for him if you saw him entering on such a perilous expedition in dependence on his own wisdom and strength ? Alas ! we are like that feeble child ; we walk in a path, where we meet at every step innumerable dangers both to the body and also to the soul. How then can we have a heart at ease if we walk in it, trusting to ourselves ?

Shall we be at peace while we imagine that our temporal interests depend upon the elements, the seasons, on public or private events, on the good or ill-will of others whose interests may be connected with or opposed to our own ; while we make our own existence, or that of beings who are dear to us, our lot or theirs, to depend upon a thousand circumstances independent of our will, in the midst of which we are of necessity obliged to walk ? Can we, unless we be the deluded victims of pride or of improvidence, have a moment's peace, while we travel the difficult path of life in reliance on ourselves ? Is it surprising that some persons have lost their reason on seeing their plans in a moment destroyed, their enterprises disconcerted, and the beings whom they cherished snatched from them by death ; seeing their human supports fail and the future presenting them with the prospect of a thousand misfortunes which they were enabled to ward off ? And to take a particular example, what can be the peace of a father or a mother when they see their beloved child, the son of their fondest affections, laid upon a bed of suffering, and struggling with disease, if they make his life depend upon the skill and penetration, more or less, of a physician, or upon a possible