

of the Divine love, whence alone great and noble natures are ever nurtured. When Adam entered life, the *earth* was glad and jubilant; when Christ was born, the joy was testified by Angels, and the anthem sounded from the *sky*. The "first man" subdued the physical world; the last man won the immortal heaven.

LOVE OF THE MASTER.

BY REV. C. A. BARTOL.

BEHOLD the Master as he is and walks in the gospel; mark his calmness amid persecution; consider his silence to hostile accusation; behold his compassionate bending over the bed of sickness and the bier of death; see him kneel in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and he himself drink the cup which he by prayer and power removed from other lips; and then survey that last funeral procession, in which he first stooped to bear the cross of wicked judgment on which he was afterwards to be stretched; and, oh! you must love him. All, of every name, must love him alike, with the very same, the only possible love with which God has fashioned or ever enables the human heart to beat. For what particular in the wonderful scene, from his manger or to his sepulchre, is varied by a jot or tittle with your varying opinions and contradictory schemes? What opinions or schemes could have the gigantic and infinite force required for such an alteration? What feature, from that great moral creation of his existence, can you erase by your speculations, any more than you could the globe-girdling chains of the ever-