

tenance of the Father. Truly may He then say amidst His wants of human sympathy and compassion, "yet I am not alone because the Father is with me." He dearly loved His kind, and delighted in their love, and gratitude, and company. Still He had to traverse regions unknown to them, when He had to say, "I am alone." Happy, however, yea, thrice happy must He have felt when from the very centre of the wilderness He could look up and exclaim, "yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." In fine, His two-fold experience is felt to a certain degree by the disciples of Jesus, because they have to tread the blood-stained path of His example. In their journey they are often called upon to do and suffer alone—apart from their fellow-travellers. In illustration of this you have only to look at the Christian in one or two aspects. When, for instance, the soul is laden with the deep conviction of sin and unworthiness, alone must it go to God with whom there is mercy to pardon and grace to help in time of need. Alone is it, again, when doubts and fears and misgivings cast their gloom over it. Amidst the surrounding darkness it is unconscious of any human companion. And the same thing is true of man in some respects, as a worker in God's vineyard. We who believe are in duty bound to advance the cause of the Redeemer. As we engage in this enterprise in the capacity of minister, or communicant, or member of a congregation, we will often be called upon to do and suffer alone. How much more especially the servant of God who is called upon to engage in the work of pastor and preaches to do and suffer alone? With the great responsibility of his office, with a sense of his own unworthiness and inability to discharge his duty, pressing upon heart and spirit what a feeling of loneliness often gathers round his soul! Hence his need of the prayers, and sympathy, and forbearance and considerations of his people! Give him these and you give me what cannot be weighed in scales or measured by line, yet they shall bring courage to his heart, hope to his soul, and strength to his arm. O, that people realized the good that these bring to their minister! Still these are not enough. He needs something higher and better. He needs the sympathy and companionship of the Father. When a sense of isolation from human aid presses upon him and sends to his lips the cry "I am alone," blessed is he if with the next breath he can say, "yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me."

Again:—One side of this experience is felt by sinner as well as by saint, by unbeliever as well as by believer. The sinner feels, too, the pain of isolation. He experiences moments when he finds himself alone. True, they come to him more rarely than to the christian. And it is because his soul seldom rises above the common cares and pleasures, joys and sorrows of the world. It never as-

cends to the sanctuary above, where the world's din disturbs not the song nor the world's dust defiles the robes of the worshippers. Still moments of loneliness comes to souls steeped in selfishness and worldliness. When the wings of their ambition are broken and their flight stopped—when their schemes of gain and pleasure are blown upon—when losses and disappointments makes heart ready to pant and flesh to fail—when they stand middle-deep amidst the leaves of their cherished forests, there an awful sense of utter loneliness gathers around them. The creatures in which they trusted are gone or lie powerless at their side. And such a state as this is in an awful sense their's in the hour of death. How lonely is the dying! Weeping relatives and sympathizing friends surround the death-bed, yet the sufferer is beyond their aid. The sands of life are nearly run out. The grasp of death is upon him. In that awful moment he is alone. And as the unpardoned soul leaves the body he floats away alone on the sea of eternity, and to his call for help the only answer is the awakened echo of its own wistful, despairing cry. God forbid! that any of us should experience that loneliness.

To the christian there comes in the hour of death a sense of loneliness too. He is then alone. Friends accompany him to death's gate, but there they are met by a stern voice saying, thus far and no further. But the great difference between the christian's and sinner's separation from human sympathy is in that lonely hour the christian can say "I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

May God give to us of the riches of His mercy and grace, so that when we die bereaved friends and relatives may hear our voice breaking the stillness of the valley of the shadow of death and the loneliness of the place by the words "I am not alone, for the Father is with me!"

\*Matthew ix, 34.

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#### The Queen's Book.

For the sake of those of our readers who have not an opportunity of seeing the Queen's "Life in the Highlands," we cull a few extracts:

HER MAJESTY'S appreciation of Scottish preaching may be judged from the following:

"OCTOBER 29, 1854.

"We went to Kirk as usual at 12 o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman M'Leod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. M'Leod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night: St. John, chapter 3. Mr. M'Leod showed in the sermon how we all