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"IF I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—*Ps. 137, v. 5.*

Sermon,

By the late Rev. John Livingston, Minister of Dundee, C. W.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1.

Hope, in Scripture language, is called the "anchor of the soul," and fitly so. As the anchor holds the vessel firm to her moorings amidst the furious blasts that blow over her, and the billows that rise in mountain surges around her, so does hope keep the soul firm and heroic amid all the troubles and disappointments of life. Hope makes cheerful, and incites to action. The private soldier volunteers his service in defence of his country, but his heart is full of hope, and hence his mind is not entirely confined within that comparatively narrow circle that circumscribes his monotonous duties: it aspires, it surveys a wider range. Hope is high in his bosom, and hence it infuses a peculiar vivacity into all the faculties of his soul. His imagination feasts on the sunny future,—on a day when he shall be promoted to a higher position in his country's army, and animated by this hope, he steadily and cheerfully discharges all the various duties that pertain to his humble sphere, and endures patiently all the drudgeries and privations attending the longest and severest winter campaigns. The student hopes that he may become eminent in the literary field, that his name may sound high in the annals of fame, and hence he reckons no exertion too painful, and no self-denial too great, so that he may realize his

eager wish. The pale light of the midnight lamp is seen in his chamber when all around him is buried in unconscious slumber;—he works, and perseveres in work—patiently, because hope glows in him brightly. So the Christian has his hope, and hopes not in vain; his "hope maketh not ashamed." In this world the Christian has frequently his trials severe to flesh and blood. He has often his long nights of afflictions. His impatient wail at times is, when he sees morning: "Would to God it were evening; and when it is evening, would to God it were morning." But under the severest trials of life he is not greatly moved, because he is not without hope. Weeping may continue for a night, but he knows that joy will come in the morning; that all the seemingly discordant and jarring ways of Providence will in his case soon become harmonized,—that the sharp blasts of earthly trials and afflictions will soon settle down into a glorious and everlasting calm,—that his light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will soon work out for him an exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory. His voyage over the sea of time may seem rough and stormy at times, but he knows that his Heavenly Father is at the helm, and hence, in spite of all the storms that he may have to encounter, that he will at length reach the desired haven in safety. Imminent dangers may surround him, his life may at times be in the greatest peril, death may grimly stare him in the face, but the sincere Christian is not greatly moved, for his triumphant exclamation is: "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, au