

and the wood : but where is the lamb for a burnt offering ?" O how this must have touched the good old man's heart ! Isaac had been a good son, and it was no wonder, then, if he dearly loved him. But he could not then make up his mind to tell him, and he only said—still perhaps hoping that God would spare him in the end—" My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering ; so they went both of them together."

And now Abraham built the altar, and laid the wood in order : O, did not his hands and heart tremble ! And now, perhaps, he said with a trembling voice, " My Isaac, my dearly beloved Isaac ! my son ! my own son ! my only son ! thou joy of my old age ! O, how shall I tell thee ? but I must—thou art the sacrifice and God has required it." Perhaps, too, he sobbed and ceased to speak in the midst of his grief : all this was not unlikely. But perhaps, as he had great faith in God, he shed no tear nor breathed a single sigh. He knew that all he did must be right ; at least he had much of such a spirit in him : and like Abraham, when God afflicts us we ought to say as Jesus Christ has taught us, " Thy will be done."

Isaac was a good youth. He was now about twenty years old. He had learnt to love and serve God. It does not appear that he tried one moment to resist his good old father, who was one hundred and twenty years of age. He had gone with delight to worship God and join in the sacrifice : and now he was to be the offering—he gave himself willingly up. O how must God love such obedient hearts !

Here my dear little reader, let me tell you, that through life God will require you to give up many things to him, as he did require of Abraham to give up his son. And you must learn to do it without a murmur at what he does, for he doeth all things well.

Your pious parents and teachers, who know better than you what God requires, must also be obeyed. You will never be asked to do many things not quite pleasant to your will ; but if they think your doing or not doing any thing is according to God's will, then, like good children, you will obey them as Abraham's son obeyed him.

And now " Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son."—It is enough. God has tried him. He is willing to obey his commands, but God does not want innocent blood. " And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him : for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." Now the trial was over. God had proved Abraham, and, like pure metal passed through the fire, he found him very precious. His faith had not failed.

" And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and beheld behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns : and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering, in the stead of his son."

Now you have read the history and learnt something from it. You see that when God had tried the love of Abraham, he had kindness in reserve for him after all, and spared his son. Isaac must then have been dearer to him than ever, and God for his goodness dearer to them both.

But this history reminds us of the love of God, in giving his son, his only son, for a sacrifice for us. " God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life!" " He spared not his own son, but freely gave him up for us all!" " Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." No sacrifice would do in the room of our dear Saviour, when he gave himself for us. But it was to point to his sacrifice and to show that one better than all others together, should come, by constantly reminding good men of it in times past, that Abraham and all the pious then offered sacrifice to God. And these never ceased till Jesus Christ came, who is called the " offering once for all." Then all sacrifices were over, for Jesus had bled and died for the sins of a guilty world.

We shall have occasion to return to this subject very often ; at present let us admire the faith of Abraham, and the great love of God and his Son Jesus Christ.—*Child's Commentator.*

[From the Episcopal Watchman.]

THE RESURRECTION.

The sun went down on Salem's wall,
And Judah's children sank to rest ;
Night spread around her sable pall,
And silence slept on nature's breast.
The Paschal moon in beauty reigns,
The stars have set their watch on high,
And far and wide Judea's plains
Reflect the brightness of the sky.

The Temple's walls, so dazzling white,
Which on Moriah's summit glow,
In that unclouded moon-beam's light,
Shine like a hill of purest snow.
Bright gleams the sentry's polished spear,
As to and fro he slowly treads,
Listening his own light step to hear
Upon the garden's verdant beds.

How peacefully the full-orbed moon
Looks down upon that Garden's shade,
And seems to sleep upon the tomb
Wherein the Son of God is laid !
And now " the bright and morning star"
Rises with clear and beautiful ray,
Proclaiming from her silvery car
The dawn of an all-glorious day.

As o'er the east the day-light broke,
And high and wide its glories spread,
Then our redeeming Lord awoke,
And left the mansions of the dead.
He rose victorious o'er the grave,
And triumphed o'er the hosts of hell,
Showed his Almighty power to save,
And all his enemies to quell.

Beloved Lord!—victorious King!—
Make us from sin and death to rise !
Do thee our souls and bodies bring,
A holy living sacrifice ;
And when that last dread trump shall sound,
And bid the sleeping nations wake,
May we among the saints be found,
Saved and redeemed for Jesus' sake !

DALETH.

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