

As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be.

When distressed by pain and cares,
Overwhelmed with gloomy fears;
Waves of sorrow beating round,
Where, oh! where shall peace be found?
Here, for He hath said to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

“Hath said” it, ’tis the word
Of an *all-performing* Lord;
He who “spake and it was done.”—
He who loved, and gave His Son,
Man to save,—He says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

He who dwells in dazzling light,
Mid the ranks of angels bright;
Seraphim and Cherubim
Veil their faces before Him,—
Him who sweetly says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

Now, if anxious thought arise,
Up to Him I lift mine eyes,
Casting on His mighty arm
All my care, so *naught* can harm:
I am safe,—He says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Rise, my spirit, and adore
Him who all thy sorrows bore;
Till the heaven’s gained at length,
Lean upon his arm of strength;
Life’s last morning reached, to thee,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

When wilt thou before Him come?
Dwell with Him in that bright home?
Gaze forever on His face,
Learn the riches of His grace?
Leave it, *this* enough for thee,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

CLEMENTHE.

“An admirer of Jesus Christ.”

Years ago, after I had delivered a public lecture, a man rose in the assembly and began a speech in these words—‘I am an admirer of Jesus Christ.’ The words sounded very suspiciously. — They seemed to mean—‘I am not a believer in Jesus Christ, but still I am an admirer of him.’

And I soon found that such was their real import. I availed myself of the opportunity then furnished to show how the unquestionable beauty of Christ’s character constrained his very enemies to profess admiration for it, but how admiration, if intelligent and sincere, must, to be consistent, lead a man on step by step till it ripens into faith. The following fact which is recorded in the life of the late Dr. Joseph Fletcher, of Stepney, illustrates this argument.

Called on one occasion to visit a dying sceptic, on entering the chamber he beheld the wasted form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once most painful and incurable. Dr. Fletcher commenced by some kind inquiries respecting his disease, and, after suggesting some little things calculated to soothe his pain, he alluded to the sufferings of Christ, who died for us, and gave himself a ransom for sinners; who, equal with the Father, and one with him, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that through his blood we might have peace with God. Hearing this the dying man said, ‘Sir, I don’t believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife does there: she believes all you say.’

‘Well,’ said Dr. F., ‘but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere.—What do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?’

‘Why,’ said he, ‘I believe that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all.’

‘You believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now, do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others, or a sincere man use language which must mislead?’

‘Certainly not, sir.’

‘Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, ‘I and my Father are one.’ When they took up stones to kill him, because he had made himself equal with the Father, he did not deceive them, but used language confirmatory of his Godhead; and he further said, ‘My sheep hear my voice,’ and they follow me, and I know them; and I give unto them eternal life.’ Now, could any mere man say, ‘I give