

when it says, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," but endeavouring day by day to do some strong active work in the service of his generation and to the honour and glory of God? This too, if it be done in a right spirit, is a magnifying of Christ in the body, and over that man's grave, when at last he rests in Jesus, shall be inscribed, as by the finger of Christ, that humblest yet noblest epitaph, *He served his own generation by the will of God and then fell on sleep.*

But there are yet two ways in which a Christian is sure to be called to magnify Christ in his body, besides those more common ones which have thus far been mentioned.

One of these is suffering. Every one of us has or will have something to bear, something which makes a demand upon his fortitude, upon his patience, upon his submission, upon his temper, upon his Christian charity. It may be ill health; it may be disappointment; it may be failure in his business or in his profession; it may be loss of friends; it may be compulsory solitude; it may be depression of spirits; it may be great anxiety; it may be forced inaction. It must at last, in all probability, be pain; bodily distress, ending in agony, in anguish. Now in all these things Christ may be magnified, or Christ may be dishonoured. He is dishonoured by fretfulness, by repining, by dwelling upon past happiness, by a dejection which refuses to be comforted. He is magnified by a manly and a Christian composure; by a resignation gradually brightening into cheerfulness; by a courageous hope, and by a steadfast expectation.

And then at last death has to be borne. And I need not say to any one here present, how little we the living know of that thing itself of which the name is so familiar. It is a secret thing; a thing which no man knows save by once for all passing through it himself. When it comes, as come it must, to each one of us, may we be enabled like St. Paul to magnify Christ in it. Nothing magnifies Christ like a Christian deathbed, when all murmuring and all complaining being far removed, there is a perfect submission of the will, and an entire repose of the heart, and an unquestioning assurance of the soul, all based upon what Christ has done, and upon what Christ has promised, and above all upon what Christ is. When a man can really find peace then from a tortured body and from an agitated mind, in the long-tried support and comfort of a Saviour who died for him and rose again, he pays a tribute to his greatness, and to his truth, and to his character, at once the noblest and the last. *Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.*

That it may be so in these later senses, let us set ourselves to magnify Christ in the earlier. By temperance, by pureness, and by Christian diligence, let us endeavour to show forth what he is, that others also may take knowledge of him and see his glory. And this day reminds us that there is one way, simple but real, in which, while life and health last, we ought to be magnifying Christ by our body. There is one act of worship in which the body takes part. At the Lord's Table we show forth in outward sign what our hearts

think of Christ, and what Christ is to us. Oh, let us not refuse that homage! Let us not be remiss, irregular, or intermittent, in announcing the Lord's death, not by word, but by act, until his coming again! Then, above other times, we echo those solemn, those touching words of the same apostle who speaks to us in the text, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord. and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

—*The Family Treasury.*

#### THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

O day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On Thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy,*  
To the Great *Three in One.*

On Thee, at the Creation,  
The Light first had its birth;  
On Thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On Thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven,  
And thus on Thee most glorious  
A triple Light was given.

Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise:  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,  
Where angels go and come;  
Each Sunday finds us gladder,  
Nearer to heaven, our home.  
A day of sweet reflection,  
Thou art a day of love;  
A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises,  
To Thee, blest *Three in One.*

DR. WORDSWORTH.

—*The Family Treasury.*