

THE

Presbyterian College Journal.

VOL. XIV.—MARCH, 1895.—No. 5.

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The JOURNAL is published about the first of each month from November to April inclusive, under the auspices of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

Business communication should be addressed to the Treasurer, and all other correspondence to the Editor-in-Chief. Subscription, one dollar—payable strictly in advance.

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Our Graduates' Pulpit.

A COMFORTING GOD.

A SERMON BY THE REV. E. A. MACKENZIE, B.A., CHESLEY, ONT.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah lxvi, 13.

Have you a mother—the nurse of your infancy, the companion of your childhood, the guide of your riper manhood and womanhood, your friend when all other friends proved false, one whose heart is a stranger to every other feeling but love—your own mother?

Perhaps you had a mother. Long ago you laid her in the silent grave, and the grass of many summers has grown and withered over the little mound, but to you it is still a sacred spot. There she sleeps, whose love for you, whose care over you, you are only beginning to find out—your dead mother.

Why do I ask these questions, and try to touch, though with blundering fingers, this tenderest chord in your heart?

I'll tell you why—that you may interpret the text. To do so, you do not need the help of any learned commentator, you do not need to listen to any subtle theological discussion from the pulpit. You need only think of your own mother—of her ceaseless love, of her watchful care, of her infinite patience. Think of these things, and then you have the very best exposition of this beautiful text—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The word "comfort" must be taken here not in its restricted modern sense of consolation in sorrow merely, but in its broad root-meaning of companionship with strength—help in every time of need. Did you ever notice how full the Bible is of this comfort of God?

"Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing O