

EXTRACTS.

"HIS BLOOD."

"What avails the blood of Christ?"

It avails what mountains of good works, heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer, curling up from our lips toward heaven, and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids—never could avail: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?"

"No, cleanseth us.

"Furnishes the *motive and the obligation* for us to cleanse ourselves?"

No, it *cleanseth* us.

"Cleanse us from the *desire* to sin?"

No, cleanseth us from *sin* itself.

"Cleanseth us from the sin of *inactivity* in the work of personal improvement?"

No, from *all* sin.

"But did you say the blood does this?"

Yes, the blood.

"The *doctrine* of Christ, you must mean?"

No, his *blood*.

"His *example* it is?"

No, his *blood, his blood*.

Oh! what hostility the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can anything be stated more plainly in language than the entire word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that "the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Krummacher*.

THE USE OF RICHES.—The good that is in riches lies altogether in their use. If they are not broken like the box of ointment, and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed servants, they lose their worth. Therefore the covetous man may justly write upon his rusting heaps: "These are good for nothing." St. Chrysostom tells us that, "he is not rich who lays up much," and that "it is the same thing not to have as not to use." I will, therefore, be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up. When thou, O Lord! takest the place of man, and from thy high abode where thou dwellest among the praises of the blessed, askest my charity in the persons of thy needy people, assist me to take thy place, and to give alms of such things as I have. Teach me, in giving my alms, to give my mind, to give my heart, to commit to thee, not only a little portion of my property, but also my body, my soul, my salvation.

JOSEPH ASH.

MOUNTAIN HOME,

Oshawa, 29th March, 1863.

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

share joys and sorrows. At length another, and another of his children is taken away by death; another and another tender tie is broken. Nevertheless there remains one cheering thought; altho' his children are gone from his fond, his parental embrace, *they are not lost*. He by faith can see them in the "Paradise of God." A new set of hopes and anticipations spring up. He expects to see them again far removed from this world of sorrow, sickness, disappointment, anguish and pain. A new incentive is now before him, to cheer him on to renewed diligence in the Christian life. Just now when he begins to cheer up, when he begins to feel a full resignation to the "divine will," Oh, who can tell! who can feel the sorrow, the anguish, the bitterness of the cup he is to drink off? Death! cruel death, has visited his peaceful, his happy home. What! to take another little innocent? No, but to take his best friend of earth, his bosom companion. Where is he? What is his state now? A more tender tie is broken, a deeper incision is made in his broken and tender heart. He is now deprived of his chief joy and comforter here below. That withering, terrifying word, *Alone*, must now be stamped upon him. Dear friends may be about him; friends and brethren may offer a word of consolation, administer every comfort possible, but still *Alone, Alone*, is ever there. The world loses its charms, for the dear ones that bound him to earth are gone. He looks in every direction for comfort and rest, but finds none. Often he desires to depart and be with Christ and his dear ones, which is far better than to stay here. Yet he feels to submit to the Lord's will, and amidst all these sore trials he looks up to that hand which is ever outstretched to help. He finds great relief in prayer, in sweet communion, his best, his only *Almighty* friend. The word of God is sweet to him; in this he finds comfort. It tells him, "in the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. In me you shall have peace. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am you shall be also. We know that if this house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."