

NEWFOUNDLAND Monthly Messenger.

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OUTLINES OF A SERMON.

By EDITOR

Preached in Queen's Road Chapel, Sunday evening,
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"I will praise thee, O Lord."—Psalm lx. 1.

I believe in One God, who is infinite in all his perfections—Almighty, Eternal, Benevolent, Good, and the Redeemer of the world. If I believe in Him I must praise Him, I cannot help it. There is no god ^{but} Jehovah. The worshippers of nature, of reason, of idols, do not praise their gods. Men may fear and pray to false gods, but they never praise them.

1. Let us look upon the works of His hands. See the lofty mountains, the undulating plains, the smiling valleys. Listen to the crash of the thunder, the roar of ocean, the music of the storm, and the whisper of the evening breeze. His hand is stretched out over all. It reared the cloud-capped hills, and mountains covered with eternal snow—spread the green carpet beneath our feet, and the star-bespangled heavens above our heads, hollowed out the deep of the far-sounding ocean, setting bounds to its restless waves. His hand painted all the beauties in nature, and liberally supplies every living thing with what is fitting and good. As we stand in the grand cathedral of nature listening to the loud anthem of its ten thousand voices, singing, "The hand that made us is Divine; we gladly unite and cry, I will praise Thee, O Lord." But hearken, the Eternal takes counsel with Himself and says, "Let us make man in our own image." He shall be a creature of superior excellence, adorned with reason and understanding, having dominion over the works of our hands, lord of creation, and supremely happy, covered with glory and honour." Join, ye earth-born children, in the songs of the first-born sons of God, and with the morning stars, as they shout for joy. Help us, ye angels, and praise-skilled arch-angels, to laud His power, and goodness, and wisdom, and love.

2. But, again, the Eternal takes counsel with Himself. Man is in a state of rebellion, sinful, lost, helpless. The beauty of Eden is withering, and the storm of justice is gathering, and ready to fall upon his guilty head. The Lord says, "We will go down

and save, this arm shall bring salvation. Thou, my Beloved Son, the brightness of My glory, shall be made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death. The guilt of yonder apostate race shall be laid on Thee. I give Thee for a covenant to the people." 'Tis done—the ransom's paid. There is a jubilee in heaven; the battle's fought; the victory is won; the conqueror of hell and the grave has returned. Listen to the song of the heavenly hosts—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in." Ye redeemed of Adam's race, praise God for a finished creation, but more loudly praise for finished redemption.

3. Turn over but a few pages of personal history, and see what cause for praise we shall find there, that we were born in a Christian land, of Christian parents, free from the slavery of vice and superstition, born again into the family of heaven and walking in communion with God, sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise and the blood-mark of Calvary on our souls, our faces Zionward, our names in the Lamb's book of life, a foretaste of heaven granted while we are yet on the earth. Think of these things, and say, have we not reason to exclaim, "I will praise Thee, O Lord?"

Glance at the records of but one short year—the year that is past. Are they not full of proofs of God's love and personal regards for us. Contrast our state with that of many others.

Yonder the scourge of war is felt, desolating once happy homes.

Yonder two millions of human beings are without shelter or sufficient clothing in the cold winter night.

Yonder the pit has closed on husbands, fathers, and sons.

Yonder hundreds have perished in the flames.

Yonder the floods have swept away thousands.

Yonder famine is preying on tens of thousands. Death has visited that home, sickness another, dire misfortune another.

There there are weeping widows and starving orphans.

Here, then, are smiling faces, happy women, unbroken family circles—and the necessaries, if not the luxuries of life. No destroying floods have swept