

as appear to be regenerated, by a credible profession of faith and obedience, Luke 16: 16. Matt. 20: 28-44. Its privileges and immunities are not of this world, but such as are spiritual and heavenly; they are all spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ Jesus, Eph. 1: 3. Over this glorious kingdom death has no power; it extends as well to the future as the present world: and though entered here by renewing grace, (Col. 1: 13.) it is inherited in its perfection in the world of glory, Matt. 25: 34. 1 Cor. 15: 50. 2 Pet. 1: 11. Hypocrites and false brethren may indeed insinuate themselves into it here; but they will have no possible place in it hereafter, Matt. 13: 41, 47-50. 22: 11-14. Luke 13: 28, 29. 1 Cor. 6: 9, 10. Gal. 5: 21. Rev. 21: 27."

We are now ready to hear what any sensible, good man can say *against* the subject before us. We flatter ourselves that the following propositions have been triumphantly established:

1. The Lord Jesus has a kingdom on the earth.
2. It was established on the day of Pentecost, fifty days from his crucifixion.
3. Those who believe the gospel, repent of their sins, and confess their faith, by being baptised into the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are born of water and spirit, and consequently citizens of this kingdom.
4. Those who "grow in grace and in knowledge," who go on from one duty to another, "giving all diligence to make their calling and election sure," *shall be* citizens of the "everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

EDITOR.

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[FOR THE CHRISTIAN.]

## OUR FATHER LAND.

"We can not apply a more beautiful name to the eternal world than that of our Father-land. \* \* \* There is the home we have left; and of the traces of which, we cannot entirely divest ourselves."—*From the German of Strauss.*

Our father-land! our father-land!  
Lone exiles on a foreign strand,  
For thee our hearts in sorrow yearn;  
To thee, to thee, we would return,  
Nor wander more, a stricken band,  
From heaven—our own loved father-land.

Our father-land! for thee we sigh—  
Here darksome clouds enwrap the sky—  
Chill wintry storms their fury pour,  
And bleak, wild winds around us roar;  
Oh! for a region pure and bland,  
Our home, our blessed father-land!

Our father-land! on thy bright shore,  
Our loved ones dwell where toils are o'er;  
And oft in visions blest they come,  
And call us to their heavenly home.  
Fain would we join the kindred band,  
Nor exiled mourn our father-land!

ADA.