

To this question they could return no answer. The fact is that sceptics attribute to ignorance and imposture the most magnificent thoughts, the most sublime ideas that ever found an abiding place in the human soul. What a glorious thought that there is a great eternal—pure spiritual mind that never began to exist—that never will cease to be. Is there a mind always acquainted with the workings of mine? An eye always gazing upon me? A being always interested in my happiness? And did these thoughts originate in ignorance and enthusiasm? Blessed delusion! And may I hope to dwell with the pure and happy through the wasteless ages of eternity? No hope fills the soul with such exquisite delights. And is this hope the offspring of superstition? If so, may I live and die among the superstitious. But we, my brother, know that earth's greatest benefactors have been those who had the greatest confidence in the facts and hopes of the gospel.

We know that in this world we cannot desire that which does not exist. Before we possess an appetite provision is made to supply it. From the greatest to the least of the works of God in the animal kingdom, full and adequate nourishment is provided, previous to the existence of the creature. But there is something that we all greatly desire, especially in view of that great change which is soon to pass upon us—another life, a life of happiness. Has the author of my being been so careful to provide for my body, and has he left this mind that soars among the countless worlds, and so ardently longs for immortality in a world of peace and joy—to be extinguished as a taper, to be blotted from existence entirely? The matter of which my body is composed would enrich the soil—the meanest reptile will fatten the earth—and must my mind be annihilated—not even produce a blade of grass, or live again in the rose bud? Forbid it reason, forbid it Heaven! Ah, how weak the reasoning of boasted scepticism and infidelity. How zealously have some men labored to prove themselves brutes, rather than deny themselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly; rather than imitate the life of the meek and lowly Saviour they will tug and toil to prove him the greatest of imposters, and themselves superior to brutes only in the greater weight of the brain. “Like brutes they live, like brutes they die.” From this gloomy picture, my brother, let us turn away. A brighter prospect is before us in the Gospel. God's own Son has visited our planet. He has died for our offences. He has arisen for our justification. It is a faithful saying worthy the reception of every human being, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—even the chief. Those who not only believe in him, but manifest that faith by an entire conformity to his word, enjoy life, and will enjoy it more abundantly.

I am happy to hear reports so favorable of your devotion to your studies, and the success attending your efforts; but much more delighted to learn from your own hand that you have exalted views of the Christian character, and especially that you estimate the value of the Christian profession by the influence that it has on the lives of those who make it. You are only in doubt as to the propriety and necessity of a public confession of Jesus in the positive institutions of his own ordination. In my next, the Lord willing, I shall endeavour to place this matter in a scrip-