

genius of Christianity would rebuke us if we did—your feudal or traditional submission to its sovereignty. Build not your faith upon ancestral reverence, nor educational bias, nor customary orthodoxy, nor upon a minister's unsupported words. Search the Scriptures for yourselves. Only, take care to come to the investigation stripped of carnal prejudices and preconceived hostility, with your spirit softened into a docile frame, and your pride humbled into a willingness to learn—and, above all, seeking the guidance, from on high in all the fervency of prayer; and the promised Spirit *shall* "lead you into all truth;" and you "*shall* know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." It is marvellous how much the conversion of the soul tends to the correction of the theology, as if the regenerating grace took the scales from the eyes, as well as the veil from the heart. We have known a man, whose dwelling was on the shores of a lovely lake, beneath the shadow of a beetling hill, in one of the most secluded and beautiful parts of our island home. The preachers of the gospel had failed to penetrate among the sparse population, and the man's only teachers were the heir-loom of an old family Bible, and God, as his own interpreter. But the Holy Spirit arrested that man under the arching sky; and, in the shade of the brown woods, he wrestled for pardon, and obtained it, and walked in the light of God's countenance for years, before he knew that there were any in the world of like experience, consciously happy in a Saviour's love. And in the after-time, when the truth was carried into that pleasant vale, that man—a ready agent in its spread—was found to have a correct creed, as well as a consistent life. He had sat at the feet of Jesus. He had heard many "sermons on the mount." In the woodland aisles of one of nature's many-pillared minsters, the Spirit had "opened to him the scriptures;" and he had become a disciple of God's own teaching, filled with those grand and inspiring beliefs, which only needed arrangement to become a vital and accurate system of theology. Try this experiment for yourselves. Submit yourselves, in personal surrender, unto God. Cry penitently for mercy. Embrace the reconciliation of the great atonement, and the truth will be its own witness. Ascending into a region sublimer than that of induction, your's shall be the evidence, not of testimony only, but of *consciousness*—that the satisfying *feeling* of the truth, which reason fails to compass; and your triumphant answer to all cavil and to all compromise will be, in the language of the Book, "He that believeth on the Son of God *hath* the witness in himself."

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.

We know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly, or unwomanly, and craven, than the everlasting sighing "for happiness." Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their *duty*, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe!—the heart and mind are brought (and reverently, it is said,) in contact with the Creator and Ruler, and Father of All.