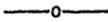


*For the Monthly Record.*

We regret to learn that Earltown is now wholly destitute of religious services, except as occasionally supplied by the Presbyteries. The U. P. L. P. congregation has become vacant by the death of the Rev. L. McDonald. The Kirk congregation by the translation of the Rev. Mr. McMillan to Salt-springs. While the latter was preaching his farewell sermons in the Churches, the former was in a still more impressive manner preaching his on a death-bed. Seldom has such a coincidence been known as that two congregations worshipping on alternate Sabbaths in the same church, should be deprived of their pastors in one day. Surely it is matter for serious reflection for those upon whom so dark a cloud lowers.

REV. MR. MCWILLIAM writes to say with regard to the Accounts with the Home Mission in February number of the *Record*:—"The note inserted in the debit side of the Pictou account, page 38, should have been printed at the end of the account with the Home Mission and immediately before those with the Lay Association. The same remark has to be made in regard to the note thrust into the middle of the account with the Pictou Lay Association at the foot of page 39, it should have appeared at the end of the whole statement.

We have merely to explain that the mode adopted was simply for the purpose of preventing so much blank space, which readers generally do not like to see. We trust Mr. McWilliam will be satisfied with the explanation.

**SELECTIONS.****Chastening Love.**

As many as I love I rebuke and Chasten. Rev. iii. 19. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. Isaiah xlviii. 10.

Do the well-known tones of a mother's voice hush the child asleep, that has been startled from its couch by unquiet dreams? These two "thoughts of God," the voice of our Heavenly Parent, may well lull our tossed spirits to rest, and lead us to pillow our heads in confiding acquiescence in his holy will.

There are times indeed, when, despite of better convictions and a truer philosophy, our own thoughts are mingled with guilty doubts, unworthy surmises, regarding the rectitude of the Divine dealings. We are led to say or to think with aged Jacob, "All these things are against me;" there can be no kindness or faithfulness, surely, in such a sorrow as this? "Yes," is the reply of the Divine Chastener, "that trial, with all its apparent severity, is a thought of my love—a proof and pledge of my interest in thy well-

being. In these fierce furnace-fires I have chosen thee; in these I will keep thee; from these I will bring thee forth a vessel refined and fitted for the Master's use." "That this affliction is unspeakable love," says one who could write from the depths of experience, "I have no doubt; because he who has sent it is no new friend, but a tried and a precious one." "The afflictions with which we are visited," says another, "are so many notes in which God says, 'I have not forgotten you.'" He sits as refiner of his own furnace, tempering the fury of the flames. The human parent, in meeting out chastisement, may act at times capriciously, guided by wayward impulse; "but He for our profit, that we may be made partakers of his holiness." Heb. xii. 10. Rather surely, the acutest discipline, the hardest strokes of the rod, than to be left unchecked and unreclaimed in our career of worldliness, forgetfulness, and sin, God uttering that severest word, "Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will [only] revolt more and more," Isaiah i. 5. As if he had said, "Why should I any longer 'think' of you, or attempt to reclaim you? My warnings and remonstrances are in vain; "I will return to my place; I will 'give you up.'" O most fearful of chastisements? when God's loving thoughts, and patient thoughts, and forbearing thoughts, are exhausted, and when our stubborn unbelief brings him to utter the doom of abandonment.

Tried one, recognize henceforth, in thy sorest afflictions, a Father's rod; hear in them a Father's voice; see in each what will invest them with a halo of subdued glory, a mysterious, it may be, but yet a 'precious thought' of God, and that thought kindness and mercy. The loss of worldly substance—it was a *thought of God*. That withering disappointment, the blighting of young hope—it was a *thought of God*. That protracted sickness, that wasting disease—it was a *thought of God*. The smiting of that clay idol—it was a *thought of God*. This is surely enough to wake up the tuneless, broken strings of thy heart to melody; "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." He is never so nigh to thee as in a time of trial; never does he so reveal his heart as then. Electricity brings the thoughts of earth near; but trial is the wire on which 'the thoughts of God' travel to the smitten spirit, and every message is a *thought of love*. "I will be glad, and rejoice in thy mercy; for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities."—*Macduff's Thoughts of God*.

**A Snake Sermon.**

When I came to Washington some of the people were worse than the devil wanted them to be, for he fear's reaction. I was vain of my preaching powers, but soon found