

If you said, "Not surely the sins and follies of men?" he would reply as follows:

"Sins and follies are ours, and we suffer for them; but God overrules them for His glory. You see the eddies in the stream yonder; they twist and turn a' sorts o' ways, but they go wi' the current at last. In the storm, sticks, staves, and dirt come tumbling down frae the hills; but in the valley yonder they lie a' quiet enough, and in the simmer time will be covered wi' grass and daisies. In the same way, it seems to me, God works a' things accordin' to the counsel o' His ain will."

This accounts for Sandy's peace and joy. "You see," said he, explaining the matter in his peculiar fashion, "years gane by, I believed just as ithers do, who have a form o' godliness but deny the power thereof. I didna understand, and, abave all, I didna love God. I was worryin' about this, that, and the ither. Things were nae richt. Wife and I were puir, ye ken, and had to work hard; but we didna mind that sae long as we had health and strength. We lived in a bonnie place. The sun shone cheerily on our bit housie, among the roses and honeysuckles, that my auld mither had planted wi' her ain hand. And, mair than that, the Lord sent us a bonnie bairn. Hech! the wee thing seemed an angel in disguise, wi' its yellow hair, dimplin' cheeks, and blue een. It was the light and glory o' our hame."

"But the Lord took her to himself. O how we gat when we laid her in the yird! And Mary (that's my wife's name) began to fail. She couldna tell what was the matter wi' her. The doctor said she had a weakness in the chest. But it made our hame unco dowie like. Everything seemed to gae wrong, and I murmured sair against the Lord. The world looked waeft', and I would have liked to dee."

"But I began to think. I seemed to come to mysel'; yet my mind was unco dark. Then I read the Bible and prayed. Our neebor, auld Mr. Wallace, a gude man, tauld us to look to the Rock o' Ages, and see if the Lord wadna open for us the fountain o' consolation."

"Then I saw, but not very clearly at first, that there was anither world—anither kingdom like, spiritual and eternal, as holy Mr. Rutherford wud say. This world is only a husk, or shell. The substance, the spirit, is anither. And a' is full o' God. Then I saw wee Mary, whose body we had laid in the grave, wakin' in that world o' light and peace. I heard her singin' there wi' the angels o' God. I heard the voice o' Jesus there, saying, 'Peace, peace! It can't like the sweetest music to my puir heart!'"

"Then I understood how blind, unbelievin' and wicked I had been, and I said to mysel': 'What's the use o' murmurin'?' The Redeemer liveth, and blessed be His name; I will just put mysel' and a' I have under the shadow o' His wings."

"Says I to my wife, 'Mary, we maun believe in God. He's a' and in a'. He gave us our bonnie bairn, and He's ta'en her again;

for she was His mair than ours; and noo's an angel. She wunna come to us, but we go to her. And noo ye maun be comforted."

"And then we kneeled doon thegither, prayed to the God o' our fathers, the God o' our bairn, and were comforted."

"Then the warld appeared to me in a new licht. It was filled wi' the holy presence o' God. I saw that a' was His, licht and darkness, simmer and winter, sorrow and joy, death and life; and that He was governing a' things according to the counsel o' His ain will."

*Life Pictures.*

## THE FINAL JOY.

Wake, awake, for night is flying,  
The watchmen on the heights are crying  
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!  
Midnight hears the welcome voices,  
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:  
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!  
The Bridegroom comes, awake!  
Your lamps with gladness take;  
Hallelujah!

And for His marriage-feast prepare,  
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Then hears the watchmen singing,  
And all her heart with joy is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom,  
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,  
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!  
Ah come, thou blessed Lord,  
Oh Jesus, Son of God,  
Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see  
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone  
Of one pearl each shining portal,  
Where we are with the choir immortal  
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;  
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear  
Hath yet attain'd to hear  
What there is ours;  
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee  
Our hymn of joy eternal.

—Philip Nicolai, 1698.

## DR. CUMMING ON THE CONFESSIONAL.

Lately the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, delivered a lecture at a meeting held in Exeter, called for the purpose of sanctioning a memorial to her majesty to abolish the Confessional in the Church of England. We are indebted to a friend for a perusal of the lecture, as fully reported in the *Western Times*. The following passages we have extracted, believing that they will be read with interest:

"It was remarkable, in considering the subject of the confessional, what a fallacy was overlooked. If, for instance, Dr. Wiseman were walking through the streets of Exeter, and he (Dr. Cumming) were by a mere accident to tread upon his toe, which was a serious thing (laughter), and particularly if it should be when he was abstemious, after the same fashion as they had recently read in the