

mercy in the hearts of his people, notwithstanding all our faithfulness. "Having loved his own, he loves them to the end." So it is, has been, and will continue with respect to the progress of truth and the conquest of the Church in the world. Christ, by his truth, grace and spirit, will conquer all difficulties. The world and the devil, infidelity, rationalism and error in all its Protean developments, are now arrayed against the truth of God. Yet, when all seeming temporal hindrances and spiritual obstacles, and departures from the truth of the Gospel, seem to delay the glorious consummation of Jehovah's purposes in Christ, God's foundation standeth sure. All human events are made subservient to grace. Everything is foreseen and provided for in every age; events are overruled to the furtherance of his divine designs, and instruments are raised up accurately adapted to achieve his peculiar objects.

God makes the wrath of man to praise him. Bad as well as good men have been promoting in different ways and with different motives, the same object, the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. The political Jehus, while battling with the weapons of carnal zeal for civil and religious liberty, are the apostles of the Prince of Peace, the heralds of the cross, without intending it. Ever since the days of the Babylonish, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman conquerors, instruments have been raised up in their respective spheres of action, to humble the tyrants of the earth, shiver the iron sceptres of despotism, and prepare a way for the missionaries of the Gospel. Oh! that the soldiers of Christ's kingdom would evince the same self-sacrificing zeal, as do those brave fellows, those heroes of freedom, who now appear upon the political stage sounding the trump of another Jubilee through the length and breadth of Christendom, filling men's hearts with the enthusiasm of truth, and waking all Europe with the thunders of long dormant liberty and oppressed Christianity.

Providence is a great mystery. The all important fact which history is every day disclosing is this—this world, with its complicated machinery, is Christ's world, and all passing events are subservient to the Church and the glory of God in Christ. This blessed truth is the only key

to explain the mysteries of Providence. Facts are the alphabet of history. Although we cannot read clearly its mysterious page; although we cannot reconcile its facts and events of history, we cannot see how they are conducive to God's glory, and consistent with his attributes—yet, when the work is finished all will be legible, plain; and when the mystically interwoven tapestry of Providence is completed, all will be clear; when the volume is finished, one short sentence in golden letters will explain all its darkest lines—"Christ is all."

*Diminution*—The Church militant is daily decreased to increase the Church triumphant; the empty chair and the vacant pew are contributing to fill the "many mansions" in glory. We mourn the absent friend, forgetful that to be absent in the body is to be present with the Lord; we sorrow when a voice is silenced in the family and congregational choir. Ah, but could we lift the veil that separates the eternal world from our view, we would rejoice that the ransomed choir is more complete, and the harps of Heaven more responsive.

"Tis sweet when year by year we lose  
Friends lost to sight in faith, to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store:

Whether the trees of the Lord's right hand planting are cut down by the scythe of death or the sword of persecution, they will flourish in perennial youth in Paradise. The promise is sure—"they who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." The Church, like the palm tree, the more it is crushed by winds and shoots the more vigorously. Churches have been cut down almost to the very roots, and have been, and shall be visited with a spring-time of divine favor, sending forth from their hewn and trampled trunks branches of richest fruitfulness and living verdure covering the hills with the shadow of their boughs.

Lord send us a Pentecostal shower and water our parched little vineyard with the dew of Thy blessing; and if in Thy mysterious Providence the nether springs of Thy bounty are stopped, close not from our thirsting souls the upper springs of Thy grace. Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Lastly:—