

sit "in darkness and the shadow of death." While a "knowledge of the truth," or "understanding the truth," is in immediate connection with our salvation, "God hath chosen us unto salvation through sanctification of the truth." Religion presents something to be known as well as experienced. There are truths which it is necessary we should know in order that we may be saved. Knowledge is essential to faith,—“He that believeth shall be saved.” Whatever is essential for us to know in order that we may *believe*, is essential for us to know in order that we may be *saved*.

In order to faith, we must know the purity of the Divine law in such a degree as shall convince us that we have violated it and incurred its penalties. We must know our inability to make atonement. We must know so much of Christ as to receive him as the divinely-appointed Redeemer. This knowledge is necessary for mere salvation, but we are far from saying that a higher degree of saving knowledge is useless. A higher degree of knowledge is indeed necessary to a confirmed faith, to enable us to resist the temptations of the devil, to meet and answer the obligations of unreasonable and wicked men "whose mouths must be stopped," to qualify us to instruct the ignorant, to be the means of carrying us up to high attainments in religion, and to prepare us for extensive usefulness in the Church.

MINIMUS.

A'KEMPIS ON THE HIGHER LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN RIDLEY.



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, poring over the "Imitation" of A'Kempis far into the night, until the candle just flickering in its socket, and the grease streaming down upon the well-thumbed page, forces him to retire, is a picture well worth a study. What was the sequel of this intense application? What the secret of this wonderful book? Here was a man whom the world knew was an infidel, the champion of all doubters and sceptics, and the sworn foe of our Holy Christianity,—held spell-bound by the simple utterances of a devout Augustine monk, the very first sentence of which was an expression of a contrary faith to his own. It is indeed a mystery that one so deficient in his teachings, and the very leader of the sensuous religion of the passions, should be so enamoured with the book, every page of which urged the subjection of the body to the Spirit, and the subjugation of the flesh. Strange, indeed, that he should feast on that which he called poison, and drink down with seeming relish the very draught he professed to abhor!

Alas! poor Rousseau! unhappy misanthrope! misguided man! May it not have been that during those hours of seclusion which he so much prized, and which extended over the last thirty years of his unsettled and unhappy