

The apostle does not say, we preach *doctrines*, but we preach "Christ Jesus, the Lord." "The doctrine of Christ" was the teaching he taught, joined with the story of his life, his death, his ascension, his intercession, and his coming again as the Judge of quick and dead; and a clear understanding and hearty acceptance of these facts greatly help to make Christians strong in God, steadfast and unmoveable, always about

their edges, using its bill for a needle, and vegetable fibres with knots to keep them from slipping through the leaf, for thread. Occasionally it makes its nest of one large leaf, by sewing the edges together; and it draws the stock end of the leaf over the nest so as to make an awning, that protects it from the sun and rain.

Inside, the nest is lined with cotton silk, grass, vegetable fibres, and sometimes a few

Now, if these views are correct, it is easily seen that repentance is no merely superficial or outside work. No short-lived, feverish chimeras, or dreamy semi-conscious condition of sentimentalism, but the thorough awakening of the arousing of all the soul to a sense of its guilt and danger. Repentance stirs the entire inner nature. The intellect sees the wrong that we have done. The moral sense feels and condemns it. The affections and emotions grieve over it. The sentiment of self-preservation takes the alarm and dreads the fearful consequences of it, and the will decides that this course of wrong-doing should be abandoned. In the next state of mental agony how sweet is the name of Jesus. It is like the oil of joy to his wounded spirit. It is like the oil of joy to his sorrowing heart. It is like the light in the darkness. It is sunshine in the storm. In a word, it is everything.

most comfort out of their earnings, nor how to lay by anything. Whatever their wages are, they spend them. A few years ago, when the Welsh miners were getting extraordinary wages, they were getting used to game-play and champagne. Their idea of economy was to get drunk. Above them is to eat and drink as the others do—that is, to live like a lord. They are not alone in the notion that costly eating and drinking and expensive clothes and gaudy houses lift people up in the social scale. The American, of course, resembles the English more than any other European people; but he is with out the balance determined by the traditions of a well established society, or imposed by the necessities of fixed expenditure and frugal spendthrift. He works as hard as any people, and with less relaxation; but he has little thrift and little notion of economy. He has little independence in regard to his expenditure, and

drift before the wind. I said to reason, "Be thou my captain," I said to my own brain, "Be thou my rudder," and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now! but I will tell you its brief history. It was hurried along under the tempestuous ocean of free thought, and was so dashed on the rocks that it began to darken; but to make up for that deficiency the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy.

I saw sparks flying upward that pleased me, and I thought, "If this be free thought it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grin furies, fierce and horrible, start up upon the waves, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on while I in part glided in the rindity of the

ertain writer called prayer *colymba animæ*—that is, the soul's dove. And, indeed, prayer is like a speedily flying dove, which every righteous Noah sends forth out of the ark of his body that it may return with an olive branch of peace. A believing prayer never returns empty, and, therefore, to have the best of it who can continue to pray in the most fervent way to improve this noble privilege that we have allowed us! We have freedom of access to the throne of grace. The Persian kings took state upon them, and enacted that none should come near to them uncalled, on pain of death. But, O sirs, the gates of heaven are always open! You have the liberty night and day of presenting your petition, in the name of Christ, to the King of kings. How greatly are you now more privileged that we may thus speak to the King of kings himself, and be welcome!—*Ralph Erskine.*

certain iter called prayer clouds anime- that is, the soul's dove. And, indeed, prayer is like a speedy flying dove, which every righteous Noah sends forth out of the ark of his body that it may return with an olive branch of peace. A believing prayer never returns empty, therefore, may I have the best of it who are continuing to consider prayer as the way to improve this noble privilege that we have allowed us! We have freedom of access to the throne of grace. The Persian kings took state upon them, and enacted that none should come near to them uncalled, on pain of death. But, O sirs, the gates of heaven are always open! You have the liberty night and day of presenting your petition, in the name of Christ, to the King of the earth. And how greatly are we privileged that we may thus speak to the King of kings himself, and be welcome!—*Ralph Erskine.*

then my captain," I said to my own brain, "Be thou my ruler," and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now! but I will tell you its brief history. It was hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of fear, and the ship was tossed about like a skiff, began to darken; but to make up for this deficiency the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy.

I saw sparks flying upward that pleased me, and thought, "If this be free thought it is a very good thing." I thought and thought, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But I awoke, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized me by the neck and shoulders and dragged me down while I put myself in the raptidity of the

most comfort out of their earnings, nor how to lay by anything. Whatever their wages are, they spend them. A few years ago, when the Welsh miners were getting extraordinary wages, they were getting used to game-play and champagne. Their idea of economy was to get drunk. Above them is to eat and drink as the others do—that is, to live like a lord. They are not alone in the notion that costly eating and drinking and expensive clothes and gaudy houses lift people up in the social scale. The American, of course, resembles the English more than any other European people; but he is with out the balance determined by the traditions of a well-established society, or imposed by the necessities of fixed expenditure and frugal spendthrift. He works as hard as any people, and with less relaxation; but he has little thrift and little notion of economy. He has little independence in regard to his expenditure, and

Now, if these views are correct, it is easily seen that repentance is no merely superficial or outside work. No short-lived, feverish chimeras, or dreamy semi-conscious condition of sentimentalism, but the thorough awakening of the arousing of all the soul to a sense of its guilt and danger. Repentance stirs the entire inner nature. The intellect sees the wrong that we have done. The moral sense feels and condemns it. The affections and emotions grieve over it. The sentiment of self-preservation takes the alarm and dreads the fearful consequences of it, and the will decides that this course of wrong-doing should be abandoned. In the state of mental agony which now sweet is the name of Jesus. It is like a healing balm to his wounded spirit. It is like the oil of joy to his sorrowing heart. It is like light in the darkness. It is sunshine in the storm. In a word, it is everything.

and I thought, "If this be free thought it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on, while I in part gloried in the rapidity of the

and I thought, "If this be free thought it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on, while I in part gloried in the rapidity of the