

Correspondence.

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTER FROM SYRIA.

DAMASCUS, Nov. 12, 1866.

Yes! we are in Damascus, "the oldest city in the world." We left Beyrout, Friday the 9th, by a diligence, drawn by six horses. We were about fourteen hours on our journey. We changed horses twelve times, so that seventy-two were employed to pull us up and down the lofty sides of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. Sometimes the horses ran for miles. We Americans, even, were a little alarmed at the terrible break-neck speed with which we were hurried along the mountain's rocky cliffs. Our way lay over a shoulder of Lebanon, 5,600 feet high. Away to the north of us, in towering majesty, lay Sunnin, ten thousand feet high, its top covered with snow. It was a glorious sight.

Between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon we crossed a level plain, through which flows the river Bittany, which falls into the sea between Tyre and Sidon. Anti-Lebanon, 3,500 feet high, was now quickly passed. Both these mountains are now entirely barren—at least they appear so as looked upon from the base. In some places the sides are formed into terraces and cultivated. Dr. Budington observed that it might be we passed that day the very spot from which the cedars of Lebanon were taken to build Solomon's Temple. As we approached Damascus just in the twilight, we could not realize that we were so soon to walk in the city which Absalom looked upon four thousand years ago, (Gen. xiv. 15; xv. 2.) and whither blind Paul was "led by the hand" (Acts ix. 9.) and that the swiftly-flowing river by our side was the Abana. I never felt such a thrill of delight in approaching any other city. The next morning my first desire was to visit "the street which is called Straight." On our way we saw more strange objects and things than could be described in a dozen letters.

We saw nothing in Egypt so thoroughly Oriental as in Damascus. The bazaars are a wonder in themselves. We have nothing in America to which they can be compared. Each trade has its own bazaar, which is like one great shop with a number of shelves in it, a man or boy squatting on each, with his merchandise close about him, so that he can lay his hand upon it without being obliged to rise. But you must stand in the street if you would make purchases in Damascus, and you must look out, or that long string of camels, with huge packs, will knock you down, as they sweep the streets; and that donkey, all covered over with a pile of brush, nearly as wide as the narrow street, will unceremoniously scratch your face.

We finally reached the Street called Straight, but O, how we were disappointed! We were told that the street through which Paul walked was twenty feet underneath in his time. It was a beautiful Broadway, one hundred feet in width, lined with Corinthian pillars. As a proof of this, we were pointed to some of this colonnade only eight or ten feet above ground. We were first led to the house of Judas, Acts ix. 11, where Ananias found Saul, and said to him: "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." But we saw no evidence that this was the real house of Paul's kind host. On the contrary, it appeared of quite modern construction. But it was enough for us to know that some where, in that street, Saul once tarried with Judas; and that there it was said, "Behold he prayeth," and that in that same house, "there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith." This house is now used by the Moslems as a place for prayer.

A mile in length is the "Street called Straight." Passing through the south gate, we turned to the right and in fifteen minutes we came to a gate which has been walled up for seven hundred years. Here, tradition says, was the scene of Paul's escape from the city. At first it seemed strange that a window should be placed upon the high wall surrounding a city, but we ceased to wonder when we read in Joshua ii. 15: "Then she let them down by a cord through the window, for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall." And then we read Paul's own words, 2 Cor. xi. 23: "And through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall and escaped." Very likely, after all, the real window from which Paul escaped to save his life is no longer in existence. But still, if we were deceived we rather enjoyed it.

We were most deeply interested in visiting the reputed site of the home of "Naomi, captain of the host of the king of Syria." It has long been used as a Lazar house, and among its gloomy ruins we found NINE REAL LEPROSERS. There was no mistaking them, for we saw the effect of the terrible disease. Some of them had, joint by joint, lost their fingers. One woman's nose had dropped off. Another parted with most of the bones of his feet. Oh, it was an awful sight, and yet I would not have missed seeing these nine lepers. Had we touched them, most likely we should have been ourselves shut up in that same Lazar house. What a picture of sin it was! We read over, with deeper interest than ever, 2 Kings v. We gathered some leaves of a fig tree growing on one part of the ruins, and broke off a piece of tone from one of the fallen columns.

Our guide then conducted us to the so-called house of Ananias. Its lower floor was some fifteen feet below the level of the street. This was almost the only evidence that led us to think that Ananias ever walked its floors. For Damascus, as it stood in the days of Paul, is every where some twenty or thirty feet below the city, which to day numbers 150,000. Rev. Mr. Wright told us that in excavating for the foundation of the mission chapel, they had to penetrate some forty feet through old sewers and all sorts of rubbish, before a solid foundation was reached. How true the words of Isaiah: "Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city and it shall be a ruinous heap." And so it is, even now, in comparison with what it was in the days when these prophetic words were spoken.

We paid a most interesting visit to Dr. Meshakah. He was once no better than a heathen, but Rev. Dr. King, so long the faithful missionary at Athens, fell in with him and taught him the way to salvation through Christ. Since then he has been a most earnest worker for the Master. He wields a powerful pen, with which he has written some six evangelical works, which have been published in Arabic. He spoke with tearful tenderness of his gratitude to Dr. King, as the means of his conversion. His life was in great danger at the time of the massacre, when two thousand five hundred Christians were murdered in cold blood in Damascus, and over six thousand in Syria. He and his sons told us much about those terrible times. His house, among hundreds of others, was burned to the ground in the "Christian's quarter." This good man is now the American Consul.

I wish I could describe his beautiful house. All the streets in Damascus are so narrow that two horsemen can scarcely walk abreast, and when, from one of these dark streets, we entered the beautiful, airy residence of Dr. Meshakah, the effect was delightful. At first, we appeared to be in a garden surrounded with elegant apartments. A little lake of crystal water, into which tiny streams from the Abana were playing, and surrounded by orange and lemon trees, was in the centre. Passing through this court or garden, we entered a beautiful drawing-room, around whose sides was the usual wide and luxurious divan. The ceiling was richly covered in gold and crimson fretwork. Refreshments in Oriental style were served to us. This house is a specimen of those of the first class in this most wonderful Eastern city. Here we saw the only lady's face we were permitted to look upon while in Damascus. Dr. Meshakah's son introduced us to his wife. She was thirteen years old and had been married four months. It is very common to marry at this age in this country.

By paying five dollars in gold for our party of four, we were so fortunate as to gain admission to the great Mosque. We could only walk on its marble floor with slippers, which we had to purchase for the occasion. We were first shown the burial place of the head of John the Baptist, which, we were solemnly told, rolled all the way to Damascus! This Mosque is supposed to occupy the site of the heathen temple Rimmon (2 Kings v. 18.) It was converted into a Christian church in the third or fourth century, when many in Damascus were true followers of Christ. In 705 A.D., the Moslems got full possession. More than twelve hundred years ago over one of its magnificent portals was written in Greek these words: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Part of it is still quite readable.

A part of our four days in Damascus was spent in riding out to an eminence to get not only a good view of the city, but more especially to see the place Dr. Porter and many others believe was the scene of Paul's conversion. Kankol, a ruinous village about ten miles from the city, is the place where tradition, at least as old as the time of the crusades, says Paul "heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" No one professes to know the exact spot, but it must have been some where on that same road to Jerusalem. We felt sure that Paul must have looked upon the same mountainous landscape as that which met our own gaze. The ninth chapter of Acts seemed fraught with deeper interest as we read it after having seen this and the other places supposed to be connected with his visit to Damascus.

NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon His works he has written, "None of us liveth to himself!" And probably, were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth to the minutest creature that breathes, which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is most useful in the heavens we admire the most.

And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has power of conferring deeper misery and higher happiness than any being on earth—man, who can act like God, if he will; is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—not for himself, but for others?

Jesus on the Shore.

Dr. Adams' First Sermon.

Sermon preached in the North Broad Street Church, Jan. 20th, 1867, by

By Rev. E. E. Adams, D. D.

Jno. xxi. 4—"Jesus stood on the shore."

A landscape is not complete without the presence of living creatures. There may be hill and valley, and distant mountain, wood and pasture, orchard and field; there may be stream and island, and sea shore, but the eye is not satisfied, the artistic eye is not complete, sympathy with nature is not fully evoked, until we behold "the cattle on a thousand hills," the dwellers of forest and field bounding among the brakes, or singing in shrub and tree, and the tenantry of the floods leaping to the light.

As the inferior orders of existence are essential to a true impression of nature, much more is man, to whom its life ministers, around whom it revolves. This element in our view of material scenes is enhanced by the presence of men distinguished for oratory or song, for statesmanship or courage or benevolence. Their great life is wrought into the acres which they occupy, and sheds its glory on us through the forms which surround them. In the classic lands the spot can hardly be named that is not hallowed by a wondrous life. From the sound of our footsteps, as we wander there, starts the memory of some grand achievement. The Aegean waves roll shoreward, with the voices of the great dead in them; and the tourist of this generation finds his chief interest in re-peopleing those regions with the spirits of the past.

Palestine is pre-eminent for this kind of association. While its scenery is varied and sublime, and its hand-breadth therein is hallowed by traditions of men and deeds. Along the shores and on the waters of Gennesaret were achieved the noblest human histories. There lived, and hoped, and suffered, the moral heroes of the first century. There stood the cities Magdala, Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida, wherein were worked the first events of Christianity. There the Son of God uttered his divine words and did his wondrous works. The union of the grand and beautiful there is sufficient to interest the traveller; but the Christian poet better expresses the true charm of that locality:

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
Thou Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One, who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposeful sea,—
But ah, far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

It is morning on Gennesaret. The disciples, engaged in their calling as fishermen, having toiled in vain through the dreary night, now find themselves cold, weary, hungry, and disappointed. What a contrast is their condition to the glory of nature! The hills catching the first glow of dawn—the lake lighted into splendor by the "king of day!" "You should have been out with me," says a writer, "on the promontory which overhangs the lake, to see the day break along the eastern mountains. At first it is intensely dark, but anon it began to soften low down the west, and then suddenly the note of a lark rang out, silvery and joyous, as if from the very midst of the stars. In rapid succession, bird after bird rose up, hushing their early matin, until the whole marble vault of heaven was vocal with invisible choristers. One by one the stars faded before the glowing day, and every moment the scene shifted and changed from bright to brighter, from glory to glory, throwing down dark shadows from the eastern cliffs upon the broad bosom of Gennesaret. At length the first rays of the sun gleamed on the snowy head of Hermon, revealing deep wrinkles which the storms of many generations had drawn across his stern, cold brow. Add to this—the disciples in vain efforts to mend their nets, and Jesus, the lowly Man who had come down from his solitary rest in the mountains, and stood there in the first glimmer of dawn,—Jesus, the Son of God, at whose word those mountains rose, and the lake first bared its silvery bosom to the sun,—and you have the portraiture of that morning in which "He showed himself alive after his passion."

"Jesus stood on the shore." We now inquire why he stood there—and what his act suggests in its relation to our spiritual history.

I. In the first place, his object was to reveal himself to his disciples. He had already passed through death into the spirit world, and had returned to the earthly life. His followers knew of his departure—their did not yet fully apprehend the fact of his resurrection. Important as this fact was to their faith and steadfastness, to their happiness and salvation, it was more his desire than theirs that they believe still in his existence, his interest in them, his nearness to them, and his infinite ability to bless them. The work of interposition for humanity is not complete but for his survival over death. The message of the gospel will not convince and win men, unless it can be enforced by evidence of his resurrection. Nothing can, therefore, be more desirable, in the mind of Christ, than the proof to men of his re-appearance upon earth. Standing in the dim dawn, on the shore of Gennesaret, where he had walked, and talked and prayed with his disciples, before he passed into the spirit world, he felt, no doubt, an irrepressible urgency again to reveal himself; to demonstrate, by his look, and speech, and manner; his identity, that they might be confirmed,—might grasp the grand abiding fact of redemption—might look through his open tomb into the life immortal—might see their own life hid with him in God—might behold the clouds that gathered over their destiny breaking and melting away in the new, divine effulgence—might look on his risen body as the glorious archetype of what shall be their own! Did they see and feel all this? Had their spirits risen so far above the world of sense—so far emerged from their low associations and their national prejudice, that they could take in the divine realities?

Nay—do we not, with our intelligence and our beliefs,—do we apprehend their grandeur and blessedness? Do our souls look through their prisons of flesh and earth, to get a full, an exultant realization of the life that awaits us? Do we feel the light of resurrection burning in through the darkness, and kindling our spirits to celestial fervor and hope? Do we catch the glowing certainties of our futurity—the inheritance of the saints—the gladness and the glory of "the house not made with hands"? Shall the heir to titles and estates exult when the hour of his majority presses close upon him? Shall the searcher after truth lose himself in ecstasy when the object of his long search comes out in untroubled brightness from the depth of mystery? Shall the astronomer find no limit to his delight when, for the first time, a new planet rolls across the field of his telescope, or new phenomena meet his eye on some world whose facts have been hidden from all the centuries? And shall not we take up the chorus of joy when, through the "mist of ages,"—nay, from the very margin of time, we look off into "the new heavens and the new earth"—our kingdom—our home, wherein dwelleth righteousness?

II. Again: Jesus stood on the shore—that he might supply the temporal wants of his disciples. They lived by their craft. They had toiled all night, and taken nothing. They were cold and hungry. Jesus does not overlook the demands of the body. He pities the laborer who wants bread. He remembers the poor whose toils are scantily rewarded. He offers them his treasure. He causes the earth to give them its riches. He fills the nets which they drop into the sea. He kindles a fire to

warm their trembling limbs and prepare their food.

Christ makes men feel that religion is for the whole being. It is a part of Christianity to feed the hungry, to heal the sick. It is not a shadowy thing, dealing only with the invisible in man. It goes with us into our fields, and shops, and stores; it journeys with us; it labors with us. It spreads our tables. It nerves our arm for duty. It presides over our studies and inventions—over our recreations and pursuits. It is with us when, like Isaac, we go out to meditate at eventide,—or when, like Paul, we sail on stormy seas, in the heat of battle, and in the rest that follows after.

In the kindly ministries which Jesus rendered to his weary friends, they saw proofs of his identity. It was as if he told them where they might fill their nets! So like him to have a fire of coals with fishes prepared to tempt and then satisfy their hunger! This was the revelation of himself. And for this disclosure of love did his omnipotence work; for this did all the elements combine to serve him. If Christ revealed his power, his knowledge, his risen form to the wondering fishermen, it was that he might make known his love. This is the highest revelation. From the summit of the throne looks down, through power, through knowledge, through the barriers of nature, the benignant eye of love. Over the flesh, over reason, over mind, must we ascend to the high seat of charity. "God sitteth between the cherubim"—the angels of love.

III. Another purpose of Jesus, in standing on the shore was, to aid the faith of his disciples.

He had appeared to them already. But, although they had twice seen him after his resurrection, they did not at first recognize him in the shadowy light of that morning. It was not enough that they saw him—not enough that he spoke to them, although he had said at the question, "Children, have ye any meat?" it was hardly possible that the spirit of the loving John should not have begun to penetrate the mystery. It was not until Jesus resumed his wonted command, and reproduced an event which transpired on the same shore just before the election of the Apostles; when, having taught the people from Simon's fishing-boat, he said to him: "Launch out now into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. They obeyed him, although then, as on this occasion, they had toiled all night and taken nothing; and then, as now, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes. It was this repetition of his command reminding them of his former miracle, revealing his omnipotence, demonstrating his identity and his survival of death, that made the beloved disciple exclaim: "It is the Lord;" and prompted the impetuous Peter to plunge into the sea that he might go to Jesus. And they all went to Jesus, dragging their treasure to the shore, and partaking of the repast miraculously provided for them; and none of them dared ask him who art thou, knowing that it was the Lord!

After this, could they falter in their faith? Could they ever doubt that Jesus had risen from the dead? Could they ever fear that their master would fail them in the time of trial? Could they hesitate in their mission to preach "Jesus and the resurrection?"

Finally Jesus stood on the shore for the purpose of reinstating Peter with the Apostolic office. Peter had not been cast off; he had truly, deeply repented of his sin in denying his master and lord; but there may have been a misgiving in his mind with regard to the continuance of his office. He may have felt that he ought to surrender it, and that Christ would demand its surrender.

It may have been supposed by the other apostles, that Peter's sin would terminate his Apostleship, that he may have seemed needful in the view of Christ, that a public recognition of Peter be made, and proof given of authority for his continuance in office. Therefore, by a wise and explicit question, he called forth to the observation of the other Apostles, the true state of Peter's heart. "Lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my sheep." "I forgive thee. Thou art mine again. Go forth to thy work with my authority and my blessing. Be a fisher of men. You shall be successful in the kingdom of God, as you were an hour ago in the boat yonder."

The circumstances of the occasion were peculiar. They had met there before; had toiled there all night in vain; had been directed by their Lord where to cast their net; and had filled their ships with fishes. These facts not only aided their apprehension, and helped to confirm their faith, but reminded them of their original appointment to the Apostleship. There was also the first question which Peter could not behold without thinking to the warm fire in the palace denied his Master; there was the draught of God, significant of their success as fishers of men; there was the re-instating of Peter in such a way, that the memorials of his sin should also be reminders of his reconciliation;—while the whole transaction was a striking assurance that the Kingdom of God should continue among men, that the death of Jesus, instead of retarding, would enhance its triumphs; that his Apostles had their great work to accomplish under the continued care and sovereign authority of their Lord; and as they had no book in which to record their commission, no written assurances to which they could refer, in the moment of despondency and fear, Christ gave to the oars of that hour hunger, in the flame that warmed their chilled limbs, in the boats that labored with their miraculous burden—they read the promise of heavenly favor, arguments of immortality, and final glory! The silvery waves of Gennesaret speak to them of their Lord, and repeat the melody of their hopes, while snowy Hermon looks down on them from the distant sky, a symbol of the vastness, purity and permanence of His kingdom!

These, then, were the purposes of Jesus, in standing, at that morning hour, on the shore of Gennesaret.

- 1. To reveal himself to his disciples in his resurrection life.
 - 2. To supply their temporal wants, kindling a fire for them, and providing food.
 - 3. To strengthen their faith in the reality of His kingdom, and the permanence of His truth.
 - 4. And to reinstate the fallen Peter in the work and honors of the Apostleship.
- What, we may inquire, is the significance of his act in relation to our spiritual condition. We have an interest in that morning scene at Gennesaret. Jesus stood there for us, as well as for his disciples. He teaches us by what he there did, his readiness to meet our necessities, to reveal himself to us, and grant us his aid. We are out on the sea of mystery. Showings hang over us, darkening our views of God, concealing the hand of Providence, rendering our ideas of life mazy and uncertain. We wonder at the failures, the conflicts, the moral resistances of life. There seems to be a want of harmony between the character of God and the conditions of our being—between instrumentality and its results. Things are what we would suppose; what, in our judgment, they ought to be, in a world governed by infinite benignity and power. The innocent suffer; the guilty escape; justice is set aside, and might tramples the Great Revealer. All things were created by him and for him. His life is the standard of judgment. He came to harmonize the discords of the world. He has brought in everlasting righteousness, and the conquest of sin, he strikes at the root of all evil—the source of all disorder. In him the true harmony is begun—the union of fallen man with the Holy God. He is God manifest in the flesh; He is man revealing God—the Mediator in whom we find our lost Father, and realize our restored childhood. And when once our way is retraced to Him, all

things and agencies fall into concord, and work out their legitimate ends.

Christ is the Sun of Justice—the Light of the World. If we behold the universe in His light, time and man, providence and science, good and evil, life and death—all are lighted up gloriously; the shadows fly, the discord dies, and a divine harmony runs through the ages! We feel our union with God, and are persuaded that "He will subdue all things unto himself." When, therefore, your spirits are perplexed with the mystery of life, when the waves of uncertainty toss your souls; when "deep calleth unto deep"—the "deep" within you to the "deep" of Nature and of Providence—forget not that Jesus stands on the shore, to reveal the universe and the book of Providence. Take it, study it, believe it; and "you shall know if you allow us to know the Lord." Over the depths of your mental and moral night, like the morning which broke over Gennesaret, lighting up its bosom with glory and filling its Christ, waking your spirit to rapture, and tuning all its passions to melody!

Your life is fraught with trial and calamity. You are tossed on billows of sorrow. The storm beats on you. Night gathers thick about you. Friends fail; wealth flies from your grasp; your children rush into habits of sin, or are taken prematurely from the world; your reputation is blasted. You are cast bereft and helpless on the tide. Nature is dark; Providence seems conflicting; you are in the war of elements, all whose forces blaze and thunder on your head. Your great hope goes down in the darkness and strife, like a laden ship smitten by the tempest,—like a planet burning to ashes in the firmament. Jesus stands on the shore. He observes you in your night of sorrow. He sees how the storm tosses you; how your heart sinks; how your hope troubles and fails. He bids you fear not. He says: "Come unto me!"—through the waves. The floods of tribulation are the highway of your access to him. In his arms may you hide yourself, till these calamities be past.

Are you oppressed by a sense of personal sin? Do the billows of wrath roll beneath you, while you see no way of escape? The law frowns, and justice threatens, conscience accuses, the past utters condemnations, the future takes up the note of woe, and rolls it on through eternity. What can you do? "Jesus stands on the shore." He has died for you, and risen for you. He has blotted out the past. Justice accepts His offering. He has taken your place. You may now take His place. Go to him as Peter did. Plunge into the sea, and you shall find yourself in the embrace of everlasting mercy!

Have you denied your Lord, and lost the sense of His favor? Have you been timid and faithless? Have you brought reproach on His Church? Have you wounded Him in the house of His friends? Have you been profane and worldly? And are you now penitent? Do you rebuke yourself for the evil you have done?—for the spirit you have cherished? Would you return to your first love, and live for ever as the servant and the child of your patient and forgiving Lord? Lo he stands on the shore, ready to reinstate you. He says:—"Return unto me, and I will return unto you." "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?—how shall I deliver thee, Israel? My heart is turned within me! My repentings are kindled together in me; thy help, O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." "Solomon desired to have thee and sit thee as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." "Finally, do you fear to die? This is a trying hour to the best of us. It is not a slight matter to stand on the border-line of life; to look back on all its activities, pleasures, friendships and possessions as no longer ours; to see all that we love and glory in, receding into eternal distance; to gaze down into the abyss of the untried hereafter; to find ourselves stepping off into the mystery of spirits, into the presence of the Almighty—before the High Court of the Universe. How can the soul meet this new, and strange, and dreadful existence? How trust itself to the dark river which flows between us and the eternal realm? Jesus stands on the shore. Hear him saying:—"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall never die." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

May we not, dear brethren, behold Jesus here to-day—meeting us as we come hither from the mysterious whirl of life, from the scenes of our conflicts, and griefs, and sins, saying to us, "Perchance of my feast?" Are you troubled by the mysteries of Providence? Come to me for light. "Have you doubts, which earth and time cannot satisfy? Take the fulness which I offer. Have you sorrows which no friendship, nor sympathy of man can assuage? Take my friendship and be happy. Have you sins which no tears can wash away, no prayers can banish? I take your sins, and blot them out for ever! I invest you with life eternal.

I seem to see far off in the thick darkness, far out on the ocean of life, a lone wanderer from home and happiness. He loved not his Father's house. He broke from the restraints of love. He lost the attractions of virtue. He has no sympathy from man. He drifted on the tide of temptation; is caught by the current, and borne beyond the lights of the harbor, beyond the voices of loving and sorrowing friends, alone in his frail skiff; while the breakers are high and the wind contrary, and the sails rent, and the oars broken; and the reef is near, and the stars are hid, and the wailing wind smites him, and memories of lost good haunt him, and fears of destruction torture him. He is helpless, in the whirl of giant waves; helpless in the tempest of his own heart, and drifting, drifting, drifting, with drearful wrecked and murdered. Oh, that he would see Jesus standing on the shore, hear his voice, beseech Him to rescue. "Lord, save, or I perish!" How soon would the darkness retire, the waves and winds cease, and the light of home—God's home—stream on the welcome prodigal.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat first glides down the mighty channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, cent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry all around us; we are excited at some short-lived appointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens on till the roar of the ocean is beneath our feet, and the tossing of the waves up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.