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JESUS CHRIST A LIVING FOUNDATION.

[Concluded.]

III.

JESUS CHRIST is a sufficient foundation. He is a living stone, one with God. No line of demarcation can be found between Him and God. In him we have a foundation infinite, circumscribed only by the immensity of the Godhead. In building the temple of Jerusalem, the first thing was to make the foundation sufficiently spacious and strong. As this could not be made of living stone, the solid rock,—stones were brought together of a size that would seem fabulous were they not existing; these were fused into one mass, as well as possible, by iron bands. Man could do nothing more. This foundation was very greatly superior to one of ordinary blocks of stone. How much better had the foundation been an entire rock; better still a mountain grand as Lebanon; better still a rock stretching its roots downwards wide as the world. Jesus Christ is our rock. Trace out the limits; tell us the extent. This foundation is not formed of fragments cut from a quarry; here are no masses welded, fused together, liable at some future time to be shaken to pieces by the convulsions of a judgment day. Here all is a living rock. Here is no vein or fissure; no patchwork like the righteousness which man's exertions would spread for the support of the soul; all like the "vesture that was without seam, woven from the top throughout,"

## THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

THE following hymn, written for the occasion, was sung in the Rev. Dr. Scott's Church, Sabbath morning, July 15th, on the occasion of his return, after an absence of three months to attend the General Assembly at Rochester, N. Y. The crowded congregations, morning and evening, testified the feeling with which his return was welcomed.

O give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good : for his mercy endureth for ever.—*Ps.* cxviii : 29.

Lord, may each heart, a sacred urn,  
 With incense gush of thankful praise ;  
 Thy Presence-cloud with glory burn,  
 While in thy courts our thanks we raise,  
 For this blest meeting once more given  
 To pastor, people this side heaven.

Thy hand far on these western hills,  
 Did plant and root this Israel's vine ;  
 Thy spirit bathe with living rills  
 Its roots, its bloom with light divine :  
 Him angel of our church didst send  
 This clustering vine to guard and tend.

His angel-guard, when wandering far  
 O'er sea and desert, Thou didst send ;  
 Thy Presence, like the Magi's star,  
 Did guide, from every harm defend.  
 Here kneeling at thy gracious throne,  
 This kindness would we bless and own.

Lord, hear our humble, trusting prayer ;  
 Our pastor fill, enfold with love ;  
 E'er on thy heart this people bear,  
 And ripen for thy home above,  
 Where friendship's bonds are never riven,  
 With Jesus mid the love of heaven.

G. B.

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“YOU, Oh Athenians, I embrace and love, but I will obey God rather than you.”—*Socrates' dying speech.*