

righteousness, and, as to his enjoyment, finding himself lost in God. It is God, and not man. It is what God is to man, and the blessedness of man being with God. God we know, revealed in Christ; but nevertheless God revealed, and man made the righteousness of God, a part of God's new creation.

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“TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST.”

It is years now since I gave up letter-writing in the common sense of the word. Apart from Christ it is mere nature—in which, alas! we are too apt to live, and which must be bustling, because it has not Christ. The craving for letters is often like the craving for society, a substitute for the love of Christ. Ah! how few open the Bible with the same eager zest with which they open a letter! How few cannot live without daily correspondence with Jesus! I mean, hearty, living, personal communion with Him, such as the Song of Solomon describes.

The Bible is like a veil on the face of Christ, and when the Spirit draws it aside, we see all His beauty, and that is what makes us strong and joyous and holy. It is gazing on the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Again, I like to think of the word as a vessel which contains a precious wine. Now, there may be much to do with the outside, and the soul abide in death: but if there be but one small hole made