

## WAITING FOR SALVATION.

How many in every part of the country are waiting, some even *praying* for, salvation! They never seem to realize that Christ came and finished the work of salvation, and He is now waiting to bestow His blessing upon men.

Such waiters for salvation somehow seem to stifle the voice of the Holy Spirit, who pleads with man to accept His gift without waiting or even simply praying any more for it.

At an evangelistic meeting in Liverpool a father and three daughters were found seeking the way of salvation. A woman sitting immediately behind wept as if the fountain of her tears could not be staunch. She was the man's wife, and these were her daughters. Twenty years before, she had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the influence of a remarkable vision which she experienced. During those years she had impressed her family with the necessity of waiting for a similar experience. Now she saw her sad mistake, and wept because she kept them so long from the Lord, and yet thanked God that they had not been allowed to pass from time into eternity unsaved. There were five happy hearts that night at home, and there was joy in heaven because the weary waiting was ended, and a present salvation was theirs.

Waiting has, indeed, a wide sphere of its own, and in its own place it has precious promises attached to it. But it is not the duty of the *unsaved* man.

The Bible nowhere encourages the sinner to *wait* for pardon. Christ waits to save the sinner (Rev. iii. 20). To-day, God waits to be gracious. Why wait when eternal life, joy, and peace, may be a permanent possession by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ?

There's no time, sinner, to wait. Life is shortening, and the longest season of waiting will soon end. Waiting? Why, there is only a step between you and eternal ruin! Keep waiting, sitting still, and neglecting salvation, and you are lost! How, then, shall you escape? To-day is the day of salvation. Escape thou for thy life into the arms of Christ.—G. M'Robert.

A FARMER said "he should like to have all the land that joined his own." Bonaparte, who had the same appetite, endeavored to make the Mediterranean a French lake. Czar Alexander was more expansive, and wished to call the Pacific

*my ocean.* . . . But if he had the earth for his pasture, and the sea for his pond, he would be a pauper still. He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy or demon, who possesses such power as that. The days are divine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension, and of the greatest capacity, of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

## A PEACEFUL LIFE.

A PEACEFUL life: and this I hold to be  
A life that finds its springs of peace in Thee;  
Then outer cares are outer things alone,  
And do not jar the quiet undertone  
Of heavenly joy, that through the passing years  
Sings to the soul, unheard by worldly ears.

So winter, summer, spring, and all the days  
Pass in a calendar of prayer and praise—  
Now loud, now soft, half whispered, it may be,  
And heard, oh, Father! often but by Thee;  
Till the still soul, like a calm summer's sea,  
Reveals the Saviour's image perfectly.

May this sweet life be mine! Oh, Jesus, keep  
My soul in peace, sure, undisturbed, and deep;  
Calm, tho' expectant in its hope, until  
It sees Thy face, some new dawn, fair and still.

—M. L. Van Vorst.

## The Angels of the Beautiful.

By the LORD BISHOP OF RUON.

## PRELUDE.

THE angel paused upon the threshold of heaven. A message from the Eternal had been entrusted to him. It was not reluctance to discharge the high behests of immortal wisdom that made him pause. He rather paused an instant to glance round and fill his eye with the ineffable beauty and untold radiance of the fair realms which he was leaving; that, drinking in once more the joyousness of its splendor, he might be able the more fitly to fulfil his mission. For his mission was to one of those far-off worlds of God's creation, in which the dullness and the lowered desires of its inhabitants had wrought many defects and built many uglinesses in a globe which had once been so exceeding fair that at its birth the morning stars had sung together, and the sons of God had shouted for joy.

It had been most bright and beautiful, shining in the system in which it had been placed with a loveliness which was all its own. Other worlds shone with more brilliant hues, shooting forth into space their dazzling ruby, topaz, and sapphire beams;

but this world shone with a quiet and submissive light as of infinite patience under suffering, and gave forth a gentle green-hued brightness, softer and more restful than the emerald. But a dimness had fallen, somehow, upon its pristine lustre. The folk to whom the rule had been given had somehow mismanaged its government, and had allowed ill things to grow up apace; and where ill things grow the heavenly light of the planets waxes dim. To that once beautiful but now faded world was the mission of the angel, who now paused at heaven's gate to refresh his eye and his spirit with the fadeless and inspiring beauties of heaven. He knew, as all God's highest-taught creatures know, that to maintain his virtue of thought or feeling, or power, he must drink of the rivers of life which stream freely through the paradise of God. Four rivers streamed through the heavenly kingdom, and, flowing outwards and past the gates, turn winding on their various ways, and, working their course as God commands, unite at length once more in the jasper sea which rests beneath God's throne. For the streams of Truth and Wisdom, of Righteousness and of Beauty, are four; but the sea from which they spring and to which they return is one—even the sea which is pure as crystal, and yet which can glow at times as though it were of molten fire. From the river of Beauty the angel drank, and then, forasmuch as his eye was filled with the beauty of heaven, and his heart (since he had drunk of the stream) was refreshed with the love of it, he paused no more, but to fasten his winglets about his feet, and to spread his wings for flight. And so, like a cloud, he passed out of the gate of heaven, and, as he passed, the Angel of the Gate gave him, in God's name, the greeting and the dismissal that sounds in the ears of all the messengers which go forth from heaven to do God's will: "May the power of the Word of Eternal Wisdom be with thee! In His light thou seest light. When thou art wearied and thine eye grows dim, return to drink of the river of His pleasure, that thou mayest find strength to accomplish thy task and to fulfil His bidding, in whose name thou goest forth." And the Angel of Beauty answered: "In His presence is Life." And the Angel of the Gate said: "Return to drink of the brook if thou wouldst lift up thy head." And the other angel, as he passed from under the lintel, replied: "All my fresh springs are in Him."

And so the Angel of Beauty went on his