

## Family Reading.

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"WASTE PAPER" NOT ALWAYS WASTED.

"It is my own firm belief—and in that I suppose I am only expressing the belief of all Christians—that as a rule, *God's Word*, 'the incorruptible seed, that liveth and abideth for ever,' is that by which the soul is instrumentally brought to God. St. James so speaks to those to whom he wrote his General Epistle (James i. 18).

"With what confidence then may we use that Word of God! Young mother, you are looking round on that centre of souls of which God has made you one of the living centres—one of those 'binary stars' that move round each other within the system of your happy home, but which, to your own little system of stars, look almost as one star: so one are you in mind, in wish, in purpose, in word, in deed, that your children can never know that you have *two* wills, because they never see that you have *two ways*. Young mother, you are teaching those dear ones out of *God's Word*. Never doubt its power, never doubt that there is in it—in every part of it—in the smallest single grain of it—the mysterious principle of eternal life; hid you know not where, but surely *there*; working you know not how, but sure to work. It may lie dormant in those young hearts for years, but though dormant it is not dead; the time will come when God shall quicken it, when 'the rain from heaven shall descend, and the fruitful season' shall come, and the hidden life in that Word shall be made to appear, and the soul, in which you have sown that 'incorruptible seed of the word' shall live by the might of the 'quicken-  
ing Spirit.'

"A single text of that Word, a text to man's eye and judgment the most unlikely to work such a work, can do what no eloquence of oratory, no closeness of reasoning, no power of personal influence, no restraints of discipline, no appeals to feeling, can effect. When God takes the text, *that sermon must tell*; *God speaks* it in the ear, the deaf ear is opened, and hears the word that accomplishes what it commands, and enables what it enjoins.

"He of whose case I wish to speak, is now gone to his rest, or I would not tell this. He was an afflicted man; severe and painful disease had taken a strong, sharp grip of him. Trouble had followed him closely, and narrow circumstances were the necessary result. His mind was much tried by doubts and difficulties in his religious course. He was not an infidel, but he was not a believer. He was not a sceptic in the sense of one who is looking more to the objections against Christian truth than 'considering' the arguments for it. He was not one who, while saying that he sought for truth, turned his back on that Book which is the only repository of revealed truth, as if he knew it while welcoming heartily and admitting freely all that can be said against it. He was anxious to find what would *fix* and *settle* him. Did any man ever seek this *honestly*, as He who knows all, and, in the end, not find what God, though then 'an unknown God' was teaching him to long and search after? I believe not.

"The man in this state of mind, went one day to buy some butter. It was delivered to him wrapped in paper. The paper was printed paper, and, as he carried it home he read it. The words which he read exactly met his case; they removed the difficulty under which he had especially laboured; they showed to him how, in Christ Jesus, God not only *forgives*, but how He is as *just* in forgiving as he is merciful; how he forgives—not *at the cost* of justice, which is the case whenever mercy is shown to a man who is proved to be guilty, but *by virtue* of His very justice; how, 'if we confess our sins, He is *faithful* (for He has promised) and just (for justice has been satisfied in Christ) to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' He read on, and then anxious to find whose