

"But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel."

"Our fathers trusted in Thee; they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered; they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded. But I am a worm, and no man!"

Who is this holy Sufferer? Who is it that justifies God in the midst of (as far as Himself was considered) inexplicable abandonment? Who is it that is the one solitary exception to all God's ways with the righteous?—righteous above all, and yet forsaken, as no righteous person ever was beside.

Yes, it is the Lord, the Life-giver, the Saviour! It is the Highest in the place of the lowest! Lower than man—a worm—but oh, for what, but that the token of salvation might be ours?—the pledge of a mercy which puts those who take shelter under it in absolute and assured security, and gives, "boldness in the day of judgment" itself!

Christ had to take that awful place of a worm and no man; not treated as other men, but apart from all that was natural in God's holy ways of government. For when were the righteous forsaken? Never! They had gone through death, but they had gone through it with God, with the Lord as their Shepherd, fearing no evil, His rod and His staff their comfort. But when the Lord went through it, over whom death had no title at all, it was a totally different thing. That cloud of darkness that hung over the cross was but a symbol of deeper darkness which pressed upon the soul of Him who made atonement for our sins

there. It was not that, as a very beautiful hymn says, but here misinterpreting, "The darkness sought His woes to hide;" here it was rather our darkness, the due of our sins, which fell upon Him who bore them for us, and blotted out the sun at midday: the terrible shadow of our curse borne, and needed to be borne, by Him who was made a curse for us.—F. W. G.

An American Doctor, when dying, momentarily revived and exclaimed: "Find that word; find that word." "What word?" they said. "That awful word—*remorse!*" he answered. And again he said, "Remorse!" At length, gathering up all the strength he had left, he shrieked out, "Remorse!" Then he added, "Write it; write it." It was written. "Write it in larger letters; underline it, and let me gaze at it," said he; and he went on, "None of you know its meaning as I do, and may you never know it. Oh! it is awful in its meaning to me, and I feel it now—*Remorse!* *Remorse!!* *REMORSE!!!*"

Sunday School Work.—I was very young when, having said to my boys that Jesus Christ saved all who believe on Him, one of them asked, "Teacher, do you believe?" I replied, "I hope I do." This did not satisfy him, for he said, "But you are not sure?" And I had to consider then, for my repeating "I hope so" only brought from him, "If you have believed in Christ you are saved;" and I thus learnt that to teach effectively I must be able to say, "I know that it is so, for I have tasted and handled the good Word of life."