

prophets and apostles, then comes the exalted *I* of the Incarnate Lord, who is, at the same time, above prophets and apostles; for this Lord it is who has always sent, and now sends, and who Himself also came and called in all His messengers. The *I* of Christ embraces at the same time all the past, as ver. 34 the future. "He never forgets His part,"—to speak foolishly for the sake of the fools; He can never at any time deny who He is; and even when He appears most human, the consciousness of His eternal Divine dignity shines through with all the more immediate reality. "Thy children"—that is, at the same time, all the people of this sacred metropolis scattered in the country or over the earth. It would be a very false narrowing of the discourse as a whole to explain the words "How often" of Christ's frequent visits to the metropolis at the festivals; it speaks in a higher and more comprehensive style. "How often"—this includes, at the same time, all the calls of the former prophets, with all the invitations of those afterwards sent, known beforehand to be in vain, although it places the calls and invitations of Christ Himself in the centre. Christ would ever, from time to time, have gathered them all as His people into His kingdom to His heart. But not by force: in this way no one is drawn into God's kingdom, to God's heart; even Israel's Messiah is only a Saviour who at last passively offers Himself, who must leave it to the will of men to come, and must go away when they will not and do not come.—As an eagle stretch up her nest, fluttereth over her young, and then beareth them herself on her wings so did Jehovah at first—(Deut. xxxii. 11)—and afterwards ever more kindly and lovingly offer His sheltering wing to His people, in the word of the prophets (Ps. xvii. 8, xxvi. 8, lvii. 2, lxi. 5; Isa. xxxi. 5, 6; Mal. iv. 2), until, with most familiar tenderness, Jesus, here speaking in the person of Jehovah (which is to be observed, see especially Isa. xxxi. 5), would spread his wings over them as a hen over her chickens, ere the birds of prey, as other eagles of judgment, come. The wings are still spread even for the murderers of the prophets, while Christ now speaks; even for the stoners of Stephen, as was shown in the case of Paul, He will still spread them out; but what He himself has experienced will be the result upon the whole—that, namely, which he expresses in the words "Ye would not" (Isa. xxviii. 12, xxx. 15, and many places in the prophets).—The grace that still remains will indeed gather others in their place who *will*, but they who *would not* what Christ would, fall into the condemnation. "The power of the Almighty appears as impotence before the obstinacy of

the creature, and has only tears (Lake xix. 41) wherewith to overcome them." Whose *heart* dares here to answer, with the system of the *head*, "Thy willing and drawing was not in right earnest, thy lamentation but a mockery and a sport, for Thine irresistible grace was not there to give them the power to will?"

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T I M E .

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

Time is flying, flying, flying,  
Oh, how swiftly by;  
Like a water-fall that's rushing,  
Or a fountain ever gushing,  
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,  
Rapid as the lightning, nearly,  
Do the moments fly.

Catch the seconds as they're passing,  
Wa't not for the hours;  
Prize them as a golden treasure,  
Use them not in trifling pleasure.  
Seconds, moments—prizing, holding,  
As you would those buds unfolding  
Into choicest flowers.

Act, for some important purpose,  
Not with selfish zeal;  
See humanity is bleeding,  
And thy fellow-man is needing;  
Hundreds, thousands, millions, hear them,  
Breathing out their woes—go cheer them,  
Seek their wounds to heal.

Soon another year, all freighted  
With the deeds of man,  
Will be borne to God, the giver,  
And recalled by mortal never;  
O be joyful, watchful, ready,  
Heart and hand to bless the needy,  
Thus fill out thy span.

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S U C C E S S .

If others to their merits rightly trace  
Their wealth or place,  
It is not so with me;  
All my success I owe, my God, to thee.

Clearly I see how all my morning schemes  
Had proved but dreams,  
To break to long drear day. [way.  
Hast thou not helped my arm and hedged my

Full many a time I came to failure's brink,  
And thought to sink;  
But still thou gav'st thy hand,  
And once again I stood, and still I stand.

Bears not the future more of cause for ease  
To me than these?  
Man's strength may soon be gone;  
God's never fails, nor prayer to put it on.  
— Lord Kinloch.