

A Great Saviour Needed.

BY C. H. WETHERBE.

If the Bible did not declare the truth that sinful men need a great Saviour to deliver them from the thrall of their iniquities, sinners themselves have in many thousands of instances profoundly realized that they surely did need such a Saviour as Christ is. Religious evolutionists are fond of telling us that there is enough of divinity in all men to be developed into fine saintliness, but they cannot make a convicted sinner believe such folly.

Rev. Joseph P. Jacobs, a chapel-car missionary, now labouring in Missouri, tells of the recent conversion of a miner, called Andy, who spoke to Mr. Jacobs thus: "For seventeen years I had not put my foot inside of a church, and had not heard a sermon until I went to the chapel car last Wednesday night. I have not missed a meeting since, and if I have made a mistake I want to know it. I believe you are in earnest and I want to ask you to help me to the light, if it be possible. Do you think I can be saved?" I assured him he could and urged him to trust Christ; but every passage of Scripture I quoted he would quote one that seemed to offset and disprove it. I said: 'I will not argue with you; let us pray.' He did not want to pray, but I insisted, and while he sat I kneeled, and if ever the Holy Spirit gave me power to pray it was then. I arose from my knees with tears streaming from my eyes." Then, after stating that Andy went to meeting the next evening, and on the following day, they had a talk with each other for several hours, Mr. Jacobs further wrote: "This morning, as I started to build a fire to get breakfast, I heard some one at the door, saying, O Jacobs, oh Jacobs, open the door! Be quick! Be quick! The devil is after me, Oh my God! I have run all the way from the mines here. Lock the door! Satan is after my soul!" There stood my friend in his mining clothes, cap and lamp just as he had come up from the mine. I saw the trouble and said: 'Believe in Christ.' 'I do! I do!' he said, and then began to praise God. He danced, he shouted, he clapped his hands, he fell upon the floor, he sang, he laughed, and said: 'I am saved! I am saved!' in real Methodist fashion." No one could have made that sinful man believe that he did not need a great Saviour, and it was not necessary for him to read the Bible in order to ascertain that fact. Talk of a sinner's evolving the natural goodness that is in him until it fruits out into a Christian life! Why, even the old devil knows better than that! O sinner, you need salvation by Christ!

For Daily Reading.

Mon., Feb. 23.—Rich toward God. Isa. 66:1-2
Tues., Feb. 24.—The oil of joy Isa. 61:1-3
Wed., Feb. 25.—The inheritance of the meek. Ps. 37:17-11
Thurs., Feb. 26.—"Ho, every one that thirsteth!" Isa. 55:1-5
Fri., Feb. 27.—How mercy is remembered. Heb. 6:10-12
Sat., Feb. 28.—Who shall see God? Ps. 24:3-5
Sun., Mar. 1.—Topic. Lessons from the sermon on the Mount: what Christ teaches about blessedness Matt. 5:1-12

"Blessed are the merciful." Abraham Lincoln always gave orders that, no matter how great the throng, and no matter how many Senators and other great men had to be turned away, he must see before the day closed every one that came bringing a petition for the saving of life.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN**Our Young People****What Christ Teaches about Blessedness.**

Scripture: Matt. 5:1-12; March 1.

Suggestions on Topic.

The word "blessed" has come to have a pious sound, but does not signify to us what Christ really meant when He spoke His Beatitudes. We shall get that meaning more nearly if we say: "The poor in spirit are happy; mourners have a good time; the meek are lucky fellows; the merciful are fortunate indeed; peacemakers have found a regular gold-mine; the pure in heart—well, they ought to be satisfied."

Christ's thought was that if any one on earth is to have a good time, it is the man that loves God and tries to do God's will. Do not spoil it by saying with a sour face that the blessedness Christ meant was the holy joy of the sanctified. He meant being perfectly delighted—just as merry and happy as a child on Christmas morning, or a young girl on her way home from school for the holidays.

Worldlings make a brave pretence of being happy, but they seldom are, and then not for a long time. And when any sorrow or misfortune comes, it completely prostrates them. But Christ's happiness does not depend upon the weather on earth; it comes down from above.

It is all summed up in the old fable of the dog carrying the piece of meat in his mouth, who saw his reflection in the water and snapped after the piece of meat that the other dog had down there; of course he let the only real piece fall into the water and lost it. The Christian joys are the real thing, and all others are only unreal reflections.

For which will you strive?

Suggestive.

Dean Stanley says that in a region of mountains there is always one range which stands out the most sublime—the range that is covered with perpetual snow. Such a range is the Beatitudes.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." Dr. Burrell says brightly that a good man is one who wants to be better. All healthy men have a good appetite. All healthy souls have an appetite for spiritual food.

"Blessed—blessed—blessed." How often men think and speak of the Christian life as if it were the way of duty, but not the way of happiness. The very beginning of Christ's great sermon gives the lie to that impression.

Gold cannot be used for currency as long as it is mixed with the quartz and rock in which it lies imbedded. So your soul is useless to God till it is taken out from sin and earthliness and selfishness in which it lies buried.—A. J. Gordon.

"Blessed are the—men of genius." Lucky for us that Christ did not say that. "Blessed are the—leaders of men, the men of mighty influence." He did not say that, either. The best part of the Beatitudes is that they are within the reach of every one. Not every one may become a genius or a leader of men, but everyone may become meek and merciful and pure in heart.

Sorrow's Use.

But the sorrow that is meant to bring us nearer to God may be in vain. The same circumstances may produce opposite effects. I dare say there are people who will read these words who have been made hard and sullen and bitter and paralyzed for good work because they have some heavy burden to carry, or some wound or ache that life can never heal. Ah, brother, we are often like ship-wrecked crews, of whom some are driven by the danger to their knees, and some are driven to the spirit casks. Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill-health, or similar afflictions that come in your daily life mar you instead of mending you. See that they send you nearer to God, and not that they drive you further from him. See that they make you more anxious to have the durable riches and righteousness which no man can take from you, than to grasp at what may yet remain of fleeting earthly joys. So let us try to school ourselves into the habitual and operative conviction that life is a discipline. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the brim with good. May it never have to be said of any of us that we wasted the mercies which were judgments, too, and found no good in the things that our tortured hearts felt to be also evils, lest God should have to wait over any of us: "In vain have I smitten your children; for they have received no correction."—Alexander Maclaren.

A Prayer.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

O Lord our God, how near Thou art to to us! and we do not know it! How near is the other life! and we do not feel it. It clothes us as with a garment. It feeds us. It shines down upon us. It rejoices over us. Now and then we catch the inspiration, and some feeble joy uprises. Some sympathy interprets to us what is going on beyond the bound of the city. We glory in the Lord, and in His kingdom, and in the great invisible realm where royalties belong to us, where our crowns are waiting, and where our rest remains—the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Thither, out of narrow and anguishful ways, out of sorrows, out of regrets, out of bereavements, we look; and already we are rested before we reach it. Leaving out the things of time, we walk emancipated and glorified.

Grant unto us to day, we beseech Thee, this beatific vision. Amen.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Queen Victoria, mourning the death of her grandson, the Duke of Clarence, was comforted by finding on the fly-leaf of a little book of devotions she had given the lad, an inscription she had herself placed there,—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

"I could not help feeling," she said, "that he did cling to the cross, and that it had all come true."

Faith is stimulated by exercise and grows by stimulation.