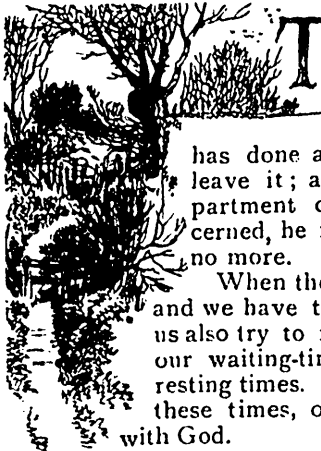


There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.

The Rest of the Husbandman.




THERE are many little restings; but no true abiding rest until the end. When the husbandman has done all his part, he must leave it; and so far as that department of his work is concerned, he may rest; he can do no more.

When these times come to us, and we have to leave and wait, let us also try to rest. God can make our waiting-times, not fretful, but resting times. But to have rest at these times, our leavings must be with God.

But the great rest is to come. "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." It may be, that before we enter it, we shall have a quiet resting-time, like that eminent servant of God, who said he just felt as though the tide were going out. We may lie down with our eyes shut to outer life; and our spirit eased of all its toil; we may have the rest of weakness, or of weariness, or even that of simply thankful reposing in our Lord; but the rest of rests remaineth, when, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," shall be said to every faithful life-long toiler.

The Promises.



IT is, in fact, in the experience of real need that the value of the divine promises can be learned. One may greatly admire a life-boat as he looks at it hanging in its place above the ship's deck on a fair day at sea; but that life-boat's true worth one never actually knows till the ship is going down and the life-boat is his only hope of rescue. As the railroad train sweeps along at mid-day, an attendant quietly passes through the cars and lights the hanging lamps. It seems a useless and unnecessary thing to do. The lights beam dimly in the bright sunshine that floods the car. Suddenly the train plunges into a long dark tunnel, and the lamps are no longer useless. But for them, total darkness would prevail in that car.

It is so with the Bible promises. We do not know their worth until we reach the experiences in which we are helpless without them. We may admire them when all is fair and calm about us,

but it is only when the shock of the tempest is on us, and our earthly trust is shattered, that we can realize the value of a hope which is fitted to bear us up and to carry us safely. It is only when our path leads down into some dark gorge of trial, where no sunbeams fall, that we learn the worth of the lamps of heavenly promise. Their beams shone dimly as we walked in the sunshine of human joy, and strong earthly hope; but now in the darkness they flash out in brilliancy, and change night into day.

It is strange that God's children should be so slow to find what their Father has prepared for them in his Word. Let Bunyan's Pilgrim give a lesson to us all. "Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, broke out into this passionate speech: 'What a fool, quoth he, 'am I, thus to lie in a filthy dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.' Then said Hopeful, 'That's good news, brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.'" Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out."

All Things are Serious.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S Secretary, Walsingham, having retired from the busy world into the privacy of the country, some of his gay companions rallied him on his becoming religious, and told him he was melancholy. 'No,' said he, 'I am not *melancholy*, but I am *serious*: and it is fit I should be so. Ah! my friends, while we laugh, all things are serious around us. God is serious, who exerciseth patience towards us; Christ is serious, who shed His blood for us; the Holy Spirit is serious, in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world; all that are in heaven and hell are serious. How, then, can we be gay?'

THERE cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment hid in the hand; it betrayeth itself. If you truly feel the sweetness of the cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess Christ before men.—*McCheyne*.