

cross and pointing to the wounded, bleeding, dying Saviour, say : "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sake He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich," (2 Cor. 8 : 9). Yes, He was rich, rich in all the attributes of Deity, rich in all the sources of happiness, rich in vast unlimited possessions of worlds rolling through space ; so rich that he could become no more rich, could become possessed of no more exalted perfection, or of any higher degree of glory and excellence, or of greater possibilities of happiness ; yet *He became poor* ! He who was from all eternity the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, He before whom the angels veiled their faces and cried one to another, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of Thy glory," He by whom all things were created, that are in heaven and that is in the earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, even He became poor, made Himself of no reputation, took upon Himself the form of a servant, endured suffering, privation and want, was despised and rejected of men, was buffeted and spit upon and was condemned to a cruel and ignominious death. He came from a height of glory never attained by any created intelligence and descended to a condition of suffering and trial in this life unsurpassed by the humblest of the children of Adam. As now we reverently draw near in Gethsemane, behold the Saviour kneeling upon the dewy grass, see the great sweat drops of blood oozing from every pore, and hear the earnest, pleading prayer, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt ;" as again we draw near on Calvary and behold the Saviour on the cross, see those gory wounds, the agony-wrung brow and the swelling and heaving of that blessed bosom which strives to rend

above the imprisoned heart, and hear that cry so piercing and shrill and wild that all nature trembles before it, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," as we linger, and ponder, and meditate, and muse a heavenly voice speaks : "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature." If the sight of the Cross does not melt men's hearts, destroy selfishness and indifference, and prompt to Christian effort and zeal, nothing else will. It is useless to talk of duty to men whose liberality is not drawn out by a view of Calvary. Is it possible for a man to continue mean and penurious in the presence of an atoning, dying Saviour ? Yet how many there are who on particular occasions will sing with apparent earnestness and feeling,

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

and when asked to attend to some work of charity and benevolence and to give some money to send missionaries to the heathen, they are unwilling to give either time or money to carry out the command of the Master, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature." Surely those people cannot be honest. They profess a form of godliness while they deny the power thereof.

If while under the shadow of the Cross we feel impulses to duty, if we feel that we should be more active and zealous and more liberal in our giving for the cause of Christ in the world, let us resolve to carry out those convictions. When the heart is full, God often gives light regarding our privileges and duties, which we do not see with equal vividness at other times. It is in those supreme moments of Christian experience that God is most likely to reveal Himself to us and