

"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL."

Christ is all FOR us, He is all to us, He is all IN us.

Christ is all FOR us, the surety, the substitute in our stead, to bear our guilt. "For the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

He is also the worker, standing in our place to fulfil all righteousness for us. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. All that God requires us to be, Christ is for us. He has not presented to God a part of what was done, but has to the utmost farthing paid all that His people owed. Acting as our fore-runner in heaven, He has taken possession of our inheritance, and as our surety He secures to us our entrance there. FOR us all Jesus is all.

And this day He is ALL to us. We trust wholly in Him. I often question myself upon many Christian graces; but there is one thing I never can doubt about, and that is, I know I have no other hope but in the blood of Jesus Christ. If a soul can perish relying with all its power upon the finished work of the Saviour then I shall perish; if saving faith be an entire reliance upon Him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for sin, then I can never perish until God's word be broken.

Can you not say that, dear reader, and will it not yield you comfort?—Have you anything else you could trust to? Have you one good work that you could rely upon? Is there a prayer you have ever offered, an

emotion you have ever felt, that you would dare to use as a buttress, or as in some degree a prop, to your hope of salvation? I know your reply, "I have nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing; but Christ my Saviour is all my salvation and all my desire; and I abhor the idea of putting anything side by side with Him as a ground of my dependence before God." Oh, then, assuredly you have the mark of Christ's sheep, for to all of them Christ is all.

I said also that Christ is all IN us, and so He is. Whatever there is in us that is not of Christ and the work of His Spirit, will have to come out of us; and blessed be the day in which it is ejected. Only that which belongs to "Christ formed in me the hope of glory," will prove to be gold, silver, precious stones; this may seem slow building, but it will abide the fire.—Spurgeon

LOST IN THE DARK!

"I am lost," cried a traveller going through Cornwall, in a dark and stormy night! The cry was loud, but it was the cry of despair. No light was to be seen, no voice to be heard! The passenger had missed his path to Bude. Suddenly a voice replied: "Stop, man, stop where you are! one step more forward and you are lost forever!"—and while the voice continued to say "stop," a light advanced, though the one holding the light was still enveloped in the thick of darkness. The trembling and strayed traveller soon discovered, by the rays of the advancing light, that he was on the brink of a precipice, and, horror-stricken, shut