

what she is—a dog ; but she maintains that if it be so there is sufficient goodness in God for such beings. Could God say, "No ; there is not?" Could Christ represent Himself thus? Impossible! By faith want is met across all the obstacles of Jewish rights and personal unworthiness, thoroughly owning them, but placing itself outside every right in immediate contact with the goodness of God.

Such is faith. It recognises the state of ruin and of wretchedness in which we are ; humble and true, it brings its need to God, but counts on what He is. Now He cannot deny Himself. Besides, it is the key to all the gospel. Jesus was the Christ, the Son of David, a Minister of the circumcision ; but behind, so to speak, God was there, in all the fulness of His grace, and He passed over the strait limits of Israel and of the promises to be Himself in grace—grace which sufficed for everything. The curse might be there, complete unworthiness ; but if want was there, and placed itself by faith on the ground of the grace and goodness of God, the barriers disappeared, want and God met together, and the answer was according to His sovereign goodness, the riches of His grace, and according to the faith which counted upon it. The daughter was healed, the Canaanitish woman happy, and God in Christ revealed.—J. N. D.

THE GREAT LIGHT.

As we read the report of Jesus' words in Luke iv. 16-31, we perceive only dimly that aspect of them which stirred the wrath of His hearers to the utmost, and yet we do understand it. That He

should have turned so fully the light upon the Gentiles, and flung its large shadows upon them ; that 'Joseph's Son' should have taken up this position towards them ; that He would make to them spiritual application unto death of His sermon, since they would not make it unto life : it stung them to the quick. Away He must out of His city ; it could not bear His Presence any longer, not even on that Holy Sabbath.

Out they thrust Him from the synagogue ; forth they pressed Him out of the city ; on they followed, and around they beset Him along the road by the brow of the hill on which the city is built—perhaps to that western angle, at present pointed out as the site.—This, with the unspoken intention of crowding Him over the cliff, which there rises abruptly about forty feet out of the valley beneath. If we are correct in indicating the locality, the road here forks, and we can conceive how Jesus, Who had hitherto in the silence of sadness, allowed Himself almost mechanically to be pressed onwards by the surrounding crowd, now turned, and by that look of commanding majesty, the forthbreaking of His Divine Being, which ever and again wrought on those around miracles of subjection, constrained them to halt and give way before Him, while unharmed He passed through their midst.

So did Israel of old pass through the cleft waves of the sea, which the wonder-working rod of Moses had converted into a wall of safety. Yet although He parted from it in judgment, not thus could the Christ have finally and forever left His own Nazareth.

Cast out of His own city, Jesus pursued His solitary way towards Capernaum.