

we may be ; but we are being trained for use here and hereafter, and we cannot afford to be left weaklings. The divine indwelling brings in all good and all repose.

This infinite boon is within your reach. The King raps for admission. He has been long rapping. His locks are wet with morning dew. He says, "Open, and I will come in." Now, you open, and let Him in. Surrender. That is opening your heart. Give up. Do not hesitate or delay in order to put your heart in better order. You cannot do the King's work. Open the door, and He will put things to rights. True, you have known little order within. You are weary. But He says, "They that labour and are heavy laden." You are wounded ; the teeth of the dogs have left their marks on your throat, and your blood stains your fleece. But He is the Good Shepherd ; and who ever heard of a shepherd that turned away from the fold a lamb because it was wounded and alarmed ? Open the door ; surrender. Give up. Let Him in. With Him shall come in all peace.

Keep Him in. If you stumble, look to Him. Look at once. Don't wait a day. Look immediately. If anything offends Him and shadows His approval, give it up. Ask what the King wants, and He will see that your soul has all it wants. Nothing can be so bad as sin, and nothing can be so blessed as God's indwelling. It schools ore for Heaven.

Come, poor soul ! there is infinite fulness in Him—fulness of peace, fulness of security, fulness of assurance, fulness of dignity. To live in the midst of the spiritual forces of the universe, and have God as a constant guest, makes life grand in all its details, and majestic even in the otherwise pettiness of daily littleness. Step by step on the rock ! Day by day in the light ! Royal company ! Divine exaltation ! He in us here ! we in Him "in that day when the rocks and the mountains all flee away."—*Christian Advocate*.