

Roll then, O thunder of Niagara!
 Flow down ye foaming billows! and ye depths
 Beyond, forever yield your azure tide!
 Ye tell me of my mercies, and of Him,
 Who is their giver,—speak the wondrous name
 Of Jesus,—in the mystery of whom,
 All fullness dwells!—Oh I am rich in Him!
 The blessings which my soul has yet received,
 Are but His overflowings; and the sea,
 That I shall drain in ages yet to come,
 Only His overflowings; and the sea,
 To this supply, is but the drop of dew,
 To the wide ocean! Want I cannot know,
 For present things are mine, and things to come;
 The world is mine; and life and even death
 Are mine; all things are mine; and I am His,—
 And He, the eternal heritage of God!

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS,

A DOCTRINE FROM A PROMISE.

There is music in the word "Come"
 —surely there is, when it reaches our ears
 in our sadness, and we have reason to be-
 lieve there is both sympathy and power in
 the quarter whence it comes. In our sin-
 ful, suffering world there is much to com-
 fort us in the familiar invitation of the
 Lord, "Come unto me, all ye that labor
 and are heavy laden, and I will give you
 rest."

But here is a doctrine enfolded in the
 promise. Let us see what it is. It was a
 human voice that uttered it. Was the
 speaker any more than human?

When he spoke, he stood upon soil that
 had been sprinkled with tears—how often
 with blood! Few spots upon earth can
 claim exemption from a similar history.—
 He stood in the midst of a race, and
 spoke to it, a race acquainted with grief.
 The various forms of suffering that were
 immediately beneath his eye, were only
 drops of an ocean that girdled the globe.
 The heavy laden were about him and
 there was not a realm of earth where they
 did not abound.

The mysterious speaker invites—"Come
 unto me all ye that are weary and heavy
 laden." All? Yes, all. For it was a
 fallen race he came to bless. And that
 word all had no limit but the race. He
 knew that the words he uttered would go
 upon the Sacred Record—would fly
 abroad by the printed page, and the
 living voice, even to every land. Men—
 suffering men—the poor—the bereaved—

the tempted—the persecuted—the unhap-
 py everywhere, would hear, or read, and
 would think—how could they help it—
 would think these words were used in kind-
 ness to them. And who dares deny that
 the speaker meant these words should go
 world-wide, and be words of cheer to all
 the sufferers they should reach of all the
 millions of the race?

So then all the sorrowing and suffering
 may come to Him. But how shall they
 come? Surely not into his bodily presence
 —for that was speedily withdrawn. Most
 obviously they were to come by the out-
 pouring of their wants and sorrows into
 his ear—by the communion of their hearts
 with him. They were to come and speak
 to him as an invisible friend.

I see a poor African in sadness—let him
 come. I see a weeping Greenlander—let
 him come. I see a Chinaman wading
 through sorrow—he may come. A Hin-
 doo—a Pacific Islander, one, any, all, yes
 let them come. All the heavy laden may
 come.

But comfort is at hand, it must be be-
 cause he that offers it is nigh. In what
 sense can the sufferers, in all the zones of
 the earth, come to him otherwise than by
 pouring out their sorrows and casting their
 care upon him, as upon an invisible friend?
 And if there be any vital energy and value
 in the promise, "I will give you rest," it
 must be because he, who offers the rest, is
 at hand to afford it.

If he is not present with sufferers, and
 present on every spot on earth where they
 are—if he is not present amid arctic snows
 and burning climes—if he is not present
 with every sorrowing one that hears his
 invitation, and strives to comply with it,
 then what is it worth? What is it but a
 mockery of human woe?

And if he, who bids suffering men
 come to him for rest, is at hand, and
 everywhere at hand where there is suffer-
 ing, then here is a doctrine—and it is
 nothing less than the Omnipresence of
 Christ. That doctrine gives all its vitality
 and power to this glowing promise, send-
 ing it into deeper depths of sorrowing
 hearts and giving life to the dead.