

all that is only for the men and the women, children of God that venture down into the waters, that wade the deep of the rivers, that are not afraid, if need be, to trust themselves to the fire and the flame. No presence of the Master without the waters; no victory over the rising surf, without contact with the cold waves; no triumph over the flame without contact with the fire. If Israel had not gone forth out of Egypt in obedience to the command; if they had not travelled by the way marked out for them, with all its trials and with all its difficulties, there could have been no marvellous escape, no mighty deliverance at the sea. It was when Moses shouted, "Stand still and see the salvation of God," that with the temptation came the way of escape.

III. The next word of encouragement which the Apostle gives us here, and the last we shall notice, is this: God is faithful who has promised the deliverance. "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted beyond that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." There is one part in the matter of trial which belongs to us and there is one part which belongs to God. The part which belongs to us is cheerful acceptance of the trial and patient endurance under it; the part which belongs to the Lord is promised, perfect, complete deliverance. It was the part of the children of Israel to march forward to the Red Sea; it was the part of the Lord to open up the sea that they might pass over. If we do our part in the matter of trial, we may be quite sure God will do His. The great Dr. Arnold was one time passing through a manufactory in England and he came to a place where there was a man working beside a vat of liquid. The vat contained a biting acid. The operator put in one end of the vat a dark coloured, unfigured, beautiful robe. When it came out at the other end of the vat, he said it was a beautiful robe, all the figures and colours distinctly brought out, and it was fit to be put on the shoulders of a Queen. The doctor said that operation taught him two lessons with regard to God's deal-

ings with us in the matter of trial. The operator determined two things in that process. He determined in the first place the strength of the acid. If it were too strong the robe would have been destroyed and the work lost. He determined in the second place, the length of time the robe should remain in the acid. If left too long the same result would follow and the work would come to nothing. The two lessons were these: God also determines the strength of the acid. He knows the severity of all our trials. For this purpose He took upon Him our form, that He might be tempted and tried in all points like as we are. "And He will not suffer you to be tried beyond that ye are able." He determines also the length of the time He will allow His children to remain in the acid. Just when it has served its purpose, just when all the figures and the colours are beautifully brought out, when the beauty of His own likeness appears in us, He will grant us the deliverance. He will with the temptation make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. "God is faithful."

Oh, the great question after all is how to get completely in the hands of Christ, that we can rest there, and be assured in our hearts that He will keep us, and guide us, and sustain us to the end. And, blessed be His name, we may know this. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." What we want is simple reliance upon Christ. This is one of the easiest and yet it is one of the hardest acts to perform. Easy, when the soul feels its lost, its helpless condition and believes that Christ alone can save. Hard, when there lingers in the heart the impression that the person can do something to merit the divine grace which saves. The following glance at the inner life of a young lady recently brought to rejoice in Christ may help others. She says in her letter: "I have always had the greatest respect for religion and loved to attend the services of the Church, when it was possible. I do not know when it first entered my heart to wish that I was a Christian. I have seen a great many

beautiful Christian characters; the more I have soon of them, the more I have wanted to be like them. A mother, an uncle, a dear sister, whose lights have burned brightly without a flicker, and who have often talked to me on religious matters, have been constant arguments to me in favour of religion. From time to time the thought has come to me, 'Oh, if I were only a Christian!' How to become one I did not understand. The thought troubled me much, and I nearly gave up in despair. On Monday night I came to the service and from a few words spoken by our pastor, I knew I had a mistaken idea about the way of salvation. A few kind words from a Christian lady encouraged me, I knelt down in the presence of others—a poor sinner, without any hope. I went again the following evening, determined to give my heart to the Saviour. I went home and prayed Jesus to receive me and forgive my sins. The next morning my burden was gone. I felt I could trust Jesus then for everything. It seems so strange to me now—strange that I have only just found Christ, when He has been ready to receive so long. The word which I ventured forth at last upon was in the Bible before I was born—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—*Bernard Bryan, Toronto.*

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

"All honour to him who shall win the prize!"

The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and fails, and dies,
I give great honour, and glory, and tears.

Give glory and honour, and pitiful tears,
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

All honour to him who shall win the prize,
But greater, many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But he who fails and who still fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine.

JOAQUIN MILLER.