

Preparing to meet God.

If we were expecting a call to go into the presence of some great king on earth, we should prepare to meet him. If we were looking for a summons to appear before a judge and answer a serious accusation brought against us, we should prepare our answer to the charge. If we were about to go to some rich and powerful man to ask a great favor at his hands, we should make preparation for the interview.

But how many there are who never think of preparing to meet their God. They think less of meeting Him than of their earthly master or benefactor. They act towards Him with less respect and concern than towards their fellow-creatures. Yet He is the King of all kings, the Lord of all lords. His sentence will decide our eternal state. It will either raise us to heavenly joy or cast us down to hell. We cannot escape Him, we cannot resist Him. We must meet Him, and that very soon. When and how we cannot tell. He may come to meet us in the judgments of His providence, and He will call us to meet him by the summons of death. Oh, let us then prepare to meet Him! But how? Only in one way can we do so—by believing in His dear Son and seeking acceptance through Him. Then we can meet Him without fear and say "This is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arm of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no

wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

It was amid the darkness of the night, at the brook Jabbok, that Jacob of old wrestled with the angel and prevailed. It is in the soul's dark, lonely, and solitary seasons still that the Church's moral and spiritual wrestlers are crowned with victory, and, as princes, have power with God.

A parishioner once sought advice of Dr. Alexander. He was under a cloud and could find no comfort in the discharge of religious duty. The doctor said to him, "Do you pray?" "Yes; he spent whole nights in prayer." "How do you pray?" "I pray," he replied, "that the Lord will lift the light of His countenance upon me, and grant me peace." "Go," said Dr. Alexander, "and pray God to glorify His name, and to convert sinners to himself." The prescription met the case.—*Zion's Advocate.*

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