

Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while —Mark vi. 31.

Paul knocking off, and Satan putting on, as long as Paul lived.

In my episode about Paul I had almost forgotten to speak of another specimen of talent in optics of the personage now in review. While most sinners see next to nothing of the number and nature of their sins, there is now and then a case where the vision is dreadful, and overwhelms the soul. Before some, their sins rise like tremendous mountains. Sinai is covered with the blackness of darkness—lightnings flash out from it, and thunders roar, and there is an horrible tempest of despair in the poor sinner's soul. He cannot get a single glimpse of Calvary. He can see nothing but his sins, black as midnight, and frowning terribly upon him. He grows desperate, and sinks down in the gloom of despair!

Whose spectacles were those through which that sinking sinner saw his guilt? If Satan cannot so fix on a pair as that sin shall not be seen at all, he will fix such a pair that nothing but sin shall be seen.

I have time to speak of only one pair more. I heard a man say lately, 'He did not believe there was any devil!' I did not wonder that he had reached that point; for he had pitched about everything

there was in the Bible overboard; and after having done this, it could not be anything but a comfort to get Satan over too. He was afraid to have him aboard, after he had thus lightened the ship. And if Satan has not clapped a pair of his own spectacles on that man, then he never put a pair on anybody. It is a capital affair for a General to make his opponent believe he is out of the way. And I am at no loss as to whose spectacles a man wears, who scoffingly exclaims, 'There is no Devil in my creed!'

If anybody should marvel at the quantity of this article, if all wear them whose moral vision is defective, I beg them to consider that the old

mechanic has kept open-shop ever since the creation, and has journeymen and apprentices, and peddlers, and so on, *ad infinitum* almost. And it is no marvel, therefore, that he should turn off a vast amount of work, especially as he does not rest himself day or night.

Rest—Learn.

COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—then learn of Me." "Rest first, and then I can teach thee," saith He.

See, into the school here comes the new scholar—

a timid little fellow, with frightened eyes, looking round on all the clever boys and girls, wondering if he will ever get to know so much as they do; burdened and bewildered by the maps and boards and all the signs of learning that everywhere look down so sternly on him, making him feel almost guilty at being so ignorant. So dull, so stupid as he feels himself, poor little lad, he wonders if he ever will get through the mysteries of the alphabet, or if he ever will get up the slippery heights of the multiplication table. Ah, see, here comes the gentle mistress, without book or cane, and draws the

frightened little scholar to her side with pleasant smile and merry words, and begins to tell him a story and makes him forget that he is at school, and then when he is at home with her, she opens a book and teaches him a lesson without his ever guessing that he is learning anything.

This is just the blessed Master's own method, "Rest; then learn of Me." Come and know, first of all, my patient gentleness and love, then I can teach thee—this first, not last. He who hath not learned to rest, hath not learned how to learn. He who knows not how He makes us to lie down, knows not how to follow Him,—*Rev. Mark Gray Pearse.*

THE GOSPEL ALPHABET. No. 14.



Now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.
Now is the day of salvation.—2 Cor. vi. 2.
Come Now, and let us reason together.—Isaiah i. 18.

To-day the Saviour calls: ye wanderers, come!

Oh, ye benighted souls, why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls: oh, listen now!
 Within this sacred hour to Jesus bow!

To-day the Saviour calls: for refuge fly,
 The storm of Justice falls, and death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day: yield to His power!
 Oh, grieve Him not away: 'tis mercy's hour.

Come; for all things are **Now** ready.—Luke xiv. 17.
There is therefore Now no condemnation.—Rom. viii. 1.
Beloved, Now are we the sons of God.—1 John iii. 2.