

have wept at the grave of Allen Gardiner pass their verdict upon it. No life is futile whose strength is spent in pursuance of a divine call.

WHAT FAITH IS.

Reading in her Greek Testament one day in the second and third chapters of the Gospel of John, a young lady came to the word "believeth," in chapter 3; 15.

"Surely that word occurred in the previous chapter," she said to herself; and looking back she saw that the word "commit himself unto" was exactly the same in the original as the word "believe." Thus God showed her that "believing" meant simply committing herself with all her unbelief and sin to Jesus; then her soul rested on the strength and love of her Saviour.

It is this simple "committing of ourselves" to Jesus that our great enemy tries to persuade us is difficult. The very words "faith" and "believing" are so familiar that they seem almost to have lost their first simple meaning, and to some minds seem words of vague import.

But the Lord Jesus would not offer a dim, uncertain way of salvation to poor dying ones, so He says in His abounding love, "I am the way." I, Jesus,—who was made flesh and dwelt among men, and knows to the uttermost the poor sinner's need and weariness—"the living, loving Saviour, am the way; commit yourselves to Me, and you are safe for eternity!"

The following true story may serve to illustrate what this committing faith is.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. All on board were drowned except one sailor boy, who was washed on shore nearly dead, and who lay for weeks upon a sick bed. A young Christian man visited him, and spoke the Gospel to him.

"When your vessel was in pieces round about you," he said to the lad, "and you were sinking, if a plank had floated by you and you had been able to clutch it, and you felt it would bear your weight, you would have thanked God for that plank?"

"Yes" said the boy, and he was led to understand that the "plank" for his sinking soul was "Christ," and that he had only to commit himself to Christ, as in drowning he would to the plank.

Many years afterward, in a distant city, the same Christian man visited a death-bed. The dying person was a stranger to him.

"Is it well with your soul?" he said, as he bent over him.

The dying man turned his head—there was a smile of recognition, a grasp of the hand—and he said, "God bless you, sir, the plank bears, the plank bears!" And he died.

Poor sinking one, do you imagine that the weight of your sin and weariness is too heavy for Jesus? It was heavy, and He sank under the weight of it, in order that you might not sink; and now He lives to present His redeemed faultless before the presence of the Father's glory.

We should always take great trials and great temptations as the forerunners of great blessings and growth of fellowship with God.