

The Bible alone gives us the perfection of hope and the completion of life, "Ye are complete in Him."

Without Christ my life has no completeness—a broken pillar, an unfinished column, a withered flower, an uncrowned monarch.

Christ is the only per-son with whom I can be satisfied. I think of Him with infinite satisfaction. I find in Him nothing that jars upon my soul, nothing that clashes with my sense of right.

Sixty-two generations have passed away since Christ appeared, and He has never been reproduced, and the future ages cannot give us a second Christ.

The glories of heaven radiate around His spirit, and He tarries among us as one whose home is in the bosom of God. His benediction rests upon us, and His image goes with us in all our journey of life. With Him we are satisfied. Thou glorious Saviour! Thou didst dwell in the bosom of God and the palace of glory, yet didst so love us as to come to our cold and sickly and sinning world and show us how to live, and how to die, and how to escape the power and pollution of sin. Thou art now "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." Thou art our all and in all. Satisfied with Thee, satisfied with Thee, O thou blessed Christ!—*Standard*

### THEN AND NOW.

When first I heard of Jesus  
It seemed some mystic tale—  
A root of barren dryness  
No fragrance could exhale.  
But as I came to know Him,  
His precious name grew sweet,  
And like a perfumed rainbow  
Love arched the mercy-seat.

At first, I saw no beauty,  
No captivating spell;  
Felt no divine emotion  
In my cold bosom swell.  
But when through beams of glory  
God shone in Jesus' face,  
All other objects tarnished  
Before His matchless grace.

I read that He was wounded  
And bruised upon the tree;  
Yet felt no thrilling wonder  
As though He died for me.  
But since, oh, since I know it  
And saw Him bear my load,  
I cannot cease from praising  
My great redeeming God!

O Rose of rarest odor!  
O Lily white and pure!  
O chiefest of ten thousand,  
Whose glory must endure;  
The more I see Thy beauty,  
The more I know Thy grace,  
The more I long, unhindered,  
To gaze upon Thy face.

### Band Tidings.

#### JOTTINGS.

BY REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

A Band worker writes: On Friday evening God was with us in prayer. I went to the meeting leaning upon God, trusting Him to give me a message. And He did. At the close of the exhortation I asked all who wished to come to the Saviour to rise; and there were only *two* persons who kept their seats. Christians and penitents came and knelt at the altar side by side, and voices were heard in prayer that night that were never heard before. One backslider confessed his wandering and has since been a witness for Jesus. On Sunday morning the lady of the house where I stayed over night broke down at the family altar and cried aloud for mercy. On Sunday we had a cottage meeting in the morning. I do not remember to have ever attended a service where there was such tenderness of spirit. Sinners with tears coursing down their cheeks got up and asked us to pray for them. The service in the church that afternoon was a time of power. At its close nearly all the congregation stood up, some for full salvation and some for pardon.

Word has just reached me of the breaking out of the work at Windsor, N.S., on the right hand and the left. A citizen of Kentville, who was in Windsor yesterday, Dec. 1, informed me at our evening service here (Kentville) that such a movement has not been known in the place for years. I was rather looking for this. Have been much drawn out in prayer for the beloved comrades from whom I parted last Saturday, and whom I left to hold the fort in Windsor.

Miss Nettie Judd writes from Shawville, Quebec: I have been very much interested in reading *Glad Tidings*. My time is fully taken up. It is *ten* weeks since we began work here. The Lord is still pouring out his Holy Spirit. The church is being sanctified and sinners are receiving pardon. To God be all the praise. Miss Williamson is