

"*All that believe are justified from all things.*"
(Acts xiii., 39).

All written to those who were trusting in Christ, doubtless, many feeble, doubting hearts, full of weakness and inconsistencies—children of God, whether they realized it or not—not because of themselves, their radiant walk, their wondrous deeds, their burning words, but because of what *He had done*.

It was good to see the light dawning upon that anxious heart; good to see her looking off from her thoughts, and doubts, and fears, and fancies—the "ifs" and "buts" of unbelief—the feelings that are so treacherous and so varied, to *Him*, who cannot lie; "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," who is "the truth and the life." Turning away from peering into a dark corner to the full blaze of light—the light of, "God saith"; the light of knowing *He had* done the work, not half finished it, but completed it, as *He* would do. Is not every blade of grass perfect—every tiny shell on the sea-shore, every nerve and muscle of the minutest insect life? Would *He* leave the greatest of all—the redemption of our souls—to us, to finish, who cannot even make one hair white or black? Who, after *He* had offered one sacrifice for sins, has seated Himself forever at the right hand of God. Would *He*, who never spared Himself when on earth, with, sometimes, not even time so much as to eat, for the sake of the needy, famishing souls around, giving often the quiet hours of the night to communion with the Father, have done this, if the work was incomplete?