

JESUS A GUEST.

What a glad day that must have been in the house of Zaccheus; the crowd outside saying in their pride, that Jesus was gone to be a guest with a man that is a sinner, and the Lord saying inside in his love, "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

A glimpse of Jesus, such as he could get through the branches of the sycamore, on the roadside to Jericho—a look in the passing crowd, to print on his heart and to carry to his grave—was all Zaccheus hoped for. What would he feel to see the crowd turned to his own door and Jesus go in!

Jesus loved to be the guest of men, else he might always have bid them out to the desert, and fed them in the green places, or among the rocks which his own hands had made, under the sky to which he gave its shining blue. He used to do that long ago by manna in the great desert. But now he would see his grace take root where it must live and grow; he would fill the home of Zaccheus with his presence, as well as his heart with his love. And so in the life of each child of the kingdom—there comes an hour when it is said in heaven that Jesus has gone to be guest in its young heart.

In the Highlands they tell that the Queen went one day into a poor cottage. The old woman did not know *who* was seated under her roof, and even when told, she did not say much of what she felt to see her Queen there. But when the Queen rose to go, she set aside the chair on which she had sat, and said, "None shall ever sit on that chair again." It was a loyal word.

In a way just as real as that, Jesus comes into the soul; and he has to bring as much with him before he can be guest in the richest home, and with

the best loved of the sons of men, as when he comes to the poorest child's or to the vilest sinner's dwelling.

From each he must take old thoughts, old ways, old words away, and to each bring the blood, the white robe, the eye-salve, the new heart, a throne for himself which none but he shall ever fill. Each learns the same prayers, and one song, "To Him that loved us."

"I stand at *thy* door and knock," he says. That verse (Rev. iii. 20) was once given by a minister to a little child of four. Some days after, it was bid learn it, but it said, "I know it myself, *Who* knocketh at the door. We will open the door, and you will come in to us, and sup with us." That was the verse as heard from behind the door!

Try to live as those in the house of Zaccheus would spend the day when Jesus was there. Try to live as if Jesus were always staying in the house. Everything you do is done before him; whether you will or no he sees it; all one beneath his frown or beneath his smile. You should not read a book, or sing a song, or have a friend with you, that you would have to cast quick away if Jesus were to come beside you.

Ah! how these rules make us feel about the past; do they not make us feel as if we must hide our faces from him, and creep out of his sight to die for ever?

But then, Jesus *gives no one leave to hide anywhere* but in his own bosom.

"Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
Turn out the hateful monster, sin,
And let the lovely Stranger in.

But know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,
Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey."

M. F. B.