

walk over it and know not what treasures are hidden beneath; just so centuries of men pass over the Scriptures and know not what beautiful Truths lie under the feet of their interpretations."

Though he may have read them many times, those Truths are still buried until the spark in his own breast is kindled.

Why is it we believe in the musical ability of a violinist or organist? Because that music arouses a feeling in ourselves which is in harmony with it.

Just so as we read the Bible or study those truths taught by Jesus, we can never understand them until the witness in our own heart responds, and thus being in harmony they are then surely truths to us.

For vice for a time may shine and virtue
sigh,
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth
reveal,
The scourge or crown what darkness did
conceal.

Have you not in walking the field come across a large flat stone which had lain some time just where you found it with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, close to its edges? and have you not in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, simply turned it over? When lo! underneath you found blades of grass flattened down and colorless, showing plainly that they had not felt the warm rays of the sun for many days. But no sooner is the stone turned and the grass seems more fresh. The next you will find it growing tall and green Just so with truth.

Have you not seen some great wrong, or, we might say, falsehood, covering beautiful truths, crushing them it would seem almost to death?

But no; when some gentle hand lifts the falsehood, the truth that has been so crushed will spring up like the blades of grass with new beauty.

For an effort of right can no more be lost completely than a grain of sand can be annihilated.

For Truth cannot die! In darksome tomb
She may for centuries sleep on;
While twilight deepens into gloom,
And Hope despairing cry, "She's gone."
Yet she'll awake some Easter morn,
With armor bright and gleaming sword,
She must prevail! Jehovah's throne
Is resting on her plighted word.

E. M. R.

GOD IN CHRIST.

Christ was perpetually conscious of the Spirit's presence with Him. Whatever He said or did in His life's work was at the Spirit's dictation. He subjects His whole nature, bodily and mentally to the Spirit's guidance. In no detail, and in no principle of His ministry did He exalt His own self. He was spiritualized entirely; He was the Spirit made flesh. The glory of His transfiguration was spiritual glory. The glory of His crucifixion was spiritual glory; the material surroundings were mean and miserable. The glory of His resurrection was spiritual glory; it was no flesh and blood, but the spirit that ascended into the kingdom above. We materialize Him because we have so little of the spirit. We know nothing higher than flesh and blood; we naturally turn His resurrection into flesh and blood. The Spirit of God glorified Himself in the Son. By the light of the testimony of the indwelling Spirit alone have I recognized and loved and assimilated Christ, till He is my daily meat and drink. It is the Father who has led me to the Son; and knowing the Son I have known the Father all the more fully. . . . Then in the dim twilight of our faith, amid the shadows and evil possession of the time, while there is so little to help, so much to hinder spiritual perception, what can we lay hold of or look up to except the All-powerful Indweller to rescue us from the besetting perils, and give us the needed help.

No man can act unjustly towards another without in some way being injured himself.