

under it, and shortly after fell asleep in Jesus.

But whence this courage? the courage that could sing in such overwhelming circumstances? To be strapped to a table, to be surrounded with students, to see the surgeon with the sharp instrument in his hand, is more than enough to shake the strongest nerve, and make the stoutest heart to quail. How then, it may be asked, could such a poor woman—a woman without education, without cultivation of any kind, so rise above the circumstances in which she was placed? There is but one answer to this question—She knew Jesus. Not merely, observe, pardon and salvation, precious as these are; but she knew Jesus Himself—the person, as well as the work, of the Lord Jesus. We believe a doctrine, we rest in a truth, but strictly speaking we love neither. We can only love a person. This is power; this was the power of the poor woman. To lean upon an arm that will never grow feeble to meet an eye that will never grow dim, to confide in a heart that will never grow cold, is rest and peace and joy; but joyless must the soul be that knows not the person of the Lord Jesus, even though knowing pardon and salvation.

Dear reader, where art thou, what hast thou? Knowest thou the value of His work for thy conscience, and the preciousness of His person for thy heart? Thou believest that He is the Saviour of the world, but believest thou that He is thy Saviour? What art thou without Him? What would this world be without a sun? Bright, compared to the darkness and desolation of thy Christless state. Still He lingers in love for thee. Come to Jesus now. He waits, He longs, He loves to receive thee. Turn not a deaf ear, a careless heart, to His invitations. Wrath is reserved for the rejector of Christ; the

sword but slumbers in its sheath. Oh! turn, turn, turn, to Him now—just now—while His arms are extended wide to fold thee in the everlasting embrace of His eternal love. Matt. xi. 28—30; John vi. 37; Luke vii. 36—50.—M.

Isolation for the truth's sake is infinitely better than association and sociality with a sacrifice of the truth.

The more Christ has his true place in the heart, the easier it is to bear the slights and dislikes of our fellow christians, and the open hostility of the world.

It seems strange what unaccountable vagaries man's mind will run away with, and fancy it is something marvelously new, when it is only because of the departure from the Word of Truth and giving heed to fables. God's Word is true from the very beginning, rest and be satisfied with its plain and unchanging statements.

The more thoroughly we know the worthlessness of the flesh, the more shall we appreciate the worthiness of Christ, and the better shall we understand the work of the Holy Spirit. When the total depravity of human nature is not a settled reality in the soul, there will ever be confusion in our experience, as to the vain pretensions of the flesh, and the divine operations of the Spirit. There is nothing good whatever in our carnal nature. The most advanced in the divine life has said, "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." How sweeping. "No good thing." But can it not be improved by diligence in prayer and watchfulness? No, never; it is wholly incurable.