

"FIG LEAVES."

"HOW long have you known the Lord?" said a friend of mine in S—. "About three weeks, sir, but I have been for forty years sewing fig leaves together."

There is a great deal expressed in these few words. Thousands are employed in the same profitless work as our poor old friend. Yes; thousands are occupied in the useless business of sewing fig leaves together. The man who is trying to save his soul by means of rites and ceremonies, ordinances and sacraments, church-going and chapel-going, is just sewing fig leaves together.—So also, the man or woman who is building upon prayers, fastings, and almsdeeds, is sewing fig leaves together.

All these things may be, and many of them really are, very good in their right place. But as a ground for the soul to rest upon for pardon and peace—as a title wherewith to draw nigh to a holy and righteous God—as a foundation on which to build for eternity, they are, in very truth, but sewing fig leaves together; and all who trust to them will find them to be so when alas! it will be too late.

In order to possess true, solid, divine peace, the soul must be resting simply on that which is absolutely of God. We may rest assured that nothing will, nothing can avail—nothing can give peace but that which is of God. There is not beneath the canopy of heaven, a soul possessing true peace who is resting on, or looking to human efforts of any sort or description.