

the right hour. He never disappoints us in his course. It is true that the progress of the good man is not so inevitable and regular. For he has within him, what "Nature's Royal Orb" has not, a power to alter the rate of his course. Albeit, the progress is certain. The good work begun within him will be carried on.

But the good man excels the sun. The sun does not increase in size and splendour; he is not greater now than when he shone on Adam. But growth, everlasting growth, is the destiny of the good. From "strength to strength," from "glory to glory," through circling ages without end, is the career which kind heaven has decreed for sainted souls. W.M.L.

### THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.—REV. xiv. 13.

In so far as work implies pain and weariness, it shall cease. Life in the body is full of painful labour, and life in the Lord is not exempt from it. Sharing in the labours that generally fall to the lot of man, Christians are exposed also to others which are peculiar to themselves. There are two kinds of toil which a Christian must undergo in the world: as a soldier he fights and as a servant he toils. Both kinds make the worker weary; and the weariness of the worker makes his rest sweet.

Although at many periods in the history of Christianity believers have been obliged to meet the fires of persecution from without, a part of the conflict always, and in our days by much the larger part, is waged against internal foes. "The kingdom of heaven," said Jesus to his followers, "the kingdom of heaven is within you;" and where the kingdom is, there also are the enemies that seek to subvert it. The warfare on which the soldier of Jesus Christ is sent, is to "crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts." True, "the God of peace" shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly; but weary, weary will be these feeble feet ere they have pressed the life out of the Old Serpent's last fold. If we do not, through unfaithfulness to the Captain of our salvation, make an ignoble peace with the foe, the battle will rage from the morning of youth to the evening of age. No labourers are more weary than soldiers at the close of a battle day; no labourers long more eagerly for rest.

A traveller in Barmah fell asleep upon the damp, hot ground. He was awakened by pricking pains over all the surface of his body. On getting up he discovered that a swarm of small grey leeches had fastened on his flesh, and were busy sucking his blood. His first impulse was to tear them off with his hand. A native servant observing his purpose, interposed with earnest entreaties that he should not touch them. He knew that if the creatures were violently torn off, a portion of their bodies would remain, and produce disease by their corruption. Forthwith the servant gathered a quantity of a pungent herb, steeped it in water, and in the water bathed his master. The leeches all dropped off harmless. The man went through the bath

scathless, but it paralyzed and destroyed his tormentors.

Life is like the wilderness, and death like the Jordan flowing between it and the promised land. Throughout the journey, and down to the margin of the boundary stream, loathsome creatures coil round your limbs, suck your blood, and live upon your life. These parasites are not only on you, but in you; not only in you, but part of yourselves. The apostle Paul, as the result of his self-examination, exclaimed, "I find a law in my members warring;" as if he had said, I find living serpents defiling and devouring me. Alas! even that able and ardent disciple could not tear the disturbers out by a direct and summary process. He was comforted, however, by knowing how and when they would all be cast off and left behind. When he should reach the verge of this life's wilderness journey, and be called to plunge into the waters of separation between it and rest, he would pass through unharmed, and everything that hurts or destroys would be discharged in that pungent flood.

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel" a song of triumph to God their Saviour. When? On the Red Sea's farther shore, after Israel had passed safely over, and left the pursuing, persecuting hosts of Egypt sinking as lead in the mighty waters. It is expressly intimated in this book that the saved in rest shall "sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb." All the danger and the toil of war are left behind when they depart from this life, as the enemies of Israel were swallowed up in the engulfing flood.

### SLEEP IN JESUS!

THE ocean was stormy,  
The vessel was frail,  
And the precious one borne there  
Sat trembling and pale:  
And oft as we watched her  
Our courage would fail,—  
We dreaded the billows,  
We dreaded the gale:

When, lo! in a moment  
The voyage was o'er;  
The billows were breasted,  
The bark neared the shore;  
And silent and tranquil  
That gentle one slept,  
While the shore she was nearing  
Its balms o'er her swept;

Till softly she glided  
Where the pearly gates stood—  
The gates of the City,—  
And spanned the dark flood:  
And the hand that unlocks them  
For her flung them wide,  
And noiseless and slumbering  
She glided inside.

But the joy of her waking,  
What heart can conceive?  
She knoweth and seeth,—  
We wait and believe.