

of Jesus who wept over Jerusalem because she was refusing *all* in rejecting *Him*; of Jesus who would now gather you, as He would have gathered her, to the shelter and rest of His love and power. Love to cover, and power to blot out *all* sin, till the soul He shields and cherishes is "*whiter than snow.*"

Dear reader, *for you* He sweat great drops, as it were, of blood; *for you* "the word became flesh and dwelt among us" Dwelt among us till that uplifted cross was closed around with curses and mockery; and Satan's slave testified in "seeing Jesus," this "man hath done nothing amiss." But that slave was wise and crowned and weighted with his many sins, facing eternity he let the Crucified take them and blot them out, and so passed to be *with Him* in paradise.

A few days ago in Paris I met a young lady whose life had been spared from the terrible fire. She took her young friend there, and the latter having a stall with one of the Duchess' thoughtfully said, do not you stay, you will be so tired. Only tell them at home to send my maid for me at five o'clock. Alas! when that hour came the brilliant young girl was not recognisable by her nearest and dearest.

The child wept for the book that told of *Him*.

Jesus wept o'er sin and death.

If He is now rejected, the soul must be where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Shut from the light and gladness of the Father's home,
the Father's grace.

Knowing the love *was* thine; and thine alone
rejected grace.

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