

HAPPY AS A KING.

Dionysius the tyrant king of Syracuse, was pronounced by Damocles the flatterer, the happiest man on earth. The king, in order to convince him of his mistake, invited Damocles to a banquet, and caused him to be robed and treated as a sovereign. During the entertainment, a sword hung suspended by a single horse-hair from the ceiling, over the head of Damocles; and thus was typified the happiness of a tyrant.

Unconverted sinner, behold thyself in the above picture. Thou fanciest that thou art happy. Ah! thou art woefully deceiving thyself. Thy pleasures are short in duration! Thou art clothed in borrowed garments of vanity, and art seated at the banquet table of thy pleasures, with the sword of Divine judgment suspended over thine head by a slender thread. (See Ecclesiastes x. 1, and Luke xii. 19, 21.)—Any moment thou mayest be cut down by the hand of death, and be hurried all unprepared before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! be no longer blinded; but turn thine eyes upward and see thy danger. Know that thou art a sinner: "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) As a sinner thou art already condemned. The curse of God hang over thee, and in a moment thou mayest be in hell. Turn off thine eyes from sin, and self, and look unto Jesus, who is now both able and willing to save even thee if thou believest on him.

When the sinner believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is made by sovereign grace a king and a priest unto God. He is arrayed in "the best robe," the imputed righteousness of Christ. He is enabled by faith to sit down at the King's "banqueting" table, whereon are spread the daintiest dishes, and a feast of wine. Instead of the flaming sword of justice, the "banner" of Jesus' "love" hangs "over" his head.

(Canticles ii. 4; Isa. xxv. 6; Luke x. v. 22, 23; Rev. i. 6.)

Such is the royal provision made by the Jehovah of hosts for every poor and needy sinner, who by simple clinging faith, trusts in his dear Son, whose "precious blood" cleanses the vilest from all sin. May

infinite love glorify itself by admitting you to the marriage-feast of glory.—*Sword and Trowel Tract.*

YOUTH.

I must tell you there is not such a glassy, icy, and slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven, as youth. I have experience to say with me here, and seal what I assert. The old ashes of the sins of my youth are now fire of sorrow to me. I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet, rise again, and be a worse devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green, young devil, that hath never been buried. The devil in his flowers (I mean the hot, fiery lusts and passions of youth) is much to be feared; for in youth he findeth dry sticks and dry coals and a hot hearth-stone; and how soon can he with his flint cast fire, and with his bellows blow it up and fire the house! Sanctified thoughts—thoughts made conscience of, and called in, and kept in awe—are green fuel that burn not, and are a water for Satan's coal. Yet, I must tell you, all the saints now triumphant in heaven, and standing before the throne, are nothing but Christ's forlorn and beggarly bankrupts. What are they but redeemed sinners? But their redemption is not only past the seals but completed; and yours is on the wheels and in doing. Christ hath an advantage of you, and I pray you let him have it; he shall find employment for his calling in you. If it were not with you as you write, grace should find no sale nor market in you; but you must be content to give Christ somewhat to do. I am glad that he is employed that way. Let your bleeding soul and your sores be put in the hand of this expert Physician; let young and strong corruptions and his free grace be yoked together, and let Christ and your sins deal it betwixt them. I will be loath to put you off your fears and your sense of deadness (I wish it were more). There are some wounds whose bleeding should not be soon stopped. You must take a house beside the Physician; it shall be a miracle if you be the first sick man be put away uncured and worse than he found you. Nay, nay; Christ is honest, and, in that, freely arguing with sinners: "And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37. Take that; it cannot be presumption to take that as your own, when you find your wounds pain you. Presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant-sickness, and groaneth only for the fashion: Faith hath sense of sickness, and looketh like a friend to the promises, and to Christ therein—is glad to see a known face.—*Samuel Rutherford.*