

Redeemer, and a joy like that of heaven filled your cup to overflowing. Who was it pitied you in that dark hour, and took your sins away?"

As the merchant listened to the thrilling tale, trembling seized his limbs, a sweat broke out upon his brow; and looking up, he saw two hands held out to him. They had been pierced with nails, and were dropping blood. Glancing at the face of the speaker, he saw streams of blood like great tears streaming down that face of love, from the wounds made by the crown of thorns. The side, too, had been pierced with a spear, and the feet were torn and bleeding.

And as he gazed, he awoke. It was a dream; but deep in his soul he knew that it was not alka dream. And kneeling upon the floor, he lifted his hands to heaven and cried for pardon, and then and there he pledged his soul, his body, and his fortune to Him whose life-blood had been poured out for his salvation.

THE UNSEEN.

Can I see the *wind* on a stormy day? I cannot. But I can see the effects of its force and power. When I see the clouds driven before it, and the trees bending under it—when I hear it whistling through doors and windows, or howling round the old chimney-tops. I do not for a moment doubt its existence. I say, "There is a wind." Just so it is with the presence of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *dew* of heaven as it falls on a summer evening? I cannot. It comes down softly and gently, noiseless and imperceptible. But when I go forth in the morning, after a cloudless night, and see every leaf sparkling with moisture, and feel every blade of grass damp and wet, I say at once, "There has been a dew." Just so it is with the presence of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *hand* of the sower when I walk through the corn-fields in the month of July? I cannot. I see nothing but millions of ears rich with grain, and bending to the ground with ripeness. But do I suppose that harvest came by chance and grew of itself? I suppose nothing of the

kind. I know, when I see those corn-fields, that the plough and the harrow were at work one day, and that a hand has been there which sowed the seed. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *magnetic fluid* in the compass-needle? I cannot. It acts in a hidden mysterious way. But when I see that little piece of iron always turning to the north, I know at once that it is under the secret influence of magnetic power. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *mainspring* of my watch, when I look upon its face? I cannot. But when I see the fingers going round, and telling the hours and minutes of the day in regular succession, I do not doubt the mainspring's existence. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit.

Can I see the *steersman* of the homeward-bound ship when she comes first into sight, and her sails whiten the horizon? I cannot. But when I stand on the pier-head, and see that ship working her course over the sea towards the harbour's mouth, like a thing of life, I know well there is one at the helm who guides her movements. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit.—*Rylz.*

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—(Hab. ii. 3.)

That is a solemn question, my friend, and deserves serious consideration. You do not deny that you are in danger, nor that a way of escape is provided; but you are not disposed to take advantage of it, and you ask, Is there any other? If this be neglected, to what next may you turn?

God answers,—There is no other way.—"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—(Acts iv. 12.) "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."—(John iii. 36.)

Reason answers,—There can be no other. This is a *great salvation*, a way in which the justice and holiness of God can be reconciled with his mercy, and the just God be also the Saviour of sinners. It is a scheme of grace-working of himself, such as he alone could have conceived or executed. If this be rejected, we can expect no other choice.