

Editor's Table.

CHRIST, THE TRUTH.

"WHAT is Truth?" was Pilate's impatient question, and still it is the question of many a troubled and disquieted mind. Are *you* asking, amid the confusing din of many voices crying, "Lo! Truth is here," or "lo! it is there,"—*What* is Truth? I answer, Christ is Truth. Can you grasp this? Can you rest upon it as an immovable foundation? Then, blessed be God, amid all this uncertainty there is *something* which is certain. If all else be false, Christ is true—yea, He is the fountain of truth. Let us now advance another step. If Christ be the fountain of truth, then whatever influence or light leads us towards Him must be true; for just as certainly as the diverging rays of sunlight can be traced up to the fountain from which they flow, so may all the scattered rays of truth in the universe be traced up to their fountain—God. "But how shall I know," cries the troubled heart, "that the light I see is a ray from Christ, and not merely an *ignis fatuus* kindled by the adversary to lead me astray?" You may know by the direction in which it leads. Does it lead heavenward or earthward? Towards God or towards self? If towards the former, you may know that it is Divine; but if towards the latter, then is it an exhalation from the pit that is bottomless, shining only to betray.

But we have a test still surer than this. Amid the meteor-lights of science and philosophy, there is one star that ever shines with a pure and steady radiance. Other lights *may* lead to God, but by intricate and circuitous paths where the simple soul may go astray. In the teachings of philosophy and of theology there are many rays of truth, but they have become distorted in passing through the dense medium of human passions and prejudices; but apart from these we have "a sure word of prophecy"—"a light shining in a dark place," pointing out with unerring certainty the pathway from darkness into light.

Are you still perplexed? Are you still sorrowfully crying—

"How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?"

Listen! Listen to that voice so human in its tenderness, so Divine in its authority and power:—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Here is a Guide infallible: here is the Truth incarnate. Elsewhere we behold scattered rays of the Divine perfections, but "here the whole Deity is known." In the person and work of Jesus Christ the scattered rays of truth converge to a focus, and shining in Him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person," point, unrefracted and undimmed, straight to the throne of God.

"While men confront the living God
With wisdom than his Word more wise;
And leaving paths apostles trod,
Their own devise,
I would forsake myself and flee,
O Christ, the living Way, to thee.

"I know not what the schools may teach,
Nor yet how far from truth depart;
One lesson is within my reach—
The Truth Thou art;
And learning this, I learn each day
To cast all other lore away.

"I cannot solve mysterious things,
That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife;
But oh! what peace this knowledge brings—
Thou art the Life!
Hid in thine everlasting deeps,
The silent God His secret keeps.

"The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art!
This, this I know, to this I cleave;
The sweet, new language of my heart,—
'Lord, I believe!'
I have no doubts to bring to Thee:
My doubts are fled, my faith is free."