

GOD'S MESSENGERS.

In Oriental life it is still common with people who have never read a page of the Inspired Word to speak of the winds as God's messengers.—A friend, who has been through all the Bible lands, tells me that once when travelling in the desert, he suddenly heard the cry of the Arabs, "Dismount and prepare to meet the messengers of God."

When he turned to see what it meant, he saw the suffocating cloud of dust raised by the hot wind stretching along the horizon and sweeping down upon him with the speed of the hurricane. He had barely time to dismount, prostrate himself upon the earth and cover his head, before the fiery cloud was upon him, sifting its burning dust through every part of his clothing, and making the camels moan with the intolerable miseries of suffocation. It lasted but a few moments, or every man and beast would have perished. When it was passed the Arabs said they had been overtaken by the messengers of God.—They thus spoke of the winds with as much assurance of their personality and divine commission as Jacob spoke of the angels when God's host met him at Mahanaim.

God makes the wind his minister, because it is subtle and unseen, it is mysterious and mighty. We cannot foresee its coming, nor can we tell from what quarter it will blow. It drives the clouds in the heavens and the waves on the sea. It rocks the little bird in its swinging nest, and it tramples down the forest beneath the rushing wheels of the whirlwinds.

It fans the fevered brow and cools

the heated pulse of the feeble invalid as he ventures tremblingly forth from his close chamber to breathe the fresh air. It lashes so terribly with its cutting breath that the strong man cries out in agony, and the fur clad denizens of the North die in their icy homes. It sweeps the desert with the burning blast of the furnace, and it overwhelms the wandering pilgrim with suffocating clouds and columns of fire. It distills the dew with such gentleness that the most delicate flower is bathed with moisture, but not broken, and it carries the waters of the great deep above the highest mountains, and fills all the rivers of the earth. It thunders in the clouds, it crashes in the earthquake, it moans in the seas, it sings in the utterance of joy, it shrieks in the sharp cry of pain, and it whispers the farewell from the lips of the dying.

And so it is with the coming and the going, the work and the power, of that divine spiritual influence which Christ Himself compares to the wind. With the message of His words to the hearts of all that receive them there goes an influence more gentle than the whispering breeze, more mighty than the rushing storm. It is the Spirit of the Holy One, given to kindle the incense of gratitude and praise upon the altar of the heart, as the wind blowing over beds of flowers bears the incense of perfume to Him who clothes them with beauty, and accepts, well-pleased, the offering which they bring.—D. M.

If you keep your eye always on the earth, you will walk in darkness and stumble along the way. Look up to heaven and God, and you will find