

pealing, cities ablaze with illuminations, speak the gladness that beats in its mighty heart. The gospel brings news of victory. The battle is won. Goliath is fallen. The Lion of the tribe of Judah has overcome the roaring lion. Sin's dominion is broken. Death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. "O sing unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

The gospel offers *health* to the dying. Your soul is pining under a deadlier disease than all bodily diseases put together. But Jesus is a physician. His precious blood and the clean water of the Spirit are the remedies he applies. He has healed the most desperate cases. His skill has never failed. He has never refused to undertake a case however pitiful. He comes to you now and says, "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

The gospel proclaims *liberty* to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Sweet was the jubilee in Israel when the silver trumpets sounded through the land. The slave was free. The debtor was free. He who lost his paternal inheritance had it restored to him. It was a time of great rejoicing—"the acceptable year." But more joyful still is the liberty which the gospel brings. The great trumpet is blown. They which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria shall come, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt. "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

"Blow ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound.
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

"Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above:
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

A generous friend gave Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to dispense to a poor minister. Mr. Hill, thinking it was too much to send all at once, enclosed five pounds in an envelope, with simply the words, "more to follow." In a few days he sent another letter with five pounds; and the same motto, "more to follow." A day or two after came a third and a fourth, and still the same promise, "and more to follow." Till the whole sum had been received, the astonished minister was made familiar with the cheering word, "and more to follow."

Such are the good news from the far country. Every message announces a blessing, and every blessing announces that there is "more to follow." "I forgive you your sins, and there's more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, and there's more to follow." "I adopt you into my family but there's more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there's more to follow." "I give you grace upon grace, but there's more to follow." "I helped you even to old age, but there's more to follow." "I will uphold you in the time of death; I will bring you save to my heavenly kingdom, and when you arrive there, there will still be more to follow!"

My brother, Have you heard the good news? Have you received the message—the letter—from heaven? It was God who sent it. It was in his handwriting, and bore his seal. It was the Son of God who brought it. It was too great a message to be entrusted to an angel. Its purport is pardon, victory, healing, liberty.

No Use in the Other Country.

A distinguished man lay on his death-bed, when a great mark of distinction and honour was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said, with a sigh, "Alas! this is a fine thing in this country, but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me."