

the pit, for I have found out a ransom." He speaks again and the dead soul is made alive. We cannot hear any sound; but it is none the less a mighty quickening power which is put forth. It rebukes the disease of sin, and begins the work of the soul's restoration to perfect health. The Spirit of God enters the soul and it lives; the Spirit dwells there, and in due time it is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Just in proportion as the soul increases in health and life, just in that proportion does its liability to trespass cease, and know neither sin nor trespass more.

This is the great and glorious resurrection. When the dead, small and great, stand before God, the wonder of earth and heaven will not be that so many bodies have been recovered from earth and ocean; but that from a lost sin-polluted race, a multitude which no one can number has been washed, and made white, and prepared for the society of Him who sits upon the great white throne. And the song of the ransomed

hosts of heaven will not be in celebration of the resurrection of bodies which have long been held in their graves; but it will ascribe to the Lamb all power for this reason; "He redeemed them to God by His blood, out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation."

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in this resurrection: on such the second death hath no power.

Reader, are you one who has part in this resurrection? If you are, let me say in the words of Paul, "Since you then are risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." If you are not, remember that none but God can perform this mighty work, and turn unto Him; remember Christ through Whom and in Whom He does the work, and believe in Him; remember the Holy Spirit who alone can bring you into union with Christ, and pray for His help; and you shall live again, raised from death, a partaker of the blessings of the first resurrection.

Children's Treasury.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

IN A LETTER FROM HER MOTHER.

I have had a long talk with our little Mary after she had gone to bed, in which she brought out some of her heresies. She wanted to know, first—

"How can we be *sure* of going to heaven?"

I told her because the Bible said so, quoting, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." "Who his own self bare our sins on his own body on the tree."

"Oh, but," she said, "these promises only mean good people, and I am not good."

"No," I answered. "they mean believers."

"Very well," she replied, "then I can be just as naughty as I please, for I believe; so I'm safe."

"No," I said, "daughter, you can't be as naughty as you please, for when we believe, our heavenly Father gives us a new heart which hates sin, and wants to do right."

"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "that is true, for I *do* want to be good, only I can't, somehow."

I told her that the reason she could not was because she trusted to her own strength.

"No," she said, "that is not the reason, for I *ought* to trust to my own strength; that is the right way to do."

"Oh, no, daughter," I answered, "for you have no strength of your own to trust to."