

me a clean heart, Lord, renew a right spirit within." This is the work of the Spirit and not your work. If you attempt it, you shall fail. Though thou wash thee with nitre and much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me saith the Lord. He who has begun that good work in us will carry it on till the day of the Lord Jesus. The believer is simply a babe in Christ, but he shall grow to the stature of a perfect man in Christ. The more he grows, the more beautiful and strong he becomes. "His path is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Then we are to be delivered from spiritual enemies. For this purpose Christ sits on his throne as king. He shall wrest us out of the hand of Satan and from all our enemies in this present life, and shall preserve our souls alive. He shall deliver us from eternal death, from all the miseries, woes and sorrows in the regions of the lost. He shall even redeem our bodies from the grave and cause our souls to dwell in a renovated tabernacle adapted to the heavenly climate. That same Saviour, that reconciled us to God by his death, still lives and ever lives to sanctify, protect, and save us. All that we are in this life, and all that we expect to be in the life to come, we owe to the amazing love of God in the gift of his Son.

MUCKLE BESS.

BY MRS. J. H. CHAPLIN.

Nearly half a century ago there wandered through the Highlands of Scotland, in summer heat and winter's cold, the most wretched creature on earth.

She once had a home and loving friends, but, impelled by evil, she broke loose from all restraint, disgraced those who loved her, ruined herself, and finally became an outcast, and the terror of even those in whose company she had first gone astray. Her friends gave up all hope, and strove to bury her memory, but every now and then she would appear and open the healing wound by her excesses and boldness.

Once in a wild storm she stood at the window of her father's humble cot, and looked on the family at prayer; but the moment the old man began to pray for his "puir lost bairn," she utter a wild cry that brought them all from their knees, and fled like the wounded victim of a hunter, and no trace could be found of her.

As the years went by, she lost the pity of the farmers and cotters, for many who had fed and sheltered her missed property on her departure. And yet all feared her, for a refusal of hospitality was always received with a low muttered curse, and not unfrequently were barns burned, and cows disabled, immediately afterward. She soon became the terror of the Highlands.

After a few years the miserable woman forsook the abodes of men, and lived far up among the heath clad hills, and was only seen occasionally by some shepherd boy, flying like the wind over the hills with a