

of the old-fashioned Scottish an-
 antry was found in that "big ha'
 Bible," which Burns describes as the
 daily companion at every ingleside.
 Simply as an educator the Scriptures
 ought to be read in every school-
 house, and there ought to be a chair
 of Bible instruction in every college.
 As the honey strewed the forests for
 Jonathan and his soldiers to feed
 upon, so the loving Lord has sent
 down His Word for all hungering
 humanity, high or humble; as the
 sunlight was made for all eyes, this
 Book was made for all hearts.

It is more than light; for it is an
enlightener. Not only does it reveal
 the grandest, sublimest and most
 practical truths, but it improves and
 enlarges the vision. It makes the
 blind to see, and the strong sight all
 the stronger. Who of us that has
 been sorely perplexed about ques-
 tions of right and wrong, and been
 puzzled as to our duty, has not
 caught new views and true views
 as soon as we dipped our rod into
 this honeycomb? Once when I was
 sadly perplexed about the question
 of changing my field of labour—
 which would have changed the
 whole current of my life—a single
 text of Scripture instantly decided
 me; and I never repented the de-
 cision. Poor Cowper, harassed and
 tormented, found in the twenty-fifth
 verse of the third chapter of Romans
 the honey which brought light to
 his overclouded soul. John Wesley
 made the most signal discovery of
 his life when he thrust his rod into
 this verse, "The law of the spirit of
 life in Christ Jesus has made me free
 from the law of sin and death." Even
 Paul had not learned his own
 sinfulness until "the commandment
 came" and opened his eyes. It is
 this heart-revealing power of the
 Book that makes it so invaluable in
 both pulpit and inquiry room.

Ah, there is many a one among
 my readers who can testify how
 the precious honey from heaven
 brought light and joy to his eyes

when dimmed with sorrow. The
 exceeding rich and infallible prom-
 ises were not only sweet, they were
 illuminating. They lighted up the
 valley of the shadow of death; they
 showed how crosses can be turned
 into crowns, and how losses can
 brighten into glorious gains. When
 I am in a sick room I almost always
 dip my rod into the honeycomb of
 the fourteenth chapter of John. It
 brings the Master there with His
 words of infinite comfort. One of
 my noblest Sunday-school teachers
 so fed on this divine honey that on
 her dying bed she said: "My path
 through the valley is long, but 'tis
bright all the way."

Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to
 see himself and to see the Saviour of
 sinners like the simple Word. The
 Bible is the book to reveal iniquity
 in the secret parts. If a young man
 will dip his rod into this warning,
 "Look not on the wine when it is
 red," he may discover that there is
 a nest of adders in the glass! If the
 sceptic and the scoffer can be in-
 duced to taste some of that honey
 which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he
 may find hell a tremendous reality,
 to be shunned, and heaven a glorious
 reality, to be gained.

Brethren in the ministry, I am
 confident that our chief business is
 not only to eat hugely of this divine
 enlightening honey, but to tell people
 where to dip their rods. A distin-
 guished theological professor said to
 me: "If I should return to the pas-
 toral charge of a church, I should
 do two things: I would make more
 direct *personal* efforts for the con-
 version of souls, and I would spend
 no time on the rhetoric of my ser-
 mons. I should *saturate my mind*
with Bible truth, and then deliver
 that truth in the simplest idiomatic
 English that I could command."

The honey from heaven lies abun-
 dant on the ground. May God help
 us to show it to the hungry, the
 needy and the perishing!—*The In-*
dependent.