

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Just as I am ! I dare not tarry longer,
Striving to wash the deep, dark stains away,
Striving to make my faltering spirit stronger,
Striving to teach these dumb lips how to pray.

Just as I am—though every past endeavour
But mocks me with the stormy battles lost ;
Though like the heaving of a troubled river
In tempest's wrath my weary soul is tossed.

Just as I am—with the old idols broken,
The old ambitions buried in the dust ;
The old proud hopes—once all too madly spoken—
Dead as the youth that gave them all their trust.

Just as I am—not in the bounding gladness
That touched with beauty the fair morn of life,
But scourged by memories that are blent with madness—
Fleeing for shelter from the noonday strife.

Just as I am—footsores, and worn, and weary—
Faint from the rugged paths I long have trod ;
With pallid lips I cry out, "*Misericordie !*"
And at Thy footstool lay me down, O God !

Just as I am—the crimson stains upon me,
But Thou canst wash me whiter than the snow ;
With the dark regions that had well-nigh won me,
Thro'ging my path to mock me as I go.

Just as I am—never again to falter,
Never again, O world, to dread Thy frown ;
But clasping close the Cross—our blood-stained altar—
To bear it onward till I grasp the crown.

FLORENCE HARTLAND.

CHRIST THE KING.

PERHAPS the greatest hindrance to the reception of Christ in the case of thousands is their unwillingness to receive Him as a King. They have no great objection to receive Him simply as a friend, if that were possible ; they would like well enough to enjoy the advantages of His friendship—the enjoyment and happiness which it can give here and the glories which it would bestow hereafter ; they have no great objection to receive Him as a Saviour ; they do think it desirable to be freed from suffering and made now and for ever secure, and if these things were attainable without conditions they would gladly receive them : but to have Christ for their King, to submit to His authority, to consult His will in all things, to make His law their rule, His life their pattern, His glory their aim, to be bound by His requirements, to obey the stern precepts of His word, to make the costly sacrifice and exercise the painful self-denial which he enjoins on His disciples, to be ready to part with all for His sake—ah, that is so much against the grain of their nature, so counter to their wishes and inclinations that they would rather not. You young men, you young women would rather not be subject to the Lord in all things ; you would rather be gay, and light-hearted, and merry, and thoughtless, and frivolous, and foolish. Give you salvation ! Certainly, you will have that. Give you peace here, joy here, and heaven hereafter ! You would be glad of that, all of us would ; but, unfortunately for such desires, Christ must be received as a King, or He cannot be received at all. Wherever He comes now He comes to reign. His friendship cannot be enjoyed by those who persist in rebelling against Him. He cannot extend His protection to those who will not submit to His control. If men will wander into the devil's territory, they must fall at last into the devil's hand. If they retain a place in their heart for Satan, who is the enemy of God and man, they must endure the suffering which he inflicts. The shepherd will gladly bring back the wandering sheep, but that sheep, if it is to enjoy the shepherd's care, must not renew its wanderings, but rest within the fold, and walk in the footsteps of the flock. The son, prodigal as he has been, is welcome when he returns home ; but if he is to enjoy the son's privileges, he must keep the son's place and obey the parental rule. The Great Physician is prepared to heal the most aggravated disease, but He will not heal those who refuse to do and to receive what the Physician prescribes. The soul's rescue

means the Saviour's rule. The heart through which He diffuses His peace and joy, and the blessed fruits of His love, is the heart which becomes His temple and His throne. Our friendship with Him is only equal to the extent of His dominion over us. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Now, think it not strange that our salvation should thus demand our submission. Say not that if Christ desired to save us, He might save us whether we became submissive or not. Not only would such a procedure be derogatory to His authority, not only do His own glory and the welfare of the universe demand that they should be punished who will not obey Him, not only would He, in a certain sense, sin and dishonour the law, if He protected rebels from the consequences of their rebellion, but the thing is impossible. The very supposition of such a thing, when you think of it is absurd. Our complete subjection to His will is our salvation. The discordant elements of our nature, which are the cause of our misery, cannot be rendered harmonious except by being brought under His control. Gusts of anger will sweep across the soul ; passion will rise in tumultuous waves ; clouds of fear and remorse will darken it, until the Master appears there and speaks that authoritative voice ; and then the raging winds are hushed, the tumultuous waves subside ; the black clouds are dispersed, because His presence makes the darkness light, and His voice to all the unruly elements says, "Peace, be still." Rebellion against Christ is disorder, wretchedness, ruin, death. The soul that will not submit to Him has in itself the elements of hell. Continued resistance to His authority, continued insensibility to the attraction of His love, are proof of the soul's sinful and lost condition. When such is its state, its alienation is its damnation. Its wickedness is its woe.—*Dr. Landels.*

WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

I HAVE been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough ; stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I have not seen the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil ; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadle are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims ; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby-cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we shall see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks ; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*Spurgeon.*

LIVING TO PURPOSE.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why ? None were blessed by them ; none could point to them as the means of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished ; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die ? Oh, man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands ; you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*