

I. How can we know the love of Christ?

It passes all our imitation, and all our powers of estimation. Can you measure back the ages of the past? Enter into the recesses of the Almighty, and calculate His love? Have we come back baffled in our pursuit? In one sense we know all things, that is, we know the quality of things. We can taste sea water and know it is salt, but how little we know!

II. How can we measure His ability?

It is abundant, exceeding our powers of speech or thought. More than our desires in prayer, more than our discoveries, even by the aid of the great telescope of faith.

III. How near can we come to His presence?

1. We come to His seat, the place where His honour dwelleth. "I in them and thou in me."

2. We come to His secrets. "Shall I hide from Abraham the things that I do?" In the secret of His tabernacle He hides, reveals and nourishes.

3. We can come to His successes. "Greater things shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." He is not distant nor absent. The power worketh in us. He worketh in, we work out our salvation and our service.

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#### THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

By the VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D.,  
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"That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them," is an entreaty which is answered in the unfailing assurance: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

As to the necessity for our prayer that the "kindly fruits of the earth" may be preserved, there cannot be a second opinion, when we remember that there is a striking parallel between Noah's position and that of the whole human family, a parallel which reappears every season. There is more than sufficient to sober every thoughtless man in the assurance that starvation, always

within one day of thousands of our fellow-creatures, is once a year within one month of all. This crisis in the food supply is passed through every autumn. Never, it is authoritatively stated, has there been one and a half year's store of food at any one time in the world. And, further, without corn all the treasures which God has given to His creatures are worthless. The cargoes of our ships; the cotton of distant climes; the wealth of our mines, gold, silver, and precious stones; consols, shares, bonds — all are useless without the corn. The whole machinery of life would stand still but for God's early promise to the patriarch, and His annual performance of it to us. Hence we pray that "the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use." — *Home Words.*

#### THE CRY OF A HEATHEN CHILD.

They say there's a golden city  
Beyond the evening star,  
And a home so fair for children there,  
Where God and His angels are;  
And many shall stand in that happy land,  
But it cannot be meant for me.

They say there's a loving Saviour,  
Who came on the earth to die,  
But in glory crowned with the angels round  
How can He hear my cry?  
Tho' it may be true that He listens to you,  
Yet it cannot be meant for me.

But I'll never see that city,  
Nor hear that Saviour's call;  
So I kneel in prayer to the idols here,  
And the bitter tears will fall,  
For I wish I had heard His pitiful word;  
Oh, I wish it were meant for me!  
—E. V. H. in the Christian.

#### ANTICIPATION.

It is the privilege of the child of God to look ahead. Pains, penalties and pleasures await him. It is permitted him to go out to meet them. This is a wonderful gift, a part of man's supremacy. It is said of Nelson that his plans were so perfect that victory was assured before the battles were fought. How much better are we who are indebted to the Master for showing us the religious value of God!

Look at Abraham called to offer his son; where do we find the point of victory? On the mountain top, or at the foot of the mountain, where he dismissed his young men and the ass, or was it before he left the tent that early morning?

Look at the Master. "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do;" but He had not finished it, for He had not died, and yet it was true, the sacrifice had already been offered, He had already won by anticipation.

Look at Bunyan, with the prospect of the prison, banishment or death. "Before I came to prison I saw what was a-coming and had two considerations warm upon my heart: First, how to be able to endure; second, how to be able to encounter death. For a year before I was imprisoned I could seldom go to prayer but this sweet petition would thrust itself upon my mind and persuade me that I must be patient if I would endure it joyfully. By this I was made to see that if ever I would suffer rightly I must first pass a sentence of death upon everything that can properly be called a thing of this life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my health, my enjoyments, and all as dead to me, and myself as dead to them."

How may I help the readers of PARISH AND HOME to anticipate? One way is to put a spy-glass into their hands, that they may look upward and forward, and inward. The cry "back to Christ" is not enough. The Jesus of history must become the Christ of faith. "Christ in you the hope of glory." He will poise the telescope, give you pose and repose, and as you gaze upon the wasting form of wife or child, and the trial is like pulling the flesh from the bones, you shall have communion with a living and present Lord, Who gives strength in the hour of weakness, the ground of your hope, the source of your joy.

"Who that one moment has the least  
descried Him,  
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,  
Doth not despise all excellence beside  
Him,  
Pleasures and powers that are not and  
that are?"

"Aye, amid all men bears Himself here-  
after,  
Smit with a solemn and a sweet sur-  
prise,  
Dumb to their scorn, and turning in their  
laughter,  
Only the dominance of earnest eyes."

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