

THE PROSPECT.

The journey is almost done. The great and terrible wilderness is almost past. The scorching sand is still beneath the feet, the tempest still rages, but the Bride is awakening. Amid the storm she has heard the Bridegroom's voice, and her heart has answered. She is thinking of the palace home and the Royal Bridegroom. The eye grows brighter as she gazes at the picture, dim, but growing brighter, that lies before her. Already she can hear the victory shout. Already she can hear the anthem ringing. Already she anticipates the meeting, that first meeting with her Beloved, the object of her heart, that One who has suffered the loss of all things to win her, that One whose love and power had sustained her all the journey through. It is Himself she is waiting for, Himself she longs to meet, Himself, Himself; nothing else can satisfy, and so the cry goes forth: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

THE GROUND OF PEACE.

Many of God's people are in distress of soul because they fail to take their stand upon Christ and Christ's work as their only ground of peace and security. The Lord has by His death reconciled us to God, and now we live in Him, who lives to die no more. "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." (Rom. v. 10.) Not only has Christ died for us, but He lives for us. He is our security; He is our

peace. It is poor consolation to look within one's heart for assurance; let us look into the word of God, which presents Christ to us as our peace, and tells us how "much more" even than "being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

The most popular type of preaching in the present time is wanting in those elements which nourish a pure, vigorous, and living Christian life. The people are gratified, excited, entertained, surfeited often. But they are not fed—fed on the simple and substantial and living Bread of the Word. And hence the leanness.—Hence the feeble flow of the life currents of Christianity. Hence the lack of health and vital action. A living Christ at God's right hand is the alone all satisfying portion for His people.

Hope soars to a height where faith trembles to follow. Hope loves to bathe in the supernal light of the Sun of righteousness. Hers are all the riches, all the glories of eternity.—The air of heaven is her native element. Her feet may press the highest pinnacle in that kingdom of divinest grandeur.

How little of a personal living Christ is there in the religious literature which floods the family, the Sunday school, and all the avenues of Christian thought and life. How little of a living Christ is there in the newspapers and the monthlies which crowd out the Bible, and furnish a large part of the reading of to-day.