

while it is the substance, sweetness, and pledge of all the rest. Christ is ever with you; and were this the one and only assurance of the word of God upon which He had caused your soul to hope, you may gratefully and truthfully exclaim, 'Lord, it is enough! with this staff I will travel onward; and if through fire and through water Thou dost lead me, upheld by Thy power, and soothed by thy sympathy, I will pass forward until Thou shalt bring me into a wealthy place.'

Christ's presence with His people was once, though not now, *corporeal*. He was bodily in the midst of His Church. Oh, it is a marvellous truth, the belief of which imparts a conviction of verity to the whole Gospel, that, eighteen hundred years ago, the incarnate God actually tabernacled upon this earth, trod its soil, sailed upon its lakes, drank of its springs, admired its flowers, bedewed it with tears, and consecrated it with blood. That babe of Bethlehem smiling in its mother's arms; that mechanic of Nazareth shoving the plane and plying the saw; that young man, pale and thoughtful, standing at Pilate's bar; that victim of woe impaled upon the central cross,—listen, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth,—was 'the fulness of the Godhead bodily!' It is written by the pen of the Holy Ghost, and let no profane hand dare attempt its erasure—'The WORD was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' Yes! your flesh, O believer, laden with infirmity, sorrow, and woe! And He wears it still in a spiritual and glorified form, and is with you in your suffering, and weakness, and infirmity, ever sympathizing, ever sustaining. Try your spirit, whether it be Christ-taught, Christ-loving, Christ-trustful, by its firm, realizing faith in this cardinal and precious truth; for 'every spirit

that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.'

In addition to this, there is Christ's *representative* presence with His people in the embassy, fulness, and preaching of the Gospel. The Gospel is glad tidings of Christ, it is the message of His grace, the proclamation of His love to lost sinners. The Gospel is Christ first, Christ last, Christ midst, Christ without end. Christ is the *Prophet* of the Gospel, teaching His people His doctrines. Christ is the *Priest* of the Gospel, bearing and making atonement for their sins. Christ is the *King* of the Gospel, reigning in the hearts of loyal and loving disciples. Thus, Christ is present wherever and whenever the good tidings of that Gospel are preached, to 'bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, to comfort all that mourn.' Remember, O thou neglectful, unbelieving hearer of Christ's Gospel, that it is not the minister you slight, nor the message you scorn; it is Christ Himself. 'We beseech you in Christ's stead'—as though Christ Himself were pleading with tears and blood—'be ye reconciled to God.' O blessed, yet solemn thought, that, whenever my ears are saluted with the joyful sound, infinitely sweeter than angels' chimes, it is Christ's voice I hear, it is Christ's presence I feel, it is Christ's love that thrills and warms my soul, it is Christ's invitation to my weary spirit, Christ's words of sympathy to my sorrowful heart, Christ's promises of grace, and strength, and hope to my depressed and desponding mind. Oh, welcome, thou divine and precious Gospel—bringing with thee Christ's presence with a realizing power so personal, so conscious, and so soothing to the soul!

REST ELSEWHERE.

WHEN weary of the waste land,
Weary of the drifting sand,
Weary of the falling rain,
Weary of the grief and pain—
Think of that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

When thy spirit dies within thee,
And thy soul sinks wearily;
When the things of every day
Shed no light, no soothing ray—
Think of that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

And a peace will glide o'er thee,
And comfort, oh so tenderly!
Thou wilt wonder—wonder much,
From whence came the heavenly touch.
It came from that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

And thou wilt wonder—wonder more
Why the things that seemed before
Cold and comfortless to thee,
Shine with light so peacefully.
They shine from that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.