

will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon in his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it away it goes.—*C. H. Spurgeon, in the Church man's Magazine.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to Thee, melt Thou my heart of stone;
I search to find one perfect thought of love to God alone;
So unto Thee for help I cry, to whom all thoughts are known.

Ah! well Thou knowest, Jesu, Lord, how vile and full of sin
Is my sad soul! Yet do I pray my God to enter in,
Nor may I rest unless that Thee for my dear quest I win.

For Thy sweet presence, O my Lord, doth make all pure and clean,
In deserts where Thy feet have trod white lily-flowers are seen,
The wilderness doth blossom fair, and barren wastes are green.

Let me but see Thee as Thou art, Jesus, my Lord, my life!
Thy blood to wash my erring soul, Thy strength to arm for strife,
Thy life laid down to be for me my everlasting life.

Show Thou Thyself, that I may know, falterer from truth and right,
The beauty of eternal truth, as walking in God's sight,
The glory of a perfect man dawned on this dark world's night.

Show Thou Thyself, that I may know, whose feet fail in the strife,
How, conqueror over every foe, Thou treadest through this life.

MINNIE RITCHIE MUIR.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

III. PEACE.

THERE are many things ministering to our happiness which increase it, though they are not necessary to it. But one thing is absolutely essential, and that is peace. It is the one desire of thousands of hearts, at the sight of human sin and need, the misdirected struggles of earth, and the sad perplexities of this mortal life. For it they are all continually praying and struggling.

What is true peace?

It is not necessarily freedom from outward cares. God does not promise His

people entire immunity from care. But He does teach us the way to rise above it, and to possess peace in the midst of the anxieties of life. The surface of Lake Superior is often swept by storms, but the tempest's rage affects only its surface. In its great depths—it is 900 feet deep—calm reigns. The same contrast is seen in a Christian life ruled by trust. It has its outward trials, but it has also its inward peace. It has depths unaffected by the troublesome waves of this troublesome world.

Peace is not always freedom from inward anxiety. The Christian is not taught that his life is to be without struggle, sorrow, and pain. Rather is his life a conflict, and it is through much tribulation that he enters the kingdom of heaven. The peace promised is Christ's own peace, "My peace," and His life was not free from sorrow and pain.

It is not the false "peace" of self-righteousness. The Pharisee in the temple courts was satisfied with himself. But his peace was the peace of death.

Nor is it the peace of thoughtless apathy or callous indifference. An ice-bound river is at peace. No breath of earth ruffles its surface. But the sleep of winter is the nearest approach to the sleep of death.

It is not the "peace" of a conscience unenlightened and uninformed. There are many whose spiritual hopes are like a dream which has no foundation in reality. They appear contented in heart and mind, but it is the contentment which lasts only as long as they are able to lull conscience to sleep, or to shut their ears to its voice. They are not, perhaps, altogether unhappy, for conscience has lost its power to alarm them, but of true peace they know nothing. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

The peace of God is rest. It is the effect of the indwelling of God's own Spirit in the heart, the life of man brought into harmony with the life of God. It is the heart set free from guilty fear, the conscience unburdened of the heavy load, the mind full of a heavenly calm. Such peace is only known by being possessed. It passes man's understanding. The deaf man knows nothing, in his experience, of the concord of sweet sounds. The blind man knows nothing of the rich and glorious colors of earth and sky and sea. So the earthly mind fails to comprehend the meaning of God's precious gift of peace. The mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was once the Christian church of the Divine Wisdom. Over its western

door may still be read, in Greek characters, Christ's invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." For hundreds of years the followers of the false prophet have brought all their anxieties and their cares, their griefs and their sorrows, into that house of prayer, while the most precious words of Christ have remained unknown to them. There, in that inscription, they possess the secret of rest, but its power to bless remains outside of their experience. They go as they came, with the burden of their guilt upon them, and their sorrows are unconsolated. So the world hears of God's "peace," but, to understand it, it must be possessed.

The peace of a quiet conscience, as the great dramatist has told us, is far above all earthly dignities. For the honors of earth may be thick upon a man, and yet he may never know one hour's happiness. But with the conscience at rest, its voice by God's grace obeyed, and its light shining like a very candle of the Lord, his life is well balanced. He knows no fear of God save filial and holy fear, no fear of man, no fear of the future, and no fear of hell. The peace of God shuts out all fear where it dwells.

The blessed secret of peace is completely revealed in Jesus Christ. The fruit of His Spirit is peace. It is the gift of Jesus to His believing people. "My peace I give unto you." This peace is Himself. "He is our peace." He speaks peace to the heart. "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace." It is a result of the trust of our hearts in the Saviour. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is perfect in its nature and never-failing in its results.

"Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way."

There is an old promise upon which God's people have leaned in every age and found it steadfast and sure: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

"Stayed upon Jehovah
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest."

W. J. ARMITAGE.