

of their God and King, and with one voice they cry to those who are ignorant of its blessedness: Come hither, weary, burdened, fearful ones. Here are perfect rest, unending peace and joy; no storms of doubt, fear, or mistrust. Here we have peace on peace, joy on joy; songs of thanksgiving are always to be heard in this land. Come ye, and possess this good land. Come now. Ask your Saviour. He is King of this glorious land. He will let you come. Ask Him now, believe His word, and enter in.—*King's Highway.*

DEEPER EXPERIENCES.

In elocution there is what rhetoricians term a "second voice." It comes after an orator has been speaking sufficiently long for his lungs to become thoroughly warmed. The diversified ligaments and muscles and membranes which compose or influence his vocal organs then take on a more perfectly adjusted action, and the voice grows flexible and full and rich, able to express "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

There is a vision known to opticians as "second sight." In their later years many people come into possession of this. They can lay aside their spectacles, worn perhaps for a quarter of a century, and, with the naked eye, read the finest print. I have seen octogenarians whose eyesight was apparently as good as in the palmiest days of their youth.

There is a mental perception enjoyed by multitudes of thinkers which seems to them like a "second intellectuality." It is broader, clearer and more satisfying than was the first. It is reached after a night-time of doubt and darkness, during which one's theories seem like chaos, and one's beliefs like desperate guesses. It comes after a transition period, when, like Noah's ark, the mind can find no Ararat on which to anchor. Then breaks in a new light; the shadows flee; the heterogeneous mass of speculations begins to crystallize; a form appears, and he who had well-nigh become Diogenes the Cynic begins to develop into Socrates the Philosopher.

So there is a "second religious experience" deeper than the first. It lies beyond the surf of unbelief and partial consecration, and is reached by launching out into the deep of an unreserved dedication to God. Many have attained unto it and enjoy "the rest of faith." Others are hungering after this more perfect righteousness, and will not hunger long in vain. Multitudes more are wishing for but making no determined efforts to secure it. They are like travellers ascending the valley of Chamonix, who catch glimpses of Mount Blanc, and though longing to stand on its glittering summit, have no expectation of ever doing so.

I recall a memorable Sabbath afternoon when, from a hotel window in Geneva, seventy miles distant, I caught my first view of that celebrated