

fied. What danger can there be of a discharged debt? It is the *wrath* of God! Wherefore is that, but for *sin*? If my sin be defrayed, that quarrel is at an end; and if my Saviour suffered for me, how can I fear to suffer it in myself? That infinite justice hates to be paid twice. He is risen, therefore He hath satisfied: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen." Is it *death* itself? So my Saviour, that overcame death by dying, hath triumphed over it in His resurrection. How can I now fear a conquered enemy? What harm is there in the serpent, but for his sting? "The sting of death is sin;" that is pulled out by my powerful Redeemer, it cannot now hurt me; it may refresh me to carry this cool snake in my bosom. Oh, then, my dear Saviour! I bless thee for thy death; but I bless thee more for thy resurrection. That was a work of wonderful humility, of infinite mercy; this was a work of infinite power: in that was human weakness, in this divine omnipotence; in that Thou didst "die for our sins," in this Thou didst "rise again for our justification!"

BISHOP HALL.

"It is on the resurrection side—the heavenly side of Christ's grave—that we now stand, and have life and peace."

J. SMITH.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.

ST. AMBROSE.

Do You Know the Love of Jesus?

Do you know the love of *Jesus*?

Have you lean'd upon His breast,
Heard His tender invitation,
"Come, and I will give you rest?"
If you know the love of Jesus,
You will yearn to know it more,
And, with truer consecration,
"Live to serve" as ne'er before.

Do *you* know the love of Jesus?

Passing knowledge, boundless,
free?

Love that made Him stoop from
heaven

That He might *your* Saviour be?

If you know the love of Jesus,

If to you has been reveal'd

All His grace and matchless mercy,

Why those lips in silence seal'd?

Do you know the *love* of Jesus?

Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the deepest ocean,
His immeasurable love.

If you know the love of Jesus,

Tell it o'er and o'er again,

Till you bring this priceless treasure
To the dying sons of men.

Do you *know* the love of Jesus?

Sweetly *rest* in His embrace,
Growing daily in the knowledge
Of His changeless love and grace.

If you know the love of Jesus,

Why that anxious, fretting care?

Roll on *Him* your every burden,

Tell Him all your heart in prayer.

Would you know the love of Jesus?

Would you taste heav'n's sweetest
joy?

Would you learn the songs of glory

Which the angel-harps employ?

Think upon this love of Jesus

Till your heart is all aglow

With a holy, glad surrender,

Thus the love of Jesus know.

JOHN BURNHAM.