

and eternal weight of glory" beyond the grave. He that believeth on the Son *hath* this life in him now. The evidence of this life is to be found in that marvellous catalogue of graces, which the apostle says are the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, etc., the like of which you will find in no heathen work, although much that is beautiful is to be found even there.

Brethren, have I said enough? I have only given you glimpses, but that is all I promised to give you. Anything more must come of your own personal experience. It is said that it is necessary that we have in us something of the poet to enjoy poetry, and something of affection to comprehend the beauty of affection. So, in like manner, we must have in us something of the heavenly, if we would understand the deep significance of that phrase, "eternal life."

We shall know more of this life when the veil is lifted; when the mortal shall have put on immortality; when we shall have entered within those gates of pearl, and listened to the strains of those harpers harping on their harps in the glory land. We shall then have richer enjoyment, but that enjoyment must begin here, perhaps amid pain, and struggling, and tears. I pray you, lay hold of eternal life. Mark the universality of the injunction, and the corresponding universality of the promise. There is no restriction, it is as wide as the world, as free as air, and attainable by all men. Eternal life is for the poor as well as the rich, for the inmate of the cottage or hovel as well as of the palace. It is your privilege and your boon to possess eternal life.

This promise has no limits within the boundaries of time. Beyond that I have no Gospel and no message, for I know nothing of the life beyond the grave but what is revealed in this book. There is an accepted time; that time is *now*. Therefore, after the manner of the immortal pilgrim, put your fingers into your ears, and, deaf to all sinful sounds, gird up the loins of your mind, and with perseverance of purpose, run and run, and as you run, cry, "Life, life, eternal life!"

LORD, SHUT ME IN.

"And the Lord shut him in."

"WITH Thy strong arm, Lord, shut me in
 Thy ark of grace;
 Withdraw me from the power of sin
 And folly's wild, incessant din,
 No more let earth my spirit win
 From Thy embrace.

"Safe shut me in with Thee and Thine,
 Apart from wrong;
 Conform my heart to Thy design—
 My soul a branch, and Thou the Vine,
 And of the fellowship Divine
 Shall be my song."

—*Havergol.*