

"CHRIST IN ME."

Oh Christ, within me dwelling!
Thy love my heart hath won;
Reveal that love, dear Jesus,
As pilgrim days go on.

This world is bleak and barren—
Thy love is bread and wine;
For this Divine refreshing,
My very heart doth pine.

I love Thy Word, revealing
What Thou, Lord art to me—
The mirror true and faithful
Wherein Thyself I see.

No breath of mine can tarnish
The glass revealing Thee!
Thy beauty shining through it
Gives all its radiancy.

Oh pure and perfect radiance
That evermore remains—
That shineth on serenely
Though darkness round me reigns!

Shine on, O Christ within me,
And give me grace to be
As one of thine epistles
To guide the world to Thee!

I know no other glory,
I crave this high renown—
I fain would add some jewels
To my Redeemer's crown.

Oh live in me, my Saviour,
Thy saving life, I pray;
And give me strength for labours
That shall remain for aye.

—*British Herald.*

M. M.

DEATH'S DONATION.

Twenty-seven hundred years ago a funeral procession was moving along from a house of mourning towards the burial-place. (2 Kings xiii. 21.) The corpse lay uncoffined on the bier. Before reaching the narrow chamber prepared for this pale sleeper, the party were startled by the appearance of a band of marauders, which at this period were quite numerous in that unhappy country. Happening to be then very near a grave already occupied, they hastily deposited in it their lifeless burden and fled. What must have been their amazement, on looking round a moment after, to see their friend issuing from the sepulchre where they

had laid him, alive. The corpse had touched the ashes of the prophet Elisha, and at the touch life returned. Is not life a strange donation for death's hand to bestow?

Years ago there gleamed among the churches of Scotland the light of a silver lamp. The name inscribed upon that lamp was Robert Murray McCheyne. But his biographer tells us that the light of that gracious life was kindled at the bier whereon the corpse of his brother David lay. Another donation of life from the hand of death.

Here is a wayward son. Instructions, exhortations, sermons, revivals, prayers, parental solicitudes, have all proved in vain. But now God sends death to ordain the mother of that youth to preach in his ears the soul-winning sermon. And from those closed eyes and sealed lips, and from that pale face and prostrate form there issues a power that saves her darling from the lions. Thus again death gives life.

Years ago, in a certain pew, there sat a man, Sabbath after Sabbath, listening and not without interest, to repeated messages of mercy. At many a communion season he promised submission to his Lord ere another should arrive. One day, after long procrastination, death swooped down upon his household, and bore away the spirit of his little boy. Rarely is a more touching scene presented than was witnessed at that funeral. The poor father was like a wandering spirit. He would come into the room where the little corpse lay, and bending one knee, he would gaze awhile upon that sweet white face, then rise and retire to the other room. A few minutes more would find him again in the former position, and then again he would retire. And when we left that little coffin in that little grave, it seemed as if that stricken father would leave his life there with it. Our next communion found that father a saved man with us at the table. Another life-gift from death's hand.

More than eighteen hundred years ago the eternal Son of God died; and O, what a death! O, that bloody sweat! O, that agonizing cry! But to-day there are millions on earth, and many, many millions in heaven, once "dead in trespasses and sins," and now alive for evermore. And all this life comes from that death. And this same death will be the source of all the life that will throb and flash and sing at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Is this life yours? If not, for what are you waiting? For God to fill some coffin with the remains of the dearest of your earthly treasures? Will you not go to the Saviour, till you have to go over the grave of mother, father, wife, or child?