

spirit within me."—(Psa. li. 10.) May the Spirit of God enable you to look up, and believe in Christ to the salvation of your soul. Then, with the joy of happy experience, shall you be able to commend those blessed words to many a trembling sinner: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—(John vi. 37.)—*British Tract.*

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### Justification---the way of it, and our need of it.

If indeed we have our fruit in holiness, notwithstanding, we must note that the more we abound therein, the more need we have to crave that we may be strengthened and supported. *Our very virtues may be snares unto us.* The enemy that waiteth for all occasions to work our ruin, hath found it harder to overthrow an humble sinner than a proud saint. There is no man's case so dangerous as his whom Satan hath persuaded that his own righteousness shall present him pure and blameless in the sight of God. If we could say we were not guilty of anything at all in our consciences, (we know ourselves far from this innocency; we cannot say we know nothing by ourselves, but if we could), should we therefore plead not guilty before the presence of our Judge, who sees further into our hearts than we ourselves can do? If our hands did never offer violence to our brother, or bloody thought doth prove us murderers before Him; if we had never opened our mouth to utter any scandalous, offensive, or hurtful word, the cry of our secret thoughts is heard in the ear of God. If we did not commit the sins which, daily and hourly, either in deed, word, or thought, we do commit; yet, in the good things which we do, how many defects are there intermingled! *God, in that which is done, respecteth the mind and intention of the doer.* Cut off, then, all those things wherein we have regarded our own glory—those things which men do to please men, and to satisfy our own liking—those things which we do for any by respect, not sincerely and purely for the love of God, and a small score will serve for the number of our righteous deeds. Let the holiest and best things we do be considered, we are never better affected unto God than when we pray; yet, when we pray, how are our affections many times distracted! how little reverence do we show unto the grand majesty of God, unto whom we speak! how little remorse of our own miseries! how little taste of the sweet influences of His tender mercies do we feel! Are we not as unwilling many times to begin, and as glad to make an end; as if in saying "Call upon me," He had set us a very burdensome task. It may seem somewhat extreme which I will speak, therefore let every one judge of it even as his own heart shall tell him, and no otherwise. I will but only make a demand: If God should

yield unto us, not as unto Abraham, if fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, yea, or if ten good persons could be found in a city, for their sakes that city should not be destroyed: but and if He should make us an offer thus large—Search all the generations of men since the fall of our father Adam; find one man that hath done one action which hath passed from him pure, without any stain or blemish at all; and for that one man's one only action, neither man nor angel shall feel the torments which are prepared for both: do you think that this ransom, to deliver men and angels, could be found to be among the sons of men? *The best things which we do have somewhat in them to be pardoned.* How, then, can we do anything meritorious, or worthy to be rewarded?—*Hooker.*

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### The Mountain Stream.

"It is not much, but it's all that I can well spare," said Mr. C., as a benevolent claim was laid upon him. "The times are so hard, and everything is so high, I hardly see how I am to get along."

"Cheer up, Brother C., God sees. Trust him. 'Freely have ye received, freely give.' 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.' God loveth a cheerful giver. How absurd to be drooping, desponding, when our heavenly Father has so much, and gives to each abundantly.

"See that little fountain yonder, away yonder in the distant mountain, glistening like a thread of silver through the tangled thicket, and sparkling like diamonds in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with its rippling song to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool heels it:

"Whither away, little streamlet?"

"I am going to the river to bear this drop of water God has given me."

"Ah, you are very foolish for that; you will need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer; depend upon it, you will need it yourself before the summer is over."

"Well," says the streamlet, "if I am to die so soon, I had better work while day lasts. If I am likely to suffer from the heat, I had better do all the good I can while I have the time." And away it went blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool shook its head wisely, and with a prudent foresight husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away.

"Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity; for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through its branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and the birds sipped its silver tide;