

THE CLEANER.

"Let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."—Ruth 2; 7.

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JOHN ROGERS.

Dr. Goodwin tells how he, being in his youth a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, purposely took a journey to hear him preach on his lecture day; a lecture so thronged and frequented, that to those who did not go early, there was no possibility of getting in that very large and spacious building. Mr. Rogers was at that time discussing the subject of the Scriptures; and in that sermon he expostulated with the people about their neglect of the Bible. He personated God to the congregation, thus addressing them:

"I have trusted you so long with My Bible, you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look at it. Do you use My Bible so? Well, you shall have My Bible no longer."

He then took the Bible from the cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them, but immediately turned again and personated the people to God, fell down on his knees, cried, and pleaded most earnestly, "O Lord, whatever Thou doest to us, take not Thy Bible from us; kill our children, burn our houses, and destroy our goods, only spare us Thy Bible; only take not away Thy Bible."

Then he addressed the people as an answer from God. "Say you so? Well, I will try you a little longer; here is my Bible for you, I will yet see how you will use it; whether you will value it more, whether you will observe it more, and live according to it."

By these actions he put the congregation into so strange a posture that the place was a Bochim, the people generally being deluged with their tears. Dr. Goodwin himself, when he retired to take his horse again, was fain to hang for a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse, weeping, before he had power to mount, so great was the impression upon him on having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of his Bible.

John Rogers was the grandson of the first martyr under Queen Mary, who washed his hands in the flame as though in cold water. In his monument in Dedham Church he is represented in the act of preaching, with his Bible in hand, resting on the cushion—the attitude in which he generally stood.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

The following true account is given for the encouragement of those who have long been praying for and seeking after members of their families who are not manifestly the Lord's. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits

of the earth, and hath long patience for it." James v. 7.

Did Peter know what was passing in the mind of Cornelius while he was praying on the roof so far way? No, but the Lord did, and sent him in due time with a message of forgiveness of sins to him. And when Paul and Silas sang praises at midnight, did they guess that before morning God would bring so many around them to Himself?

Christians must often go on singing and praying and preaching in ignorance of what is in the minds and hearts of people very near them, and sometimes they have to wait for heaven to see the answer to their prayers.

A Christian mother sat in her room towards evening. She had a large grown-up family and many cares, chief among them being the health of a son which was increasingly bad. She had that day been much moved at hearing of great blessing through the preaching of a young man. Oh! if my dear boy were only like him, she thought; nay, if he could even hear him, how happy I should be. But she was very faithless. R. was almost too ill to go out at night. Still, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" and inwardly she resolved that, at all events, she would go to the preaching herself, for she felt that her own faith needed strengthening.

As she sat there that afternoon she listened and she prayed. She heard R. come home from the city, wearily climb the stairs, and go into his own room; then she heard him throw himself upon his bed, and—could her ears be mistaken? she heard a groan and her own name. In a few moments she is beside him, and, with her arms about him, she hears, "O mother, I'm so ill, and so miserable!" These were welcome words to her; even if his outward man was perishing, his soul was not, and she cared for it more than for his body now.

Gently she told him what she had been thinking of, and asked him to escort her to the service, without saying that it was for his soul that she yearned.

They went; they found the place so full that they were obliged to stand, and the mother lost sight of her son in the crowd, and again her faith failed. She thought he had left in disgust, would she follow him? no—she would listen for herself. At the close of the meeting she found him awaiting her in the porch with a changed face, and she learned that a gentleman seeing his weak condition had given him a seat, and that the preacher's words had come home to him. The tears had come to his eyes, and as he brushed them away, he noticed a lady sitting beside him with an earnest face, who he thought was praying for him, and before leaving she turned and grasped his hand lovingly.

He was rescued from Satan and from death that night, and brought to God and life. There was joy in the hearts of mother and son as they walked home; joy too in the presence of the angels of God, for Father, Son, and Holy Ghost had sought and found the lost. The son which had been dead was alive. He could say, "The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day. . . . The Lord was ready to save me." Isa. 38; 19, 20.

As long as he could he attended the services where he had received so much blessing; and when he could no longer walk, his friend came to see him, and together they had sweet converse of Jesus and His love. R.'s inward man was renewed in measure as his outward man was perishing.—H. L. H.—Echoes of Mercy.

Andrew Young, the author of the hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away," died a short time ago in Edinburgh, upwards of eighty years old.—

His simple carol has touched the hearts of millions in many countries. It has been said to draw tears even from the eyes of one who has been called a cynic, that man of the world, Thackery. He once stopped in the street to hear it sung by a group of ragged children, and never afterward forgot it, or alluded, without emotion, to the impression that it made upon him.

"I USED MY TWO KNEES."

A Chinaman had been the slave of opium smoking for thirty-nine years. Those familiar with this curse know that the opium appetite becomes a deeply seated disease, and few who are once entangled in this snare of Satan ever escape. Opium smokers who profess faith in Christ are looked upon with great distrust, and dealt with with the utmost caution, for they are almost sure to relapse into their former evil ways. But this man was rescued from opium smoking; he was cured and he stayed cured. One day some one asked him how it was that he had broken off the terrible habit, he answered,

"I used my two knees!"

How many people there are to-day who are caught in Satan's snares, who struggle to escape and sink despondent and despairing; who could find deliverance as this Chinaman found it. They use their tongues, they use their wills, they use their minds, they make vows, and promises, and resolutions, but they do not use their two knees.

No man was ever overcome by temptation while calling on the mighty God to help him; no man need despond, though billows and waves go over him; if a man will only pour out his heart to the Lord, he may go down like Jonah to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with her bars may be about him; if he only cry unto the Lord, He will hear and save him.

Tempted one, discouraged one, struggling one, fallen one, use your two knees; you will climb out of horrible pits, and mire, and clay, on your knees sooner than in any other way.

SKEPTICISM.

Skepticism is simply not believing. It is denial, negation, darkness. There is only one cure for darkness, and that is coming to the light. If you will persist in putting your eyes out, or in barring God's daylight out, there is no help for you; you must die in the dark. Sin has made your soul sick, and if you will not even try Christ's medicine, then the blood poisoning of infidelity will run its fatal course.

If you will produce a better rule of life than my Bible—perhaps your mother's Bible also—if you will find a holier pattern of living than Jesus Christ, and a surer Saviour than He is, I will agree to forswear my religion for yours. But what is your "I do not believe," in comparison with my positive "I know whom I have believed?" What is your denial in comparison with my personal experience of Christ?

Skepticism never won a victory, never slew a sin, never healed a heartache, never produced a ray of sunshine, never saved a soul. It is foredoomed defeat. Do not risk your eternity on that spider's web.—C.

A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. It is a sad thing for parents to love their children so much as to make everybody else hate them. If you want your children to be blessed and to be a blessing in the world, train them and restrain them. Teach them and control them, and guide them in the fear of God. Then they will rise up and call you blessed by and by, and will thank you for making them what

they are. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

OUR OBJECT.

An object is anything thrown in our way to arrest attention—something presented to the mind or heart to awaken interest or to excite the feelings. It may, therefore, serve one or two purposes; either to impede progress, or to so captivate the heart or mind as to ensure or facilitate it. Numberless are the objects with which our pathway through life is strewn; some of which attract us but momentarily; others impress or occupy the mind for periods varying much in length, others again yield constant and absorbing interest. Diverse and complex, also, are the effects of these objects around us upon our senses, feelings and conceptions. Every chord which the heart possesses is, at one time or other struck; hence, joy, sorrow, hope, despondency, hilarity, depression, certainty, suspense. Rapid, varied and often extraneous are the modulations of the music of a human heart! Many an object is but a weight—often a salutary weight—for the back; whilst other objects arouse, to a greater or less degree, the passions of the heart.

And it is well to discriminate as to this; for we are called upon to "Keep the heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life." Who is there among mortals without a burden to the back; without a desire of the heart?—It is important, I repeat it, to consider what objects form the burden of the back, and what bring into play the desires of the heart. Take one example, our business. Where does that find its lodgment? On the back as its burden, or upon the heart as its object? But whence these objects? From God or Satan? To work for our daily bread is

absolutely necessary and right, Gen. 3; 19—it is the burden, laid by God upon our back; and for the heart He has presented one blessed Object: "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3; 17. The thousand other objects which press around us are, most surely, permitted by God, in order to test our hearts, but who casts them there? Is it not the devil? Indeed it is worthy of note, that the very name "devil" has its derivation in a word signifying "to throw across;" and is he not ever throwing things athwart our pathway either to stumble or beguile our hearts, that we may not fix our eyes on Jesus, the Author and Finisher of Faith? Heb. 12; 2. May we take heed to this!

Most men have what is called an "object in life." They form an inward resolve to achieve some act, to embark in some enterprise, or to rise to some position. They are ambitious in a cause which they, perhaps deem correct. But what avails it in the end, though success crown their efforts, if not measured according to God's unerring standard?

If riches be the summit, the attained summit too, of their ambition (like men of the world who have their portion in this life, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes, Psalm 17; 14,) what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mark 8; 36; or if it be knowledge, "it shall vanish away," 1 Cor. 13; if it be glory as men count glory: "all the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away," 1 Pet. 1; 24; if it be to make a name, the history of Gen. 11, should serve as a solemn warning, see verse 4.

Many a time have men, according to their own measurement of things, reached the goal of their aspirations, and man's "book of remembrance"—his scroll of fame, is filled with their names.

Poets, historians, orators, statesmen, heroes of the sword, pioneers of commerce and civilisation, are there recorded by the hundred. And what of all this blaze of human greatness? "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." Luke 16; 15. "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only? John 5; 44. What a judgment upon all that man delights in, aspires to, and honors!

But God, as well as man, has a "book of remembrance." For whom is that? All praise and glory to Him! it is "for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name, and they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts in the day when I make up my jewels." Mal. 3. His jewels, His "special treasure," (as the margin reads) in eternal glory, delighting in the things of God, when all the honors which man has heaped on man have long since perished. Cry, O saint of God, burdened and troubled as you may be by many perplexities, 'Hallelujah.' Let your shout for joy rise above your wail of sorrow, for though despised and spurned you are one of His jewels, a special treasure to Himself, an object of His everlasting delight.

And what of him who has chosen God's beloved Son as his Object in (as well as of) life? The Apostle Paul, than whom, perhaps, no more intelligent or learned man ever trod this earth, was such an one. What does He say, after years of intense suffering for Christ? "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ," Phil, 3; 7, 8. This was no hollow sentiment, but a stern and blessed reality,

with him. From a prison cell enduring, who can say, what agonies under one of the most cruel tyrants that have ever lived, with death, a martyr's death, close at hand, does this beloved man send this striking message. It comes like a sweet melody, proceeding not from lips, nor from the point of an iron pen, but from a heart-made tender by long experience of the matchless and unchangeable love of Christ, and softened by sorrows such as few, if any, men have ever passed through. In Christ he had found unsearchable riches; in Him too, he had learnt by the Spirit of God, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, Col. 2; and a glory was his which could never fade, John 17; and so far from making a name for himself, he knew but One, and that was Christ—for Christ was all, Col. 3; 11. In short, his whole life, since his conversion, may be summed up in his own words, "For to me to live is Christ." Reader, what is your object in life?—A. C. H.

A laborer once said, "I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight."—"Well," was the reply, "a farthing rushlight can do a great deal; it can set a haystack on fire; it can burn down a house; yea, more, it will enable a poor creature to read a chapter in God's book. Go your way, friend, let your rushlight so shine before men that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven. Only a loving heart can present a loving gospel. Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him lean upon it. Christ is not valued at all unless he be valued above all.—A.

If you do a mean thing, it will come back to roost in your heart; and will find you out with its curse, though you may be one of a crowd.

FALSE PROPHETS AND THEIR WORK.

Blessed it is to know that all power in heaven and in earth is in the hands that were pierced on Calvary's cross, to know that He in His wisdom and love permits what we see about us and is able to keep His own in the midst of it all. We are not to trouble over the deep and awful mystery of sin. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. He wept over Jerusalem. We shall often have cause to mourn but the mystery and all that is now hidden from us, we leave with Him who holds all in his hands of love and grace. So we do not know why He permits Satan to counterfeit everything which God is doing for man's salvation, we now only know that it is so. And as "he that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation and comfort, and as this is one of the most precious gifts of Christ to His church, so Satan is permitted to send out false prophets to tear down, and ruin, and destroy.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7; 15, 16. The Lord spoke these solemn words for His people at all times since they were uttered; we at this time of peril need to give earnest heed to them. We

are to beware of false prophets because they come in an assumed garb. There would be no need of saying "Beware of ravening wolves." That is what the false prophets are, but outwardly they are the very opposite. Bad as a wolf is, a wolf in sheep's clothing is much worse. Men would flee from a wolf, no one would fear a harmless sheep, so Satan dresses up his ravening wolves in sheep's clothing that they may get in right among the sheep and do their deadly work of destruction and ruin.

How shall we know the wolf when he has on the sheep's garments? The Lord gives us a very plain rule for this. The wolf is still inwardly a ravening wolf. The clothing is only an outward covering over inward wickedness. The sheep is gentle and harmless, the wolf cruel, rapacious, and bloodthirsty. The dress of innocence only covers and hides the claws and fangs and gaunt form of the beast of prey. The unwary may be deceived and ensnared, but the watchful will be able to discern the wolf under the sheep's clothing. Christ's prophet builds up, Satan's false prophet tears down. He may have a gloss of truth, but it will only be a cover of damnable heresies which he is privily bringing in. The Lord's servant speaks out the truths he has learned from the Word and Spirit of the living

God, Satan's counterfeit speaks out error and false doctrine. It may be—more often is veiled under a pious phraseology, but eyes enlightened by the Spirit of God and on their guard against the work of the enemy will see the wolf's form under the innocent looking garb. Rome is one of the most fierce, cruel, and blood-thirsty wolves that ever donned the attire of the innocent sheep, and she has learned the art of acting out the sheep to perfection. A whole horde of ravening wolves are now abroad, and our Lord's "Beware" should be ringing in the ears of all His people.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The thorn cannot bear grapes. Every one knows a thistle at sight. But an apple tree may appear all right, it may grow on year after year among other trees but just as soon as it bears fruit you know it. It may be an utterly worthless variety which has been kept and cared for; the fruit tells what the tree is. If God's people would only heed His Word, the false prophet would find little place to rear the flock. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8; 20. Never dally with a wolf in sheep's clothing.—He can only do you harm. Your Lord says, "Beware."—J. W. NEWTON.

SWEET REST.

It has been well and truly observed that we go first as poor sinners to the Gospels to find a Saviour; and then, as saints, to the epistles to learn all the blessedness He has brought us into; but we return to the Gospels to feed on Himself. Unspeakably blessed as it is to find a Saviour, with all that sweet name comprehends; more blessed still to enter into the enjoyment of our portion in Christ before God in heaven, that does not give satisfaction; for this we must turn back, so to speak, to Himself, and we get it by the knowledge of Himself, not so much in what He is for us, as in that which He Himself lived in, as the satisfying portion of His own soul—that divine love and care in which, as man and Son of the Father, He lived. He abode in His Father's love, He was ever "the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father," and it was as dwelling in the bosom He manifested God. Every word and way of Jesus was a revelation of the Father.

It is this revelation of God known in relationship as the Father, a revelation hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed to babes, that Jesus has in mind when, in Matthew 11, as rejected by Israel, He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Though all our blessing, and especially our place as children of the Father, be founded on the cross, on His death, it is

not peace of conscience, as flowing from His work for us, that He speaks of here, but of that rest and satisfaction of heart, which was the enjoyed portion of His own soul as a living man on earth, the object of the Father's love and care. It is in immediate connection with His previous statement "that no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him" that He makes, this precious offer of rest to any who would learn of Him, in a scene where sin had not only entailed all its bitter present and eternal consequences on the children of Adam, but shut God out morally from His own creatures.

In these days of materialism and bold atheism, we more than ever need to have to do experimentally with the living God—the One in whom, whatever man's will may say, "we live and move, and have our being." But this is only possible to us as we know, in living power, the Son, and learn of Him who said, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me even he shall live by Me."

Men of science may try to live without God, and leave no place for Him in creation; may see in all His handiwork merely the working of unintelligent natural laws, and even in themselves merely "evolutions," "natural selection," and "the survival of the fittest;" we know we are "fearfully and wonderfully made" by the hand of the living God, and this God our Father, without whose hand not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who, in living action,

clothes the lily and feeds the raven. We know a care more touching and detailed than a mother's, a care that numbers the very hairs of our head, and all this we have learned from the lips of Jesus.—W.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Let me say, with what force does the Spirit of God in Scripture teach us the mystery of LIFE. With what an intense sense of it would He impress our souls, that we have lost it, but that Christ has it for us.

The flaming sword in the hand of the Cherubim keeping every way the way of the Tree of Life, was the expression of this, as soon as ever sin was committed and death brought in. That sight let Adam learn, and all of us through Adam, that the life which we have lost we never can regain.

The ordinance which forbade the eating of blood, set up as soon as ever the flesh of animals was given for food, and continued and repeated jealously in the law, was a witness of the same, a standing witness which spoke to the heart and conscience of man from the days of Noah to the times of the Gospel—and perhaps indeed to this present time. Acts 15.

The Gospel teaches the same great truth abundantly. None are left with any power to question it—that man is dead, dead in trespasses and sins, and that he is without strength, and can never recover or revive himself.

In this intense, emphatic way does Scripture from beginning to end, let man know that he has lost life, and lost it irrecoverably.

With equal intensity is the other great mystery unfolded—that life is in Christ, the Son of God, and in Him for us.

Peter was given to know this, that life was in Jesus—that He was none less than the Son of the living God. And upon his confession, the Lord goes on at once to reveal the farther truth, that that life, thus owned to be in Him, was a victorious life that should be used for the Church. Matt. xvi.

I stop not to give the beautiful proofs which the Lord's ministry affords us of this eternal life, this victorious life, this life of the "quickening Spirit" being in Jesus all along His times here, but we see it gloriously displayed after His death. The empty sepulchre as seen in John 20; 5-7, is the peculiar witness that a Conqueror had been in the regions of death. And He was then, as we know, seen of the chosen witnesses, for forty days after He had risen. But I want to meditate a little over the great fact that this victorious life in Jesus the Son of God is for us. I turn to the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

There, He that was dead is alive again. His death is shown to have been for us. He did not die simply to exhibit His victory, to show that He was the stronger Man, though in the house of the strong one—but His death is declared to have been for us. It tells us, as Matt. 16; 18 had pledged, that His victorious life the Son uses for the Church.

He died as the Purger of our sins.—He, by the grace of God, tasted death for us. He, by death, met him who was keeping us through fear of him all our life-time in bondage. These are the interpretations of His death which we find in the first two chapters.

At the opening of the third, we are commanded to consider Him who has been faithful—faithful after this manner—faithful to Him who appointed Him thus to undertake to gain life through death for us. We are to consider Him, for the establishing of our faith and for the comfort of our souls, acquainting

ourselves with this great mystery, that the Son of the living God has been in conflict with death, and in the place of death, that He might bring back life to us who had lost it, and lost it irrecoverably.

And as we are exhorted to consider Him, so are we further exhorted to hold Him, fast, and firm, and steadfast, as this chapter proceeds.

And what is the warning? What must be the warning, after such teaching as this? "Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." How simple, and yet how needful, and yet how blessed! None less than "the living God" Himself has been made ours in Jesus, and therefore it is easy to say, OUR ALL depends on holding to Him.—
J. G. BELLET.

There are many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification; and sometimes it is difficult to know the voice of the Lord. But the more truly we partake of the nature of "His own sheep," the more unerringly shall we detect the voice of the Good Shepherd. If you are not quite sure, wait till you are. It is the Shepherd's business to make His presence and wish understood by the timid and perplexed in His flock. The only necessity is to be willing to do His will as soon as it is clearly seen. If you are in doubt, wait in faith till every door is shut, and one path only lies open before you, and you are able to say, "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

It is not by the glitter of gold that God rewards His faithful servants.—Many a noble life in the sight of God has been a sad failure, when judged by human standards. And many a failure in the judgment of man has been a royal

success in the estimation of the angels. When a tide of gold has been setting in towards some men, it has been allowed to come as a judgment and a curse.— And in many cases the tide has been restrained, that it might be more possible for the soul to attain to perfect health.

HOW HE GOT HIS PAY.

A well to do deacon was one day accosted by his pastor, who said,

"Poor widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?"

The pastor, somewhat vexed replied, "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of Psalm 41, before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again.

"How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"Oh!" said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take any money for supplying the old widow's wants."

THE DETHRONEMENT OF SELF.

Self is the pivot around which the natural man revolves. It is the essential principle of every sin, and has been ever since that first sin, in which Adam preferred what was pleasant to the eyes, and good for food, and calculated to make him wise, to the will and word of God. Sin is the assertion of self. The sensualist asserts that the indulgence of his passion must take precedence of his duty to God and his reverence for the nature God has made. The oppressor asserts that the sufferings of his victims are as the small dust of the scale if only his coffers are filled, his power augmented. The liar asserts that it is more important for his credit to be preserved than that truth should be paramount in the world around. Beneath the purple of the emperor, the ermine of the judge, the cowl of the monk, the broadcloth of the business man, the fustian of the peasant, self-worship has been the mainspring of human activity and crime.

At our conversion a strong blow is struck at the dominion of self. We have to be saved altogether by the grace of God, and for the merits of Another. Our own efforts are proved to be useless and worse. Our prayers and tears and righteousness become hindrances rather than helps. Absolute bankrupts, we have nothing to pay. Utterly powerless, we are dragged by Another's hands from the dark waters which threaten! to sweep us to perdition.

But though the dethronement of self begins at conversion, it is not completed then, or for long years. In fact, during all the life that follows we are constantly becoming more aware of the subtlety and all-pervasiveness of the self-principle. We detect it in moods and dispositions where we never expected to discover it. It puts off its filthy rags, and attires itself in the somber garb of humility or religious zeal. It busies itself in the work of God. It takes a foremost place in acts of self-denial and devotion. It multiplies its activities. It glories in its unobtrusiveness. It loves to choose the lowest seat. It congratulates itself on its conquests and growing perfection. And all the while, in its self complacency, it shows that it is a mere miriery

of that genuine holiness which is the direct product of the work of the Holy Spirit.

The great antagonist of the self principle is the Holy Spirit. He lusts against the flesh; and the flesh is self spelled backward. And if we surrender ourselves to the Eternal Spirit, through whom our Lord offered Himself upon the cross, we shall find that the work of self-destruction will proceed apace. The marble will waste, but the image beneath will grow. The outward man will perish, but the inward man will be renewed day by day. The crucifixion of the self-life will proceed in the heart side by side with the ever-waxing glories of the Easter morning and the ascension moun.

The work of the Holy Spirit is antagonistic of self because He is the Spirit of love. The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who is given unto us, and the spirit of love is antiseptic to the spirit of self. They are mutually destructive. They can no more coexist than light and darkness, heat and cold, carbohc acid and the microbes of disease.

When Jonathan loved David as his own soul, it was possible for him to view without jealousy the growing influence and power of his friend. "Thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee." How great a contrast to the gloomy monarch Saul!

For love of David the three mighties became oblivious to the overwhelming numbers of the Philistine garrison, as they broke through their ranks to draw water from the ancient well which was by the gate of Bethlehem.

For love of the Bridegroom the greatest of woman-born could view with joy the transference of popularity and the interest of the crowds from himself to Him whose shoe-latchet "he was not great enough to loose." The dwindling audience on the river's bank excited no regret or surprise, since the rest had gone to swell the glory of his Lord. "He must increase, and I must decrease."

The loyal heart of Bethany, in its much love for the dear Master, who had revealed to it His deepest secret, was indifferent to the cold criticism of the apostles, and especially to the cynicism of Judas, expended its choicest stores, gladly performed a

slave's office, broke the alabaster box of very precious ointment on his head, and wiped His feet with her hair.

And what but love could have nerved the mother to stand beneath the cross, or the women to brave the dangers of an Eastern city at dawn to visit the sepulcher!

Ah, Love, what canst thou not do! Thou canst make the timid brave, and the weak strong. The nervous bird owns thy spell as in defense of her young she turns to face her pursuer. The martyr, the patriot, the hero have learned of thee the secret of finding beds of down on stones, and gardens of flowers on barren sands. Thou didst bring the King Himself from the midst of His royalties to the cross, and He counted all things but loss that He might redeem the Church on whom He had set His heart. Then self will be dethroned, the cross of daily-dying will be robbed of its bitterness, the furnace floor will become a flower-enameled pathway, if only thou shalt reign in us supreme!

Therefore the apostle said, "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." The love that can expel self is not the vague love of a principle or theory, but of a person. It is the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. "I saw," says George Fox, "a sea of light and a sea of ink, and the sea of light flowed into the sea of ink, and swept it away forever."

On one occasion, as Dr. Chalmers was riding on a coach in the Highlands, at a very dangerous part of the road where it overhung a precipice, the horses took fright and were near precipitating the coach and all its occupants into the ravine beneath. The driver vigorously applied the whip, and the horses, stung with pain and dreading further inflictions, forgot their fear. He observed that one fear expelled another, and coined the expression, "The expulsive power of a new affection." Fear expels fear. Sunlight extinguishes firelight. The love of a noble woman often redeems a man from the sway of baser passions. And the love of Christ, wrought in us by the spirit of love, will make us free from the love of self. For His sake we can harbour nothing

that would cause Him grief or be at all inconsistent with the completest loyalty.

It has been argued whether the apostle meant Christ's love to us or ours to Him. The contention is needless. It is the same sunbeam whether striking the mirror directly or reflected from it to the eye.

Christ's love to us is transforming. A Norwegian lady tells how a little child was brought to her orphanage, so repulsive in its appearance, and loathsome for its sores, that she felt she could not love it. But one day compassion for its motherlessness made her stoop over the wan little face and kiss it. Instantly the most exquisite smile spread over the features, as the consciousness of being loved sank into the heart. From that moment the whole expression of the child became transformed, and it grew to be the jewel of her family.

So the consciousness of Christ's love to us will transfigure us. Only give it time to sink in as you sit at the foot of His cross, and reckon how much He must have loved you, since He dared to die for you, being an enemy and ungodly.—F. B. MEYER.

HIS LAST SERVICE.

McCheyne had been visiting in the fever-stricken district of Dundee. Typhus fever had laid hold of him; but ignorant of the cause of the languor and pain which oppressed him, he had gone to celebrate a marriage, and remained for the entertainment which followed. Some were there who were no friends to his faithful preaching, and thought that his grave manner was due to pietism, and not illness, so one of them said, "See, now, if I cannot tease your minister." So saying she sent a little girl of nine years to Mr. McCheyne with a marriage favour and a bouquet. When the child approached him, he brightened up.

"Will you put this on?" she said.—"Yes, if you will show me how." When it was all arranged, he said, "I have done what you asked me. Will you listen while I tell you a story?" So he began to tell her the sweet story of old. Very soon six other little girls gathered round, and listened with upturned faces while he told them how the Lord Jesus had come down from heaven to earth,

had lived and loved on earth, and then died to save sinners. When he had finished, he laid his hand on the head of each child, and asked God's blessing on her. Soon after he said he felt so ill he must retire. He went home to his bed, and in a few days he was with the Lord. This was his last service.

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