

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor. “LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

Vol. XIII. No. 4

“The Diligent Soul shall be made fat.”

Let your heart be always happy,
Satisfied with Jesus' love ;
Living in the Sanctuary,
Of our Father's home above.

Let the Spirit be your Teacher,
Building up your soul with grace ;
Tracing every lovely feature
Of your Saviour's glorious face.

Be God's Word your dictionary,
Learn your daily lesson there ;
Spelling out each word so precious,
With the student's patient care.

Thus you shall be full of knowledge,
Of the love and grace of God ;
And your life be bright and fruitful,
Walking in the path HE trod.

‘Watch and pray,’ ‘Be righteous, sober,’
‘Seek those things which are above,’
‘Let your speech with salt be seasoned,’
‘Always with (the) grace’ of love.

C. E. BAKER.

EXPERIENCES.

Did you ever hear of the man who had his old experience all written down and laid away with his deeds of land to keep till his time of need. This being all the evidence he had of his professed christianity, he used to refer to it from time to time for comfort.—At length, when the time came for him to die, he felt the need of this record of his religion, and sent his daughter to bring it. She returned with only

the sad story that the mice had found their way to his drawer and had eaten up the paper—all the dying man's evidence of piety ! Alas, he must die in despair ! He had no other hope but this. On the face of it, such a refuge is only lies. Beware of resting your hopes on your experiences. A man said to me the other day, when I asked him if he was saved, “ Well, sometimes I think I am, and then again I think I am not. But if you only knew the experiences I have passed through perhaps you would think I was.” What shifting sand. Reader, let the Word of our God be the solid Rock you plant your feet upon, and rest your soul's eternal welfare upon. It will never, never fail or deceive you.

“CHANGE OF RAIMENT.”

God does not merely cleanse every sinner from his sins who believes on His Son, but He says, “ I will clothe thee with a change of raiment.” He puts a robe of righteousness upon you.—How is that ? He puts Christ on you. Christ has not only died for men, He has gone up into the presence of God for men, and the very highest seat in glory is occupied by that One who was upon the cross for sinners. God has taken the Man who filled the cross to fill the throne of glory. God has taken Him up there in His presence, beloved friends ; and there He is a *Man*, a

Man forever. He has not merely gone back to God as He came : He has gone back *Man*, and to be a man forever.— There is a Man in the presence of God, in the nearest place to God He can be; a Man who has got a place for man, who never needed to get a place for Himself.

He has worked for a place for man, and He has got it ; and Christ is made of God unto us “ wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.” Christ is our righteousness— the change of raiment for the filthy garments of iniquity ; and Christ is righteousness to every one who believes on Him.

Beloved friends, the soul that believes in Christ is as Christ is before God. What Christ is, He is : as righteous, unchangeably righteous ; “ righteous as HE is righteous.” We are accepted in the Beloved, before God as He is, with all His perfection ; with all that God sees in Him for us, and the value of His work is ours with God.

That is the “ change of raiment ”— One moment a sinner in your sins before God, and another moment clothed with Christ before Him, as Christ is before His eyes. And mark, GOD does all that. He does not say to the sinner, take off your filthy garments and put on these. He says to those who stand by, “ Take away the filthy garments from him.” He does not say put on these new garments. He says, “ I will clothe you with change of raiment.” God does all.

Now what does He say to you ? He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and to make over Christ to you as your acceptance before Him. Is not God's righteousness on your side now ? What do you say ? “ I I am not

ashamed of the gospel of Christ ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Why ?— “ For therein is the righteousness of God revealed.” For God must not only be a good God, a loving God, but a righteous God, and His righteousness is revealed. Where ? *In the cross.*— And is that *against* sinners ? No !— God's righteousness is revealed in the cross ; and that is not *against* sinners, but for sinners. The cross is death ; the cross is judgment.

The cross is not the fruit of good works, or anything of that sort : it is the fruit of sin, although the sinless One took it. And if you want a title to the cross, your sins are the title.— Take your sins ; put them down in the presence of God ; and God is just and faithful to forgive you your sins. Aye, and to give you the whole value of the work of Christ as you prove yourself to be one of those for whom Christ died. He will put you in absolute perfection before God, the absolute and unchangeable perfection of Christ forever and ever.—F. W. GRANT, IN GOD'S EVANGEL.

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

Many readers of the GLEANER are interested in the work which has its centre in Toccoa, Georgia, and it is on my mind to tell them some of the way the Lord has led in it. That it is of the Lord is very evident, for it is a work that has been and is being done in great weakness, and which is carried on in entire dependence upon the Lo. d. There is nothing in it for man to glory in, and yet in it our God is bringing glory to His own name. This work needs above all the prayers of God's people, and one reason why I write is to stir up all who read this and who

love the Lord and the precious souls for whom He died, that they may pray for His blessing on this work.

There are three principal ways by which the truth is being scattered from this centre. The first and by far the most important is by the printed page, the second is by correspondence, and the third is by the voice in street preaching, and the like. Toccoa is the market town for a large section of country, and many farmers come here to do their trading. In the fall they come from long distances, and as Saturday is the great day of the week here, brother Cowles preaches on that day at 3 p. m. on the main street, which at some seasons of the year is filled with mountain waggons. These people hear the Word, then reading matter is distributed among them, which is carried back to their mountain homes, thus scattering the precious truth of God. These people are glad to get our papers, and often come back to the depot for more.

Brother Cowles does not think it best to give out single papers and magazines, and it is very expensive binding them up in the regular way, so he has taken to binding them up in a fashion of his own. He puts usually six numbers of GLAD TIDINGS into one volume, putting on a cheap but strong paper binding which preserves them so that they can be passed around and read and re-read, going into a neighborhood, and as is often the case, being passed from house to house till all have read it. There is comparatively very little reading matter in the South, so that the people are very glad to get such things to read. Then they are far more receptive to the truth than the people of the North. There is not so much wealth, not so much of the

world's education, and they are more willing to listen to the Word.

But the giving to the people who come here is only a small part of the work. Large books are loaned out to be returned when read, and lending libraries are sent out to many points. About thirty of these have been doing their work, and it is a much needed one. As a rule, the people who desire the truth most are too poor to buy books, however great their need. So a lending library just meets their need. The books are placed in the hands of some one who keeps a simple record of each one, charging it to the borrower and noting its return. In this way a great number can read one book, and the poorest can read a large number of our best books.

And right here let me say that if the reader has any books, tracts, magazines, papers, containing Bible truth, and for which he has no special use, let him send them here, and we can place them where they can be doing the Lord's work. All periodicals can be sent by mail for four cents per pound. It would be well for many to look over their collections of pamphlets, magazines, books, etc., and see if they have not reading matter lying idle which might be doing the Lord's work here in the South. In some places a box might be made up and sent by freight, but all this is to be done to the Lord and for the Lord, and should be followed by the prayers of God's people.

And perhaps I ought to say that this work is not confined to the South, but reading matter goes wherever God opens the way for it to be sent. We desire to minister to the poor of the flock wherever they may be. The correspondence is no small part of the

work here. Many letters are received from strangers into whose hands the books, etc., have come, and who write for more, or ask questions about their eternal interests. And let me say that we are always glad to get letters from any one, from inquirers, from our brethren in the North or elsewhere. It cheers us here to know our friends are thinking of us and praying for us.—The work needs much prayer, and we ask you to bear upon your hearts the facts I have given, and earnestly seek God's blessing upon this part of the field. I have been here only a short time, but doors are opening on many sides for me to go out and preach, and many urgent calls have been coming to brother Cowles.

J. W. NEWTON,
Toccoa, Georgia, U. S.

March 16, 1898.

UNEXPECTED WAVES.

When waves roll over us, and especially when they come, so to speak, unexpectedly, there is no hiding oneself from the God without whom they could not have come, and who makes both Himself and His voice known to us in the midst of them, and tests and tries *ourselves*, and our *standing*. Nature in us may throw up a thousand things, get the upper hand, and occupy our minds and souls; and we only discover to ourselves and others thereby, that not God, but self and circumstances were in our hearts when the wave struck us. If such were the case with any of us, the lesson is good, and from the hand of God, though the discovery to us is, how much we wanted the purging, how little God was in all our thoughts.

If, however, the Lord is at home in

our hearts when the sorrow comes; then, however weak we may be, we find rest: "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight," is our language. We may feel a consciousness of not understanding the Lord's why of the trial, and so may have disquietude within, even while bowing in the main to our God.

The great thing I would aim at is *reality*. To be before God just as I am, and to take heed that my practical walk and life, as He sees it, be owned by me, and be in conformity with His Word.

Experience, and feeling, and profession are beautiful things when the result of reality before God in one's secret hidden walk with Him. But in an hour of visitation, such as bereavement, I should be more anxious to be real before Him, than full of feelings.

It is "a little while," a *very* little while, and the summit of the hill will be reached, and then the Lord Himself will be our satisfying portion; and yet in His large hearted love, He lets us think, too, for our comfort of meeting those we have loved here.—G. V. W.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me." Many seek who do not seek *early*. "Early" indicates that the One I seek is a paramount object before the mind. When you are induced to set an object superior to all others, to forego your sleep for it—your act declares that it is the chiefest, and that it governs you, you rise to seek it. The Lord values this act; He sees you make Him first, and would sacrifice your own personal gratification to enjoy Him, and He accordingly will delight you with Himself.—J. B. S.

TRIUMPHANT.

How blessed, as partakers of the grace of God, to know that, sin having been judged, the sting of *death* is gone. That of which Satan had the power, and which kept us, through fear of it, all our life time subject to bondage, is now but the portal to the presence of Him who took the sting away, and robbed the grave of its victory.

What is death to the Christian but a happy release from all the sorrows and groans of this poor world, and the door of entrance to that which is *far better*! The king of terrors to the poor Christless soul, but the peaceful rest to the wearied saint of God. We sleep in (or through) Jesus; and, marvellous grace, so complete is His victory, that we rest in the promise of His speedy return; and, looking with the eye of faith upon the glorified Man in heaven, await His triumphant assembling shout, which may be given at any moment, so that we may never pass through death at all, but be caught up together with the sleeping saints who have gone from this world before, and who in the unclothed state, await the same bright resurrection morning without clouds. Blessed, glorious consummation of our hope in Him, and all the result of His own humiliation and death, to the praise of the glory of the grace of God.

And where is death's yoke-fellow, *judgment*? Completely gone! The believer shall not come into condemnation (or judgment,) is the blessed testimony of the Son of God Himself, in view of His accomplished work. He Himself has borne it for us. *All the world* has become subject to the judgment of God; but the Christian is delivered from it by the work of Christ,

and stands *in Him* before God, where there is now no condemnation. So perfect is this, that the Spirit of God leads the apostle, in Rom. viii., to say, *Who* can be against us? *Who* shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? *Who* is he that condemneth? *Who* shall separate us from the love of Christ? And the challenge is unanswered—there is no one. Every foe is effectually silenced. No charge can possibly be brought, no tongue condemn, no enemy separate us from His love.

But, on the other hand, as the Scripture from which we quote plainly shows, God is for us, and has pro d in the gift of His Son. God justifies us, God hears Christ's intercession for us. So wondrously perfect is it all, that in 1 John iv. 17 we read, "Herein is our love" (or love with us) "made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is so are we in this world." That awful day, that strikes terror into the hearts of thousands, we now no longer fear.—Our judgment is passed. We look back to the cross, and there behold the Christ of God enduring it on our behalf once for all.

But some may say, Shall we not be judged at all? Well, we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, it is true, but we shall stand there perfected in the image of Christ, as justified persons, delivered from judgment, to be manifested as to our path, ways, and works here, and to be rewarded by our gracious Saviour according to our faithfulness. 1 Cor. iii. 11-15; 2 Cor. v. 10. But *our judgment* is passed.—That we shall not come into it, is, as we have seen, the express declaration of the Lord Himself. John v. 24.—E. H. C.

AT REST.

O what a thing to be content,
 And through a weary day
 To pass with quiet and restful heart,
 And all our fears allay.
 God holds the helm and guides the ship,
 No storm however wild,
 Can wreck the craft that He is on,
 Thrice happy, blessed child.

Yes, He is Master of the ship,
 And calms the angry tide ;
 No heart need fear the wildest storm
 As He stands close beside.

Yes, " It is I, be not afraid,"
 His gentle voice is heard,
 Which calms the restless, heaving sea,
 Till not a wavelet stirred.

The farther shore is reached at once,
 No strength to ply the oar,
 When He steps on the storm-tossed ship
 The toiling all is o'er.

Right glad we welcome His command,
 And leave all to His will,
 And hear the calm assuring words
 He utters, " Peace be still !"

Hushed by that calm, majestic voice,
 The winds and waves obeyed,
 And quiet as that placid sea,
 Was every fear allayed.

"What manner of man is this," they say,
 And gaze with wondering awe
 On Him, they own as Saviour God,
 As His great power they saw.

Jesus, my Sovereign Lord and King,
 My heart doth homage pay,
 And seek the shelter of Thy wing,
 Life's short and wintry day.
 And when the wildest, bleakest storms,
 Foam with their snow-capped crest,
 I'll nestle 'neath Thy sheltering care,
 In quiet and holy rest.

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

— — — — — "OUR FATHER." — — — — —

Some children forget their parents
 and leave them homeless and comfort-
 less in their old age. Brothers and sis-
 ters become alienated, so that they will

not speak to each other. Bosom friends
 are changed to open enemies. Lovers
 are parted in hate. But it is against the
 deepest and mightiest principles of na-
 ture for parents to become indifferent
 to the welfare of their children for
 whom they have toiled and suffered,
 over whom they have wept and prayed,
 on whom they have fixed their fondest
 affection.

God teaches us to call Him our
 Father. He employs the natural, in-
 stinctive love of the parent for the
 child to show us how earnestly, tender-
 ly, yearningly His heart goes out to-
 ward us in our afflictions and in our
 wanderings. He too is a King, and
 all our sin is committed against His
 high and adorable sovereignty. He
 never can forget or forego his right as
 a King. But in all His manifestations
 of mercy toward man we see more of
 the Father than of the Sovereign.—
 We hear the voice of compassion more
 frequently than the word of command.
 He loves because it is His nature to
 love. He desires our welfare because
 He cannot help it.

When children see the unceasing and
 tender anxiety of parents for their safe-
 ty and happiness, they have only to
 listen and they will hear a voice from
 above, saying, " Like as a father pitieth
 his children, so the Lord pitieth them
 that fear Him."

When the messenger of death comes
 to the family and takes away an infant
 child, and the strong heart of manhood
 is melted into tenderness by the stroke,
 and woman's tears fall like rain upon
 the marble-like brow in the coffin, then
 the afflicted ones have only to turn to
 the covenant of God's everlasting love
 and they will find it written that the
 mother will sooner forget her own child
 than God will forget them.

Such is the paternal character of the everlasting God as revealed in the Gospel, and learned by the growing experience of Christian faith. This is the great and glorious revelation of the Gospel—the Fatherhood of God humanized and appealing to our hearts in Christ the Son. Science walks abroad with wonder and delight through the immensity of His works. Conscience makes us tremble at the thought of His awful justice and purity. Our own hearts tell us that every hiding-place of the soul is haunted by the omniscience of the Eternal Mind.—From all these sources of knowledge we must turn to the words and life of Jesus to learn that the best and most acceptable name that we can give to this great and comprehensible One is—Our Father, and that all the riches, glories, joys of His everlasting kingdom are open and accessible to him who comes as a little child.—D. M.

THE LORD'S HAND.

It is sweet to see the Lord's hand in all His ways of tender, faithful love towards us. He only loves. Judgment is passed. Love alone remains for the dear children of His grace. There is nothing *penal* in the dispensations of a Father's hand. He chastens us; but if He does, it is only "that we may be partakers of His holiness." Heb. xii. 10. And, blessed be His name, if the chastening leaves a deep furrow in the bereaved heart, it is but a channel through which the love of our heavenly Father's heart may flow.

This love may be manifested in various ways. Sometimes He gives us a sight and a sense of the wretchedness and loathsomeness of our own nature,

so that we cannot bear to look at ourselves; and then we are glad to turn to the blessed Lord and gaze on what we are in Him, who is in the Father's presence for us. Such experience had David, Peter, Paul, and many others.

But sometimes His tender heart will seek to bring about the same blessed results by sore bereavement. He breaks one cord of the heart after another, until He comes to the last, and that too, must go; for He will have us wholly to Himself. His love can endure no rivals.

However, though the *relationship* be broken on earth, the *affections* are formed anew in resurrection, in connexion with Christ, our heavenly centre, where they can never more be interrupted. They are re-set, re-strung, re-established, forever, in purest brightest glory. God must have us entirely to Himself. He cannot afford to let the affections of His children go out after another. But oh! sweet thought, the cord which he has snapped on earth He has joined in heaven, in resurrection life and glory. It is but the more closely, permanently, and gloriously joined, never, no never more, to be undone. Sooner or later every one of our heart strings must be broken, with all that pertains to self and the world, and be re-strung for a glorious immortality.

All this is divinely true, now, in the blessed Jesus. He is done with everything that could have kept us from God. He came in perfect grace and love, into the state we were in by sin. Himself absolutely sinless, He passed through it all for us. "For in that He Himself suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Heb. ii. 18. And now He would have us, in reference to these

things, to be as He is—to enter into His joy.

He is now at home in the presence God, leaving sin, the world, and all such behind. And He is now saying to us, "See what I done, *as you and for you.* Enter into the reality, and taste the sweetness of it all. 'All things are yours.' Lift up your eyes and behold the fields of glory; reach hither your hand, and pluck the clusters from the vine of God. Let God be your joy, your resource, your object, as He is mine."

There is no rest, no resource, but in the living God—no happiness but in Him.

Who sought it elsewhere,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole;
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death;
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shade.

CHRIST AND HIS CROSS.

Be sure that you take Christ Himself, and take Him with His Father's blessing. Your lines are well fallen, it could not have been better, nor so well with you if they had not fallen in these places; in heaven, or out of heaven, there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent, as the thing you have lighted on, and therefore hold you with Christ. Joy, much joy, may you have of Him; and take His cross with Himself cheerfully. Christ and His cross are not separable in this life.

Howbeit Christ and His cross part at heaven's door; for there is no house room for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, or thought of trouble, cannot find lodgment there; they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn and stormy country—on this side of death.

Sorrow and the saints are not married together; or, suppose it were so, heaven shall make a divorce. I find His presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross, 'Half mine;' and that He divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to Himself; nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's. Oh, what a portion is Christ! Oh that the saints would dig deeper in the treasures of His wisdom and excellency."—*Rutherford.*

PROGRESS.

We may make great efforts in our spiritual life, and yet somehow not seem to get on at all; and not only seem not to get on, but really not get on, work as hard as we may. There were two sailors in Scotland who had been drinking, and who got in their small boat to pull off to their ship. They rowed away, but they made no progress, and presently each began to accuse the other of not working hard enough.—Again they went at it, and after another time of hard work they still found themselves no further advanced. By this time they commenced to get sober, and one of them, looking over the side, said to the other, "Why, Sandy, we haven't pulled the anchor up."

And thus it is with many now—they are anchored to something or other which they are not conscious of perhaps, but which impedes all their efforts, even though they do their very best. Love of the world, a besetting sin, and often quite out of sight, like the anchor, may be keeping you fast fixed; and you must find out what it is, and get rid of it, before you can

make progress. It is essential to grow and the Christian will do so if his soul is in health, through constant touch with the fountain head of all blessing the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE SURE RESTING PLACE.

If my soul rests entirely on the work of Christ and His acceptance, as the One who appears in the presence of God for me, that is a finished work and a perfect acceptance. "As He is, so are we in this world;" so that "herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." 1 John iv. 17.

Now what some too often substitute for this is the examination of the effects of the Spirit in me. The effects of regeneration are put as the ground of rest in place of redemption, whence I sometimes hope when I see those effects, sometimes despond when I see the flesh working; and having put the work of the Spirit in place of the work of Christ, the confidence I am commanded to hold fast never exists, and I doubt whether I am in the faith at all. All this results from substituting the work of the Spirit of God in me for the work, victory, resurrection, and ascension of Christ actually accomplished—the *sure* (because finished) resting place of faith, which never alters, never varies, and is always the same before God.

If it be said, "Yes, but I cannot see it as plainly, because of the flesh and unbelief," this does not alter the truth; and to whatever extent this dimness proceeds treat it as unbelief and sin, not as the state of a Christian, or as God hiding his face. The discovery of sin in you, hateful and detestable as it is, is no ground for doubting, because

it was by reason of *this*, to atone for *this*, because you were *this*, that Christ died; and Christ is risen, and there is an end of that question.

But it will be said. "I fully believe that Christ is the very true Son of God, one with the Father, and all His work and grace; but I do not know that I have an interest in Him. This is the question, and this is quite a different question." Not so; but the subtlety of Satan, and bad teaching, which would still throw you back off Christ. God, for our comfort, has identified the two things by stating, "That by Him all that believe are justified from all things." In a word, to say, "I believe, but I do not know that I have an interest," is a delusion of the devil; for God says it is those who believe who have the interest; that is His way of dealing. I have no more right to believe that I am a sinner, as God views it, in myself, than that I am righteous in Christ. The same testimony declares that none is righteous, and that believers are justified.—J. N. D.

Speaking of what God's children shall be, John says, "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.—and every man that hath this hope in Him (Christ) purifieth himself as He is pure." A good hope purifies the heart. But there certainly are hopes indulged that fail to purify the heart of those who hold them. Those hopes are lies. They cannot possibly be sound and true. On their very face it stands revealed that they are worthless—a mere refuge of lies. The stronger and more unwavering they are, so much the more are they delusive.—What hope in Christ is that which does not bring the heart to Christ.

CONSOLATION.

Be still, poor heart, be still,
 Thy God knew best ;
 The Hand which hurt will heal,
 His name be blest !
 He knows 'tis hard to bear,
 To miss your boy ;
 He knows the aching heart
 Is void of joy.

He knows the cares, the trials,
 He helped to bear ;
 He called him to His home,
 Where all is fair .
 Safe from the noonday heat—
 Safe from all harm ;
 Safely dear Willie rests
 On Jesus' arm.

His feet are walking now
 The golden street,
 His voice and hands engaged
 With those he'll meet.

"This is a glorious place !"
 We hear him say ;

"No pain, no sorrow here,
 Tears wiped away !"

"This is a glorious place,
 A place of bliss,
 Which Jesus has prepared
 For all who're His."

It won't be very long
 To meet and greet
 Our loved, departed ones
 At Jesus' feet.

We watch and wait down here,
 'Midst trials and fears,
 Our eyes fixed on that home
 Till Christ appears.
 The trumpet soon be heard,
 We'll hail the sound !
 The waiting Bride shall then
 Her Lord surround.

We shall for evermore
 Sweet praises sing,
 To Him who died for us,
 Our Lord and King !

Plainfield, N. J.

S. S.

DEPENDENCE.

In weakness one learns dependence.

To depend on our fellow creatures is often to invite disaster, or at least disappointment. In us, necessary love, care, and strength are sometimes wanting when most needed by those who are dependent on us ; but God's love, care, and strength are unfailing. He never grows weary, and may safely be depended on at all times, and under all circumstances. Even in sorrows, we have brought about by our own folly and wrong doing, He will hear our confession, accept our heart-felt contrition, and bring us out of our distresses, Psalm cvii., in the best way suited to the glory of His great and blessed name, and to the securing of our utmost good. May we trust Him more fully and simply.—A. B.

AN HONEST AND GOOD HEART.

Luke viii. 15.

An honest and good heart is the heart that loves Christ. That man has an honest and good heart who finds Christ so precious that he would not give Him up for anything.

We may have to suffer for Christ's sake in this world ; but no suffering can take away from us any of the blessings we have got in Him.

We have all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus ; and neither death, nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

They that received the seed on the stony ground had not an honest and good heart ; for they gave up Christ in the time of persecution and affliction.

They that received the seed among thorns had not an honest and good heart ; for they tried to keep the love of money and of pleasure in their hearts

together with the love of Christ ; but this cannot be. The love of money and of pleasure will prevail over the love of Christ, if we try to keep them both in our hearts at the same time.

Neither money nor pleasure could get for us what Christ has got for us ; and therefore they should never be allowed to have a place together in the same heart.

We could not by pleasure or money get pardon and life, but we have got them through Christ.

We could not by pleasure or money get a treasure in heaven, but we have got it through Christ.

He is the Word, which is the seed of life to us.

No man can have an honest and good heart who does not keep Christ as the Word of life. But if he keeps Him, then he will bring forth fruit.

Everything we do by which we show that Christ is precious is fruit.

To confess His name is fruit.

To give thanks to Him is fruit.

To suffer for His sake is fruit.

To show kindness to one of His disciples for His sake is fruit.

This fruit is brought forth with patience, because we have to bear His cross and endure many things.

"JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL."

It was late, and only three people remained on deck, one of whom paced up and down, while the remaining two nestled under their rugs.

The latter were Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood, of New York, the wife evidently English, and the pair were generally believed to be bride and bridegroom, though the hair of the handsome, dark faced man was becoming gray.

"How came you to sing a hymn for the occasion, Jack?" questioned the bride. "I never heard you sing one before. And this was such a dear old fashioned thing, too—'Jesus, lover of my soul.' I think I never heard you sing as you did that little hymn to-day. You seemed to throw all your heart into it, and your eyes had a dreamy, far-away look, as though your song had transported you hundreds of miles away.

"And so it had, for a time, many miles and many years," responded John Fleetwood. "It had carried me into Georgia, in the days of our Civil War, twenty-seven years ago. I sang that particular hymn one night then, and I haven't sung it since. But to day it came into my mind, and I seemed forced to give it voice ; I couldn't conceive why until, after I had begun to sing, I remembered that this was the anniversary of that night. I recollect the date, because it was on the eve of a great battle."

"Tell me about it, won't you? I like to share your memories."

"Oh, it isn't much of a story, though you shall have it if you wish."

"I beg your pardon," chimed in a voice close at hand ; "I really couldn't help hearing you just now, when you said you fought during the Civil War in Georgia. I, too, am an American, returning, after a long absence, to my own country, and I knew Georgia very well in the days of the rebellion. Will you allow me to listen to your story?"

"Oh, but there is absolutely no story to tell," said Fleetwood, in some embarrassment. "The talk simply swung round to a hymn I happened to sing this afternoon."

"I heard you with great pleasure,"

said the stranger. "But you must have been a mere boy in those days?"

"I wasn't quite eighteen when I enlisted as a private, and followed Sherman on his famous 'march to the sea.' I'd been brought up piously at home, and we'd always been accustomed to gathering in my invalid mother's room on Sunday nights to sing hymns.

'Jesus, lover of my soul,' was my mother's favourite; and one Sunday night, as I was doing sentinel duty on a long beat outside camp, and close to a thick wood where tall pine and sycamores moaned in the wind under their burden of floating 'Florida moss,' I got to feeling hideously homesick. I could see them all sitting in that cheery room of mother's; and before I knew what I was about, I was singing away her best loved hymn at the top of my lungs.—The sound of my own voice frightened me, after a moment of forgetfulness, and I realized what a gross breach of discipline I was committing. It didn't matter that my post was a quiet one, and no danger was threatening. I broke down before I had got half through, calling myself all sorts of names, and saying in my mind that I deserved to be shot down as I sang.—I didn't get my deserts, however, (not even a reprimand, for nobody had heard me,) but lived to fight next day, and shed my first blood in my country's service. It wasn't much, but it won me my shoulder-straps as a second lieutenant; and that's the sum total of my poor story."

"I thank you for letting me be a listener," said the stranger. "And I may add my little story, bare enough in itself, but somewhat remarkable under the circumstances?" He drew up a steamer chair, with Mrs. Fleetwood's permission, and began,

"My name is George Page, and I was in Georgia—my native State—at the time you speak of, but fighting under the opposite flag. One Sunday night I was leading a small party of scouts through a wood, hoping to spy out the nakedness of the enemy's camp. The wind sighed strangely above us, and the moss hung down to our eyes.

Suddenly a rift in the clouds discovered the figure of a sentinel pacing up and down, scarcely ten yards away. I raised my gun, and was about giving a signal for firing, when the young fellow began to sing, in the purest, sweetest, boy-tenor voice I had ever heard. He had chosen a hymn which I had always liked, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

'We'll let him finish his tune before we spot him boys,' I said, and the beautiful words floated out on the night air like the perfume of a flower. I felt a queer thrill creeping down my spine. The boy went on until he had carolled out the words, 'Cover my defenceless head,' and then he broke down with a half sob. I dropped my gun—I could not help it. And I know the boys were glad when I said, 'I cannot have him hurt.'

We crept off about our business in another direction, and he never knew—never, at least, until now, nearly thirty years later on the open sea. I recognized your voice instantly this afternoon; there was no mistaking it; and I made up my mind to induce you to exchange stories if I could. Odd coincidence, isn't it?"

Under cover of the night the English bride softly pressed her husband's hand while some glistening tears ran down her cheeks, as she gratefully thought how that beautiful hymn had saved the life of the one she fondly loved.

O Lord my God, Thou art a gracious and wonder working God, who would not love Thee and fear Thy great name.

—A. L.