

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Sonnerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Vol. XIV. No. 3

"OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

Heb. iv. 14-16.

Thou great High Priest of God on high,
To Thee I look, to Thee I cry,
So weak, so feeble, wilful, proud,
I come to Thee with this my load,

Of care, of sin, of lust and shame,
To find all covered by Thy name.
The name of Jesus—oh, how sweet,
It bows my soul low at Thy feet.

It bids me look upon the cross
And see Thee there in shame and loss,
Taking my place of guilt and death,
Yielding to God Thy sinless breath.

It bids me see that from Thy side,
Flowed forth the blood—a healing tide,
For all who cleansed by faith therein
Have washed their robes so white and clean.

Empty the tomb—removed the stone,
Seeking for Thee, but Thou art gone ;
Forth from the grave in glory bright,
Bursting death's bands of power and might.

Ascended now, at God's right hand,
A Priest for Thine, a feeble band,
Knowing their sorrows, weakness, sin,
A throne of refuge Thou didst win.

That mercy, grace in time of need,
They would obtain, and on Thee feed,
Thou great High Priest of God on high,
Thy people ever find Thee nigh.

Brooklyn, 1899.

A. J. R.

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.

The little city of Freyburg in Switzerland has the largest organ in the

world. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sound through a forest of pipes, seven thousand eight hundred in number, shaking the walls and the foundation of the old St. Nicholas Church in which it stands.

All the musical bands in Boston, New York and Philadelphia combined would not make an orchestra equal in power to this mighty instrument alone. And it is all the work of one man, named Aloys Moser.

He was poor; he was not thought to be a master in his art; he never received any adequate reward for his labor. Without assistance or suggestions from others, he formed the design of building for his native city an organ which travelers from distant nations would turn aside from their journeys to hear, and which, when heard would make an hour never to be forgotten.

And so poor Moser began his life's work, and he persevered through long years in the face of opposition and poverty and ridicule, until his task and his life were finished together. His aim may not have been the highest nor his motive the best. But he persevered with the faith of a martyr till his work was done, and now it stands among all similar works in the world like Mont Blanc among the mountains of his native land, peerless and alone.

When skillful fingers touch the keys

the mighty instrument responds with myriad voices, ranging through infinite variations in sweetness and compass and power. Now it pours forth the heart-breaking notes of the Miserere, with a voice so piteous and human that it would seem as if a lost soul were imprisoned and wailing in its wilderness of pipes.

And now it rolls up the jubilant thunders of the Hallelujah Chorus in such mighty volumes that the entranced listener forgets the earthly temple and the work of human hands, and imagines himself surrounded by the trumpets and voices of heaven in numbers without number.

Now it sounds the war note, wild and high, mingled with the tramp of hosts and the battle hymn of men that march as they sing.

And now it warbles Sweet Home, with a silvery accompaniment of singing birds and murmuring brooks and rustling foliage around the cottage door.

Now it chants the unearthly strain of cloistered monks, inwoven with echoes that creep along corridors of stone and climb the sepulchral arches of the cathedral's long drawn aisle.

Then it sings the evening hymn of shepherds on the mountains, while the hills are glad with the tinkling bells of the home returning flocks, and the vesper chimes are ringing in the village church below.

And then again it bursts forth with such a tempest of sound as shakes the hills when storms are abroad among the Alps and thunders leap from cloud to cloud.

And all this mighty flood, this deep resounding sea of instrumental har-

mony, came forth from the hand and brain of one poor man, who made its creation the task of his life, and who withdrew all thought from everything else that he might do one thing well. And his success shows that any man can make himself a king in nobleness of aim and completeness of execution, simply by fixing it clearly in mind what he can do best, and then suffering no side influence to withdraw his attention from his chosen task. Anything best worth having is within the reach of him who has decision enough to choose it with all his heart, and self command enough to seek it with all his might.

Let me say then, especially to any young man whose eye may fall on this page, choose for yourself a career which for time and eternity is absolutely the highest and the best. Determine to make the noblest use of every faculty and opportunity, and take the Word of divine revelation in deciding what is the highest and best. Study with profound interest the One infinitely perfect Character as set before you in the gospel record. Be sure to learn first of all that goodness alone gives greatness to character; truth builds up the mind and makes the perfect man; devotion to Christ is the secret of happiness. Determine therefore to be a man whose mind, whose whole soul and being, are built up and buttressed against all evil and temptation by goodness, truth, duty. Scatter blessings for others as fast as you gather them for yourself. Increase the value of every possession twofold by giving more than you receive. Never be content to sit down to your

own feast of happiness alone, and congratulate yourself that you have more than others.

In all your plans, efforts and pleasures seek the highest exaltation of your spiritual and immortal being.— Never stoop to anything that will bring a stain upon conscience. Never lend yourself to anything that misleads the mind or corrupts the heart. Make the record of your life such as you will not be ashamed to own when the secret of all hearts shall be revealed and the work of every man's hand shall be weighed in the balances of truth. Accept it ever as the great work of life to make yourself the noblest creature of God in this world, and to prepare for an equal rank with the highest and best of God's creatures in the world to come. In every condition and occupation let your conduct be such as shall do honor to the child and heir of the most high God.

Any young man who acts upon such principles will make himself a king. He may not live in a palace. He may not have thousands of his fellow men to offer him the help of their hands and the homage of their hearts. But beings mightier than all the armies of earth, angels from the throne of heaven, will delight to wait upon him. He can afford to be indifferent to all earthly distinctions. He can rise above all the hazards, sufferings and losses of this earthly life. He can count himself a king by the crowning of a Divine Hand, and the lord of his own destiny by a graciously given and divine right.— The world may despise him, it cannot put him to shame. The wealth

of the world may never pour its golden showers into his lap. He may never have the means of surrounding himself with the comforts and embellishments of cultivated society.

But he does not need the world's pity. He is not a defeated or disappointed man. At the end of the great conflict of life he is sure to be brought off conqueror and more than conqueror. In the final day the crown of victory will be awarded him in the presence of the assembled generations of men.—M.

“TO KNOW THEE.”

The way to trust Christ is to know Christ. You cannot help trusting Him then. You are changed. By knowing Him faith is begotten in you, as cause and effect. I believe a great deal of prayer for faith is thrown away. The way to increase our faith is to increase our intimacy with Christ. We trust Him more and more the better we know Him.

And then another immediate effect of this is the tranquility that it brings over the Christian. How disturbed and distressed and anxious Christian people are about their growth in grace. Now the moment you give that over into Christ's care that anxiety passes away. You see that it must follow by an inevitable process, that peace necessarily follows life and fellowship with Christ.

In the 15th of John when Christ gave His disciples the Parable of the Vine, He said, I will tell you why I have told you that parable. It is that your joy might be full. It was not merely a statement of the doctrine of the indwelling Christ. It was

that but it was more. "These words have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

That is the way to get joy. It is to abide in Christ. Out of this simple relationship we have faith, we have peace, we have joy. Many other things follow. A Christian's usefulness depends to a large extent upon his fellowship with Christ. All that the world sees of Christ is what it sees of you and me. Christ said, "The world seeth Me no more, but ye see Me." You see Him, keep company with Him, reflect Him, and the world sees the reflection. It cannot see Him. So that a Christian's usefulness depends solely upon that relationship.

HIS PLACE—MY PLACE.

Christ, after His death and resurrection, that is, after His work had been accomplished, rose and went on high. How much that means. I can follow Him wherever He goes. Is He on high? My place is there too. Is He there at the right hand of God? is He there in the Father's house? He is there to prepare a place for me, and the position of Christ, a heavenly Man in heaven, itself tells us what our position is.—No need for the Christian to be arguing about this and that questionable habit or association. No need for him to wonder whether it is right to settle down in the world. There is one great fact that will settle nearly every question for the Christian, and that is that Christ is absent from the world. My place is with Him on high, in heart associated with a

glorified Christ. This is the first great fact of Christianity.—Treasury of Truth.—S. RIDOUT.

WAITING.

Luke xii. 37.

Waiting ! waiting ! watching !
Lamps trimmed and burning !
Trusting, hoping, looking,
For our Lord's returning.
The whole creation groaning,
And the nations arming,
For the conflict pending,
When the Lord shall come,
To take His loved and bought ones,
From out among the lost ones,
Left to meet their doom.

Oh ye saints awaken,
You shall soon be taken,
From out the darkening gloom,
From out these scenes of sadness,
Into realms of gladness,
Into scenes of brightness,
Into robes of whiteness,
Into mansions ready,
In the Father's house.

C. E. H.

THE WORD OF GOD.

"Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." This we may rest assured is grateful to the heart of God. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, who trembleth at My Word."

Here lies the true secret of moral security. Our knowledge of Scripture may be very limited ; but if our reverence for it be profound, we shall be preserved from a thousand snares, and then there will be steady growth. We shall grow in the knowledge of God, of Christ, and of the written Word. We shall delight to draw from those living and exhaustless

depths of holy Scripture, and to range through those green pastures which infinite grace has so freely thrown open to the flock of Christ.

Thus shall the divine life be nourished and strengthened; the word of God become more and more precious to our souls, and we shall be led by the powerful ministry of the Holy Ghost into the depth, fulness, majesty and moral glory of holy Scripture.

We shall be delivered completely from the withering influences of all mere systems of theology, high, low or moderate—a most blessed deliverance! We shall be able to tell the advocates of all the schools of divinity under the sun that, whatever elements of truth they may have in their systems, we have in divine perfectness in the Word of God; not twisted and tortured to make them fit into a system, but in their right place in the wide circle of divine revelation which has its eternal centre in the blessed Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—C. H. M.

GUARD YOUR CONVERSATION.

“What, do I need to be careful about my conversation?” You certainly do or your Master would not have told you to be. He says, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.” But you may say, “I do not swear or use vile language.”

It is to be hoped no Christian does, but do you talk foolishly in a joking light way? Do you always speak as you would if Jesus were by your side? If not, something is the matter with your speech. Remember what the apostle James says, “If any man among

you seem to be religious, and bridl-eth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.” So you see the test of our religion lies with the tongue. Job prayed, “Teach me and I will hold my tongue.” The Psalmist said, “Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.” So both these men understood the value of right words.

Paul charged Timothy to be an example of believers in word and conversation. Timothy was young, yet his words were to be for an example. Are your words such as will bear repeating?

Read the third chapter of James and see what power lies with the tongue. If that member is tamed the whole body is bridled. But we are told that no man can tame the tongue. Therefore let us turn it over to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you want to be perfect? Then do not offend in word. Jas. iii. 2.—This of necessity means a pure heart, for we are told by the Lord Jesus, that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Dear Christian, is your heart full of God's love? If so you will speak of it.—On the other hand, if your mind is occupied with worldly thoughts your mouth is sure to speak of them.

The Psalmist said, “My tongue shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long.” We have a good rule laid down for us in Eph. iv. 29, “Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying (building up) that it may minister grace to the hearers.” If your speech edifies and ministers grace, it is all right. We

read in Col. iv. 6, "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

"Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."—How much would be unsaid if the heart were wholly given over to the Lord Jesus. Think whether He would utter foolish sayings. Is He not our great example? Then are we not to do as He would do, and let our words be pleasing to Him?

May this be your prayer, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."—E. W.

PASSING AWAY.

God has written the transitoriness of all earthly things upon the clouds that every eye may see it. He has given them beauty and made them a blessing, that they may the better represent things which charm for a time and disappoint in the end.

When you are tempted to set your heart on earthly things, look up to the changing clouds and see how soon your possessions will pass away. God has clothed the clouds of the morning and the evening with evanescent beauty, that he may awaken in our hearts a longing for the land where the glory of His presence shall be an everlasting light.

Let us never forget that it is the privilege of every child of God to live by faith; and further, that the life of faith takes in everything that the believer can possibly need, from the starting-post to the goal of his earthly career.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

Creator of this universe,
To Thee be all the praise:
Thy wisdom, Lord, is grand and great,
Where e'er Thy hand I trace.

I lift my eyes to yonder hills—
Beyond, the moon, the stars;
All sinless there, and here, alas!
So full of sin and scars.

When I behold the mighty sun,
All glorious—I confess
There is another mightier,
The "Sun of Righteousness!"

The moon, the stars, proclaim Thy works,
I love, admire them;
Still One I seek and fondly love.
The "Star of Bethlehem!"

Thou "Rose of Sharon," evermore
The fairest of the fair!
I get a glimpse of Thee e'en here,
What must it be up there!

Amidst a world of unbelief,
Of sinfulness and folly,
I've found a flower so pure and sweet,
The "Lilly of the Valley!"

My soul is often faint and thirst,
For Thee, the living Spring:
I'll stoop and drink, revive, rejoice,
Through days of trial sing.

Creator of all things—Thine own
Adore and love Thy name!
Through grace to lift this fallen race,
The dear Redeemer came.

S. S.

WHY THE LAST GREAT OUT-BREAK OF EVIL?

However much of mystery there may be in other parts of the Revelation, the events of the twentieth chapter seem quite plain. Only fifteen short verses, and yet how much of the history of this world do they contain! How clearly they bear the stamp of the inspiration of God!

First we have the binding of Satan, man's great enemy. Ever since the fall he has been exerting his baneful influence upon man. In chapter xii. we see him cast out into the earth to become more destructive to man than ever before. Man has rejected God's Man, and in chapter xiii. we see how Satan brings his man on to the scene, and how man bows down to Satan, to the beast, and to the false prophet. They all do their worst; man learns by terrible experience what Satan's rule means.— But God will meet every objection which man can make to His government, and that none may have any valid objection to His dealings with man, Satan is bound, is shut up from deceiving men for a thousand years.

Here man is tested in a new way; always before Satan has been at liberty, now he is bound, and man cannot blame Satan for His sins. He cannot blame God for not giving light and the knowledge of the way of life. Now we are often told that the heathen and also thousands in Christian lands never hear the Gospel, and are brought up without any good influences, know nothing of the Bible, and men ask if such can be blamed for not believing. But God is going to take away from man all such excuses. The earth is surely to be filled with the glory of Jehovah, and that seems to mean this present earth, and it says "all the earth," so we may say that every one is to behold the glory of the Lord. Num. 14: 21. The term earth often means the land referring to the land of Canaan, or it may mean the prophetic earth, the limits of the Roman Empire, but it is

evident that God is going to display His glory to man in such a way as to leave him without any excuse whatever. Satan bound, the glory of the Lord filling all the earth, these things man will enjoy.

But it is not opportunities which make men righteous. What opportunities Israel had, what privileges the Jews in Christ's time had, what light and grace men have to-day.— All these do not save unless there is repentance and faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and the heart can remain hard no matter what the privileges and surroundings are. So after all the blessing of the millennium, all the manifest glory of God, and the restraining of Satan, we find the nations of the earth apparently as ready to be deceived as ever.

It seems to be Satan's great ambition to get men to fight against God, to muster vast armies, to gather them against the people of God. There is much that is mysterious in this brief account of the last great battle of apostate nations against the saints of God. But of one thing we may be sure, no man can reproach his Maker with the charge that light enough has not been given.

It is not necessary that all the blessings of God should be given to every man or to every person. It was not necessary for every one then living on the earth to do directly and personally with crucifying Christ. God tests man, brings out what is in the heart of man as man, and it is not necessary that each individual should be tested. No one can tell why it is that some who have every opportunity to receive the grace

of God reject it, while others who have everything against their receiving grace accept it. Why some receive grace and are saved and others reject it and are lost, God has not been pleased to reveal to His people, but we need to keep it before us that privilege does not bring blessing.— And if after a millennium of blessedness, the nations fall so readily into the snare of Satan, if they are so ready to be gathered together to battle, so ignorant of God and His ways and power as to imagine that they can accomplish anything by attacking the camp of the saints and the beloved city, it certainly proves that privileges and opportunities do not save men, and it shows that God is not unrighteous in permitting so many to die without hearing the Gospel.

Take two communities, in one of them let the Gospel be preached as in Matt. 13: 3-23, some of the seed will fall into good ground and bring forth fruit, but the larger part of it will come to naught. In another community let there be heathen darkness, and who shall say that God is partial, or bring a charge against Him for this darkness? He knows whether any there would hear the Word, if it were preached, knows why men are left to die without the light of the Gospel, and whether, if they had it, they would believe and be saved. All these questions we can leave with Him; this life is full of mysteries. John three sixteen and the twenty-second Psalm give us a solid rock to stand on. If there is some mystery, there is plenty that is plain, and we should expect mystery when we think of the weakness of

our understanding, and of the greatness, wisdom, and power of God.— Secret things belong to Him; things that are revealed to the children of God. Let us spend our time searching out what is revealed, and not be desiring to know that which God in His wisdom has kept secret.

J. W. NEWTON.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO TRUST.

When is the time to trust ?

Is it when all is calm ?

When waves the victor's palm,

And life is one glad psalm

Of joy and praise ?

Nay—but the time to trust

Is when the waves beat high,

When storm clouds fill the sky

And prayer is one long cry,

O help and save !

When is the time to trust ?

Is it when friends are true ?

Is it when comforts woo ?

And all we say and do

We meet but praise ?

Nay—but the time to trust

Is when we stand alone,

And summer birds have flown,

And every prop is gone,

All else but God.

When is the time to trust ?

Is it some future day

When you have tried your way,

And learned to trust and pray

By bitter woe ?

Nay—but the time to trust

Is in this moment's need,

Poor, broken, bruised reed,

Poor, troubled soul, make speed

To trust thy God.

When is the time to trust ?

Is it when hopes beat high,

When sunsh ne gilds the sky,

And joy and ecstasy

Fill all the heart ?

Nay—but the time to trust

Is when our joy is fled,

When sorrow bows the head

And all is cold and dead,

All else but trust.

"DON'T LET ME DIE."

Such was the last and touching request of one of the passengers on the ill-fated Scotch Express which was wrecked a short time ago. Wakened rudely out of sleep by the awful collision, and thrown all in a heap amidst shattered boards, twisted iron and shivered glass, he was extricated by kind and friendly hands.— Brandy was being applied to his lips if, perchance, by its aid he might be for the moment stimulated, when these plaintive words—so deeply expressive of the poor sufferer's inmost wish—were feebly uttered, "Don't let me die."

But they were hardly spoken when he passed away, and all was over.— Those who had come to render him what succor they could, had to turn their attention to others, and he was left, lying amid the wreckage, dead.

His call was sudden, as was that of many others on the same sad occasion.

Ah, how important it is to be ready! Who can tell how or when his own call may come?

What may have been the meaning of this poor fellow's request cannot be said. He may have thought of urgent business yet unsettled, or perhaps of a wife and family dependent on him at home, or perhaps he knew he was unprepared for an immediate call into the presence of God. None can tell what may have troubled his mind at that supreme moment, but his words were painfully suggestive, "Don't let me die."

Alas, the two men that befriended him were unable to carry out his desire. They did what they could, but

neither their stimulants nor their strong arms could ward off the unwelcome claimant. In presence of death man is powerless.

Did you ever see a case where its power carried no terror, and where the sufferer could say in triumph, "O death, where is thy sting?"

There lay on her dying bed, in the same month, a Christian mother.— She was passing away too. The fact of her approaching death had to be gently broken to her by a brother.

On hearing it she remained as calm as if she had been told of a speedy recovery. Death had no terror for her. And why? Because, as she said, "It is eighteen years ago since I was saved." For all these years she had known and enjoyed the way of salvation and peace. She had known the Lord. Oh, what a difference that makes in life and in death and in eternity! True, tender links had to be severed and ties unloosed, but she did not say, "Don't let me die?"

She was ready.

Now, dear reader, are you ready? If not, why not?

You are allowing the years to fly quickly past, and your day will soon come. Now, face the fact boldly, What is to be done?

Shall you slip on as you are, in your sins, into the grave and judgment and hell?

A rude awakening awaits you, then your cry will not be, "Don't let me die," but "Don't let me be damned." But then your cry is too late—death is passed; the grave has disgorged you, the judgment has condemned you, and now nothing but the "lake of fire" awaits you. Fearful pros-

pect! Taken out of the grave, placed in resurrection under the condemning verdict of the great white throne you must pass away into outer darkness and eternal punishment.

This is the result of living and dying in sin and unbelief. Can you bear the very thought? Your harvest is past, your summer is ended, and you are not saved, nay you are lost and damned. "He that is unjust let him be unjust still."

Make your cry heard now. Escape from death and damnation now.— Get saved by faith in the blood of Christ now.—J. W. S.

FAMILY PRAYER.

A while ago a man and his wife after their marriage, set up a family altar and knelt together to pray each day for two or three years. It was an excellent and sacred and helpful thing. But there came a very busy time, when the man was called away early and family prayer was dropped. It continued so long that at last it was discontinued altogether.

Some years later when there were three children in the family, one of the children was very disobedient, and the father said to him that the Bible taught him that he should obey his parents. The child went to his mother, and asked where in the Bible he could find that command of God. She could not tell him the place.— The thought came to that mother, "We don't read the Bible, we have given it up; here are our children growing up without a knowledge of the Bible, without the influence of family prayers upon their characters; we ought to begin again."

She consulted with her husband, who refused to have family prayers, until one of his children became very sick and nigh unto death; then he set up their family altar again. At first they had prayed for themselves, but now they pray for their children who are growing up under their influence, who will have the Word of God as a guide.

It is a shame for Christian parents not to have family reading and prayer. A very good plan is to have the Bible and hymn books on the table in the morning at breakfast, and in the evening at tea, and before partaking of our food to read and sing and pray. Many a father has made havoc of his family by neglecting these duties. "They that honor Me I will honor." Give God his true place in your family.

THE FARMER SURPRISED.

Some time ago I was traveling by train, and fell into conversation with a farmer sitting opposite to me, and in the course of it, asked him if he had ever been in the town of C.

He replied in the affirmative, and added that it was a very pretty place; with which remark I quite agreed.

"I suppose you know the town well," he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I should, for I was born twice there;" whereat the farmer broke into a hearty laugh in which I joined; for those who are eternally saved can afford to be truly merry. After the laugh was over, the farmer expressed his surprise, but I repeated my words, "I was born twice at C."

By this time others seemed inter-

ested, so I explained that I was born into this world at C. as a poor lost sinner. That the Spirit of God at C. shewed me my guilt, and my need of the precious cleansing blood of the Lord Jesus: and that by accepting Jesus as my Saviour, I passed from death unto life—was thus born again, and became a child of God, and a new creature in Christ Jesus.

My reader, let me with all affection ask, have you been born again? It is a solemn question for each one of us to answer, for an eternity of joy or misery depends on it. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Those who are born but once must die twice; for not only is physical death ahead of them, but the second death—the lake of fire—as well.—While those who have been born twice might not even die once, for the Lord might come and take them to be with Himself; and even if they are called upon to pass through death they depart to be with Christ, which is far better; and over them "the second death hath no power." Rev. xx. 6. My reader, let me again press my question, Have you been born again?—C. G. CHANDLER.—Living Streams.

SATAN'S POWER.

Satan delights in the ruin his hands have wrought. But how manifest his triumph over man is seen, when he can inspire his infatuated victim with his own tastes, and make him a willing captive in the scene of his own degradation. But you think, perchance, reader, "this does not apply to me, however." Of that you

must judge for yourself, of course.—Certain I am, for my part, that this earth we tread is far less the home of the living than of the dead. Its buried generations lie thickly strewn around us. Death is the seal and stamp of God upon a scene which sin has blighted. And from man to the worm of the dust, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall, the creature is made subject to vanity. All die. "Sin has reigned unto death."

Have you ever in your heart of hearts owned and bowed to the One whom man has rejected, and whom God has put at His right hand in glory? Your salvation lies in this, for "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—The way out of Satan's power is in the truthful acknowledging of Him who was manifested that "He might destroy the works of the devil." Put yourself under His authority and power, and He will manifest it on your behalf and for your deliverance. "Come unto Me," says He, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Oh that every one did fully understand that it is Satan's work to impute enmity to the good and gracious God, who gave His Son for us, as if He needed to be "reconciled," or have his heart changed toward us, whereas it is *we* not He that need the reconciliation. Reader, the "just God" and the "Saviour" are One.—The righteousness of God is revealed in the Gospel—in good news to men. God has got title to show out His love to us by the cross; and sin is no hindrance to the blessing of those that come to Him, for Christ died for sinners.—God's Evangel.—F. W. G.

POWER OF A PERSONALITY.

A writer who reached Naples a few days after the event, heard from the lips of the people an account of the taking of that city by Garibaldi.

The king was still there; the Neapolitan police were sullen and inactive; what the action of the military would be was not known, and upon it depended the fortune of the hour.

The people turned out in a body to witness the arrival of Garibaldi. Numbers of them climbed upon the engine and cars of the slowly approaching train which bore the general and his staff to the city, and at the station the whole population seemed gathered. Entering a carriage with Cozenz, Garibaldi started, followed by three other carriages containing his officers of staff.

The fortress of St. Elmo bristled with guns and gunners, and they were ordered to fire and clear the streets with grapeshot as soon as the Garibaldians were within range. On the carriage came slowly, amid a roar of "*vivas*." As it approached the guns of Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen, with lighted matches in their hands, pointed the guns. At that moment the voice of Garibaldi rose above the uproar, commanding:

"Slower! slower! Driveslower!"

This he reiterated until the frightened coachman instinctively obeyed the man whom no one disobeyed.

Then under the very mouth of the guns, and before the gunners, who were already under orders to "fire!" Garibaldi rose to his feet in the carriage with one hand on his breast, and looked fixedly at the artillery-

men. A silence fell upon the tumultuous crowd; those who were present declared it was as if Garibaldi magnetised them.

Three times the order to fire was given, and, with his own fate and Italy's in the balance, the general stood looking upon the men. At the third order the gunners flung away their matches, threw their caps in the air, and shouted, "*Viva Garibaldi!*" The city was taken.

If such is the influence that some men exercise over others, how careful we should be that our example is such as shall bring glory to Christ.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

"That which doth make manifest is light." The presence of Jesus in the world made manifest its true condition. The various forms of human wretchedness which met his eye and were ministered to by His hand, were not, in general, unwonted or exceptional forms. Each had its place, and each gave some distinctive feature to the picture of our poor fallen humanity as it lies around us at this very hour. And therein lies for us much of the blessedness of watching our Lord's ways amid a scene like this, where sins and sorrows like our own meet not mere exposure but relief from Him, in whom, as God manifest, 'light' and 'love' are one. —F. W. G.

The Word of God is absolutely perfect—perfect as a whole, perfect in all its parts. We must firmly hold and faithfully confess this in the face of this infidel age.