

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT." Vol. xv. No. 12

THE COMING LORD.

What means the strange commotion,
On heaven's eternal shore ?
The Bridegroom's getting ready,
He's even at the door !
The angel with the trumpet
Awaits the call divine,
While all the hosts of heaven
Are falling into line.

The portal soon shall open,
Out march a glorious band,
Composed of every nation,
Of every clime and land.
They'll sing sweet songs of praises,
Praises to Jesus name,
Who left His throne in heaven,
A sinful race reclaim.

What glorious expectation
Awaits the church, His bride ;
Soon they shall be united,
Soon walking side by side !
'Midst trials and tribulation,
His bride has kept in view
His coming—love and mercy
Has kept her faithful, true.

The night we know is waning,
The dawn of day at hand ;
The cause of His delaying,
We shall then understand.
May every soul be gathered,
And every lost be found,
And every heart be ready,
At the last trumpet sound.

S. S.

It is one of the principles of the Divine administrations, that mercy is remembered in the midst of wrath; and, as long as there is any possibility of bringing men to a right mind, the opportunity for it is given.

STICK TO THE OLD BOOK.

A smartly got up visitor, appeared in a Scotch fishing village during the summer, and, whenever he had the opportunity, seemed to find his delight in attacking the Bible, and scoffing at Christ, and Christianity. Among the fishermen of that place, there were quite a number of earnest Christians, who loved the Lord, and daily read His Word. Sitting amid a group one day, the sceptical visitor was busy discussing his favorite topic, and finished up by saying, "That Old Book you call the Bible, is a parcel of nonsense ; I wonder that any wise man would have anything to do with it." An old fisherman, who stood by, quietly remarked : "That book, sir, has done more for me, than any other book in the world. It first showed me myself—a sinner : then it told me of Jesus the Saviour : and when I believed in Him, it told me I had everlasting life. Since then it has been my daily Guide and Counsellor my Lamp to enlighten me, and my Staff to support me." Then looking the stranger full in the face, he added,

"I tell ye I'm going to stick to the Old Book, for I don't know a better." The fisherman was right. The book of God is the best Book, and the only Guide in eternal things. Reader, do you believe

what it tells you of yourself? The testimony of God is plain and clear. He says you are a sinner, guilty, lost and ruined. It also tells that Jesus came to seek and save you, and to all that believe on Him salvation is sure. This is the testimony of "that Old Book," as the sceptic called it, and happy is he who can say like the old fisherman, "I'm going to stick to the Old Book."—Young Watchman.

PEACE UPON ISRAEL.

GOD'S WAYS WITH THE JEW, S. S.,
RELATED BY HIMSELF.

(CONCLUDED.)

A year had already passed since my dear mother's last letter. She considered me dead; I therefore expected to receive no further news from her. She kept her word, though I continued to write to her every week, but I did not know if she read my letters. Courage to pray for her conversion often failed me.

One day, in the autumn of 1880, a card came from my mother, written in Hebrew, as follows: "Dear child, I have been ill, and am in great distress of soul. I ask for two things—that you will forgive me, and that you will send me another New Testament, as I have burnt all the previous ones you sent. Pray for me!—Your mother, Sarah."

How my heart rejoiced! That very day I sent my mother a New Testament, and wrote a long letter to her. A few days after I received a reply. In it my mother besought me to visit her in Russia, not knowing my circumstances, concerning

which I had never written to her. She therefore believed me to be still a teacher. But I could not go. I had worked in the summer as a locksmith's assistant, but with the money I saved I went, in the winter, for further technical instruction. Besides this, having heard that my friend, B. O., in Bessarabia, who, through a New Testament which I had sent him, had believed and acknowledged that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour, had lost his situation as a teacher, and was now in need, with a wife and four children, I was led to assist him also. Scarcely had I done this, when a letter came from a Christian near Stuttgart, who had heard of me, and now invited me to live with him during the winter, without payment, so that thence I might go to the technical school. This was a great help, and from the Lord; but even this would not have enabled me to travel to Russia, had not a Christian lady, who heard of my mother's wish. We did not meet in our native town, but about thirty miles distant, in L.

When I arrived, my mother had already been there for two hours. She recognised me, cried, "My child! my child" and fainted in my arms. With the help of others, I carried her to a sofa in the waiting-room, and after a time she revived, but only to faint again. She continued so long unconscious that I feared she was dead. I did not know what to do, and wept aloud. All present showed great sympathy, especially when they heard we had not seen each other for more than six years. At last my mother re-

gained consciousness. We drove on a sledge to an inn, where my mother had already engaged a room. There the samovar the Russian teapots was steaming upon the table, and ample refreshment prepared.

We had not spent many minutes speaking of the journey, and sundry other things, when my mother, with a sigh, began: "But, my child, the most important thing! You see and know I have grown old, and what will become of me if I die? Where shall I go?" We both wept, and I knew not how to find words. It would have been so much easier to write than to instruct her by word of mouth. After a while, I said, "Mother, I believe you know it all."

She looked at me imploringly, and said: "But you know I have blasphemed the name of Jesus so much and showed such great opposition to you. Can there be forgiveness even for me?"

I comforted her, and said that her deep sorrow and repentance were surely a work of God's Spirit, a proof of His grace that brings salvation. These words evidently gave her comfort. They were as rain upon the thirsty ground, reviving her wounded heart. We sat and conversed together for a long time. If I broke off and began a new subject, my mother immediately returned to our subject, and asked fresh questions concerning God's salvation. At last it was time to retire to rest.

"Shall I read something?" I asked. Upon which she begged me to read the parable of the prodigal son. Truly in no other chapter could she, as a Jewess, see the wonderful grace of God so beautifully

unfolded as in this touching history.

The following morning I awoke before five o'clock, and as I opened my eyes, I saw my mother, fully dressed, sitting by my bed. I then got up, and soon our conversation of yesterday was in full flow. At last she exclaimed: "Yes, why do I still doubt? The same God who has announced the judgment and the condemnation of sin has also said that perfect grace is to be found in His Son. Why should I not believe it? This is all true, even for me. Yes, I believe."

My heart rejoiced. I said, "Mother, we will pray." I knelt down, my mother followed my example, and without my expecting it, she prayed. She said,

"Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for Thy great deliverance, and for the faith in Thee which Thou hast given me; but Thou knowest it is still so weak in me. Strengthen it. Amen!"

After I had thanked the Lord and prayed, we read another chapter. This time it was about Stephen and his stoning, Acts vii. My mother herself chose the chapter.

"Alas!" said she, "how sad it is that our people are so blind, and so full of hatred against Christ. But how glorious is the portion of the believer! Such a death as Stephen had I would wish also for myself. Yes, I regret now we did not meet together in M. our native place. If they stoned us they could only have killed our bodies. We could also cry, 'Lord Jesus, receive our spirit.'"

The Spirit of God had removed the veil of Moses from the eyes of my dear mother, and now her heart was

filled with praise and worship to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. What grace and what happiness to know that she was now in eternal possession of the Lord Jesus!

Interesting was the relation by my mother of her experiences since she had received the news of my baptism. According to Jewish custom, she had mourned over my death. However, before the days of mourning were quite over, a New Testament and a letter came from me. The book, like the preceding copies of the new Testament, went into the fire. The letter remained unopened. After some hours, she was attracted by the letter, which she had been looking at with pain. She opened it, read part, and threw it from her. After much conflict and weeping, she read it to the end, and again threw it away in displeasure. In the course of some days, the thought occurred again, was Jesus the Messiah? But she was terrified at this; condemned the thought, and fasted, in order to make expiation for the sin.

Her inward conflicts went on for months, and every fresh letter from me increased her distress, till at last after a severe illness, her longing for salvation induced her to ask for a New Testament.

After all these struggles my mother's joy in the Lord was all the more precious. The hour for separation came upon us only too quickly; but our pain was lessened by the assurance that we were inseparably united in the risen One. My mother, like the Ethiopian eunuch of old, went on her way rejoicing, and sent me word of her happy arrival. At the top of her

letter appeared the words of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

The Good Shepherd had found His sheep, and now proved His perfect faithfulness.

My mother's faith was, according to God's way 1 Pet. i. 7, soon to be put to the test. Not long after her return, partly from travelling in the severe cold of January 1890, she became seriously ill, and my younger married sister, who lived in another town, was sent for by some acquaintances to nurse her. She knew nothing of what God had done for my mother, nor of her having met me at L. All this she learned from letters which I wrote to my mother—for I did not know of my mother's illness—and through my mother's own confession. My sister was beside herself. She intercepted all my letters during the long illness of three months; and the New Testament she put in the fire the first day. But the power of God, which is mighty in weakness, preserved my mother. The Lord is faithful.

I, however, spent many anxious months in S. Why did my mother not write to me? Had the enemy succeeded in turning her heart away from the Lord? or had the Jews done any evil to her?

As I had written her so many letters, which remained unanswered I now sent an open card, saying that if there were no answer to these lines, I should apply to the Mayor of the place for information concerning her. Then came a card from my sister, in Hebrew, declaring, with many curses, that I was the deceiver

of our mother, also her destroyer, and having brought her to the brink of the grave, I might spare myself further letters, as none of them would reach her. This sorrowful news was a great comfort to me, in so far that I thereby perceived that my mother still lived and had remained true to the Lord. Then I replied to my sister, and besought her to give me tidings soon again, and entreated her affectionately not to torment our sick mother, but to let her have my letters. My entreaty was in vain.

One day a Jewess in M. wrote to tell me that she had visited my mother, who was better, and that she was prepared to pass on letters between my mother and me. Secretly she was under the same conviction about the Messiah as my mother had been. This Jewess was straight forward, and repeatedly passed our letters to and fro. But one day she wrote in great alarm, saying she had just come from my mother, who lay in a deep swoon, and perhaps was dead already. A long letter from her to me, which this Jewess would have called for, was found in her bed, read, and given to the Rabbi. Thus they had in their hands the first distinct evidence that her heart was turned to Christ. Thereupon the Rabbi came, with others, and solemnly excommunicated her, though she was still very weak and confined to her bed. This fearful act nearly cost her her life.

The Jewess at once wrote to me to say that, for the future, she could not undertake the care of our letters. I have since then, when on a visit to Russia, visited and spoken to her.

She believes in her heart on the Lord Jesus, and trusts in Him, and has admitted as much to me with tears. But she does not venture to confess the Lord Jesus openly. There are, alas! many such souls, I dare say, not hundreds, but perhaps thousands, amongst the pious Jews in Russia. I have often asked myself, what will be their portion in eternity? Shall we meet them in heaven?

Contrary to our expectation, God restored my mother to health. My sister went away, and so she was free to write to me. The first thing I sent her was another New Testament, which she, along with the entire Holy Scriptures, searched daily, so that she, by the grace of God, might, as the Psalmist says, go "from strength to strength." God gave her another soul in her own house, who could with her praise her Lord and Saviour.

Since then I went for a time to Russia, in January 1893. I will not here speak of the reason of this journey, nor of my stay in Russia, however interesting the narrative might be. I mention that my life was in danger, but God brought good out of evil. For example, He allowed a Russian, who was condemned to death for high treason, with whom, through a false accusation, I was placed, at W., in the same cell, to receive the testimony to God's righteousness and holiness and great salvation. He trusted in Christ and was truly converted.

May the Lord, to whom my aged mother still faithfully clings, through God's grace, preserve her, and all who, perhaps under severe pressure

rely on His help and deliverance ! How happy, yes, eternally happy, for all those who from Israel, and from all the nations of the earth, know Jesus to be the Son of God in this day of grace ! He is the tried corner-stone whom God promised to lay in Zion, disallowed, indeed, of men and the builders, but chosen of God and precious. He that builds on Him will not be ashamed, nor confounded. His glorious Name be praised to all eternity !—S. S.—Echoes of Mercy.

“WE ALL DO FADE as a LEAF.”

Every time the year rolls round and clothes the forests and the fields in the hectic hues of autumn, we are warned and entreated by ten thousand voices to be in readiness for a peaceful departure out of the world.

The transient beauty of the fading leaves, the melancholy voices of the moaning winds, the many monitions of our frail and mortal state, all urge us to put on immortal beauty, to lay up imperishable treasures, to make sure of eternal life.

The leaves fall when they have done their work, and the branches are left free for the growth of another year. The faded foilage of autumn will be replaced by the bloom and luxuriance of returning spring. The decay of the passing year will support the life of a more abundant vegetation in the next.

So, if we live to do God's will, He will take us from the fading beauty and the transient joys of earth only to confer upon us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—M.

VAIN DREAMS.

Revolutions and reforms, and progress of liberal ideas, and overturning of old creeds, and grand conventionalities for the redemption of the world without Christ, and philosophies ruling out a personal God and exalting self and passion in His place, and all the glittering ideals to which to reconstruct society and relocate the highest interests of man, much as they may promise, and successfully as they may draw the heart and energy of the world after them, are but the nurslings of Satan's bosom in which this world lies, and the inspiration of his foul breath. Dream and prate, and preach, and glory as men may and do, the devil is the god and king of this world. His mantle may be often changed, and every day may exhibit a new garb, but the presiding genius within is still and always the devil, with all his pride, and malice, and spoiling falsities. And so it will go on, “wicked men and seducers waxing worse and worse,” till He whose right it is, shall take unto Himself His great power, overthrow all His foes and reign triumphant.—S.

When the great and costly salvation of God is carried to many, they despise it, and make light of it, and go their way as if it were nonsense or nothing. It is not that their sins are too great for them to be saved, but because they tread under foot the Son of God, and count His sanctifying blood an unholy thing, and render despite to the spirit of grace. Out of the very altar of sacrifice, therefore, comes their damnation.

'MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.'

At rest, my God, in Thee,
 At rest, sweet rest.
 No thought or anxious care
 Can cause distraction where
 My heart has found repose,
 And where it surely knows,
 Thy promised rest.

Peace like a river rolls,
 Sweet peace, His peace.
 'Twas made by Him, who died,
 My Saviour crucified;
 On resurrection ground,
 Yes, only there 'tis found,
 He has made peace.

Calm 'midst life's raging storms,
 A holy calm.
 The Christ He is my life,
 Ceased restlessness and strife,
 He's always near to me,
 By faith this fact I see,
 'Tis blissful balm.

I wait, my Lord, for Thee,
 Thou'rt coming soon.
 A little while—'tis near,
 So I have naught to fear,
 All power is in Thy hand,
 All held at Thy command,
 Haste coming noon.

The earth groans, Lord, for Thee,
 For Thee, for Thee.
 Its gathering darkness, gloom,
 Its cold and shadowy tomb,
 Awaits Thy quickening power,
 That favored coming hour,
 It soon shall see.

Oh Lord my God and King,
 Of Thee I sing.
 All bliss and beauty shine,
 Yea, all in Thee combine
 To tell of glory fair,
 Thy saints shall with Thee share,
 Which Thou shalt bring.

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

The moral condition of Israel on
 to the first coming of the Lord in
 grace is given in Malachi.

'WE KNOW.'

A dying bishop once said, "There is but one word I would wish to have upon my gravestone, and it is a Greek word. Of course," he added with a smile, "it is the *salpisei*, the trumpet shall sound. Yes," he said again, "the trumpet shall sound."

There, reader, is sure and certain hope for you. Resurrection was the aged Christian's hope as he died. It brought a smile to his face and assurance to his voice, as he triumphantly exclaimed, "The trumpet shall sound." The moment, when his worn-out body should be thrilled with resurrection life and glorified, was a bright prospect for him.

Far otherwise was the case of a doctor's daughter, whom I once met. She was young, but held advanced infidel views. In addition to that I was told she was saving her money in order to be cremated when she died. Why should a young girl, not out of her teens, anticipate death in such a practical way? The fact was, I am assured, that deep down in her heart she feared the resurrection.—Not knowing the mighty power of God, she wildly dreamed that the flames of cremation would make non-resurrection surer. Utterly vain thought!

Scripture plainly says, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God," and there is no getting out of it. Reader, would you like the hope of the bishop or the dread of the infidel? What would resurrection do for you, if you died as you are this moment?

You must know Christ as your Saviour, if you would have certainty

on these points, and be able to say triumphantly with the Apostle Paul, and many a Christian beside, "WE KNOW."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi.

31. There's a good start. Make it and don't delay.—A. J. P.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

We get the Spirit spoken of in three ways : first, all saved ones from the beginning to the end are born of the Spirit ; secondly, the Spirit in them a well of water springing up ; thirdly, rivers flowing out. "In whom, after ye believed, ye were sealed by that Holy Spirit of promise." The Holy Ghost was not yet given, we read, "because Jesus was not yet glorified." Mark, before the disciples could receive the Holy Ghost, the work of atonement must be done, and Jesus be a glorified man, seated up there at God's right hand. Who? A man. Why? Sin is put away. Yes ; Jesus, as Son of Man, is glorified ; as Son of God He was ever the glorified One.

God was so glorified by the work of His Son, that, so to speak, He became His debtor. How did the Son of Man glorify God? By suffering for my sins on the cross. God's judgment was perfectly met, and God perfectly glorified the Man Christ Jesus who endured the wrath. The exaltation of this glorified Man is the witness that my sins are fully put away. What does God say about my sins now? "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

Where was the truth of God displayed that said, "In the day thou

eatest thou shalt surely die," and Satan's lie fully proved which said, Thou shalt not surely die? On the cross Christ died. God is love. The majesty, the holiness, the love of God were magnified on the cross. The question of sin is settled. The Son of Man is glorified. God the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, have all been occupied about my sin.

What a footing I have ! Done with sins, no more conscience of them : Christ has taken them clean off. He could not bring us into God's presence with ONE sin upon us. No ; though they were "as scarlet, they shall be white as wool." Christ became obedient unto death ; and this settles the whole thing, and gives power to the sinner. With what holy freedom I can go into God's presence when I know Christ is there, seated at God's right hand, as my forerunner ! I have a perfect righteousness, a perfect love, and a perfect obedience to appear in. What comfort and what joy ! You could not go into God's presence with one sin upon you : it would be folly to think of it—madness to attempt it. One sin unpardoned would unfit you for enjoying God. You must be perfectly clean. The blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin, so that the soul in the presence of God can enjoy God—we "joy in God."—J. N. D.

It is the saving Word refused, which is a savor of death unto death in them that perish. The same fire which wafts the devotions of the obedient into the presence of God, kindles the hell of the unbelieving and the neglectful. Perdition is simply abused or perverted grace.

**"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT
FOR THEE."**

There are two great lessons in God's Word. One is the imperfection of man, the frailty and weakness of man at his best, his wickedness and corruption as fallen; the other the absolute perfection of God, perfect in everything, in every way, holy, righteous, true, faithful, almighty, all-wise. If man has anything except his own native sinfulness and corruption, it is right from God. It is always true that "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven." But this truth man hates. He would be something else by and in himself than the wretched, and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked creature that he is.

All the false systems of religion are founded on the one great error that man is something in and of himself, and that he can make himself acceptable to God. The denial of man's fallen state and of his need of a Saviour and salvation are the two great fundamental errors of mankind. And they spring from pride. Pride led to even Satan's fall. Pride is the ruin of countless thousands of souls.—Pride it is that rejects the blessed, precious, free grace of God. How sad and terrible that man should be led by pride to reject the grace that he must have or perish forever!—Pride blinds men, deceives them; by it Satan deceives men and holds them fast in his power, when the wonderful grace of God would set them free, save them wholly from the power of sin, and give them infinite blessings.

Think of it, on the one hand the

grace of God offered freely to every one, on the other Satan's power ruining man, doing him every possible evil, and yet so many souls are choosing Satan's bondage and the wages of sin, in place of the grace of God. Look at men, see their wicked ways, their poverty, pain, sorrow, need, and misery. See men enslaved by their appetites, ruined by drink, in bondage to every form of evil and sin.

There is no need of all this evil.—There is a Saviour, there is real salvation from all sin, all its power, and this is offered freely to every sinner. It is grace, something man does not deserve, something that the amazing and infinite love of God gives freely to every one who will receive it.—"The grace of God," how much that means; His favor, all that His love can do for sinners, mercy, blessing, peace, perfect peace, rest of soul, pardon of all sins, salvation from sin, full and complete and eternal. All these good things the grace of God brings to lost sinners.

And to Paul in time of need it was said—and not to him only but to every one who accepts the grace of God, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" it is enough, it is all you need, but you do need it, you must have it, My grace alone can meet your need and all your need. How good to know this blessed truth. All our need God will meet! So we do not need to be Jacobs, planning and contriving to meet our needs, but just let Him meet them all. How afraid people are of letting God do for them. It is there the miserable pride of the heart shows itself. Men don't want to let Him do for them. Pride puts

them up to a foolish fear that He shall not do enough.

The men of the world have no conception of the true God, and not many Christians know Him as much more than the One who forgives sin. It is unspeakably blessed to know that, we must know that to go on to know any more of God, but we should not stop there, we should go on to know that His grace is sufficient for us in every trial, in every need.— Every child of God should be continually depending on His grace. They should be learning to distrust self and all that is of man, and to trust God fully.

For there is a weak faith, a little faith which saves but does not bring rest of soul; and there is a great faith which does. The little faith does not see God with all His infinite resources pledged and active for His people. For our God hides Himself. How things go on as though there were no God! And yet He is in the very things we seem not to find Him in. Take the times of captivity in the book of Judges. God was hidden. His enemies triumphed. But their triumph itself was of God.— He was giving up His rebellious, disobedient people to their enemies, and in the very time in which it seemed to them God was silent, He was speaking most loudly. So when it seems to us that He is silent, we should look to see His hand most plainly.

There are times when we pray and He does not seem to hear. We ask, but do not see that we are receiving. We keep praying, but the answer seems to be so slow and so long in coming. Abraham and Sarah de-

sired a child, and God promised them one, but how long the answer was delayed. From the first intimation of the purpose of God to Abram when he was called to leave his old home, Gen. xii. 2, till the actual birth of Isaac, how many years passed! Abraham was seventy-five years old when he left Haran; they had left Ur sometime before. How long he had to wait, more than twenty-five years, and the promise seemed to be further off every day as they grew older and older, but the promise grew clearer and more positive. The grace of God was sufficient for Abraham, it enabled him to lay hold on the power of God in a most wonderful way. Rom. iv. 17-22 is one of the most striking pictures of strong faith in the Bible. Read it and note especially that he did not look at nature, did not consider the circumstances. Instead of doing thus "he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform."

It was the grace of God that gave Abraham this power, and the grace offered to believers to-day is the same, is full and free to every child of God. That His grace is sufficient means that His love, His wisdom, His power, His faithfulness, His kindness and mercy are sufficient.— Can you think of any need that His His grace is not sufficient for? any temptation too great for Him to set free from? any power of the world or Satan or sin too strong for Him to deliver from? Can there be anything His grace is not sufficient for?

Our great lesson to learn is to let Him do for us, to not depend on ourselves but wholly on Him. We are to know our own weakness more thoroughly, to learn the power of His strength, that nothing is too hard for Him. That when He seems to be wholly hidden, He is really working the most effectively to answer our prayers, and in His own due time it will be made known.—We cannot think too little of ourselves, nor too much of the grace of God.—J. W. NEWTON.

WALKING TOGETHER.

There are some truths which a true Christian holds, that are so interwoven with the very fibres of his being that he cannot possibly give them up.

You believe in God—a personal God—a God whom you call Father ; a God who has eyes to see, a heart to pity, and hands to help. A scientific person comes to you, saying, "I also believe in God ; an all-pervading force, a something-not-ourselves that makes for righteousness, the essence of things. Why, then, can we not walk together ?" And what can you answer ? "Nay, friend, there is a great gulf between us. I am firmly wedded to my faith in a personal God."

You believe in Jesus Christ as the manifestation of God. He is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His Person.—He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. He is very God of very God. A Unitarian friend appeals to you : "Why should we not walk together ? I also believe in Christ ; He was the

noblest man that ever lived. Shall we not, then, walk together ?"—What can you say ? "No ; we differ at the vital point. The divinity of Jesus Christ is everything. It is the root and foundation of all. I cannot surrender it for friendship's sake."

You believe in the Bible ; you have taken it as your only and infallible rule of faith and practice ; you say it is the Word of God. A friend who favors the higher criticism comes to you and says, "I too believe in the Bible ; not as a true book, indeed ; but as a book true in spots. Why should we part company on this matter ?" What must you answer ? Tell him that the Bible is the true witness of Jesus Christ, and that a man, therefore, cannot part company with the Bible and keep company with Christ. Tell him that the Bible is inspired, it is "God-breathed," and that God could not have breathed a lie.

You believe in Justification by Faith. A rationalistic friend says, "What difference does it make ?—There's some good in all religions. Let us hope we will get together at heaven's gate." Tell him there is only one way that leads to heaven, the royal way of the cross. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—B.

God gives up the world to perdition with great reluctance. He has always said that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; and we thus behold Him true to His word up to the last.

ALL HIS HEAVEN HERE.

A christian woman living at the village of D., in Lincolnshire, had a confirmed drunkard for her husband.

Perhaps none but those who have found themselves in like circumstances can have any conception of the bitter trial and sorrow of such a position. Yet the grace of God is equal to anything, and this dear woman proved it to be so. The gentle forbearance she showed toward her husband, the patience she manifested under the most outrageous provocations, made her an astonishment to her neighbours.

One day the woman who lived next door almost upbraided her for the gracious way she treated such a selfish sot. "How ever you can bear his goings on," she said, "I can't imagine. I would never do as you do. Let him make as much of a beast of himself as he may, you wait upon him hand and foot, cook little tempting bits for him, and indeed give him the very best you have in the house."

"Well, yes, I confess I do. But then, you see, I think of it in this way: I know that while there is an eternal heaven for me, there is no such thing for him, poor fellow, in his present state. He is having all the heaven here that ever he will have, and I would not spoil it for him for the world!"

What she meant was, no doubt, that all the happiness he was likely to get was in the natural enjoyment of the things of this world. He had nothing for the next.

Not long after this conversation he came home intoxicated, and a few

hours later was found dead in his bed. His so-called "heaven" was over!

Now if such is a drunkard's only heaven, what must a DRUNKARD'S HELL be?

Out of Christ both the degraded drunkard and the respectable teetotaler are alike under the judgment of God. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."—Geo. C.

"The god of this age," is surely a very solemn title to be given to Satan after the Christian dispensation, as we call it, had already begun. Yet there it stands; and "Scripture cannot be broken." Yes, it is over the world, and in these Christian times, that Satan exercises this terrible sway. In hell, Satan will be, not king, but lowest and most miserable there; and once committed to it, no escape will be permitted. But this will not be till after the millennium, as Rev. xx. assures us.—F. W. G.

The free and happy birds should teach us to be content to do our Father's will, whether we pursue the journey of life in carriages of ease or walk with a pilgrim's staff. The dazzling equipage which flashes its splendors on the street in passing can carry nothing more precious than the human soul. And that treasure is stored in the bosom of him who wears the meanest garb and pursues the lowliest occupation. Let the immortal spirit hold communion with God and keep its wings plumed for flight to its heavenly home, and it will not suffer much anxiety about the mode in which the journey of this earthly life must be pursued. If we can see Jesus and the hosts of the blessed waiting to receive us at the end of our journey, it will not trouble us much if we have to pursue a very humble path and live upon very simple fare on the way.—M.