

THE GLEANER.

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

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

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COME AND GONE.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." John 16; 28.

Christ the Lord has come and gone,
He the Father's will has done—
Glorified His name below,
Died to save our souls from woe.

He is now gone up on high,
Far above the azure sky;
Seated on the Father's throne,
Proof that all is truly done.

He is there to intercede,
For His own in time of need;
He's prepared a blessed place,
For all who truly bow to grace.

Christ the Lord will come again,
Those who trust Him now, will reign,
Have a seat on His own throne,
And His foes be all put down.

He's wanting all to come,
Come to Him while yet there's room,
He has died and died for all,
Those are saved who heed his call.

Mercy's day will soon be o'er,
Mercy's voice be heard no more;
Sinner, come without delay,
Now improve His gracious day.

R. HUTCHINSON.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary Moffatt tells a beautiful story. He says, "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the

village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she came with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat.

She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she replied:

'I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.'

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints.

She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.'

I looked at the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our heavenly Father."

THE BANKER'S SON.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half dollar. Now, if you can find any boy you can trust, who will take this money and pay you interest for it, you may lend it to him; if you invest this wisely, I'll increase your capital."

When evening came the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money to-day?"

"Well, father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a little boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner; so I gave him my fifty cents."

"You'll never make a business man in the world," said the banker, "business is business. But I'll try you once more. Now here is a dollar to invest; see how well you can do it."

A merry peal of laughter from the boy followed this which was thus explained, "My Sunday School teacher said that giving to the poor was lending to the Lord; and she said He would return to us double; but I did not think He would do it so quick!"

God is establishing His character for grace, and we are the suited objects of its glorious and eternal display.

CONSCIENCE.

John I.—IX.

In John's Gospel we see the Lord coming forth to SINNERS. He is not so much the Healer of Israel, doing wonders of goodness in the bodies of men, cleansing the lepers, or restoring to health all manner of sickness and disease among the people; but it is rather THE SOUL He seeks, and, therefore, it is THE CONSCIENCE He deals with. If the conscience be not before Him, He has not His subject or material before Him. He has nothing to deal with, or operate upon, according to the character He is filling or sustaining.

This gives us to know what He is, and what are His purpose and His business in every scene. It may be a happy conscience, an awakened, uneasy conscience, a sleepy, unbroken conscience, or a bad conscience.—He deals with all this variety—but in it all, we see conscience in some condition or another before Him.

In Andrew we have a simple picture of a HAPPY conscience, or a happy sinner. He had gone to Jesus as a sinner, for He had gone to Him as "the Lamb of God," and been therefore accepted and welcomed and entertained by Jesus; and he leaves Him happy. His heart is free; and he can therefore think of others, and make it his business to bring Jesus, and other sinners like himself, together. He preaches, as a happy sinner would preach. He tells the first fellow sinner he meets, and that is his brother Simon, that he has FOUND "the Christ," language that bespeaks the satisfaction of his soul; and then, in full consistent benevolence, he invites Simon to come and share the Christ of God with him.

Here we see a conscience AT LIBERTY, because the sinner has found Jesus. But we have other conditions of it.

In Nathaniel, the conscience has been ALREADY AWAKENED. Under the fig tree, I believe, he had been confessing himself a sinner, meditating on his condition before God—for it is the spirit of confession which, in Divine reckoning, makes us "gulleless;" and that is the character in which the Lord recognizes Nathaniel. And the confessions of the lips are the utterances of the fragments of the heart. They are not real, if they be

not this. Nathaniel was, thus, a broken-hearted man. The Lord, therefore, had been in spirit already in company with him, before Philip called him, for the yearning of an awakened soul are ever dear to Him. He tells him so—as He had afore announced by His Prophet. “Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.” Isaiah lviii. 15.

And on His gracious salutation, and letting him know that He had thus known him, Nathaniel's soul is amazed. “Rabbi,” says he, “thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel.” This was revival to his heart.—The high and lofty One that made good another portion of that same oracle of the Prophet, “to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

Now, this case shows us the Lord's blessed dealings with an AWAKENED conscience, reviving and gladdening it, or making it a RELIEVED, DELIVERED CONSCIENCE. In the Samaritan, the conscience was still ASLEEP. It had to be roused, brought into God's presence with all its burden and guilt upon it.—The Lord, accordingly, forces her to discover herself. All the guilty secrets of her soul were dragged forth to the light. But she stands—though overwhelmed, and though nature, for a moment, set itself to weave a veil between herself and her sin, she remains in the light that had detected and exposed her; and that is the spring of her future blessedness—for the Lord quickly fills that place with the tokens of His grace, and no longer allows it to be merely the witness of her shame and guilt.

There is something in this mysterious Stranger that works on her spirit—and she names the name of “Messias” in His ear, as One that, in some sense, she was looking for. Then, the conscience having been already stirred, and now the heart was opened, the Saviour reveals Himself; the Stranger proves to be the Messias she had named, and she is blest and satisfied.

Here we see what the Lord will do with a conscience that needs to be aroused, if the sinner, in spite of shame and exposure, will still abide His presence. For it is, surely, the way of blessedness, to value CHRIST more than CHARACTER. We may say, in a sense,

all depends on that. She no longer hid herself, but told her neighbors that she had been thoroughly exposed.

In the case of the Pharisees, or the accusers of the adulteress, the conscience is BAD. A wicked purpose was filling their hearts all the time they were in the presence of Christ. What must He do with such a people? His presence shall be found intolerable to them. “Being convicted by their own conscience, they went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last.

What less could be done with such a shocking material? And so will it be by and by. All the wicked must perish from the presence of the Lord. Like smoke they shall be driven away. This was not the common way of Jesus; for He came not to judge but to save. “The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.” But when these accusers of the sinner would fain have her at the fiery hill, and deal in law with her, then the Lord can turn the heat of that place against them, and give in them a sample of the day of doom, when the wicked shall perish from the presence of the Lord.

Unlike the poor Samaritan, they valued their character. Being exposed, they would not stand it. They would rather hide their sin, than have it published and borne away. For such Christ has died in vain. They frustrate the grace of God. They sin against their own souls.

Thus, the Lord Jesus is seen to deal with the conscience in different conditions. With the awakened conscience He deals in all grace, giving it, as the contrite heart, to know that He revives it, and dwells on high with it.—With the sinner who will still abide with Him, though under the pain of being exposed and made naked to his shame, He will deal till He relieve and satisfy him. With the wicked who practise their wickedness, and when exposed will leave Him, and rather keep their place and character among men, than reach the virtue of His presence, He shows that presence to be intolerable.

These are Nathaniel, the Samaritan, and the Pharisees. He dwells in the high and holy place with the contrite—leads the poor convicted one who will still tarry with Him along the path of light and life—consigns to the fiery hill and to separation from Himself, the wicked who rather practise their wicked-

ness than seek His presence, and value their character more than interest in Christ.

In these simple, unpretending narratives, we get these precious secrets of the ways of God in Christ, thus discovered to us.—Their remains, however, another which I must not pass. I allude to the blind beggar of chapter ix.

In him we see an HONEST conscience. It is not a happy, or an awakened, or a sleepy, or a bad conscience. We do not see in him any uneasiness about his soul. He had not been under a fig tree with Nathaniel—nor did the arrow of conviction enter him, through the word of Christ, as it had penetrated to the deepest secrets of the Samaritan. It is not in such quickened conditions we see him. But he is honest. He is true to the light he has, and he will hold to the facts he knows. He suffers, rather than yield his integrity; and the Pharisees cast him out. Religiousness persecutes truthfulness—a common case.

Could Jesus leave such an one alone?—Could He be indifferent to him? We know He could not. He heard that they had cast him out, and we may conclude that He at once sought Him out; for we read “when Jesus had FOUND him.” He made him His object—and the sight of Jesus and this beggar meeting for the second time is full of blessing and comfort.

As yet, this poor man knew Him only in His power to heal him. There had been no exercise of soul as a sinner, though there was an honest conscience. But on seeing Jesus now the second time, outside the camp, his soul is exercised. Jesus calls him into this exercise. “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?” And the poor man is at once made ready to take anything from Jesus. “Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?” And Jesus reveals Himself to him as the One who had given him sight when he was blind, and now takes him up, when all were casting him out. “Thou hast both seen Him,” says the Lord, “and it is He that talketh with thee.” The soul then discovers Jesus. Love and power thus combined, and thus acting in Divine virtue, was enough. “Lord, I believe,” he answered, and then “he worshipped Him.”

Thus He reached his soul, and dealt with him. And we are conscious that while he

was only an honest man before, he is now a quickened soul. For an honest conscience is not a saved soul.

But in addition to all this, let me notice Paul's dealing with the conscience, in his Epistles. He sees none of these varieties.—He sees the sinner just as he is, a sinner.—He instructs the conscience how it should deal with God and His Gospel, rather than shows us, as in the Gospel, how Christ deals with it. He tells the conscience that it may enjoy a PURGED condition—not merely an awakened or convicted or honest condition, but a purged condition.

This argument is found in Hebrews ix., x. The Apostle there teaches that we may have a good or a purged conscience, by faith in Christ because after He had made His one offering, He entered the holiest place, never more to leave it as the Priests under the law left it, His offering being effectual to put away sins, and this, because of the admirableness of such a sacrifice as that rendered “without spot,” and “through the Eternal Spirit,” and because this sacrifice met and satisfied God touching sin, answering and fulfilling “His will.” The Holy Ghost Himself, in revealing the new covenant, or God's covenant, has established also the fact, that sins and iniquities are remembered no more.

Thus, under the teaching of the Apostle, the conscience is taught to deal with God, and the sinner exhorted to be happy in His love, and satisfied with His provisions—thus to enter the kingdom as a little child, not REASONING but RECEIVING.

In John, we see living cases in which the Lord was dealing with the conscience; in Hebrews, we are taught in what way the conscience is to deal with the Lord, and how it is to reach the condition in which the conscience of Andrew, Nathaniel, the Samaritan, the Adulteress, and the Beggar were left by Jesus.—J. G. BELLETT.

SATISFYING MERCY.

Mercy is that perfection, or property in the divine nature, which prompts and moves the Most High to pity, sympathise with, and do good to poor sinners. Mercy can only be shown to the miserable. Mercy never can be

claimed by any. It is exercised freely in divine sovereignty. But in God it can only be exercised in accordance with divine justice. Indeed, if God show mercy, it must be godlike. If God show mercy, he must do it wisely, justly, holily; maintaining the rights of His government, and preventing the injury of any of His creatures. Let me meditate a little on divine mercy, and cry out with David, "*O satisfy me early with thy mercy.*" Ps. xc. 14. The mercy of God, His covenant mercy, which is revealed in and flows through Jesus, is a satisfying portion; and those who possess it have cause to rejoice and be glad all their days.

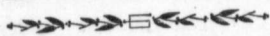
Our quickening and regeneration are to be traced to the mercy of God, for "according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is then that we obtain mercy, and are prepared to say, "God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, hath quickened us together with Christ." God's abundant mercy begets us to a lively hope, and fixes the eye and the heart on an incorruptible inheritance. Our pardon flows from mercy too, as the Lord proclaims when he publishes his name. "The Lord is long-suffering, and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression." How freely he pardoned us, when first we confessed our sins, and pleaded the Saviour's blood, and how often has He pardoned since. As Moses said of Israel, "Thou hast pardoned them from Egypt until now:" so has the Lord pardoned us from day to day, from our first cry for mercy until now. Mercy brought Jesus down to visit our world, purge away our sins by His blood, and set us in the way of

His steps. Mercy, through Jesus, delivered our souls from the lowest hell; and from that day it has compassed us about and followed us every step of our journey. It has delivered us from dangers and foes, and preserved us from fainting under our trials, and healed all our backslidings until now. It never fails, being from everlasting to everlasting, it perfects its work, and secures to us the kindness of our God. For, thus saith the word, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Mercy, the sweet mercy of God, has always been our friend, for us it acted when the covenant was made, for us it wrought when Jesus died, for us it pleaded when we cried for pardon, and for us it has appeared in a thousand ways. Without it, faith would expire, hope would die and all prospect of heaven would fade away. But with it, every grace shall flourish, every foe be conquered, and every trial shall work for our good. Blessed, blessed for ever be God for his mercy! May that mercy satisfy us with its abundance, its variety, and its immutability. May that mercy sanctify us more deeply, render us more heavenly, and fill us with joy and peace. In mercy we will trust; from mercy we will expect; and of mercy we will sing. For mercy we will seek, because it is connected with life, righteousness, and honour; and for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we will look, for it will end our sorrows, wipe away our tears, and fill us with joy and glory.

'Tis sovereign mercy sweetly draws
The heaven-born child of God,

To walk in all his Father's laws,
And prize the Saviour's blood.

'Tis mercy buries all complaints,
Gives pleasures ever new ;
O how she triumphs o'er the saints,
And makes them triumph too. J. S.



A SOLITARY WAY.

Prov. xiv. 10 ; 1 Cor. ii. 11.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.

Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into ALL I feel ;"
Such is the cry of each of us in turn—
We wander in a "solitary way,"

No matter what or where our lot may be ;
Each heart, mysterious, even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

Job vii. 17 ; Matt. x. 37.

And would you know the reason why this is so?

It is because the Lord desires our love,
In every heart HE wishes to be FIRST,
He therefore keeps the secret key Himself,
To open ALL its chambers, and to bless
With PERFECT sympathy and holy peace,
Each solitary soul that comes to HIM.

So when we feel this loneliness it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to ME ;"

And every time we are "not understood,"
It is a call to us to come AGAIN,
For CHRIST alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with HIM from day to
day,

Can never have a "solitary way."

Isaiah x. 18 ; Psalm xxxiv. 22.

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint
And say, "I cannot bear this heavy load
alone,"

You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to HIM.
The bitter grief, which "no one can under-
stand,"

Conveys a secret message from the KING,
Entreating you to come to Him AGAIN.

The Man of Sorrows understands it well,
In ALL points tempted, He can feel with you,
You cannot come too often, or too near,
The SON OF GOD is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to
day,

Can never have a "solitary way."

TRUTH OR DOCTRINE.

In a day like the present, when
there is so much cold-hearted profes-
sion and so little reality, it is needful
to examine our hearts and to try our
ways.

Are we really governed by the
blessed truth which has been revealed,
or do we hold certain doctrines in the
intellect only?

The most vital truths are held by
the majority of orthodox Christian
professors, as doctrines, or a part of
their creed, but judging by their
practice and connections, these truths
seem to have no power over their
hearts and consciences.

Few nominal Christians would deny
that Christ died and rose again, while
many even acknowledge that He died
for sinners ; but when the question of
their personal salvation is put to them
they show the greatest indifference,
and trust to their morality, without
realizing that they are lost and need
Christ as their personal Saviour.

In reference to the truth of the one
body, which is so plainly shown to us
in the Word of God, we might well
question our hearts. Do we really
yearn to come in contact with the
Lord's people, regardless of their con-
nections? Do we think of the many
whom we pass on the Lord's day
morning, who may be members of the
mystic body? Or do we assume an
attitude of superiority toward them?

Oh, one's heart aches at times, to think that we are apt to be so narrow-minded as to include only a very small portion of God's people when we think of the one body.

At the present day we can lay no claim, as a body of Christians, to being the true Church. We can only gather together in the Lord's name, on the ground of the one body; but that one body includes all who are born again, and our heart should go out in tenderness to them.

As we meet to remember the Lord and show forth His death, in the breaking of bread, how do we come to that meeting? Do we realize that He is really in our midst? Does the truth, "This do remember me," really govern our hearts? Is it love to Him that leads me there, or do I go just as they attend services in the various denominations?

The doctrine may be ever so sound; we may meet on scriptural ground, but if the truth has no real hold on the heart, no real progress is made in the things of the Lord, and cold formality will be the result.

Were all our hearts fully occupied with the blessed Lord Jesus, what seasons of real worship our meetings would be. Real outbursts of praise would take the place of long doctrinal prayers, and every hymn would be prompted by the Spirit, and not, as is too often the case, given out in order to keep the meeting going on actively.

The state of individual hearts forms the state of the assembly, and if we come into His presence without having judged our hearts and ways, the meeting will be stiff and formal. Instead of real waiting upon the Lord, there will often be activity in the flesh shown

by some, while others may be resisting the prompting of the Spirit. The Lord may perhaps at times be more exalted by some minutes of quiet meditation in silence, than by too great activity.

Did we but realize the Lord's presence more, how willing we would be to recognize His claims upon us, to the exclusion of all other claims.

How could we bear to remain away from the breaking of bread, except for the most urgent reasons? How we must grieve the Lord, too, by our tardiness in attending the meetings. Very seldom does it happen that we are in the meeting room any length of time before the appointed time. Very often, however, we are in the habit of straggling in from fifteen to twenty minutes after the time. Were we to go to our daily business in that way we would soon lose the respect and confidence of those with whom we come in contact. Surely the Lord must be grieved when such tardiness is the outcome of carelessness. There may be real reasons for lateness, and the Lord knows that but too often the morning nap of some one is the cause of it.

The Lord does not set rules for us in these matters, but love to Him should rule us in these things.

How is it about the truth of the Lord's coming? We have accepted it as a doctrine, but how many really wait for Him? Do we really long to be in His presence, and away from all that distracts our hearts, or do we put the thought from us, and hope in our inmost heart that He will not come yet? Oh, is it not a mere doctrine to us at times? When we sing "Lord Jesus, come," is it really the prayer of our

hearts? 'If we really long for His return, is it for His sake, or is it for the sake of getting out of the trials by the way?

Would not our testimony before the world be entirely different if our hearts were really governed by this truth? Would we be found engaged in enlarging our borders and extending our possessions and driving our stakes deep in this country? Are we showing the world that we seek a rest to come? Alas, too often we are just like them. We furnish homes for ourselves and adorn them with the best that we can afford, without stopping to think how soon we may have to render an account of our stewardship to Him who has entrusted to us some of the earthly possessions.

If He has given us the ability to acquire worldly goods honestly, we have no right to squander them needlessly.

O how differently would we order our ways if we were waiting for our Lord. Then, too, we speak of being seated in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. What is the theme of our conversation? Is it the Lord, or about our portion that is before us? Do we encourage one another in the Lord?—Sisters, when we spend a few hours together do we find time to speak about Him, or do we discuss the peculiarities of our brethren and sisters, and call to mind some past action? How much easier it is to expose the faults of one to another, than to confess and judge our own!

Moses and Elias spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. O let us search our hearts and confess to Him. If we let the truth rule our ways, Christ will be reflected in us, and we will be walking before

Him in godly fear. Then we will have power to act for Him, and to minister to souls.

LOVE CASTS OUT FEAR.

“Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit.” This is the way that we have the consciousness that we dwell in God, because as God dwells in us, and He is infinite, we have the consciousness of dwelling in God. He is our home—we dwell in Him—He is our abode. It is the presence of the Holy Ghost that gives the consciousness of God’s being there.

“And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.” I have got God in me, and have the knowledge of that love. How did He prove it to me?—By sending His Son to be the Saviour of the world. The proof of it is that which has been done without me—not anything within me. A person might say, But I have not got that. Then I say, You have got nothing. If you say, That is too high for me: I cannot speak of God dwelling in me. Then I answer, You are not a Christian at all. “Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God.” He does not speak of the blessed consciousness of it as our portion, but then he declares that it is the truth as to every Christian; and therefore if I am not enjoying it, there is something that is hindering me. If we had the Queen in the house, and did not trouble ourselves about her, we should have no enjoyment of the honor and privilege of having such a guest. And we may be going on in such a way as to have no consciousness of God’s

being in us. It shows a habit of living without intercourse with the God who dwells in us. The Christian has a life from God, which lives with God. He says therefore, after having spoken of this, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." That is the kind of character John gives of a Christian: "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." There is no uncertainty. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God," etc. It is the very nature of God.

Now he goes on in this fourth chapter. We have seen the love manifested when we were mere sinners, when we were guilty and dead. That was the starting point with us. We were spiritually dead: there was not a single movement in our hearts towards God. And then God loved us. But we had a natural life from Adam, and therefore were guilty: and then God sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Then the next thing is, that we dwell in God and He in us: we have this blessed communion by His being in our hearts. Then he comes to the third thing in the 17th verse. "Herein is love made perfect with us, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world."

Now it is not merely that He has loved me when I was a sinner, and that I enjoy Him in communion, but that all fear for the future is taken away entirely. I get boldness for the day of judgment: that is a different thing.—It is blessed love that Christ came into the world for such sinners as us. But then there is the day of judgment.—

When I think of the love I am all happy; but when I think of the judgment my conscience is not quite easy. Though the heart may have tasted the love, the conscience not being quite clear, when I think of judgment I am not quite happy. That is what is provided for here. "As He is so are we in this world." The love was shown in visiting us when we were sinners; it is enjoyed in communion; but it is completed in this, that I am in Christ, and that Christ must condemn Himself in the day of judgment, if He condemns me, because as He is, so am I in this world. I am glorified before I get there. He changes this vile body and makes it like to His glorious body.—When I am before the judgment seat, I am in this changed and glorified body: I am like my Judge. If He is my righteousness, as He is, that I am now; because it is Christ's work, and Christ's work is finished, and Christ is appearing in heaven for me. And though I have exercises and trials of heart, yet, "As He is, so am I in this world."—There love is perfected. God Himself can do nothing more blessed than to make me like Christ in His presence. There is an end of judgment practically as an object of dread, because I am the same thing as my Judge. He judges by His own righteousness, and that is my righteousness: I am that. I am united to Him, and, in that sense, am the same as Himself. There love is made perfect, that I may have boldness in the day of judgment.

There has love been shewn, and it makes me miserable if my heart does not answer to it. I have not got boldness in the day of judgment. There is a judgment, and in order that love should be perfect in our hearts, there

must be no dread of judgment. In order to have all its perfectness, I must have boldness in the day of judgment, and that I have by being as Christ is. That is true now. It is not that we have got the glory yet: but it is true as having Him for my life, and being united to Him. Now he draws the conclusion at once. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." Fear is all gone. If I am dreading my Father, I cannot enjoy His love—there is torment in that. Love casts out fear. There is nothing to fear if God loves me perfectly, and does nothing but love me. That is what the Lord Jesus says: "I have declared Thy name unto them and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them and I in them."

And so again He says, "Peace I leave with you, MY PEACE I give unto you." The same peace that He had Himself He has given unto us. He was not dreading His Father. He had ineffable peace and delight. Well, "As He is, so are we in this world." Then comes, as a consequence of knowing this love, "We love Him, because He first loved us." That is the fruit and consequence in our hearts. All this love which He has shown to us, has been in us and is perfected with us.—"We love Him because He first loved us." The heart turns back in thankfulness and love to Him.

When we think what kind of enjoyment and privileges we have here, what foolish creatures we are, not to realize God more and to enjoy Him! "The diligent soul shall be made fat."—J. N. D.

Deal tenderly with evil, and it will rise to a head and crush you in the end.

WHETHER TO GO OR STAY.

Written by H. M. W., when, at the close of a long life, the doctor told her that her sickness might be unto death.

Was it, my heart, that thou wert weary,
Finding this life a life of pain!
Or that the wilderness seemed dreary,
And thou didst think heaven would be gain.

No, not a thought of earthly sorrow,
Or earthly joy, or loss, or gain,
Mingled its memory with my spirit
In that sweet thrill of rapturous pain.

Sudden and strange the sweet suggestion,
Loosed from these bonds to mount above,
To see His face in full perfection!
To see Him whom my soul doth love!

To kneel before my Lord and Master,
To tell my thanks in tears of joy,
To kiss those feet for me once wounded,
O speechless bliss without alloy!

How long the years have seemed to me
Since first I knew my loving Lord;
Waiting His coming, watching for Him,
Staying my soul upon His word.

But this new thought, to go to Him,
To fly unto His sweet embrace;
To lean upon the Shepherd's bosom!
To see my Jesus face to face!

Oh, rapturous thought, too glad the prospect,
Deep thrilling joy hath drowned my soul;
My spirit leaps to meet the summons,
And waves of gladness o'er it roll.

Oh, wondrous thought, that such a sinner,
So deeply dyed in crimson sins,
Should dare to count myself a winner,
And raise the shout of one who wins.

Oh, wondrous thought, that in that hour
I could forget all guilty fears,
And only feel the gladdening power,
Of crowned hopes, of longing years.

Oh, thrill of joy, divinely sweet,
Ne'er shall Thy memory pass from me;
Until these eyes my Saviour greet,
Till all His loveliness I see.

But stop, my soul, He has not called,
'Twas but a stone dropped in the stream,
These circling thoughts so quickly stirred,
And wakened all thy spirits dream.

It may be many a year of trial
Is yet appointed unto thee,
Before thy spirit leaves its prison,
And soareth upward, glad and free.

It may be that the Master needeth
Thee for some work of faith and love,
Down here awhile, before He taketh
Thee to the bosom of His love.

Lord, give me, from Thy grace and fulness,
A spirit wholly one with Thine ;
My joy to do Thy sacred bidding,
Let Thy sweet will be ever mine.

Ready to go if Thou dost call me,
Willing to stay if Thou dost will ;
Ready to move in active service,
Content to suffer and be still.

Oh, teach me every needed lesson,
Subjection, patience, faith and love ;
And take me in Thine own good season,
To the bright home prepared above.

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

The Via Dolorosa, or "Way of Pain," is the name of the road by which our Lord is supposed to have travelled from Gethsemane to Jerusalem on the night of His betrayal. It is particularly gloomy in appearance, suiting well the title it has received. It is still supposed by some foolish people that especial blessing will rest upon them if they tread where the Redeemer of mankind once trod. I do not say that in the scenes where He lived and died, thoughts of Him may not come forcibly into the mind ; but I do say, when one becomes familiar with those scenes they cease to affect the heart in which He does not dwell. Let me tell you of a way of pain in which there is especial blessing.

I knew a little girl who lay for nearly two years and a half in one position, with a disease which was eating her young life away. She was fair to look upon : I never saw a sweeter face, or looked into more untroubled blue eyes

than met mine as twice every week I took my seat beside her bed. She was in humble life, and yet not poor, though an inmate of a hospital, and life might have been attractive and precious to her. She was in the Via Dolorosa, "the way of pain," but she knew and loved the Saviour, and remembering what He had borne for her made her own sufferings seem light.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed a visitor.— She overheard it.

"I am not poor," she said, tears gathering in her eyes. "God has made me His child. Oh, sir, don't think I am to be pitied. If I could tell you half His goodness to my soul you would envy me."

Envy her in the way of pain? Ay, dear child, for Jesus was beside her there and upheld her by His mighty love, so that her heart was not afraid.

Two years and a half in the way of pain! Think of it. Yet no one heard a murmur or expression of impatience escape her lips. I stood beside her at the close.

"Is it dark, Ellen?" I asked.

"No," she murmured, with a sweet wonder. "Jesus is here. I am happy."

She lay as if contemplating some beautiful vision unseen by those around her. An expression of intense joy was on her face. I bent down.

"What is it?" I questioned.

"Himself," she said in a hushed whisper.

In another moment she was forever with the Lord.

In our hospitals and homes there are many in "the way of pain." To them life is a burden and not a joy, for "wearisome days and nights are appointed unto them." In the morning they say, "Would it were evening!"—and in the evening, "Would it were

morning again." Who will seek to alleviate their sufferings? Who will send what may give comfort or pleasure, and bring a smile over the faded cheek?—Who will stand beside them and tell them of Jesus and His great love, and show them where the path of pain may lead?

"I PRAISE GOD FOR IT."

A gentleman was walking along a quiet street, when he met a poor old woman who was quite blind. He felt sorry for her, and stopped and spoke to her, and tried to comfort her under the loss of her sight. She replied very earnestly, "Oh, sir, you need not pity me, for until I became blind I could never see."

The gentleman understood what she meant by this striking answer; but he wished to hear more of her history, so he asked her to explain what she meant.

She replied, "Oh, sir, I lived more than seventy years in the ways of folly, carelessness and sin. At length it pleased God that I should lose my sight; then I began to think of another world and to remember my sins. Things appeared very differently to what they had once done, for 'God shined into my heart, to give the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' Oh, what I have seen since I became blind of myself, of God, of this world, and the next! Instead of repining at my blindness, I praise God for it, and shall have reason to do so forever and ever. This, sir, is what I meant by saying, 'till I became blind I never could see.'" Reader, is your mind illuminated by the Word and Spirit of God, or has Satan, the god of this world "blinded your mind lest the light of

the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto you."

"I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

Martin Luther, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins were forgiven. "No," said the great Reformer, "I don't feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in His Word."

Paul did not say, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved, but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." No one can feel that their sins are forgiven. Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid."

So with you, dear reader. You must first believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you shall know that you are saved.

A dear old Christian, on hearing others speaking of their feelings used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and He is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

The life drawn from Adam has got the poison of sin in it.

When you want God, He wants you.

God give me a deep humility, a well guided zeal, a burning love, and a single eye for Christ.

Christ is not only a complete Saviour but He is an exclusive one.