

# THE CLEANER.

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

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

Vol. XIII. No. 3

## THE FATHER'S PROMISES.

Never thought of care can come  
Throwing shadows o'er my home,  
But God's Word lights up the way  
With a more than noontide ray ;  
And I read, in letters golden,  
Many a promise, strong and olden.  
Fear not. Sparrows never fall,  
But your father knoweth all ;  
He who gives them daily food,  
Satisfies His own with good.

Never comes an hour of pain,  
But for sorrows that remain,  
Comes a healing word to me  
Of a land beyond the sea,  
Where afflictions that are grievous,  
At the very shore shall leave us,  
And we all, by death made strong,  
Shall be jubi'ant with song ;  
And I find fresh patience brought  
To my spirit by the thought.

When I stand with timid feet  
Where the uncertain crossways meet,  
And in the shadows of the night  
Cannot guess which road is right ;  
When I shrink in hesitation  
From new scenes of desolation,  
Comes the strengthening word to me,  
"Lo, I always am with thee."  
And, while songs my lips employ,  
I go on my course with joy.

When the duties of the day  
Roughly steal my strength away,  
And the tasks I have to do  
Are not easy, are not few,  
Then to make my courage stronger,  
And my hope to last the longer,  
Comes the Master with His grace,  
And the shining of His face,  
And I gladly do my best,  
Till He sends the hour of rest.

So, whate'er the lot may be  
Which the Father sends to me,  
Never am I comfortless  
With His Word to aid and bless ;  
And, while He His help is bringing,  
I will cheer the way with singing,  
Till, by His unchanging love,  
I shall reach His home above,  
And while bending at His feet,  
Find the promises complete.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## "RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS."

Passing along the street one July day, after a refreshing shower, I was observing how beautiful the new mown lawns appeared, when this portion of God's Word came to my mind, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth." Ps. 72.

Well, there are sharp knives in the mowers, and they have been doing their work ; and I began to think how I had known what it was to pass through the sharp knives of sorrow, trouble and bereavement, in the wisdom and under the eye of my Father, the husbandman.

"Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear,  
Our Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear."

And so He fulfills His Word, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass." Yes, He of whom the Father testified, saying, "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-

head bodily," and we know "He doeth all things well." In Him we have all we need.

Christian, are you tried? remember He has told us, that no temptation but what is common to man shall happen unto us, and He will make a way of escape for us. Do you remember what He said to His disciples before He died and rose again, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth Me no more, but ye see Me, because I live ye shall live also." Do you know, like Paul, what it is to say, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Gal. ii. 20.

Will you not join with me and say in the words of the Psalmist, "Blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory." "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."  
—E. J. M.

### COMFORT.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." 2 Cor. i. 3, 4.

In a world like this every one needs comfort, more or less, at one time or another. It is very blessed to know God as the God of all comfort.

There is a great difference between human comfort and divine. The former is found in dwelling upon the resources which may be still left to us in this world, and in thinking of the possibilities which are before us. Thus many who are in sorrow derive comfort from seeing that things are not so bad as they might be, and from the hope that they may yet be better. When there are no resources left and no possibilities to present, human comfort is dumb.

Thus when Job's friends came to comfort him in his overwhelming grief, they wept, and sat in silence for seven days and seven nights. His resources were completely gone. When, at length Job opened his mouth and poured out the bitterness of his spirit, they undertook to vindicate the God of whom they knew but little, and in so doing they insinuated that there must have been secret evil with Job, or he would not have been so completely stripped. "Miserable comforters are ye all!" he exclaimed.

We may observe further that, when there are resources left and comfort is derived from them, we are exposed to fresh and more bitter grief, for these may be taken away, and the expectations we have cherished may fail. In the meantime the heart is by such comfort bound closer to the earth and present things. We may see thus how poor and ineffectual human comfort is, and also how it may prove even disastrous to the soul.

The God of all comfort is the One who raises the dead. When man's resources are all exhausted and the very worst has come, then God acts. It is often said, man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Sorrow and death are here on account of sin. The Lord God spoke of sorrow, toil and death as the result of man's disobedience. Gen. iii. So man's life commonly begins with the cry of sorrow, continues in toil, and ends in death. Men propose many things to mitigate this, and they would if possible, remove it, but this they cannot do. As sorrow and death came by sin, they cannot be removed without sin being taken away.

The Lamb of God has come to take away the sin of the world, to put it away by the sacrifice of Himself. The full results of that offering are not yet made manifest, but He has been raised from the dead, and He now lives to God in His presence. There He lives for us as our representative. Because He lives we shall live also. Into that circle where He is, sorrow and death can never enter. It is a scene of cloudless favor, peace and endless delight.—The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, who has come to us, brings us to present enjoyment of that wondrous place.—We are still subject to sorrow here, but by the Spirit's ministry we find our joy where Christ is, and this is to us unfailing comfort.

Great pressure had rested upon Paul in his devoted service to Christ in Asia. He had even despaired of life. But he said, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." Instead of human resources being counted upon, there was the recognition of the sentence of death resting upon all that that of themselves, but God was known in the faith of their souls as the God of resurrection. They were delivered by His power and comforted the Corinthians

with the comfort wherewith they themselves had been comforted of God.

From the whole drift of 2nd Corinthians we may see how different is the comfort ministered from that which is human. No mitigation of things here is spoken of nor held out in expectation. What man would call the very worst was anticipated, the dissolution of our earthly tabernacle. But we have been divinely wrought for heavenly glory with Christ, and even now are our eyes set upon unseen and eternal things. The heart is bound to the place where Christ is, and morally severed from things that are here. This leaves no room for disappointment.—Death cannot touch the things that are there, nor can sorrow enter to mar them. There lies the fullest blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and with which He adds no sorrow.

We can understand, therefore, how the apostle bade the Thessalonians comfort each other with the words he wrote for them, which showed that nothing could intervene to rob them of all that was theirs in association with Christ. We can also understand how he could speak to them in his second epistle of *everlasting* consolation which is given to us by our God and Father who loves us.

May God grant to His children deliverance from the delusive comfort which is connected with the flesh and the world, and a knowledge of the true and everlasting encouragement of which He is the Author.—J. R.

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### GOD FOR US.

God wants to be for everybody, and He would be were it not for their sins. He is for them as sinners just so far as

He can be as a holy Being, He is for them to save them from their sins. He has provided a Saviour for all; He sends His rain and sunshine upon all, but multitudes of men choose to go on in sin. But to do this just means to have God against us, that is, He must be against our sins, and if we cling to sin, God must be against us. Nothing but clinging to sin can make God against us. The being a sinner does not turn God against one. God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Our weakness does not turn God against us. "While we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

So long as men live in rebellion, not doing the will of God, He has to be against them. This does not mean that the wicked do not prosper. We cannot tell by mere earthly prosperity whether or no a man is pleasing God. God has given us a whole Psalm, the 73rd, to teach us this great truth.—Then the whole testimony of the Word goes to show this. When God is for us, when God has His way with us He does not always give us earthly prosperity. He gives what is best for His people, and earthly prosperity is very often the most harmful thing saints can have. Our God of course knows just what is best for His people, and when we place ourselves unreservedly in His hands, He deals with us just as is best, gives what is best, withholds what is best.

But what faith is needed for this path! To always realize all the time that God is for us, how few know what it is! But to really enter into the truth that God is for us is to have power, joy, peace. A careless believer,

a worldly believer cannot enter into the power of this. It is the poor, the tried, the weak, the needy, who are enabled to enter into the blessed reality that God is for us. It is a terrible thing for the flesh in us, for our pride, our natural independence to learn our entire dependence upon God. It is so strange that it takes most of us so long to learn entire dependence upon God, to learn how He loves us, how real His promises are. Too often we read over His promises and they have no power over us, bring no comfort to our hearts. We are so filled with thoughts of our business, our pleasures—things of this world, our hearts occupied with things here—set on things on the earth, that divine things, Christ and the blessed realities connected with Him are crowded out.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth," is God's word to His people. "Set," means to fix them there, keep them there. But if our hearts are to be set on things above, those things must have far more attraction for us than things down here. Alas, that is why there is so little power among God's people. They are not living in His realized presence. "God for us," does not move their hearts. There is a deadness, a lack of spiritual energy. Suppose one is in this condition, is God against him?—Ah, no, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore and repent." Chastening then is a proof of God for us. Think of it. Our God wants us to enjoy Himself, and all His dealings with us are to lead us to a better knowledge of what He is. The better we know Him, the more we realize that God is for us. And chastening is to teach us of Himself, to lead

us to let go all else and be only and wholly His, realize that we are His, live as His, rejoice in His love and grace. When we are tried we can think, God is for me. So we need not fear chastening, need, affliction. All we are to fear is sinning against Him. Nothing can harm a believer but sin. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

J. W. NEWTON.

### ISRAEL'S HOPE.

Thy name is high above all names,  
Jehovah, Jesus, Saviour, Lord !  
Angels before Thee worship, bow,  
The true, the everlasting Word !

The Prophets prophesied of Thee,  
Long ere the eastern star appeared,  
Long ere the wise men went to search,  
Long ere Shepherd's the glad news heard.

The Prophets, Kings and Patriarchs,  
All hoped Messiah they would see ;  
Still ages rolled, they fell to dust,  
And others came to hope for Thee.

Isaiah wished to see the day  
When his desire would be fulfilled ;  
Most wondrous names ascribed to Thee,  
He died, long ere Thy blood was spilled.

So centuries came and passed again,  
And many nations lived and died ;  
At last God spake, the Word, made flesh,  
Messiah came—they crucified !

By His own race reject'ed, despised ;  
The Gentiles on His heart engraved ;  
God once His gracious promise gave,  
The seed of Jacob shall be saved.

How sad, the first, the chosen race,  
Will be the last ones gathered in ;  
They're unbelief has shut them out,  
Still mercy pleads to purge their sin.  
Plainfield, N. J. S. S.

### THE TRUE STANDARD.

Have we any rule or standard which  
will show what is truth, and what is

falsehood ? Men have countless opinions about religion ; these cannot all be true ; how can we determine which are true and which are not true ?

We have an infallible test.

Salvation, to be real and available, must be *salvation from sin*. Everything else fails. Any system of religion that does not break the power of sin, is a lie. If it does not expel selfishness and lust, and if it does not beget love to God and man, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the Spirit, it is false and worthless. Any system that fails in this vital respect is a lie—can be of no use—is no better than a curse.—Tha which does not beget in us the spirit of heaven and make us like God, no matter whence it comes, or by what sophistry defended, is a lie, and if fled to as a refuge, it is a "refuge of lies."

Again, if it does not unify us with God, and bring us into fellowship and sympathy with Him, it is a lie.

If it does not produce a heavenly mind, and expel a worldly mind, and wean us from the love of the world, it is a lie. If it does not beget in us the love required in the Scriptures, the love of God and of His worship and of His people—indeed of all mankind ; if it does not produce all those states of mind which fit the soul for heaven, it fails utterly of its purpose.

The moment faith is exercised, then there is an experimental demonstration to the soul, a manifestation to faith of that Saviour and those realities, which sense cannot see. Then arise love, joy, peace, all the fruits of the Spirit ; but they all wait for faith ; they wait till the soul rests on Christ, and if the soul waits for them as a sort of sensible encouragement to come to Christ, it will wait in vain, it will never come to Him.

## IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of my beloved son, Willie, we have sustained a great loss. From his infancy he has been a great comfort. In early life he was saved, and took a firm stand for the One who loved him and died for him. Free and happy in talking of spiritual things we enjoyed each other's company very much, and became more like companions than father and son. Always delighted with what was beautiful in nature he chose the profession of an Artist and excelled in his work, taking diplomas in seven branches he studied in in the Art School in Toronto, a little over a year ago. Hundreds of homes are adorned with his work.

Eight months ago, while out in the country sketching, on his bicycle, he met with an accident which resulted in hemorrhage of the lungs. Since then he tried his utmost to regain his health but failed. In two institutions for over six weeks he sought help in vain, and while at Gravenhurst I received a telegram to go to him, and taking the next train was there a week nursing him night and day, till he was able to return. He just lived one week after. His end was peace, and he gave at the close, as he had done in his life, a blessed testimony to the grace that saved him.

Mr. John McAllister, of Ethel, conducted the funeral services. The pall bearers were: R. Taylor, Dr. T. Bier, Wm. Witham, Geo. Stentiford, Chas. Bier, and Norman Henry. He was buried in the Cemetery in Dundas, where a number of his friends from Brantford, Ethel, Guelph, Toronto, Hamilton and Dundas were present to show their love for the departed, and their sympathy for those bereaved.

The last hymn he gave out, I well remember, as gathered together around the Lord's table we were remembering Him according to His Word. His whole soul was in it, and a wave of blessing thrilled and filled every heart. It was the following:

Thou hidden Source of calm repose !  
 Thou all-sufficient love divine !  
 Our help and refuge from our foes,  
 Secure we are for we are Thine ;  
 And, lo ! from guilt and grief and shame  
 We're hidden Saviour by Thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is,  
 And keeps our happy souls above ;  
 Comfort it brings, a d power and peace,  
 And joy and everlasting love ;  
 To us with Thy dear name, are given  
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, our All in all Thou art,  
 Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;  
 The medicine of a broken heart ;  
 'Mid storms our peace ; in loss our gain ;  
 Our smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;  
 In shame, our glory and our crown.

In want, our plentiful supply ;  
 In weakness our almighty power ;  
 In bonds our perfect liberty ;  
 Our refuge in temptation's hour ;  
 Our comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,  
 Our Life in death, our all in all.

About a month before he met with the accident, while in good health, he wrote the following letter, (which seemed almost prophetic,) to one he loved, who went to be with the Lord just one month and two days before he did. It shows how his mind was set on things above :

DEAR ANNIE,—It is a gay summer morning, and the good people are walking down the street in their Sunday attire, directing their steps to their several kirks in the town, and as I sit here at the window I hear, as it were, (a heavenly strain,) a chorus of voices softly wafted to me from the distance,

on the cool welcome zephyrs, singing, "Glory to God in the highest," and in response, my heart doth say with the Psalmist of old, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

But now those sweet strains of music have ceased, the street is silent, and as the worshippers pour out their hearts in prayer and praise, and as the sweet incense ascends to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, nature seems to be shrouded with a holy awe, and a silent peace becoming to the holy day, save the singing of the little birds whose hearts seem almost bursting with praise to Him, and as they pour forth their sweet melodies I can hear them say, "as long as I live I will sing," for David has said, "Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord." And I know, dear Annie, when you read these lines, you will remember that about the same time you were thinking of One who led His disciples out as far as Bethany and lifted up His hands and blessed them, and while He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. But as sure as the angel hath said, "He will so come in like manner," and then, and then —

And as the sound of the countless voices of the unnumbered throng died away on the distant celestial shores, only to be followed by wave after wave of melodious rejoicings, two heavenly beings are seen sitting by the river of life, which being clear as crystal reflects the volumes of love, light, and joy so perfectly that those sitting near, being transparent, yet so beautiful, are lost in wonder, love and praise. "Say, Will, isn't He (Jesus) lovely." "Yes, yes." "Well, Annie, we are at home

at last—where are our tears? they are gone; I tried to cry for joy but no tears would come. Your forehead is grand now with His name on it."

"Yes, Will, we never thought it would be like this, isn't it nice we can talk to one another just as we use to when on earth. It seemed to me that it would get dark after I was here awhile, but it never gets dark here."—"I have been looking for a long eternity on those walls; my, how those stones sparkle! Do you remember me telling you when we were walking through the park that dark night in Brantford, when you and Lillie and I went up to see Tom, about their being 100 points in light, but artists only had 50 in their colors to work with. Well I am sure there must be a thousand points in most of those foundation stones. But have you been talking to Noah, Abraham or Paul yet. I think David must have been just as fine a man as we thought he was on earth—do you notice how much he looks at our Saviour. My! just look! have you ever tried to count the millions there are here. Say we join in with this throng who are casting their crowns at His feet, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy.'

And the two placing their crowns on their heads again, and taking up their harps move with the speed of an arrow while their angel attendants follow.

Oh! here I am down here on the earth. I was thinking I was done with it, but on looking around I see everything the same as it was.

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Freedom from self is eternal liberty. Self being forgotten, and God reigning supremely in the soul, the soul is one with God, is a partaker of God's blessedness, God's light. The body is full of light.

## DIED,

In Brantford, on the 23rd of February, 1898, William James Somerville, aged 25 years 10 months and 5 days, son of Thomas Somerville.

Like as a wounded bird  
Flies to the shelter of the leafy forest boughs  
To hide its pain, its wounds,  
So Lord beneath Thy sheltering wings  
My stricken soul seeks calm repose,  
Knowing the healing power of One  
Who wounds, and then delights to heal.

Lord, Thou art good—such a gift,  
Thou gavest me in that boy,  
Loved, O so fondly, as from Thee.  
His beaming little face oft cheered me  
As I life's rugged pathway trod.  
And as the years rolled on, a companion  
Who shared alike my joys my hopes and fears,  
Who could encourage and reprove.  
"Father," he said, when deeply pressed  
With trials from without, "Whatsoever  
Things are true, honest, just, pure,  
Lovely, and of good report, think of these."  
It came with heavenly grace,  
And though years have gone since then,  
It lingers still, I hear his voice and see the  
smile,

The very spot remember, where  
He spoke such heavenly wisdom to my soul.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee for that quiet week  
Together, when we talked and read  
Thy Word, before he passed away ;  
Thy power, Thy grace, Thy wisdom,  
Thy beauty, Thy glory, and that home of  
light and love,  
Were themes exhaustless for our hearts and  
lips,  
As we exulted, Lord, in Thee.

Thou gavest him such a gift,  
To enjoy the beautiful, the grand, sublime,  
That wrapt in ecstasy, he could behold  
The beauties of Thy great creation,  
And both with pen and pencil, sought  
To reproduce in some faint way  
The glories Thou hast lavished here,  
And told us of in our home beyond.

And as the curtain was about to fall  
To hide him from our view,  
What words of courage, tenderness and love,  
Came from his dear lips :

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His  
gentle breast,"

He said, and knew the rest it gave.

"The Lord is good," came from his inmost  
soul,

"To depart and be with Christ is far better,"

"Though he slay me, I will trust in Him,"

He said as his life's blood flowed from his  
lips,

"It is well, it is well, with my soul,"

No dread, but "home, sweet, sweet home,"

Were words he spoke to cheer our hearts

And to relieve his own,

To a much loved sister, and to each one

As round his bed we stood.

"O, I see the need, as I never did before

Of being ready, before a bed of death,

Tell young men to turn to Jesus

While in health and strength,

Ah, if I had not known the Lord,

How could I learn to know Him

When pain and weakness is my portion now."

The hour had come—calm and peaceful as a  
little child,

He breathed his last—without a struggle,

His spirit was released, and passed

Into the presence of his much loved Lord.

Only "a little while" and his dear dust

We laid beside his mother, on the

Snow-clad hill top, shall arise,

And we shall see our Willie once again,

Mother, and sister, brothers, our loved ones  
all,

Shall enter into rest—forever with the Lord,

Our gracious, loving, tender Saviour,

Who never sends a needless tear,

But wants our heart's affections round Him  
to twine,

Our lives to be wholly His, who is worthy  
of them all.

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

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WILLIAM OLIVER.

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Our beloved and much esteemed  
brother, William Oliver, so long and  
well known as one who spent his time  
and talents in the Master's service, has  
gone to his reward. His death took  
place on the night of the 20th Jan.—



When returning from a meeting in the Mission Hall at Sault-ste-Marie, he took a short cut to his boarding house, by a path that at one place bordered on the excavation made for the canal ; it was snowing at the time and in the darkness he must have made a step in the wrong direction. His lifeless body was found next morning by one passing by. It was taken to his home at Carleton Place. His wife was seriously ill at the time. Dr. Fergusson, of Cumberland, conducted the funeral services, on which occasion, the deceased's large family of sons and daughters were present, with the exception of two sons in British Columbia, and a large number of friends. The pall bearers were the sons of our brother. Brethren from Ottawa, Arnprior, Cumberland, Stitsville, Smith Falls, and up the Lake were present, full of loving sympathy with the sorely bereaved family. Earnest prayer went up to the throne of grace and mercy for blessing on the word spoken to saint and sinner and for the grief-stricken family.

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### THE OLD CREATION AND THE NEW.

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"The *first man Adam* became a living soul ; the *last Adam* a quickening Spirit. But that which is spiritual was not first, but that which is natural, then that which is spiritual." 1 Cor. xv.

It is of all importance for us to understand clearly the force of the above and what is connected with it. Here we have brought before us the representative heads of two distinct races. First the one, and then the other. First the natural—the man created out of the dust of the earth who became a living soul—from whom we have all

descended ; the head of the race whose nature we have all partaken off.

Concerning this race God has spoken very clearly in the following Scriptures, which will help us to understand why, "Ye must be born again." John 3 : 7. In Genesis 6 : 13, 14, where God would teach a primary lesson, He declares that "The end of *all flesh* is come before Me," and at once instructs Noah to prepare an Ark for the saving of his house. Compare Rom. 8 : 1-8.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh," John 3 : 6. "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Rom. 8 : 8. "Wherefore, as by one man (Adam, the head,) sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon *all men*, (the whole race,) for that all have sinned," Rom. 5 : 12. And, "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, condemned sin in the flesh." Rom. 8 : 3. "We thus judge that if One died for *all* then *all* have died." 2 Cor. 5 : 14.

Thus we are taught how God has completely set aside the whole race of the first Adam, the head with *all* his children, the first-born with all his brethren, and declares, "There is no difference ; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3 : 22, 23.

How utterly futile then any effort on our part, either in ourselves, or others, to improve that which God has judged and set aside. To have thoroughly laid hold of this is of all importance to our peace and progress. How slow we are to believe God's Word in respect of this. How long we stand trying to pump fresh, pure water out of a cistern in which He declares "all is impure and vile ;" only to find after all our vain efforts, all our wearisome

struggles in which we found not a moment's rest; "That in me, that is *in my flesh*, dwelleth no good thing." Rom. 7: 18. And can only cry out, "O-wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. 7: 24.

And then, and not till then, the blessed truth of God's *new* creation breaks in upon the soul, it sees Christ now as the Head of a new race entirely; not a reformer of the old. It learns that "If any man be in Christ, it is *new creation*." That "Old things are passed away," [his old standing, his former wretched condition, as "in Adam,"] "and all things are of God," 2 Cor. 5: 17, 18. He is now assured that having believed the Gospel, he has "passed from death into life." Jno. 5: 24, 25. Having trusted in Christ, he is "quickened together with Him." Eph. 1: 13 25.

He sees Christ the Head of a new race and all that "live to God," are "alive in Him," learns that "There is *therefore* now no condemnation to them that are *in Christ Jesus*." Rom. 8: 1. He gets "Beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning," and "his sorrow is turned into gladness."

He now *abhors himself*, but at the same time can join with the Apostle who said, "I knew a man *in Christ*, of such an one will I glory, yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." 2 Cor. 12: 3-5. "For we are the circumcision (*i. e.* who have cut off the flesh, and are delivered from bondage, Joshua 5: 8, 9,) "which worship God in the Spirit, who rejoice *in Christ Jesus*, and have no confidence in the flesh." Phil. 3: 3. He is able now to draw near to God in the full assurance of faith, and offer "the sacrifice of

praise," "Giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love *In whom* we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." Col. 1; 12-14. 1 John 5; 19-21, and being set free from the useless occupation with *self*; "risen with Christ" is led to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth," and to enjoy them as our own. To "set the mind on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3; 1, 2. Finds it an occupation, in deep contrast to that which formerly engaged the mind—both *good* and *nourishing*, "A land that flows with milk and honey."

Therefore may we as those lifted out of the darkness of "this present evil world," and set in the heavens in company with Christ, "to give light by night," the same as the moon reflects light from the sun, be kept "gazing on the Lord in glory," that "we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3: 18. And "So let your light shine before men, that they beholding your good works may glorify your Father who is in heaven." It is only as we are gazing in His face "Beholding the glory of the Lord," that men shall behold any good in us which will lead them to glorify Him. WM. M. HORSEY.

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### "WHITER THAN SNOW."

David's prayer to God was, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Psalm 51: 7. It is often called the

snow prayer. Let us enter into the treasuries of the snow, they shall tell us of the preciousness of Jesus. We must be washed whiter than snow before we can stand before God in the light of His countenance and favour. All this is done through the Lord Jesus and His perfect work on the cross.

Let us notice a few things in David's prayer. There is a possibility of being washed whiter than snow in this world. David recognized this truth. God only can do it; our works and doings do not in any degree help God to do this. We are all born in sin; we may seem to be good, but the Word of God says, "There is no difference, for all have sinned." And by that Word we learn our great need of Christ. The cross of Christ shows how sinful we are, and tells the good news "That God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Through Jesus and His perfect work on the cross, by believing on Him we get washed and made whiter than snow, and stand once and forever in the eternal unchangeable value of the work of Christ, who is now sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high, the perfect proof that the God we had sinned against is perfectly satisfied with Jesus and the work He did for sinners on the cross.

Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sins are covered.—Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin, because "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." We sin from our cradles to our graves, we were born in sin, on the one hand, and on the other we have Jesus, rejoice in this wonderful,

perfect Saviour who has met all our need, and we are accepted in the Beloved. Here is full, free, immediate, and eternal salvation for all kinds of sinners.

That was a large petition David asked, but it was not the least too large when we think of the great Saviour and His perfect work, and like him all who believe are washed whiter than snow, and that for time and eternity. From a mighty work comes mighty results. Whiter than snow—for earth's snow becomes soiled, but the soul that is washed in Jesus blood never can lose the beauty that is stamped upon it, for "our life is hid with Christ in God," and as there is no spot on Him, so we are "without spot or wrinkle" before God in Him. O glorious salvation.

Oh, reader, do you honor Christ, do you believe in His finished work or are you by your own doings, trying to become whiter than snow? Jesus said, "It is finished," and the mighty work was done, and now waits your acceptance.—W. G. H.

### HOW SHE GOT REST.

A lady was very anxious about her soul, and a minister asked her, "Have you been in the habit of attending church?"

"Yes, I've been to every church in town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before."

"Do you read the Bible at home?"

"Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever."

"Have you prayed for peace?"

"O, sir, I am praying all day long; sometimes I get a little peace after

praying, but I soon lose it. I am a miserable woman."

"When you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on them to save you and give you comfort?"

"I think I did."

"Now read this verse, Matt. 11: 28, 'Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?"

The lady looked amazed, and tears filled her eyes. Light shone in upon her soul, and the scales fell from her eyes. She saw that only Jesus can save, and that He was willing to save everybody who came to Him.

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### TO A TRIED ONE.

"Thus saith the Lord God, in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Isaiah 30: 15. Verse 7, "Your strength is to sit still."

If the enemy hath done this, then, "The rod of the wicked one shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous."—Psalm 125: 3. But if the Lord Himself in loving purpose hath done it, then it is, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." 1 Peter 1-7.—M. H.

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### FALSE AND TRUE.

Human morality is a bridge over the gulf of our depravity, on which you may advance even to the centre, but you will find it sawed off. And the virtues with which we think to swim the stream, are only as floating bladders

that carry us beyond our depth, and then break and let us down into the depth of our own iniquities. Every refuge of lies, every relief from a guilty conscience, every attempt to flee from hell and enter heaven, without Christ, is as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand upon a wall, and a serpent stung him. Every staff without Christ is a broken, sharp, poisonous reed that pierces the soul.

Christianity begins with nothing but embraces and produces everything.—Come to Christ that you may receive grace from Him; come empty that you may be filled; come worthless that in Him you may be made worthy; come ignorant that in Him you may be enlightened; come without works that in Him you may be made rich in good works.

The very beauty and excellency of the gospel is that it puts down self and pride, and makes men rich by making them humble. And it makes them humble only by bringing them to Christ; rich only in Him, but in Him gives them the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and a joy unspeakable and full of glory. "Learn of Me" are His blessed words, and doing so what a heaven of rest the soul finds.

Every form of religion by works, salvation by works, is a denial and rejection of the Gospel, and a dismal, scrupulous, slavish system. It is a religion of bargain and purchase, of man, and not of God.

The great work of faith is to come to Christ, to rest on Christ, to be acquainted with Christ, to realize His preciousness, to have the life hid with Him in God. This communion of the soul with Christ and this life of the soul in and upon Him, is mainly maintained by prayer. A man comes to Christ by prayer in the first instance; coming to Christ by prayer may be the very first exercise of faith; faith indeed is just a believing look of the soul to Christ, and this itself is prayer.