

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. 9

ETERNAL LOVE.

O Christ, what wondrous sweetness
In Thy blest name is found!
What infinite completeness
Within its depths abound!
The beauty of its meaning
Only a faith is known,
Faith in Thy bosom leaning,
Which trusts Thee, Lord—alone.

O precious heavenly treasure!
Joy of all joys above—
No human mind can measure
The fulness of Thy love.
From heaven's highest glory
To Bethlehem's lowly stall,
The dreams of earth-born story
Before that story fall.

O grace, all thought transcending!
O mercy, ocean wide!
Eternal love descending
Into death's surging tide.
Would love less than eternal,
Would will less than divine,
The bliss of life supernal
For enemies resign?

O Lord, such deep affection
With yearning fills our heart,
Thine by Thy love's selection,
To see Thee as Thou art.
The morning light is breaking
Thro' darkness drear and long;
Soon in Thy presence waking,
We'll sing redemption's song.

H. A. J.

THE WONDERFUL JEWELS.

A lady who had lost all her health
in following the gaieties of the fashion-
able world was reclining on her bed,

longing for the society and pleasure
that she once enjoyed. She told her
sick-nurse to fetch the box that held
her jewels, so that she might amuse
herself in recalling to her memory the
festive seasons when she had worn
them to the admiration of so many.

"Now, nurse," said she, would you
not like to have some of these jewels?"

"No, ma'am, not at all, for I have
jewels much finer."

"How can that be, nurse? Mine
are the finest jewels in the land.
Where are yours? You never wear
them."

So the nurse held up her Bible, say-
ing, "My jewels are in this book."

The lady, thinking that there were
some hidden away in the book, said,
"Take them out and show them to
me."

"Why, ma'am, my jewels are so
precious, I can only show you one at a
time." Then she opened her Bible
and read—"I have learned, in what-
soever state I am, therewith to be
content" Phil. iv. 11. She told her of
the treasure that she had in heaven;
how that, though poor, she had a
loving Father, who provided for her,
and the great happiness that she had
in Him, and how she was patiently
waiting for the kingdom to come.

"Why, nurse, I never heard anything
like that; how happy you must be to
feel as you do. I wish I could do the
same."

The next day the lady said, "Well, nurse, I should like to see another of your jewels; that which you showed me is so beautiful."

So the nurse again opened her Bible, and read—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

From the few words that followed, the lady's heart was opened to feel that she was a sinner, that Christ Jesus was her Saviour; and she soon found rest, peace, and joy in believing and trusting Christ Jesus as her Saviour.

YOUNG MAN, BEWARE.

Oh it is the saddest, the most lamentable and dreadful defeat, when a frank, generous, open-hearted young man permits his high standard of duty to be pulled down and trampled upon by those who trifle with conscience, and sneer at religion and talk of immorality as is it were only a harmless pleasantry. Dear young man, keep your conscience, if you lose everything else. Keep your heart pure, and God will keep you in the dark night of temptation which casts its shadow upon your path, and under the cover of which millions wander and fall to rise no more. Let it be seen and known that you can face the frowns and sneers and seductions of temptation with a look that silences the cavalier and puts the worldling to shame. When asked to go where you cannot go, to do what you cannot do with a good conscience and a pure heart, do not hesitate to look the tempter firmly in the face and say, "I love and fear the great God in heaven, and I am not going to dishonor and

disobey Him for the fear or favor of any man on earth. I love truth and purity, and I am not going to soil my conscience and poison my heart by touching things that defile. I am not going to give myself to indulgences that embitter the best hours of life and make death-beds terrible!"

If every young man could have the faith and the fortitude to say thus, and act upon his words in the face of the hardened and practiced misleaders of the young, it would save many from premature and dishonored graves; it would save some from a wretched and hopeless old age. A single word of decision, a calm, silent look of refusal, an unflinching self-possession in the presence of temptation, is sometimes enough to rout all the forces of the evil one and set the soul free from further solicitation. And the earlier the young man can shake off the touch of the tempter the better.

In the dim light of memory, I see before me an old man with feeble step, tottering to his seat on Sunday. It is the genial days of opening spring. The fields are clothed with new beauty and the forests are musical with the voices of new life. And yet that old man is wrapped in the thick folds of his winter garments. He sits all through the service of the sanctuary with his head covered, for fear that the soft breath of June may breathe on his frame too roughly and send the cold chill of death to freeze the fountain of life. It is a strange and pitiable sight to see that aged invalid shivering beneath his thick robes on a summer's day, listening to that Word which invites the wanderer to return and offers rest to the weary in the heavenly Father's house.

What is the secret source of the great sorrow which has laid heavy burdens upon that old man's shoulders and made life a sad and weary pilgrimage to him? In his young manhood he was tempted, and he had not the courage or the conscience to say, *No, never!* The seduction to sin came to him, as it comes to many, in brilliant and fascinating forms. He was surrounded with the young, the gay and the thoughtless, who would make life a holiday of pleasure and death a dreaded thing to be thought of as little as possible. In such company, away from the restraints and safeguards of the parental home and the family altar, the young man thought he would enjoy life and never be the worse for having seen and shared what the world calls pleasure. He did not once think of becoming a bad man. He did nothing which the gay world would call by any worse name than youthful indiscretion. The temptation which came in his path met him with music and beauty and song and mirth. He was surrounded with the refinements of taste, and the splendors of art, and the most finished and delicate fascinations of gay and giddy life. And he thought that when the brilliant season was past, and he returned to his home, he should be able to resume his place by the parental hearth, and the jealous eye of affection would see in him nothing but the ease and innocence of former years.

But no. There was poison in the delirious cup of pleasure. The laws of life and health had been broken, and the unhappy youth must carry the consequences of his sin and folly to his grave. He repented fifty years in

suffering and sorrow. He learned to pity the poor, to uplift the cast down, to reclaim the wandering. He would gladly have surrendered all his wealth and worldly expectations to have received back again the fresh, untainted constitution of his youth. He trusted and believed that the sin of his soul was forgiven. But no repentance or forgiveness can change or annul the law of eternal providence which lays the physical consequences of transgression upon the head of the guilty. A terrible lesson was the life of that old man to warn the young against temptation, even though it should allure with the voice of angels and strew the path to the pit with the flowers of Paradise.

On the most crowded street of the great city there is many a door over which might fitly be written, as a sign of what is done within, "Destruction made easy." Amid the haunts of trade and the clustered homes of domestic life there is many a threshold, in crossing which the heedless youth passes the boundary which marks his destiny to glory or despair. On the one side is hope and light and heaven; on the other, darkness and despair and death. And there are eyes of light, yet baleful as those of the serpent in Paradise; there are forms of beauty arrayed like spirits of darkness in the robes of heaven; there are voices of music that allure only to destroy; and all conspiring to lend attractions to the way of death. The wealth of Mammon paves the path with gold, and proud reason demonstrates its safety, and imagination pictures the journey onward through an avenue of glories and delights, and ambition

holds up glittering crowns in the distance to allure with their dangerous and dazzling splendor, and the muse celebrates the fame of those who have trodden it before in the loftiest strains of harp and song. And thus riches and power and genius and invention and pride and reason and passion are enlisted in the bad work of making the broad way easy and attractive.—M.

THE NEW MAN.

Now the new man is created in knowledge, after the image of Him who created him. God Himself, in His nature, is the standard of good and evil, because the new man has the knowledge of what that nature is; he is made a partaker of it, and he has the light of God. It is an intelligent participation by grace in the nature of God, which is the marvellous and precious privilege of the Christian. God works in His nature; but by communicating it, He has placed man in this position. Christ is the perfect model of this image, the type of the new man. . . . The Word of Christ unfolds all that is revealed to the soul as that in which it lives, and in which it expands itself; and is thus the rule, and active directing power, because it is the expression of that nature, and of its active energy and love in Him. The apostle, therefore, exhorts that the Word of Christ may dwell in them richly. This is the development, according to the perfection of God, of the new man, and the wisdom of God, to form and direct him. Paul desired that Christians may fully realize this. It is by communion with the Lord, holding intercourse with Him, that it

is done. . . . But in this case it is not only wisdom that we learn, and that is displayed in us, but affections in connection with Him, in whom we have found this wisdom, so that these expressions of the life of Christ, as true wisdom in the world, find their voice in our hearts in praise, in thanksgiving, in singing His excellency. All the intimate affections in which spiritual life develops itself express themselves according to what we have learned; they flow from the spirit of Christ, and are the expression of the soul's connection with Him, and of the feelings this produces in the heart. Christ in His Person, in the consciousness of His presence, as the object of our thoughts, and in the moral fruits proceeding thence, sustains the intercourse, and the communications of the soul that is occupied with His praises.

But this consciousness of relationship to Christ, in the life which is of Him in us, applies to everything. Nothing is done without Him. If He is the life, all which that life does, has Him for its end and object, as far as the heart is concerned. He is present as that which is the governing motive, and gives its character to our actions, and which pre-occupies the heart in performing them. Everything relates to Him; we do not eat without Him (how can we, when He is our very life!); we do not drink without Him; what we say, what we do, is said and done in the name of the Lord Jesus. There is a sense of His presence, the consciousness that everything relates to Him, that we can do nothing—unless carnally—without Him, because the life which we have of Him acts with Him and in Him, does not separate from Him, and has Him for its

aim in all things, even as water rises to the height from which it descended. This is what characterizes the life of the Christian. And what a life! Through Him, dwelling in the consciousness of divine love, we give thanks to our God and Father.—J. N. D.

THE FEVERISH HAND.

It was Monday morning, and a rainy one, too. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed, at the first sound of the rising bell. Others beside children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!"

Bridget would be cross, as it was rainy; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as dining-rooms swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made, and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheons, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget. "My dear, you are feverish," said her husband, as he held her hands a moment. "Let the work go, and rest yourself—you'll find it pays."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time for my prayers!"

But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses early each morning; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Matthew, and read these words: "And He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus Himself stood ready to heal her; to take the fever out of her hands, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day—the parlor might be a little disordered—she must feel His touch! She knelt, and He whispered, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for 'My strength' (not yours, child,) 'is made perfect in weakness.' 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' 'My yoke is easy' (this yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke—the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition.) 'Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; . . . ye shall find rest.'" 2 Cor. xii. 9; Deut. xxxiii. 25; Matt. xi. 29, 30; Jer. vi. 16; Isa. xlviii. 18.

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done; but the fever had left her, and all the day she sang, "This God is our God—my Lord and my God!" It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, there had not been time to arrange the parlor, and no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess' heart was filled for them, as members with her, of Christ; and they went away hungering for such realization of Him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear: the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated,—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet—it was "the secret of the Lord" (not hers,) and would glorify Him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told who had cured her fever, and said, quietly, "I see that

there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager business, as yours in too eager house-keeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, as well as all others, let us go again and again to Him, that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.

"He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them." Mark i. 31.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Isa. xl. 31.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. iv. 4.

"As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." 1 Pet. ii. 2.

"They gathered it [the manna] every morning, every man according to his eating; and when the sun waxed hot, it melted." Ex. xvi. 21.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me." Prov. viii. 17.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. vi. 33.

All through the Bible the promise is not of freedom from trouble, but of blessing and peace in the midst of it.

THOU ART THE CHRIST.

Thou art the Christ, the promised seed of David,

By Thee salvation's plan was wisely laid,
The coming Christ, the Hope, the dream of prophets,

The One who came to bruise the serpent's head.

Thou art the Christ, in whom from the beginning

The Patriarchs of old have put their trust;
The Christ, who from this sinful world is winning

A holy race out of the mire and dust.

Thou art the Christ, O blessed Gospel story,
Led by the Star, the wise men came to meet

The new-born Christ—the future "King of Glory,"

With wond'ring hearts, they worshipped at Thy feet.

"Thou art the Christ," was Peter's bold confession,

The same bold Peter stoutly Christ denied;
The dear forgiving Lord took of his heart possession.

He boldly preached for Christ, he suffered, died.

Thou art the Christ, the true believer's portion,

Their song by night, their sun and shield by day;

Their strength and comfort on life's stormy ocean,

Their life and light, their Leader all the way.

Thou art the Christ, my Christ, my precious Saviour,

For me hast lived, for me hast suffered, died;

O what a wonderful, most blessed favor,
With Christ e'en here my soul is satisfied.

Plainfield, N. J. S. S.

I LOOK UP.

We were going the round of one of our great accident wards, and were

arrested by a countenance on which the pallid hue of death seemed to have settled. The sufferer appeared to be slumbering, but the look of suppressed anguish told that even in slumber pangs of pain were being felt. We paused noiselessly by the bed, and in a moment a spasm of pain shook its occupant, and a full, clear gaze was turned upon us, with a faintly-outstretched hand that grasped ours instantly as in a vice. Oh, what a burning touch! It was like a hand of fire; and the next moment, in almost gasping utterance, the poor sufferer was telling of his "agony of pain," his "almost unbearable agony." Then the countenance suddenly brightened, as with revived energy he added, "But it is only the pain—all is bright and clear. I have not a thought of anxiety—not one—as to living or dying. I look straight up, and see God. All is clear—clear!"

Again a spasm of agony sent a tremour through the poor frame, and the burning grasp tightened on our hand to its uttermost, while with a mortal groan came the words, "But it is only this awful pain—all is right beside." Then came an easier moment, and in broken, feeble utterances the sufferer told us of his life, and of the accident, and truly it thrilled one to listen.

Alas, he had been mangled all but to death! But he was not taken at unawares. The lamp was trimmed and the light burning, and the young sufferer (only 22) was truly like one of those "who wait for their Lord."

CLAY OR A ROSE.

I saw a little parable the other day

which I enjoyed so much, I feel the Master would have me pass it on. I forget where I saw it, but it runs somewhat thus:—"A fragment of clay was lying quietly on a shelf. Someone passing by stopped, then took up the clay and smelt it. 'How is it,' he exclaimed, 'that this unattractive and usually scentless clay can smell so sweet?' The clay made answer: 'True, I am nothing but clay, and have no scent of my own; but all the morning I have been lying next a rose.'"

Isn't that just the very thing some of us need so much, and feel our need, too, so sorely! "More sweetness within." We are such unmistakable clay, cold, apt to get dry, hard and perhaps angular, and utterly without fragrance. Dear friends, none knows this better than our "Rose of Sharon" S. Song ii. 1, and that is why He says, "Abide in Me" John xv. 4.

'But, can't it ever be different?' Praise the Lord—"Yes." Leave off trying to improve, and polish up your clay self—self will never be better—and go to the Great High Priest; you know the sweet-smelling ointment was poured on His head Exod. xxix., and the drops will fall upon you, Ps. cxxxiii. 2; Heb. i. 9, making your life sweet and beautiful.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

The longer I stay here and the better I get acquainted with this work the more I see that it is of the Lord, and the more firmly convinced I am that He sent us here to take part in it. Quite a number are having fellowship in it by sending us the papers, magazines and tracts which they have been

accumulating, some having sent boxes by freight. From Aberdeen, Scotland, we have received a box of precious seed. But the calls upon us for reading matter to use in the Lord's work more than keep pace with what we are receiving, and we feel it necessary to bring the needs of the work here before the Lord's people again, that they may have fellowship in it. We have been sending boxes of books, (mostly bound magazines and papers) to Texas, Virginia, Atlanta, and to Pennsylvania. In all these cases we send to those we know will distribute prayerfully and we think wisely, and where the need is great. The Virginia box goes to a man whom God has raised up to carry His truth to the poor mountaineers, a man to whom Wm. Wales was the means of giving instruction in reading so that he can read the Word of God quite well. The Lord has greatly blessed his labors, and the box we send to him will open up the precious truths of the Word to those needy and hungry souls. Remember that a large part of what we thus send out is made up of papers and magazines which were lying idle in the houses of His people, and a part of our work here is to take these as they are sent to us and bind them up so that they will be read by large numbers of people. And bear in mind that calls are coming to us for more and more of this precious truth, and it would be sad indeed for calls to come which we could not meet for lack of matter to send out.

We need many tracts now in our work, and we are trying to get some printed, but find many difficulties in the way. We hope that our brethren

in the North and elsewhere will not forget to pray for us. We are in a great measure cut off from our brethren, they cannot see the work being done here, and many we are sure do not realize its extent, nor the privilege the Lord puts before them of having fellowship in such a work. We are now binding up a large lot of magazines, over three hundred volumes, this will make over seven hundred bound up since we came. We can use any and all kinds of our publications here, and it does not matter if the papers are old or even soiled. We realize more clearly that the Lord's coming draws nigh, and that what we do for Him must be done quickly. The writing of letters is no small part of the work, but we love to serve the Lord's people in this or any other way. I have preached on an average of more than once for each Lord's day that I have been here, in school houses, country meeting houses, and a hall. A neighbor has also built a preaching place in the edge of the woods near a spring, making a roof of branches of trees and seats of boards. The heat here is intense, but we are all of us enduring it quite well. We are very thankful for the health and strength He gives us for the work, and glad that He has called us here to labor for Him.

J. W. NEWTON,

and his brethren at Toccoa, Georgia.

P. S.—Any one having copies of part 1 and 2 of the Numerical Bible on Matthew, to spare, will do a favor by sending them to me.

WHAT SAVED THEM ?

Did you ever realize that for thousands of years God has been bringing

powerful influences to bear upon man and to teach him what he is, what God is, and what salvation is! Do you see that God's plan all along has been to teach men in these days of grace by His dealings with His earthly people Israel? God in those days brought things about in such ways that the Holy Spirit can now use them to teach us His great truths. When the wonderful reality of the greatness of God's dealings with Israel bursts upon us, we can exclaim in the words of Scripture, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Rom. xi. 33. The law had a "shadow" of good things to come. All the good things which we enjoy in this gospel day were foreshadowed in the law. Do you find it hard sometimes to get interested in God's wonderful book? You do love it, you go to it in trouble, the promises are very precious to you, but there are times when you do not know what to read, or in some way the world or Satan or your own evil heart gets some cloud between you and the Word. Now at such times it might be best to take up a bit of the law and see what it shadowed, study it out and you may get your eyes opened to see some of the wonderful things which are in the law. And may our prayer ever be, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Psa. cxix. 18.

To whom did the law ever point? To Christ. He came to save sinners. He wants sinners to understand the way of salvation and so He has pictured it in every possible way in His Word.

One of the most beautiful and complete pictures of Christ is the Passover. Let us study it to find Christ in it, and to find how He saves sinners.

Note first, that there was danger. The destroyer was to pass through the land, the judgment of Jehovah was to fall upon Egypt, and if any house escapes that judgment, it must be in some divinely appointed way. Egypt is a type of the world, the plagues are types of judgments which will yet come upon men of the world, the death of the first-born points to that death which is the wages of sin. Judgment overhung Egypt, judgment overhangs the world. But when God sends judgment, He always opens a door of escape, always provides a shelter. There is such a shelter now; there was such a shelter then. Christ is the shelter now, something that was a type of Christ was the shelter then. If we study the type, we shall learn much of Him.

What was done at the time of the Passover? First a lamb was taken on the tenth day of the month. On the fourteenth day it was killed in the evening. The blood of this lamb was sprinkled each side of and over the door. Then the lamb was roast with fire and eaten with unleavened bread and bitter herbs on that same night. The people were to be ready for a journey when they ate the lamb, their loins girded, shoes on their feet, and their staff in their hand. All this wonderfully pictures God's way of salvation. Note first that God told the people what to do, and their safety was in doing just what God told them. The lamb must be slain, the blood must be sprinkled, each one must be in

the house eating the lamb. That was God's way of saving Israel from the destroyer.

What was there in every house of Egypt? Death. The death of the first-born was typical of the death of the whole nation as the wages of sin.

What was there in every house of Israel? Death.—Not of the first born, but of an innocent victim which died in the stead of the first born. That friends was salvation. The first born in Israel was saved not because he was any better by nature than the first born of Egypt for he was not one whit better. If God had saved only those who were good by nature, not a single one of the first born in any house would have been saved. It was not the natural goodness of the Israelitish first born that saved him from destruction, not at all. It was just doing what God told him to do. His obedience was the result of his faith.

The Israelites believed God's word, first, as to the destruction of the first born, and they believed just what Moses told them as to God's purpose. Do you believe God's word as to His purpose concerning sin and judgment? He says, "It is appointed unto men once to die, after that this judgment." "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." This is God's Word. Do you believe it? But the Israelites believed something else. God not only told them of the destroyer, but He told them of the way to escape; His own divinely appointed way of escape from destruction. What was that? "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." When the de-

stroyer who is slaying the first born in judgment, Exodus xii. 12, comes to a house where there is blood on the lintel, he cannot slay because a victim has already been slain there! The blood is the life; the shed and sprinkled blood proves there has been death, and God Himself has said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

So they were saved by death, the death of an innocent victim, a lamb, wonderful type of the Lamb of God. For their salvation the lamb had to die, the blood had to be sprinkled, and the first born had to remain under the shelter of the blood. All this was done by faith, Heb. xi. 28. So now we have the slain Lamb, we have the sprinkled blood, and all that is required of the sinner is to place himself by faith as one in danger of death and deserving it, under the shelter of the blood, and rest there in quiet assurance of God's great salvation. We cannot save ourselves; no power on earth can save us, but the blood it is that saves to-day, just as it did in the days of Israel in Egypt.—J. W. NEWTON.

God's blessing is what we all have most reason to seek and desire. It is the only thing which we cannot afford to surrender at any price. The deepest poverty with God's blessing is better than all riches without it. The darkest dungeon with God's blessing is better than thrones and palaces without it.—The chamber of sickness and the house of mourning with God's blessing are better than the halls of gayety and the haunts of pleasure without it. God's blessing gives the chief value to everything that we possess, and it makes us rich and happy, whatever we may lose or suffer in the discharge of duty.

THE GREAT GIVER.

God claims and deserves our first and loftiest thought, our purest and most intense affection. The measureless fields and the unfathomed abysses of space are all ablaze with His glory. And shall we not worship Him? Shall we not sound forth His praise to the ends of the earth? His will is the sole law which suns and systems obey as they move in their orderly march upon the fields of immensity from age to age. And shall we set up our will against His? Shall we enter into conflict with Him who is the source of all power, and from whose heart of infinite love flow forth waves of blessing to every creature in the universe?

There is no madness so extreme, no blindness so dark and terrible and debasing, as that of the man who will not see the witness of God in His wondrous works. Every faculty of our being, every means of existence and happiness, every comfort and blessing of life, comes from God. And shall we take the gift and yet deny the Giver?

God's creative power has called into existence every ray of light that shines and every system of worlds that rolls in immensity. The Almighty has given life to the smallest insect and to the mightiest archangel. Creatures so minute that thousands sport in the drop of water, suns so vast that their light is a thousand times greater than our noon-day, are all held, moment by moment, in God's hand. And shall we, frail children of the dust as we are, crushed before the moth, shall we entertain the thought of living without God?

Dr. Guthrie in describing a wreck and the launching of a life boat to save

the drowning crew, presented the scene so vivid that a young naval officer in front of the gallery, who was listening with wrapt attention, sprang to his feet and began to take off his coat in order to man the life boat, and was only recalled to what he was doing by his mother pulling his coat and drawing him to his seat.

OBEY GOD ALWAYS.

How difficult it is for the natural heart to realize, or believe, that it is for its own good always to obey God in everything. We are strongly inclined to think that obedience to our own conceptions of what is right and proper, is good for us—indeed, is really best for us. There are some things which God commands us to do that we readily assent to, as being for our good. But there are other things which we hesitate to accept as being essential to our good. We choose that which seems to promise us good, and those things which appear inconvenient and unnecessary we discard. Obedience to some of God's commands appears to involve too much trouble to be for our certain good.

It may lead us to a good deal of heavy cross-bearing and painful peril and deep disappointment and immense personal discomfort: so we demur and debate the chances of possible good to ourselves. But our thoughts and ways are always wrong, and, therefore productive of harm to us, if they do not strictly conform to the thoughts and ways of God. There is no safety outside of following the Word of God.

Christian, in Christ you will find all you want to keep your heart from the

husks of this world. It must turn to something, and if you do not get Christ filling the new man, you will get the old man going after something that shuts God out—no matter what it is—a very little thing will do it.

DO YOU SHOW IT?

Christian, your conduct is expected to represent Christianity, and if that representation is false, what if she be judged and condemned unjustly on your account? You are expected to exhibit her practical glory—infidels are not.—No one will misjudge her from the conduct of infidels; but they may from yours. O how great your responsibility!

Heaven's moral grandeur has been let down to earth, and you profess to show it. If you fail, Satan's emissaries will take advantage, and heaven's heirs will mourn. Your cold hearts, your unkind looks, your harsh words, your malicious censures, will do more to insult Christianity and rob her of her glory than the blasphemy of a thousand infidels. Give her fair play in your practical exhibition of her, and she will chase every infidel to the shades of oblivion. Give her full sway in your heart, and all will be calm and comfort. Give her full sway in your home and all will be joy and peace.

LOVE.

All beauty and grace, all propriety and comeliness of deportment, find a full and fitting expression in love.—Love clothes the face with light, mellows the voice with music, lends the charm of inimitable grace to everything

said and done in its spirit. It is itself so pure, excellent and divine in its own essential character as to keep the heart in which it reigns in harmony with the highest reason and the perfection of beauty. Man comes nearest to God by possessing God's greatest attribute, love.

Love is the beauty of Him who is fairer than all the children of men. It is the beauty which He most desires in those who would be like Him in blessedness and glory. When the heart is made a garden for the culture of all meekness and gentleness and love, the lost beauty of Paradise is restored, and the everlasting beauty of heaven is begun on earth.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John xiii. 35.

Dr. Guthrie writes, "I was led by my youngest boy's behaviour to see what a blessing it is to have the things of God as a little child. My little boy about 4 years old, whom I brought with me, gave himself no trouble amid the boats, omnibuses, and railway cars, on land, sea, and in dark tunnels. His father was at his side, and never a care or fear or doubt or anxiety had he.—May we have grace to be led by the hand, and trust to the care and kindness of our Father and God."

There is none so greedy after Christ as the man who has had most of Him. Paul had been a believer at least fifteen years, and yet he said this was his ambition, "That I may know Him," Phil. iii. 10.

Love to God and man is the essence of pure religion, and when in full practical operation, conduces to enjoyment in the highest degree, so hatred to God and man is the essence of sin, and produces misery in proportion to its fury.