

THE GLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT." Vol. xv. No. 10

FREE IN CHRIST.

Free in Christ, through free salvation,
What a great, a glorious gift !
Free in Christ from condemnation.
Sinful hearts free grace can lift.

Free in Christ, O what a blessing,
Priceless title, free in Christ.
When we come our sins confessing,
All are pardoned—free in Christ.

Once for all the Sinless suffered,
On the cross of Calvary.
Free salvation still is offered,
Free in Christ each soul may be.

Free in Christ, means free from bondage,
Free from slavery of sin.
Free in Christ, we are new creatures,
Cleansed without and cleansed within.

Free in Christ, we fear no evil,
Naught can God's elect alarm ;
We are safe and well protected,
'Neath His everlasting arm.

Free in Christ, we shall inherit,
Mines of treasures yet untold,
In the Father's many mansions,
Where the streets are paved with gold.

Lord accept our feeble praises,
Which Thy blood bought children bring
Honor, glory be to Jesus,
Who is Sovereign, Lord, and King.
SOPHIA STAHL.

PEACE UPON ISRAEL.

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

At the repeated solicitation of a friend, who loves my nation for the sake of our fathers and the promis-

es, I have been induced to relate how God has sought and drawn me to Himself. If through this narrative His glorious name be praised, and His work amongst the dispersed of His ancient people better known, and earnest compassion be aroused, instead of prejudice and hatred, I shall rejoice to have yielded to the entreaty of my friend.

The vast country of Russia is my native land. My father was a pious Rabbi in Russian Poland, truly attached to the teaching of the Talmud, and the law of the fathers with its many traditions. He was zealous in carrying out every letter of the Thora, so he hoped to be found just before God, and to inherit His blessings and salvation.

For six years after their marriage my parents were childless. They prayed God to give them a child ; for not only in the eyes of the Jews are children a special mark of the favor of Jehovah, but according to the teaching of the Talmud, if after ten years no child be born, the marriage tie must be dissolved.

I was born in the year 1863, and was lame on both feet until my seventh year.

My training in earliest childhood was extremely severe. How often has my father punished me if (for as long as I was lame I always spent the day in the open air) either sleep-

ing or waking, I allowed my cap to fall off, for the Jew must always wear it. The same thing happened if I violated any other injunction. For example, if the "fringes" (Num. xv. 37-39) on my garment had become disarranged, or if another child, a little girl, came, wishing to amuse the lame boy, and I did not send her away immediately.

At the age of thirty-six my father died. He had been unaccountably severe, yet a good father; he had injured his strong constitution through the privation he had imposed upon himself in order, as he hoped, to become holy.

My no less pious, yet gentle, mother now undertook my training. To her joy I made good progress at school, having a love for learning. My teachers and relations thought, "He will one day become a great man in Israel." A pious Jew regards diligence in learning a service to God.

I wanted to become a Rabbi, especially as I was a "cohen" (priest), for according to our pedigree, I sprang from the house of Aaron, therefore I had, from my ninth year, to stand up in the synagogue with those who bless the congregation.

God had early given me a tender conscience, which I owed, next to God surely, to the strict training of my pious parents, and I remember that in my fourth year I was aware of the dreadfulness of sin, and the holiness of God. Once in bathing and diving, I was in great danger of death. The anguish of my soul was dreadful. I was a sinner, that I knew, and as a bather, and hence

naked, I could not so much as cry to God for mercy. I saw my descent to damnation clear before my eyes. But God saved me out of the deep, and later also, by His grace, from eternal destruction.

In my thirteenth year the celebration of my coming of age (or, independence) and of my own responsibility (Bar Mizhar) took place. The oration, which, composed by the religious instructor, the boy has, at this celebration, to make, I had prepared myself. I had chosen the Nazerite for my subject (Numb. vi.). I desired to devote my life entirely to God. The day, on which I declared myself responsible for my sins, and received the phylacteries to wear, was a day of many pious resolutions and a happy one.

But after two days I was unhappy and burdened. I knew that I had broken my resolutions and never would be able to live a holy life, seeing there was in me an evil heart. And from that time I was never without deep soul exercises and desire for salvation.

I sought, according to the instructions of my spiritual leaders, for salvation in the Thora. I spent, as is the custom of many pious Jews, two long years in the following manner. With some strict Jewish youths and men I studied daily in "Beth-Mid-rasch" (*i.e.* in a particular house, wherein the law of God was searched) with fasting and watching. From seven o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon I studied the Thora. At four o'clock I went there again for the same purpose, and studied till five o'clock

in the morning. Thus only three hours out of every twenty-four remained for my scanty meals, and a short sleep, which, however, I dare not take in bed, but sitting on a chair in the school. Only on Friday morning.

Through these two years of privations, studies, and night watchings, my health suffered severely, also my soul, for peace I did not find. For this reason I was unfaithful to my resolution to become a Rabbi, and prepared myself for the calling of a teacher. After studying for a few years I became, far away from my home, teacher of Russian and Hebrew at K——, in Bessarabia.

After the death of the Czar Alexander II., a violent persecution arose against the Jews, which was severely felt, especially in Bessarabia. In order to escape the persecution, it was then decided to colonise Palestine and emigrate there.

The Jews of the large town of K—— chose one of their ablest men, the learned Jewish advocate, J—— R——, at their common expense, to travel to Palestine to search for a large piece of land where they might settle.

R—— was a man of vast knowledge, who also knew the history of the gospels, but was a free thinker, although the son of a pious Jewess. He travelled to Palestine, and came to Jerusalem. He visited the places of note, amongst them the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," which has been erected over the supposed grave of Christ. There, leaning on his stick, he contemplated the memorable spot, and gave himself to seri-

ous reflections. At once the question agitated him: "Should this One who lay in this grave, have been the Messiah of my people? And why indeed has Israel crucified Him? And how is it with my people to-day? What has befallen them since that time?" Question upon question forced itself upon him, following each other like flashes, and lighting up his dark heart till it became bright daylight. Then and there, J——R——, the unbelieving Jewish lawyer, was converted to Christ. His heart was completely and divinely convinced that this Jesus, whom his people crucified, was not any longer in the grave, but must be the Son of God and the Risen One. R—— left the sepulchre a new creature.

From his inn the newly-converted man wrote to K——, "I have found the key to the Jewish question." One can imagine the joy which prevailed in his native town. The newspapers announced the brief news from their honored fellow-citizen, and all looked for his return. After fourteen days, R—— arrived. He called an assembly, and all came who could.

Before an assembly of notables R—— began his speech, which was listened to with breathless attention. The speaker showed his hearers, as did Stephen (Acts vii.), how wonderfully God had led His people Israel, and sent them one witness after another, whom they had refused. He continued the history of that people down to Jesus of Nazareth, the Crucified. Then he concluded: "And this Jesus is the Christ, our

promised Messiah. This, then, is the solution of the Jewish question."

Astonishment and a storm of angry passion followed these words. In less than two minutes the hall was empty. Shaking their heads, or howling, the audience hurried home.

R—, however, has, from that time to this, preached Christ. Many Jews come to him; some blaspheme, others listen and inquire, and not a few become truly converted to the Lord.

At the present time, R—has a large hall of his own, in which he regularly preaches God's Word to a large number of Jews. Usually he reads two chapters, one from the Old and one from the New Testament. In the former he shows the promise, in the latter its fulfilment; in the one the shadow, in the other the substance—Christ. Over the entrance of the hall, above the gable is placed in golden letters, in the Russian and Hebrew languages, the sentence from the discourse of Peter, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ" (Acts ii. 36).

The above-mentioned incidents had taken place when the hand of God led me to Bessarabia, already distressed and miserable. The question of my sins occupied me, and gave me no rest. I had no offering for my sins.

I read, according to the Talmud, every evening and morning before my prayers, the first chapters of the book of Leviticus, which treat of the offerings, and added after every one

of the offerings the prescribed words, "Let the repetition of these words before Thee, O God, be reckoned to me as though I had myself brought the offering." But the serious question was, Did God do that? could He do it?

I longed to satisfy the claims of God, which I acknowledged to be just and right; but, alas! I was not in a position to fulfil these claims. That was my grief.

I had already listened to the tempter, and given myself up to the study of many philosophers, because I found no rest in the Thora. I read the works of Spinoza and Kant, and went sometimes to the theatre, all of which to the God-fearing Jew is an abomination. But in this my soul, which thirsted after forgiveness and peace with God, and longed for His salvation and blessing, naturally found still less rest.

Then I heard that R—preached to the Jews that their salvation is in the God of the GOYIM, (or, heathen). In spite of my misery, I was enraged thereat; for according to what I saw and heard of the Goyim around me, their life was a life of debauchery and shame, and their worship of pictures was in my eyes idolatry. I could not at once make up my mind to hear R—, but instead heard the editor of a Jewish journal in Petersburg, that, here in K—, a Jewish lawyer gave discourses to the Jews, telling them that they should all accept the God of the Goyim.

The journal referred to printed my communication, with the remark that I, as a teacher, was really both call-

ed and competent to hear and refute the man, and that I might report to them the substance of the discourse.

So I went one Sabbath morning, in the autumn of 1884, to the hall of Mr. R—. He preached on that occasion on the cities of refuge, which God in the old covenant had given to His people in the Holy Land so that he who had slain any one unawares, and shed innocent blood, might flee thither from the avenger of blood. R— read Numbers xxxv., and also several passages from the New Testament.

With astonishment I heard that my people Israel had also shed the innocent blood of a righteous One of the seed of David, and that this more than righteous One cried to God on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Therefore Israel is now fleeing from the avenger of blood. But whither? Then the speaker showed that the suffering and death of a sinless righteous One, according to God's promise, is Israel's only deliverance, seeing He "was wounded for our transgressions," that we might have "peace," and through His stripes (wounds) might be 'healed,' and find deliverance (Isa. liii.) This Holy One of Israel, who was rejected and slain by His people, and since whose coming the sceptre has departed from Judah, is none other than Jesus Christ, the Son of David. Of His blood, the New Testament declares that "the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Therefore the slain One, whose blood Israel had shed, was Israel's city of refuge.

The speaker brought out much more; amongst other things, that in the old covenant, at the death of the high priest, the murderer became free, and that the death of Jesus Christ, Who has been anointed as the true High Priest, brings deliverance and redemption to the murderer and sinner who now flees to Him for refuge.

These words pierced my heart. I heard here what I so long had sought: the possibility of receiving forgiveness of sins and having peace with God, not a strange God, but the God of my fathers, Who, according to His promise, had sent a Deliverer, Jesus of Bethlehem, the city of David, of the house of Judah. I was as good as convinced and overcome.

Immediately after the exposition I went up to Mr. R—, and asked him for a New Testament, out of which he had been reading such wonderful words in the Hebrew language. He willingly accorded my request, and with this treasure I hastened home. Three days and three nights I spent, with few interruptions, over this jewel. I read the whole book carefully through. What an illumination from above! What a fullness of light I found here!

Naturally I understood but little of what I read; but the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and especially the Epistle to the Hebrews, showed me the whole of God's plan of salvation. I saw the lost condition of man; that he is, by nature, far from God, and has only to expect judgment and condemnation.

Ah ! all these years I had seen and felt that ; here I found it written. But also God's Spirit showed me the wonderful redemption, the great and eternal salvation, which God, in His unspeakable love, has prepared for us, and I found peace through faith in Jesus, whom God now sets forth for mercy seat (Rom. iii. 25).

Indescribable joy filled my soul, and more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, which formerly I did not understand, became clear to me. I worshipped God full of praise and thanksgiving ; He had become my God and Father in Christ.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

“HE SHALL ABIDE WITH YOU FOREVER.”

I have a treasure vast, immense,
It fails my tongue to tell,
Its worth is great, unspeakable,
He doth within me dwell.
No power of sin or gloom of night
Can dim His brightning ray,
He glows with an increasing light,
Unto the perfect day.

'Tis God's great gift, a priceless light,
That shines within my soul,
His Spirit has dispelled my night,
And all my ways control.
My body is the temple which
God put His Spirit in,
Bought by the blood of His own Son,
He sealed and dwells within.

Wonder of wonders, all divine,
That mortal man can hold
A Gift so marvellously great,
Its value can't be told.
Just as the sparkling drop of dew,
Shines out a perfect sun,
So Christians hold the Gift of God,
'Tis glory here begun.

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

DELIGHTING IN GOD.

Every attribute in God awakens admiration, and all admiration should awaken delight. Who can contemplate His truth without adoring such wondrous faithfulness ; His righteousness without praising the beauty of holiness ; His mercy without being ravished with His amazing love ?

Every faculty of man finds food for joy in God. This intellect of mine longs for pure truth. Seeing the Father it is satisfied. This conscience of mine longs for perfect holiness, and here only can it rest. This heart longs for infinite love, and here, too, all my heart longings are met.

Every new relation is a new revelation too—a revelation of the glory of God. Is he a Father?—We delight in Him as children. A Shepherd?—We delight in Him as His flock. A King?—We delight in Him as His subjects. A Saviour?—We delight in Him as redeemed. A Friend?—We delight in Him as His companion. A Husband?—We delight in Him as His very bride. Yes, to delight in God, you have only to see Him as He is, and especially to see Him as He is to you.—J. B. F.

THE RICH AND POOR.

Christ preferred the poor ; ever since I have been converted so have I. Let those who like society better have it. If I ever get into it, and it has crossed my path in London, I return sick at heart. I go to the poor ; I find the same evil nature as in the rich, but I find this difference: the rich, and those who keep their comforts and their society, judge and

measure how much of Christ they can take and keep without committing themselves; the poor, how much of Christ they can have to comfort them in their sorrows. That, unworthy as I am, is where I am at home and happy. I think I am intellectual enough, and my mind—though my education was in my judgment not well directed, save by God—cultivated enough to enjoy cultivated society. I have none of it, but I prefer the cross.—J. N. D.

INFIDELITY AND THE TRUTH.

The more I look into infidelity, the more, by grace, I am attached and cleave to the simple truth; the more I love it in its simplicity; the more I value revelation, as a revelation, and the goodness of God which has given it to us—but I value yet more than any means of receiving the truth, the precious Saviour who is the subject of it—and that in all its simplicity, receiving it as a little child; the more I desire to be a little child, and I am ever seeing more that one must be such if God speaks. It is my joy to be a little child, and to hear Him speak. I may add, that the perfection of the Word, its divinity, ever develops more to my heart and understanding.—J. N. D.

Jesus delivers His people from this present evil world. Gal. i. 3. From the power of Satan, sin and death. Mark v. From the kingdom of darkness. Col. i. 13. From bondage and the fear of death. Heb. ii. 15. From all iniquity. Titus ii. 14. He is an Almighty Saviour.

DIED,

In Brantford, on the 1st of September, 1900, Zella A., beloved wife of Mr. Bert Hunt, of Peterborough, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Witham, of Brantford, aged 25 years and nine months. Her end was peace.

Mrs. Hunt left her home in Peterboro', (having been married only eleven months,) a few weeks ago, in her usual health, to visit her parents in Brantford; she was taken ill, and after fifteen days' sickness fell asleep in Jesus. A few minutes before she died she said to her mother, "O, I am so happy! I am so happy." We tender our truest Christian sympathy to the beloved young husband, and the sorrowing parents and relatives. May the God of all comfort, comfort as He only can, by His precious Word and Spirit.

Most loved by those who knew her best,
Who miss her now so sadly here,
Beyond this changing scene, at rest,
Where never comes a grief or tear.
In memory's hallowed shrine she dwells,
We think of all her gentle ways,
And long for the blest time to come,
Heaven's golden, never-ending days.

Life's cup was full of joy to her;
A husband's true and loving heart,
Now rent by sorrow's deepest pang,
With thee his best beloved to part.
Hush throbbing heart and aching brow,
For I shall meet thee radiant, fair,
And in that home where Jesus dwells,
I shall with thee that glory share.

OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Some would teach that the death of our friends is an absolute loss of them to us. Not so. Their material things keep them constantly with us. A path, a tree, a book, a garment, a picture, a bit of handiwork, all speak to us of them. And could all these outward manifestations be removed, they still live with us in memory. "They never

quite leave us, these friends of the past." Not only their memory, but the influence of their lives remains, hence they are not lost to us. Death cannot destroy a mother's prayer, a father's counsel, a sister's entreaty, a brother's sympathy, a child's love. They are not lost to us, because they still live. In an especially blessed sense is this true of the Christian dead. Why may they not remember us.

IN THE MIDST OF TROUBLE.

Life is not only a walk, but a walk often "in the midst of trouble." It is not a walk on the green sward, under the cloudless azure, with a soft refreshing breeze breathing on our frames. Since the introduction of sin into our world, it has never been a walk of unmingled pleasure. All here meet with trials on the way, but some more than others. Some have to walk through "the midst of trouble;" they are always in it, as the three Hebrews youths were in the furnace. There are always the stinging reptiles, and the prowling beasts, and the rough winds, and the scorching rays. The troubles are of various kinds. Physical—bodily pains and diseases; moral—the conflict of passions, the remorse of conscience, and the dread of death; social—disappointments in business, the treachery of false friends, the corruption of the world, and the bereavement of death. Notwithstanding the beautiful earth beneath our feet, and the bright heavens that encircle us, and the gaiety of humanity in some of its aspects, the walk of man through this world is through trouble.

THE ONLY WAY.

"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne." Three things are here implied:—that they were originally polluted; that the death of Christ has a purifying influence; and that their cleansing by this influence had taken place when on earth.

Ye modern Pharisees, who base your hope of heaven upon your own works; ye children of superstition and priestly imposition, who anticipate heaven because of your connection with the ceremonies of certain churches; ye thoughtless worldlings, who ground your expectation of a happy futurity on the mercy of the everlasting Father; mark well the 'therefore' of the text. Why is this "great multitude," which no man could number, "in heaven? Because they were great patriots who had battled for their country's political weal?—or philanthropists, who had made sacrifices for the improvement and elevation of their race?—or eminent seers, who, standing on the mount of prophecy, pointed their generation to glorious events that were marching on?—or sages, who explored vast regions of truth, and propounded discoveries that helped on humanity in its career of intelligence and civilization? or men, who preached eloquently, prayed earnestly, and lived morally? No: no; All these things are, and in heaven they will have their reward. But Christ is the reason of men's heaven. Every human spirit traces its heaven up to Christ. Therefore are they, etc.—B.

THINGS THAT MUST SHORTLY COME TO PASS.

THE TIME IS AT HAND.

What is this I hear them saying,
 "A great crisis is at hand,"
 Nations in the balance weighing,
 All found wanting through the land.
 Yet the nations are not waking
 To the serious things of life,
 All of pleasure are partaking,
 Heeding not the coming strife.

All of Europe in commotion,
 Darker now the war clouds grow,
 Nations warring, men in motion,
 What the end no one can know.
 But although the gloom is growing,
 There is yet a light afar,
 Only seen by those who knowing
 Christ will come as Morning Star.

Jesus Christ as Bridegroom cometh,
 In the clouds He will appear,
 And the bride her Bridegroom loveth,
 Glad to know the time is near,
 When the saints from graves have risen,
 With the living caught away,
 Loosed they are from earth's sad prison,
 Now to live in endless day.

Now the world is left a wondering,
 Some are taken, some are left,
 Many hearts are sad and pondering,
 Why of children they're bereft;
 Sons and daughters sadly grieving,
 Parents gone—they left behind,
 Friends and neighbors unbelieving,
 'Tis too late, at last they find.

Many thousands gone to glory,
 Millions left on earth to stay,
 Would not heed the blessed story,
 Christ would call His own away.
 Only virgins wise can enter,
 Those whose lamps are burning bright.
 Christ the Bridegroom, Christ the centre,
 Holy Spirit gives the light.

Foolish virgins, light now needing,
 Cannot enter through the gate,
 Holy Spirit here not heeding,
 Now alas it is too late.
 When the day of grace is ended,
 Day of vengeance will begin,
 Who on religious forms depend,
 Then will find it greatest sin.

Greatest sin beyond a measure,
 Thinking that they served the Lord,
 Served themselves the while with pleasure,
 Heeding not the precious Word.
 God will rise with indignation,
 He will pour His wrath upon
 All who have refused salvation,
 Wrought and finished by His Son.

Every soul is filled with anguish,
 Jew and Gentile, none are free,

Hope hath fled, and spirits languish,
 Wondering what the end will be.
 Now comes one, the world he'll flatter,
 With false words of rest and peace,
 Says he can the world make better,
 And make wars and tumults cease.

Thus he comes with words so lofty,
 Mighty king he seems to be,
 But his words and ways are crafty,
 He is false, no truth has he.
 Satan gives a kingdom, knowing
 He will rule to suit his mind,
 Thus his strength and power is growing,
 What the ruling men will find.

Men believe the great delusion,
 Spending days and nights in mirth,
 Till the world's in great confusion,
 Peace is taken from the earth.
 Coming is the dreadful hour,
 Drawing near, we know 'tis true,
 Men will bow and own his power,
 Worship him and Satan too.

Bear his mark, through his beguiling,
 Boycott as a special mark,
 Thus men's soul's he is defiling,
 All his words and ways are dark.
 See the world is getting ready,
 Practising those very things,
 And through pleasures they're unsteady,
 Heeding not the woe it brings.

Now the awful time is nearing,
 A false prophet will appear,
 Men believe him, never fearing
 The destruction drawing near.
 King and prophet work together
 Till the king as god will reign,
 So their work will help each other,
 Both will be ensnaring men.

Tribulation, such as never
 Yet was known since time began,
 Times of trial, no not ever
 Shall be known again by man.
 But there comes a King so glorious,
 King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
 Over all His foes victorious,
 All who have despised His words.

He will sway the sceptre truly,
 Save the precious from the vile,
 He will crush all foes unruly,
 Cast out all things that defile.
 So the earth will have a cleansing,
 For the Lord will come to reign,
 Blessings through the earth dispensing,
 All the people say, Amen.

Israel then shall have a blessing,
 Promised long, yea, long ago,
 Peace like a river, never ceasing,
 On, and onward ever flow.
 To God the highest be the glory,
 Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Now fulfilled the blessed story,
 Jesus Christ has come to reign.

E. S.

VICTORY OVER THE WORLD.

God leaves his people in the world in order that He may give them greater blessing. It seems strange, does it not, that we should be left here in a place of such danger for any good purpose, when we might be taken right out of it into His presence, safe from all harm? But our God sees that it is best for us to be left here for a time, and it is here that we learn of Him in a way that we cannot experimentally in heaven. There will be no evil there to threaten, no world to tempt, no evil without or within.

Things here are very real to us, the evils and the scene we are in, but we should pass through this as pilgrims and stranger, its things should move us little, while the things up there, eternal things should be very real to our souls. And that is the grand secret of victory over this present evil world. We get the victory by faith, and the secret of faith is that the things there are real to us, more real than the things here. The man who is journeying on to a palace and a treasure and great estates soon to be all his very own, will not be very much impressed or influenced by the scenery around his path, unless indeed his future prospects are very dim to his mind. And so to the child of God, that portion to which he is hastening is of such infinitely greater importance than anything belonging to the world, that if he is duly impressed by it, he will care very little for the vanities of the world.

For the world to have victory over us means for it to draw our love away from Christ, so that we love

the world about us, seek its pleasures, enjoy what it gives, and have our hearts fixed on things down here instead of things up there, enjoying this present scene instead of enjoying Christ. Victory over the world means enjoying Christ instead of the world, loving Him, delighting in Him, having Him a reality to our hearts and the joy of our lives.

What a blessed experience it is to have our portion in Him so real to us, to have His presence so manifest in us that the joy of it fills and controls all our lives. It is not only to be an occasional or transient experience, but the constant enjoyment of our hearts. It can be, it should be; we need strength for victory, and now as ever, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Neh. viii. 10.

What a joy it is to know we are saved and that God is for us! that not one of our sins can be brought up against us, and that we are accounted righteous by Him because He sees us in Christ. What a joy it is in the midst of all that comes here to know Christ has gone to prepare a place for us, that we have a place there, and that He may come at any moment to take us to that blessed place.

Have you ever been travelling wet and cold and tired, everything around you uncomfortable, and yet with joy in your heart? What made the joy? Not the things about you, the circumstances you were in, but something apart from them. It might have been a happy home and dear friends, it might have been the joy of Christ in your heart with all the blessing that it brings. So no mat-

ter what the present discomfort, no matter what our circumstances may be, we can always rejoice in the things which belong to us in Christ now, and which we are soon to enter upon the full enjoyment of. You see it is all Christ, Christ now for the path, and the joy of heaven is that we can enjoy Him there without a veil, abiding in His very presence, being like Him, knowing as we are known.

And when faith puts the world in one side of the balances and Christ in the other, the world is as light as air, it is vanity of vanities. And so the one remedy for worldliness is to apprehend Him by a constant living faith. You never get to the end of Christ, will never get to where the enjoyment of Him will not increase. So we always have a bright hope as well as a present possession in Christ. It is so good to find ourselves caring less and less for the world and more and more for Him. But the world has always some new attraction to offer, like the bargain stores, and we must never cease watching against it lest it creep in and dim the freshness of first love.

Victory over the world may seem costly now that we are gaining it, living the warrior's life, passing through the wilderness, pilgrims and strangers, the road may seem rough but it is only because our God will not have us settle down here in ease and comfort. Is it not strange that we always are glad when things go on easily in the world with us, and disturbed when our ease is disturbed? But if we live close to Him, tell Him freely all, our comforts enjoy them

with Him, realize they are from Him, we shall learn in a real way how the world is ours and how to use it and not abuse it. But here it is faith that brings the victory over it, keeps us in the place of strangers and pilgrims, not dwellers on the earth. Paul had learnt his lesson, he could be abased or have abundance and never be swerved from his great love to Christ. So he could do all things through Christ strengthening him, could endure prosperity and not be harmed by it, than to endure adversity. We need great faith when the Lord gives plenty of all we need here, when all things go on smoothly, we MUST keep close to Him then, walking over "the enchanted ground." But His grace can give victory over the world always, whatever He may send.

J. W. NEWTON.

AN AGED WOMAN -- Let the aged woman be no longer an object of contempt. She is as helpless as a child; but as a child she may be learning the last lesson from her Heavenly Father. Her feeble step is treading on the brink of the grave; but her hopes may be firmly planted on the better shore which is beyond. Her eye is dim with suffering and tears; but her spiritual vision may be contemplating the gradual unfolding of the gates of eternal bliss. Beauty has faded from her form; but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent; but it may only be waiting to pour forth celestial strains of gratitude and praise. Lowly, and sad, she sits among the

living; but exalted, purified, and happy, she may arise from the dead. Then turn, if thou wilt, from the aged woman in her loneliness; but remember she is not forgotten by her God.—Mrs. Sigourney.

DIVINE GREATNESS.

Not long ago a well known infidel took occasion, in a spirit of bravado, to blaspheme publicly in New York, challenging God to strike him dead. Why did not God take him at his word and destroy him on the instant? Was it because he could not? No, indeed; but rather because a man spared is a more impressive proof of the divine greatness than a man slain. A like thing happened on a larger scale when Korah and his followers offered incense of blasphemy in the Jewish camp.—And the Lord said to Moses, "Speak unto the congregation that they depart from the tents of these wicked men." Then Korah and his followers stood by themselves swinging their impious censers, and, behold, the earth opened her mouth "and they and all that appertained to them went down alive into the pit." Thus has the Lord on occasion demonstrated once and again his power to inflict an instant penalty on sin.

FOUR STAGES.

There are four stages of progress from spiritual pain to peace. I see a man walking along a country road, alone, shivering in the cold, muttering to himself in bitterness of soul, "Who will show us any good?" This is Unbelief. I see him again

pausing before a gate, looking toward the lighted windows of a home in the distance, listening to faint sounds of music, wondering, fearing, scarce venturing to hope. This is Doubt. I see him now coming down the garden path and looking in at the windows; he notes the fire on the hearth and the well provided table, the dancing and merry-making in which he has neither part nor lot. This is Knowledge. I see him once more in his place at the table; there is a ring on his finger, there are shoes on his feet, he is eating of the Father's bread and drinking of his wine. This is Faith. The joy of life is not in perceiving things, but is in appropriating them. The comfort of Christians is not in gazing at objective truth, but in making it ours. The secret of heaven is in the possessive pronoun; it is to say of Christ, "He is my Saviour"; of his cross, "This is my salvation"; of his glory, "I shall have part in it."—B.

God is an all-sufficient support. He is equal to all our emergencies. "He is our refuge and strength," etc. There is no enemy from which He cannot deliver us; there is no trial under which He cannot support us; there is no danger from which He cannot rescue us. In the fiery furnace, in the surging waters, in the "valley of the shadow of death," He is all-sufficient.

If there should fall on this page the eyes of one who cares not for Jesus, who thinks that the hour of decision for Him would be the destruction of his joy, let me say there never was a more terrible mistake. The only way to be happy is to come to Christ and learn to know His great love.