

THE CLEANER.

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

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THE PERFECT ONE.

When first I heard of Jesus, it seemed some
mystic tale,

A root of barren dryness, no fragrance could
exhale;

But as I came to know Him, His precious
name grew sweet;

And like a perfumed rainbow, love arched
the mercy seat.

At first I saw no beauty, no captivating
spell,

Felt no divine emotion in my cold bosom
swell;

But when through beams of glory, God
shone in Jesus face,

All other objects tarnished before His match-
less grace.

I read that He was wounded, and bruised
upon the tree,

Yet felt no thrilling wonder as though He
died for me.

But since—oh since I knew it, and saw Him
bear my load,

I cannot cease from praising my great re-
deeming God.

O Rose of rarest odor, O Lilly white and
pure,

The chiefest of ten thousand, whose glory
must endure.

The more I see Thy beauty, the more I know
Thy grace;

The more I long unhindered to gaze upon
Thy face.

W. C. M.

FITNESS FOR HEAVEN: WHO HAS IT?

How many people there are in these

so-called Christian lands who are, by
one means or another, vainly trying to
fit themselves for heaven.

The very fact that they are trying
to fit themselves for that place, plainly
shows that they still feel their unfit-
ness for it.

That the most religious man is, in
himself, as totally unfit for heaven, as
the woman of Sychar's Well, who had
had five husbands, is plain enough,
from the Lord's own words to Nico-
demus, "Verily, verily I say unto
thee, Except a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of God." John
iii. 3.

When a soul is awakened to feel its
true state, a step has been taken, no
doubt, in the right direction. When
Job said, "Behold I am vile," he dis-
covered something he had never known
before. When he exclaimed, "I have
heard of Thee by the hearing of the
ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee;
wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
in dust and ashes," he had found out
his true place before God.

Let me say, in all plainness, that no
one will ever get true fitness for heaven,
who has not discovered his own total
unfitness for it.

How, then, are we fitted? is a ques-
tion of vital importance, seeing that
the everlasting weal or woe of every
man hangs upon it.

Many think, like a lady with whom

I once conversed, that it hangs upon our own personal goodness. Speaking of a deceased gentleman, whom she held in high esteem, she said, "If there is one man in heaven, he is sure to be there, for he was such a good man." "Well, ma'am," said I, "if that man is in heaven, he could not be there but on the same ground as the dying robber—as a guilty sinner cleansed from his sins by the precious blood of Christ, and saved by God's sovereign grace." "Not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. ii. 9.

No one was ever fitted for heaven on the ground of his own goodness. "There is none righteous, no, not one." Romans iii. 10. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." Romans iii. 12. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Romans viii. 8. "All our righteousness are as filthy rags." Isaiah lxiv. 6.

An old bishop, when he was dying, said to some friends gathered around his bed, "I have just taken all my good works and all my bad works, and thrown them right overboard, and I am floating into heaven on the plank of free grace."

Nothing but the work of Christ can give us fitness, or title, to stand in the light of God's holy presence. The moment a person believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and has received the Holy Spirit, he is as fit for heaven as if he had been there for fifty years. In Col. i. 12, Paul does not say, "which is making us meet." We give thanks to the Father for what is already done, namely, that we who believe in Christ are fitted for the very light of God's glory. Christ Jesus is, of God, made unto us "wisdom, and righteousness,

and sanctification, and redemption." 1 Cor. i. 30.

If we take the dying thief as an example, we find, after he confessed his guilt, that he turned to Jesus and said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." His hands and feet were nailed to a cross, and he was, therefore, powerless to do anything to fit himself for heaven. However willing he might be to perform good works, if such could have atoned for his past guilt, he could not do them.

How, then, did the Lord meet his sad case? Did He tell him that he was too great a sinner to be saved? Did he bid him wait until, by doing better for the future, he had reformed his wasted and mis-spent past? Nay! nay! there was no time for that. The man was in the iron grip of death, and was about to pass into eternity to meet a holy God. He wanted salvation immediately, or he must perish in hell-fire everlastingly. His request was listened to at once. Nay, he got far more than he asked for. Instead of waiting to get the glory of the kingdom, Jesus says, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Luke xxiii. 43. What a glad surprise!

What, then, fitted the dying thief for such holy companionship, for such a blessed place? Not, surely, his prayers, for he only uttered one prayer that we read of, and that a very short one. Not even his penitential tears. There is no divine record of such. And certainly not his attending feasts or fasts for the purification of his soul, nor performing good deeds of any kind. No, no, it was nothing less than the all-cleansing blood of the

blessed Saviour, who, in rich grace, died for him, thus making a full and perfect atonement to God for all his guilt. The dying malefactor could truly have said—

"Thy blood is my claim and my title,
Beside it, O Lord, I have none."

"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." Lev. xvii.

11. "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Heb. ix. 22.

What a magnificent triumph of divine grace, that could save a man from the very deepest degradation and the most appalling doom; that could snatch him from the very jaws of the devil, from the verge of a burning hell, and fit him at once to be Christ's companion in paradise, fit him to enter the presence of God's brightest glory! What joy it must have been for a sinner, who deserved the very lowest hell, to go in company with God's blessed Son into such heavenly festivity! If man's sin closed the gates of an earthly paradise upon him, God's wondrous grace opened wide the doors of a heavenly paradise to him.

It has been said that grace is "something for nothing" which is quite true so far as it goes. But God's grace is much more. It is nothing less than the full display of his boundless love towards unworthy, hell-deserving objects.

No one could purchase salvation. Nor, in his own merits, was any child of Adam's guilty race ever entitled to it. On the contrary, if God had acted in strict justice, and given us what our sins merited, He would have cast us into hell for ever.

Could we obtain salvation by our own works, we should make God our debtor. Salvation would not be of

grace. But God will not be any man's debtor. He wants us to be His debtors for all eternity. Salvation has been procured for all who are not too proud to take it for nothing. It is offered "without money and without price." Divine grace has brought it down to you, my reader, as you are and where you are. Nothing will rejoice God's loving heart more, nothing please Him better, than that you should receive the gift He offers, and thus be brought into the full joy of salvation.

It has been said that "faith appropriates what love provides, and nothing pleases love better, than that faith should appropriate largely. Appropriation simply means that you take it to yourself, and make it your own. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," is a divine command.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." God must ever have the more blessed place. "If thou knewest the gift of God," said Jesus to the poor Samaritan sinner, "thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

Dear reader, let the thought be banished from your mind forever, that God is asking anything from you. GOD IS A GIVER. He delights in giving freely and bounteously. Let Him fill your heart with joy unspeakable, by receiving Christ as His own love-gift to you. There is enough in Him to fill and satisfy your heart with boundless joy. You shall never thirst again for the unsatisfying pleasures of this poor world, if you drink of His infinite fulness.

Blessed Lord Jesus, Thou art not only our Saviour from hell, but Thou art the satisfying portion of Thy

people's hearts. Thou fillest the infinite heart of God with unchanging delight, and if so, Thou canst fill the hearts of all who receive of Thy fullness with pleasures never-ending. P. W.

THAT TERRIBLE LAW.

You know what it is, God's law, summed up in the ten commandments. You no doubt have learned them, have you ever tried to keep them? A great many people believe and a great many preachers teach that we must keep the ten commandments in order to get to heaven. Roman Catholics make much of the law, Seventh Day Adventists force it upon all they can, and in almost every denomination you will find more or less made of keeping the law. There are two questions I want to briefly consider. Can a natural man keep the law? and does God tell believers to keep the law?

Does it look easy for a man of the world to keep the law? A man once came to Jesus and said "What good thing shall I do that I may have everlasting life?" Jesus told him to "keep the commandments." And it came out that the young man could say "All these things have I kept from my youth up." He really thought he had kept the commandments as they should be kept, but still he was not easy. He felt something more was needed, so he asked of Jesus "What lack I yet?" confident that Jesus could tell him. And so He could. He saw right into his heart. The law says "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now Jesus will test Him to see if he really does that. Solemnly the answer came not only to that young man but to every man who imagines

he is keeping the law of God, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me." Turn your property into money, give it away, and follow Me to the cross. Can man do that? Ah, no, it is not in the power of man to do such a thing.

This young man instead of following Christ, turns his back on Him, sorrowfully it is true, but all his keeping of the law was outward observance, and when he came face to face with Christ and had to deal directly with Him, the young man's heart revealed itself. The flesh, the natural man can try to keep the law and imagine it is succeeding, but it has NO HEART FOR CHRIST. When it comes in contact with Him, it can only turn away to its possessions, walking in the way of Cain.

Are you trying to get salvation by keeping the ten commandments? You may imagine you are keeping them as did this young man, but you must meet Christ, and what will you do then? Remember, the law is spiritual. It says, "Thou shalt not covet," that is, you must not desire that which is not yours. Can you help desiring? And when God says "Thou shalt not kill," He means that you shall not have a thought of hatred in your heart.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John iii. 15. That law deals not alone or chiefly with your outward acts, it searches out your thoughts, motives, most secret feelings. Will they bear the eye of God? What is the sole result to man of law keeping? A curse. "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is

every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." If you break the law in a single point you are guilty, you have sinned, you are under the curse. How can you get out from under it? by anything that you can do? How is a man saved? By faith, faith in Christ. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Gal. iii. 10, 13. You cannot keep the law, nor did Christ keep it for you, but He bore the curse of the broken law, and by believing His Word you can be saved and in no other way.

But what are men saved for, to keep the law? Are the ten commandments the rule of life for the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Many, very many would have us believe so, but what does the Word of God tell us? How readeest thou? Let us take the words which God has given to us on the believer's relation to the law, and see just what He says to us about it, Rom. vii. "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also were made dead to the law through the body of Christ; that ye should be joined to another, even to Him who was raised from the dead, that we might bring forth fruit unto God." R. V. verse vi. "But now we have been discharged from the law, having died to that wherein we were holden; so that we serve in newness of the spirit, and not in oldness of the letter." Again we read in Gal. iii. 10, "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.'" Does this read as though God puts

believers under the law? If we have been discharged from the law, have died to it, made dead to the law through the body of Christ, are we to keep it? Could language be plainer than God has made it to show believers that they "are not under law but under grace?" Can you find one word in all the Acts or Epistles which tells a believer in Christ that he is placed under the law? What is the believer's rule of life? To "Walk in newness of life." "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." 1 John ii. 6. That is the believer's rule of life. A believer is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and as such he has a rule immeasurably above the law to walk by. "In newness of life," "as He walked," and read Gal. v. 22, 23. "Against such there is no law." What an evil thing then to put a saint under law!

J. W. NEWTON.

MEDITATION.

Have you ever thought much of the exercise of meditation, and how frequently it is spoken of in Scripture?

Perhaps it may be from the want of this holy exercise, and really comprehending it, that the church of the living God is wanting in unity of doctrine, and in spirituality of mind.

The study of God's Word may be concentrated, deep, constant, like searching for a vein of gold; and memory may marvelously retain and bring forth what study has discovered. But meditation is not the discovery of more or of new things, but a calm sitting down with God to enrich itself with what study has discovered, and

feeding with Him upon the stores which memory has laid up.

Study and memory make the ready and admired speaker ; meditation, the sweet, living exhibition of Jesus every where, whether speaking or silent (Josh. i. 8 ; Ps. civ. 34 ; cxix. 15.) The former hunts for something new, when weary of the old ; the latter finds renewed life, strength, and refreshment from the old, which are never old to meditation. Truths from an infinite, all-wise God—they have in them more than the best meditative faculty has ever or can ever digest.

May the Lord unfold to thee and me some of His own rich stores. They are so deep ! But I am only at the surface of them. They are "our inheritance : it shall be forever."

Tarry ye here and watch with Me.

Wondrous the love of Him who spake these words,

Wondrous the grace, to stoop so low, to ask
Of men to tarry and to watch with Him
One hour. With Him whose goings forth of
old

From everlasting were. Whose word had
formed ;

Whose power upholds creation's utmost
bounds.

Yes, He did stoop to crave their tarrying
E'en for one hour, to watch with Him ; and
yet,

He asked in vain. Alone He prayed ; alone
He watched. For comforters He looked,
and none

Did find. Wondrous the love of Christ !
Matchless

The grace ! Perfect the sympathy that flows
To lonely ones ! Tell out thy grief to Him,
He felt the same. No human breast had He
To lean upon, no voice to soothe or speak
Of comfort to His wounded heart. Not one
To watch with Him in that drear, darksome
hour,

He knows it all. It was for thee, for thee,

Thou purchased one. He passed through
all, and now

With open arms can welcome thee to come
And pour out every grief, the keenest pang,
Or that too small for any ear, save His.

Yes, pour out all, He can uphold, sustain,
Can comfort thee, can whisper peace, His
peace,

E'en in the wildest storm ; nay more, can
make

All things to work thy good, and yield to
Him eternal praise.

THE STING OF DEATH.

What is death ! When God said to
Adam, "In the day that thou eatest
thereof thou shalt surely die," He
uttered no vain threat. Adam ate
thereof, and that day he died !

True he lived on some hundreds of
years outside of the garden where God
had placed him, but he lived outside
the presence of God. It was a life of
banishment, so far as circumstances
went, from the face of God. He was
thus separated from God. Death
means separation ; and, in the first
instance on record, Adam was separated
outwardly from God.

Death, that of the body, is the
severance of the link of body and
spirit. The life is not touched, but
the condition in which it existed here
is altered.

The "second death," in which, after
resurrection, body and spirit are re-
united, is the definite separation of
the man from God, not only as to outward
circumstances, but morally as well.
This is the final punishment of the
"lake of fire."

The first death is destroyed by the
"first resurrection ;" the "second
death" remains. There is no "second
resurrection" to destroy it. We find
no such expression as second resurrec-

tion. "Second death" signifies a final and unalterable state of exclusion from the face and under the wrath of God. Death means more than dissolution, or a decay of vital energies and powers. It is the sole fruit of sin. Apart from sin, the idea of death is to us impossible. Creation itself has been brought into the bondage of corruption through man's sin. Hence, in tracing the turbid stream to its source, we find ourselves at sin. Sin is the fatal fountain-head, as it is also the sting of death. Extract the sting, and death is then resolved to simple dissolution.

But why dissolution, if the sole cause of death be gone? Just because flesh and blood—a body animated by the soul as at present—cannot inherit the kingdom of God. But is sin gone? No, it is not actually gone. Our sin, if believers, were borne by the blessed Lord on the cross, where also He was made sin for us; and we are forgiven, justified, and bid to reckon ourselves dead to sin, as being in Christ; but yet, as to fact, sin is not gone. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. Hence the body is mortal and corruptible, and cannot inherit that kingdom.

But in God's sight sin is gone, and with sin the dread sting of death. The worst part of death—in fact, death itself, in all that makes it dreaded—is gone to faith as well. Hence we can say, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." That victory is ours now, and death becomes but the hand that opens the door into realms of bliss.

"Death is ours," and for this in-

finite boon we are the debtors of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us under judgment for sin.

GOD'S GOSPEL OR MAN'S.

Look at the Person of the Blessed Lord Jesus before Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor. Wasted and wearied, see Him as He is grasped by the rough soldiers; beaten, bound, forsaken, with all the marks of His foul dishonour about Him; they have plucked the hair of His cheek, they have scourged Him and spat upon Him and buffeted Him. On every side of Him is the surging mob. Now Pilate comes, scornful of these Jews and their superstitions. With a tone of derision he asks, "What accusation bring ye—the proud rulers and priests of Jerusalem—against this man?" And yet in this Man there is something that strangely moves Pilate—a dignity, a depth of pity, the patience as of a God. He has heard the charge against Him, and now beckons the soldiers to bring Him within the hall. And there Pilate looks into that face, so infinitely sad, and yet so unearthly in its majesty and love. "Art Thou a King?" he asks—a question that could only be put to such an one in derision or in awe.

It is with awe that Pilate goes forth and cries to the accusers, "I find no fault in Him." And later we read: Then was Pilate the more AFRAID. Afraid! So friendless, so powerless, so completely in thy hands, Pilate, surely thou dost not fear Him! Then was Pilate the more afraid when he heard that He made Himself the Son of God. The might of that simple goodness was more than a match for

all Rome, and the Galilean conquered. And one can think that it was with the confession of his heart that Pilate wrote: "This is the King of the Jews."

Look at it again, as Paul stands before the cruel Nero—Paul the aged, Paul who writes that none stood by him. What of the threats of the Emperor—"I will cut off thine head?" Think how Paul's face lights up with gladness, and looking heavenwards he cries: "Henceforth there is laid up for ME a crown that the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day!" What could they do with such a man? To kill him was only to ensure his coronation. The arm of Rome was paralysed—she had no hand that could injure him. This was the power that smote Rome—the conquering power of simple goodness, the goodness of God, of Christ, lived out in the power of the Holy Ghost by plain men and women.

This is the want of to-day as of all time. Give us this goodness, and the victory is assured. Nothing else will avail us anything. We have a foe to fight in England to-day mightier than ever was Rome of old. What is the great power of England, the god of this country, enthroned and crowned, and served with an intenser and keener and more exacting service than ever galley-slave or soldier rendered to the Emperor of old? Gold, the thirst for it—cruel and terrible sometimes as the thirst of hell; the means of making it, often knowing no law but success, that sanctifies everything; the ways of spending it or not spending it—these three are the sources of the ills that curse us. And all this Christianity

scarcely touches. How is it? Its voice is scarcely lifted against this haste to be rich, to get on in the world no matter who is driven to the wall.

Has Christianity a message?—has it any remedy for this state of things—this growing poverty of the poor, this growing wealth of the wealthy, and between them a gulf ever deeper and broader, with its awful squalor and wretchedness on one side, and its splendid luxury on the other? Is the Christianity of Christ, which was able to conquer the Cæsars, able to meet these evils? If it cannot, then let the whole thing go—it is dead, bury it. If it can, then in the name of our God, let it be used, for there is terrible need. Does somebody object that such Christianity is revolutionary; that it is setting the masses against the classes; that it is Socialism? Well let us ask ourselves the plain truth about these dreadful words. Is Christianity a conflict with evil only amongst the poor, the weak, those who have little choice between vice and starvation; but if evil be rich, and wears a crown and sits on a throne, is Christianity to bow down before it, and call it law and order? Let no man pretend that the Christianity of Jesus Christ is that. His Christianity is in conflict with evil everywhere. Within a week of Pentecost the leaders of Christianity were in prison, and refused to give any promise to the authorities that they would recognize any law which was contrary to the commandment of God. Paul and Silas did not scruple to interfere very seriously with some rich men's gains, and got beaten for it and sent to prison, and they praised God when they got there.

Men seem utterly to forget the warnings of God against this feverish rush and haste to be rich. If thought of at all, they are considered to be the wild and somewhat mistaken words of men in an age when they "did not understand business." It is almost impossible for the Gospel voice to make itself heard in this matter, amidst the din and hubbub of life. There are astronomical observations which, I believe, cannot be taken in this country: there is too much vibration, and the skies are too stained with smoke.

Alas! there are heavenly signs and warnings and entreaties which the Church fails to hear,—is too busy, perhaps too greedy. There is the gospel of contentment, the Gospel which Christ preached in His first sermon, and in the whole sermon of His life. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" therefore, let the anxiety for Mammon go that ye may serve God. Who of the hurried, anxious, eager ones that fill our streets and market-places really believe that? How utterly lost and dead, trampled under foot on the hard pavements of our cities, are such sweet messages as these which God hath sent to us!—"Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have; for Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee" Heb. xiii. 5, R. V. Never did words more terribly true come from any lips than those which follow a similar message from St. Paul, as if the Apostle felt how lightly men, greedy for gain, would brush aside the milder utterance! "Godliness with contentment is great gain." For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can

carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in the very teeth of the man-made gospel of this nineteenth century—the gospel of push, of getting on in the world. Then from this clear sky comes the thunderbolt, as if there were no choice between this Divine contentment and this peril: "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have erred from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things."—M. G. P.

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**"BE YE STEADFAST,
UNMOVABLE."**

(1 Cor. xv. 58.)

If our hearts are not close to Christ, we are apt to get weary in the way.

All is a vain show around us, but that which is inside abides and is true, being the life of Christ. All else goes! When the heart gets hold of this fact, it becomes (as to things around) like one taken into a house to work for the day, who performs the duties well, but passes through instead of living in the circumstances. To Israel, the cloud came down, and they stayed; it lifted up, and on they went. It was all the same to them. Why? Because had they stayed when the cloud went on, they would not have had the Lord. One may be daily at the desk for fifty years, yet with Christ, the desk is only the circumstance; it is the doing God's

will, making manifest the savor of Christ, which is the simple and great thing. Whether I go or you go, I stay or you stay, may that one word be realized in each of us—"steadfast, unmovable!" In whatever sphere, as matter of providence, we may be found, let the divine life be manifested—Christ manifested. This abides; all else changes, but the life remains and abides forever—aye, forever.

Not a single thing in which we have served Christ shall be forgotten. Lazy, alas! we all are in service, but all shall come out that is *real*, and what is *real* is Christ in us, and this only. The appearance now may be very little—not much even in a religious view, but what is real will abide. Our hearts clinging closely to Christ, we shall sustain one another in the body of Christ. The love of Christ shall hold the whole together, Christ being everything and we content to be nothing, helping one another, praying one for the other. I ask not for the prayers of the saints; I reckon on them. The Lord keep us going on in simplicity, fulfilling as the hireling our day, till Christ shall come; and then "shall every man have praise of God"—praise of God! Be that our object, and may God knit all our hearts together thoroughly and eternally.—J. N. D.

YOU CAN KNOW.

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, that is quite possible, but your unbelief does not make it untrue. It still remains a fact and you can know. There are multitudes beside myself who know, and surely we are not all fools or labouring under a great delusion. If so, it is at any rate a

very blessed delusion, and yields so much joy to our hearts that we have no desire to be undeceived, or rank among the so-called wise."

But I think I hear my reader saying, That's all very nice, but what is it all about? What do you refer to? What is it I can know? I don't know what you mean yet.

Then I will tell you. You can know now, here—in this life—at this very moment—if you want to know, and are willing to know, what it is to be a child of God by a new birth, John iii. 5; forgiven all your sins and cleansed from them by the blood of Christ, Eph. i. 7, Rev. i. 5; indwelt by the Holy Spirit, 1 Cor. vi. 19; and the Father's house your future home at the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ, John xiv. 2, 3. All this and much more you can know, not when you reach the end of life's journey—but here—at this instant, if it is the honest desire of your heart to know it and surely such knowledge is worth having.

Do you say, How can a man be sure of such blessings? The answer is simple. By the Word of God. In believing that Word multitudes have found their happiness and proved it to be true. It has spoken for itself and answered the sceptical doubts which like vipers had fastened on some of their minds. It has brought "peace and joy in believing" (Rom. xv. 13,) into their breasts and done for them what no other book in the world could do. I repeat, it has proved itself to them to be what it claims to be, God's Holy Word. Millions could testify to this. Only let it get into your heart and you will soon find out the truth of all this for yourself.

Yes! you can know wonderful truths about yourself and about God and His Beloved Son. Read chapter iii., of the Epistle to the Romans. Read it carefully and prayerfully. Ask God to teach you its meaning. You will be surprised to find out how life-like the photograph is of yourself. Turn to John iii. 16 and gaze upon the heart of God as there disclosed to you by the Son of God Himself. Then read Matt. iii. 17, and couple with it Heb. x. 12, 13, and see what God thinks of the Person and Work of Christ. You will be surprised! amazed! Again, turn to John iii. 36; v. 24; vi. 47; x. 28, 29; Col. i. 12-15, and such Scriptures and you will be compelled to acknowledge that what I said was true—blessedly true—you can know that you are saved—that HATH spells and means hath—a present possession—and all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ do know they are saved, and are consequently seeking to live to the glory of God, out of love to the One who has saved them. May this blessing be yours, my reader.—W. EASTON.

A STORY OF FAITH.

"I am reminded," says a certain writer, "of an incident that occurred at Adel Moor some time ago, when the gorse bushes there caught fire. I had been engaged in business at Leeds all day, and had returned home depressed in spirits, the day being one of those which sometimes occur to every man, when everything seems to go wrong. I had taken my tea, and having a little business to transact at a village not far from my house, I strolled out, still feeling depressed. Suddenly I was

roused from my reverie by a bright light which seemed to shoot athwart the sky. I gazed in astonishment: as the light increased in intensity the heavens were illumined by the glare, and the conflagration—for it was evident there was a great fire somewhere—seemed to be spreading rapidly. I lost all my languor, and was roused to instant action. Here was evidently a case where help was needed from all who could give it. Calling one of my men, we set off in the darkness to find the scene of the fire. As we surmounted one eminence after another, the blaze still seemed farther off, though we had thought from the vivid light that it was nigh at hand.

At length, after a tramp of nearly five miles, we gained a ridge, and looked over Adel Moor; it was all in a blaze, the gorse bushes were burning furiously, the flames leaping high up into the air, and spreading lower down like a ravening beast intent on devouring all that it could get hold of and consume. The sight was terribly grand; I shall never forget it.

Rather singularly, although this furious fire was blazing, and it was so light on that dark night that I could see to read, we had not met a human being on the way, and there seemed nobody to stem the onward progress of the conflagration. On the left was the Leeds Reformatory School, and within the radius of a couple of miles many people dwelt, but they all were apparently wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and we could not see a living soul.

My man—an honest, straight-forward fellow, perhaps a little bit too blunt—espied a cottage on the line the

flames were fast travelling, and near to the cottage was a haystack. In a short period, if the fire were not cut off, the stack would be on fire, and no human aid would then be able to save the cottage from destruction. Hurrying to the cottage—*anxious to save the lives and property of the inmates*—my man knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by an infirm old woman, who looked out calmly and not at all discomposed.

My impatient man, annoyed at her coolness under such circumstances, exclaimed, "Now, missis, do you know there's a great fire outside! You had better be moving, or your house will be burned down."

The old lady coolly answered, "Well, I know there is a fire: I can do nothing myself; I will leave it to the Lord. I leave everything in His hands; He can take care of both me and mine."

My man went on, "Aye, but your stack there will go" (pointing to it;) "nought can save that if the fire reaches it."

The reply came in the same tone of reliance as before, "Well, I will leave it in the Lord's hands."

In answer to other questions, she said that her grandson was upstairs in bed, but she would make no effort to remove her furniture or attempt to save any of her property.

We expostulated with the old woman, but she was firm as adamant in her trust in the Lord, and although I could not help admiring her inflexible faith, I cautioned her that she was taking a foolish course, and my man clinched my remarks with stronger words, but it was all in vain.

Finding we could do no good there, we approached the blazing bushes.—The heat was terrific, dense volumes of suffocating smoke rolled along, but the fire kept lapping up fresh fuel, the flames leaped and roared high in the air, and we saw in miniature the semblance of one of those terrible prairie and forest fires of America of which we had read. We saw four men attempting to beat out the fire. Soon

we, also, were at work. By dint of persevering labour, we six thrashed out the tongues of flame and stopped their advance; but no one else appeared on the moor. I had a narrow escape. The ground is intersected with hollows. I was working away in one of these places, and thought the flames had burned out, when suddenly they leaped over from the back, and set fire to the bushes round the hollow. In an instant I was surrounded with flames, and in the midst of a fiery furnace. Death seemed inevitable, either from fire or smoke. Happily, I managed to escape from what seemed a fiery tomb, but in plunging about in the dark I got knee-deep into water.

We left the moor, now a smouldering mass, called at the cottage of the old lady, and when she opened the door not the least surprise was depicted on her countenance. In answer to a question from my man, she answered as quietly as she had done when the fire was raging, that she knew the Lord would protect her, and that He would send someone to save her property from destruction. She evidently looked upon us as deliverers of her little homestead.

We were in a shocking plight, black as sweeps, our clothes damaged, and carrying with us the odour of the smoke. We had walked five miles each way, had laboured at the fire, had had an experience which I shall never forget, but I was in good spirits, joyous and happy. My languor and depression had passed away; I was a new man. Had not that old woman taught us a lesson of faith which has helped me in many a hard trial since, and enabled me to battle with difficulties that I have thought insurmountable, but which have passed away as calmly as a summer's day, because I have had faith—recollecting that terrible night.

My man has not forgotten the incident or the lesson he received. Whenever he has any difficulty that is beyond human help, he says, "Well, we must leave it in the hands of the Lord, as the old woman at Adel did."