

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. 6

CHRIST IS COMING.

Christ is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travails cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain :
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign :
Christ is coming !
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
Soon in heavenly glory shining,
Their Restorer shall they see ;
Christ is coming !
Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll on every tongue ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

A STORY OF THE WAR.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg, hundreds of wounded soldiers were left lying on the ground, on the road ascending Mary's Heights. All night and most of the next day, the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief.

All that time their agonized cries went up for "Water ! water !" But there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress. At length, however, one brave fellow, behind the stone ramparts where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to his love for life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and finding the commanding officer, said to him excitedly :

"General, I can't stand this any longer. Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But, do you know," said the general, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot!

"Yes, sir ; I know it ; but to carry a little comfort to those poor dying men, I'm willing to run the risk.

The general hesitated for a moment, but finally said, with emotion :

"Kirkland, it's sending you to your death, but I cannot oppose such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall, and applied himself to

his work of Christ-like mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished, every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot. He staid there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them, as a mother would cover her child; and all the while he was so engaged, until his gentle ministry was finished, the fusillade of death was hushed.

So it is on life's battle-field. The cannonade of sin and wickedness is hushed and powerless before the fearless Christian soldier who dares to do right, even though his life hangs in the balance.

THE CANAANITISH WOMAN.

Here the Lord passes in the most striking manner to what is outside all the promises, to a race that was accursed according to the promises made to the people of God, to the place that the Lord quotes as an example of hardness of heart (chap. xi.) and He shows, whilst at the same time recognising the dispensations of God towards His people and His faithfulness in sending them the Messiah, what a heart comes to that is driven by its need, and by the faith which goes right to the heart of God, and what that divine heart is for the wants that faith brings to Him, what He is in

Himself outside dispensational rules. The Lord goes towards Tyre and Sidon. A Canaanitish woman comes towards Him. Her daughter was tormented with a demon. She recognises the Lord as the Heir of the promises in Israel, as Son of David. This was truly faith as to His person. But what part had a Canaanitish woman with the promises made to Israel, or with the blessings that were granted to them as the people of God? The Lord does not answer her. Deeper lessons were to be given of what man is, but also of what God is.

The disciples would have wished the Lord to grant her what she asked, in order to get rid of her; but the Lord maintains His place as Son of David. He is sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The need of the poor woman rises above her formal acknowledgment as the Son of David. "Lord, help me." Her wants are simple. They are plainly declared. But the Lord wishes to put her thoroughly to the test. "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto dogs." The Lord acknowledges the dispensations of God with respect to His people, however wicked they might be, and the woman does so also; but lessons far deeper are here taught. The poor woman—man as shown in her finds his place. He is under the curse, without promise, having a right to nothing, or the power of the demon. He must own his condition, and that is what the woman does. She is a dog, but in need. Her hope is not in any right that she possesses, but in the free goodness of God. It is a need which comes face to face with God come in grace. She fully recognises

what she is—a dog ; but she maintains that if it be so there is sufficient goodness in God for such beings. Could God say, "No ; there is not?" Could Christ represent Himself thus? Impossible! By faith want is met across all the obstacles of Jewish rights and personal unworthiness, thoroughly owning them, but placing itself outside every right in immediate contact with the goodness of God.

Such is faith. It recognises the state of ruin and of wretchedness in which we are ; humble and true, it brings its need to God, but counts on what He is. Now He cannot deny Himself. Besides, it is the key to all the gospel. Jesus was the Christ, the Son of David, a Minister of the circumcision ; but behind, so to speak, God was there, in all the fulness of His grace, and He passed over the strait limits of Israel and of the promises to be Himself in grace—grace which sufficed for everything. The curse might be there, complete unworthiness ; but if want was there, and placed itself by faith on the ground of the grace and goodness of God, the barriers disappeared, want and God met together, and the answer was according to His sovereign goodness, the riches of His grace, and according to the faith which counted upon it. The daughter was healed, the Canaanitish woman happy, and God in Christ revealed.—J. N. D.

THE GREAT LIGHT.

As we read the report of Jesus' words in Luke iv. 16-31, we perceive only dimly that aspect of them which stirred the wrath of His hearers to the utmost, and yet we do understand it. That He

should have turned so fully the light upon the Gentiles, and flung its large shadows upon them ; that 'Joseph's Son' should have taken up this position towards them ; that He would make to them spiritual application unto death of His sermon, since they would not make it unto life : it stung them to the quick. Away He must out of His city ; it could not bear His Presence any longer, not even on that Holy Sabbath.

Out they thrust Him from the synagogue ; forth they pressed Him out of the city ; on they followed, and around they beset Him along the road by the brow of the hill on which the city is built—perhaps to that western angle, at present pointed out as the site.—This, with the unspoken intention of crowding Him over the cliff, which there rises abruptly about forty feet out of the valley beneath. If we are correct in indicating the locality, the road here forks, and we can conceive how Jesus, Who had hitherto in the silence of sadness, allowed Himself almost mechanically to be pressed onwards by the surrounding crowd, now turned, and by that look of commanding majesty, the forthbreaking of His Divine Being, which ever and again wrought on those around miracles of subjection, constrained them to halt and give way before Him, while unharmed He passed through their midst.

So did Israel of old pass through the cleft waves of the sea, which the wonder-working rod of Moses had converted into a wall of safety. Yet although He parted from it in judgment, not thus could the Christ have finally and forever left His own Nazareth.

Cast out of His own city, Jesus pursued His solitary way towards Caper-

naum. There, at least, devoted friends and believing disciples would welcome Him. There, also, a large draught of souls would fill the Gospel net. Capernaum would be His Galilean home. Here He would on the Sabbath days, preach in that Synagogue, of which the good centurion was the builder, and Jairus the chief ruler. These names, and the memories connected with them, are a sufficient comment on the effect of His preaching, that 'His word was with power.' In Capernaum, also, was the now believing and devoted household of the court officer, whose only son the Word of Christ, spoken at a distance, had restored to life. Here also, or in the immediate neighborhood, was the home of His earliest and closest disciples, the brothers Simon and Andrew, and of James and John, the sons of Zebedee.

To Matthew, the writer of the first Gospel, as, long years afterwards, he looked back on this, the happy time when He had first seen the Light, till it had sprung up even to him 'in the region and shadow of death,' it must have been a time of peculiar bright memories. How often, as He sat at the receipt of custom, must he have seen Jesus passing by; how often must he have heard His Words, some, perhaps, spoken to Himself, but all falling like good seed into the field of his heart, and preparing him at once and joyously to obey the summons when it came, *Follow Me!* And not to him only, but to many more, would it be a glowing, growing time of heaven's own summer.

In the evening of his days, Levi-Matthew looked back to distant Galilee, the glow of the setting sun seemed

once more to rest on that lake, as it lay bathed in its sheen of gold. It lit up that city, those shores, that custom house; it spread far off, over those hills, and across the Jordan. Truly, and in the only true sense, had then the promise been fulfilled, "To them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."—A. E.

GLORIOUS LIBERTY!

I have seen the caged eagle beating vainly against the iron bars of his prison, his plums soiled and torn, his strong wings drooping, the light of his glorious eye dimmed, the pulse of his proud heart panting in vain for conflict with the careering clouds and the mountain blast. And I thought it a pitiable sight to see that kingly bird subjected to such bondage, just to be gazed at by the curious crowd.

I have seen the proud denizen of the air rejoicing in the freedom of his mountain home,

Clasping the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Basking in the noon's broad light, balancing with motionless wings in the high vault of heaven, or rushing forth like the thunderbolt to meet the clouds on the pathway of the blast. And I thought that that wild and cloud cleaving bird would choose death, could the choice be his, rather than give up his free and joyous life to drag out a weary bondage in a narrow and stifling cage.

And yet I have seen a greater and sadder contrast than that. I have seen men, made in the image of the living God, endowed with the glorious and fearful gift of immortality, capable of becoming companions with archangels, consenting to be caged and fenced

around and fettered down by customs and cares and pleasures and pursuits, that only bind them to earth, make them slaves of things they despise and answer their noblest aspirations with disappointment.

I have seen men, to whom God gave souls to become heirs of the universe and to outlive all ages, living as if this earth were their only home, and this fleeting life were the measure of their existence. I have seen men with hearts full of infinite longings, and with "thoughts that wander through eternity," laboring to confine the range of hope and desire within the narrow compass of earthly pleasures and occupations.

And if the eye of such an one should ever fall on this page and trace these lines, let him pause just here and ask himself why he need any longer lead such a life. Made to live forever, why suppress and contradict the noblest aspirations of your nature by trying to live only for this world? Made to enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God, why consent to be the slave of habits that you condemn, and influences that you despise? Why imprison your immortal spirit within the narrow round of earthly cares and toils and pleasures, when you are invited to enter the palace of heaven's eternal King, and to associate on terms of freedom and equality with the princes and powers of the universe? The everlasting God desires to adopt you as a child and to make you heir of an inheritance that shall be as great as His infinite love can give and your immortal powers can enjoy. The Creator of all worlds, the giver of all blessing, desires you to possess and enjoy every-

thing that can ennoble, expand and exalt your whole being, and fit you to dwell with Him forever.

I confess this is something I cannot describe, for it surpasses all thought, all description, all imagination. But I beg you to believe that it is a reality, and that you may learn what it is by experience and possess it for your own. And with such a great destiny open before you, surely you must not give yourself up to the cares and toils, the frivolities and pleasures of earth and time alone. With God and heaven and eternity to inspire your hopes and call forth your efforts, how can you be so unwise, so thoughtless, so unmindful of your true and proper destiny as to give yourself up entirely to things that perish, when your own existence has only just begun?—M.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

Some few years ago, a believer in the Lord Jesus, a blacksmith, was sent by his employer to assist a man to fix a gatepost. This was a departure from his usual work, but God who moves in a mysterious way was working behind the scenes. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

On reaching the spot where the man was at work, he spoke to him of Christ and His great salvation. The man looked at him with a peculiar countenance of surprise and gratitude, and said, I am very glad you have come and spoken to me of these things for I fully made up my mind to hang myself this very day, having got the rope ready to carry out my intention. After further conversation as to the willing-

ness of Christ to receive the guiltiest and vilest of sinners, he was led to rest in the atoning blood of Christ for peace and salvation.

Both men knelt down in prayer and praise, thanking God for this great interposition of His grace and providence in rescuing this poor sinner from the awful sin of self-murder and eternal woe. He lived some years after his conversion and died trusting in Jesus and His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin—C. D. J.

"OUR ROCK."

"Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being witness." Deut. xxxii. 31.

A Rock amidst the storms,
Whose top doth reach the sky,
Where faith can stand and wave
The palms of victory.

A Rock whose changeless strength,
Defies the mightiest blast,
And never shall it yield,
Till earth's last storm is past.

A Rock whose towering might,
Satan can ne'er assail,
And all the powers of earth
'Gainst it can not avail.

A Rock impregnable—
'Neath whose refreshing shade,
My toil-worn soul doth rest—
No ill can there invade.

A Rock of which we boast,
None like it e'er can be,
Our enemies themselves
This fact can clearly see.

Thou Rock of strength and power,
My hope, my shade, my song,
Hid safe within thy clefts,
No place so firm and strong.

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

THE MIGHTIEST MEN.

The mightiest man on earth is the man who has most power with God.—For God is almighty and man is omnipotent for the accomplishment of his purpose when he has the promise of all needed help from the Most High. The hiding of the power which determines the destiny of nations is not in the cabinets of kings or the heavy battalions of war, but in the closets of praying men, who have been raised by faith to the exalted rank of princes with God.

The conflict which gained the greatest victory for Scotland, and gave her such freedom and intelligence as she enjoys to-day, did not originate in Holyrood Palace, nor was it waged upon the high places of the field, but in the solitary chamber of the man who prayed all night, crying in the agony and desperation of faith, "O, God, give me Scotland or I die!"

We are all encompassed with hazards and uncertainties. We must struggle and endure even to live. Life itself is a continued struggle against both real and imaginary foes. The powers of light and darkness are ever set in array against each other. The most quiet home on earth must be shaken every day by the shock of the contending forces. We must all take part in this ceaseless struggle.

See to it, young man, that you are not found wrestling against God. In some dark and dangerous hour God will lay His strong hand upon you to pull you out of temptation. Beware, lest you think it the hand of an enemy and try to shake it off!

When you give yourself up to be chained and imprisoned by debasing

appetites and worldly passions, God's angel will come in and smite you, as he smote Peter in the prison house, with a swift and smarting stroke, and he will bid you rise up quickly and go forth with him into the paths of a pure, earnest, self-denying life. That delivering angel may come in the cloud of a great conflict, in the stroke of a sudden disappointment, in the deep night of a sore affliction. However startling the voice with which he speaks, however dark the aspect which he puts on, do not think him an enemy. Anything which delivers from bondage to a low, worldly, self-seeking life should be received as a blessing.—M.

DOES THE LORD WANT ANY OF YOUR MONEY?

Ought it to be written thus? Is it not the Lord's money, every cent of it, and given to you in trust? But does the Lord want any of the money you have? does He want it to use or for His servants to use in His work? It may be that He does, and you do not realize it. How is He going to show it to you? One way certainly is by ministry, written and spoken, and as the writer cannot speak to but very few of the Lord's people, he uses the printed page to call their attention to their responsibility in this to our Lord.

To learn the mind of the Lord as to this we must of course go to the Word. What does He say therein as to this? The Word is plain. You have only to turn to 1 Cor. 1-14, to get the Lord's mind as to one part of this matter of using our money for the Lord. Then chapters viii. and ix. of 2 Cor. give the Lord's mind as to another part of the

same duty. It is evident that God has ordained, established and appointed that His work is to be carried on by money given by His people, and also that His poor are to be sustained by these believers to whom He has entrusted some of His money. Paul while insisting that it was God's way that His servants who preach the gospel should live of the gospel, yet refused to receive money from the Corinthians, because men were ready to say that he was preaching for money; but afterwards when Paul was in need he gladly and with praise to God, received that which was ministered to him by the Philippians. Phil. iv. 10-19.

Now any one can see that it is a delicate matter for the servant of the Lord to speak or write about the saints giving, lest it should be said, he is doing it to get money for himself.— But suppose the Lord's people are neglecting to give, and are thus losing blessing, and that His work is also suffering, what shall the servant do? hold his peace and let things go on? or shall he speak out plainly? The Lord's people need to be stirred up to give for their own sakes.

It is plain from the Word that giving is exercising the grace which God gives to us, that giving to Him pleases Him and that it brings us into a place where our God can bless us. "I desire fruit that may abound to your account." And Paul speaks of the things which were sent to him as "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." Phil. iv. 17, 18. Again, "God loveth a cheerful giver." 1 Cor. ix. 7. Now, whenever a gathering or an individual withholds that which they ought to give, it injures

them spiritually. They are turning aside blessing from themselves. Can we afford to do that? Is the pleasing of our God of so little account that we can lightly despise it?

Another thing, covetousness is idolatry, and the love of money is a root of all evils. But if the Lord gives us money, how shall we escape loving it? Is not His way to meet this great danger the giving of our earthly possessions? and can we in any other way or path look to Him for deliverance from blighting and sear-withering covetousness? Are you giving of your possessions to the Lord? or are you clinging to all you get? Are you giving as He has prospered you? or are you giving just as little as you can? Have you ever been exercised about giving? Are you making money, and what are you doing with it? Are you laying up for yourselves treasures on earth? or do you know that you are laying them up in heaven? Finally, are you happy in this matter of giving? do you have the assurance that you are pleasing the Lord, YOUR Lord, using His money just as He would have you?

On Lord's Day morning the putting in the box of the offerings of the saints is not a thoughtless act like shutting the door, but it is a part of the worship or certainly should be. It is not to be done as a mere form or matter of fact, but it is giving to the Lord a free will offering. You cannot make it thus and throw in a quarter, or a dollar or even five dollars. There needs to be exercise about giving, prayer about it, and a realization that you are giving to the Lord. It is not a light thing with Him whether you give, or how you give, He loves a cheerful giver. He has poor

ones who believe in Him, how about them? "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" 1 John iii. 17. See also James ii. 15, 16.

And then there are many ways in which the Lord's servants have to use money to carry on His work, and why should you not have the joy of giving Him of your substance towards this? There is printing to be done, postage to pay and sometimes a great deal of it, there are travelling expenses of the Lord's servants. Sometimes a servant of the Lord is hindered from going to a meeting, or to minister to a gathering simply by lack of means to pay his fare. Then some meetings get in the way of keeping their collections until some servant of the Lord comes there, then what there is on hand is given to him, in other words it is like paying a brother for coming to labor with them. The only remedy for all this is to realize the danger and seek in the power of the Holy Ghost to guard against it.

Then see how wonderful are God's ways of using money to carry on His work, and what a privilege he gives every one to have fellowship in His own work by the means of money.—Take a supposed case by way of illustration: The Lord leads a brother to think of going to a place to labor, but he has not the means to go. The Lord puts it in the hearts of the meeting at X. to send him money, which he uses in going to the place and hiring a hall. Then the Lord puts it in the hearts of the saints at Y. and Z. to send him money, and this pays the rent on the hall and other expenses of the meetings. Suppose souls are saved there, and

that there are in the meetings at X., Y., and Z. say 100 in fellowship. Now those 100 saints have had fellowship in the work of saving souls, and that in large part through the use of money. So you see that while the love of money is a root of all evils, yet by the right and the godly use of money saints may have blessed fellowship in the work of the Lord's servants. And you see how, if the money which the Lord needs in carrying on His work is withheld, how not only the work must suffer but the saints must lose, and the poor lose as much as the rich. How many there are who really think they ought to be excused from giving because they are poor, or very poor. God knows all about poverty, the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. Make not poverty an excuse for not giving to the Lord. A few cents given to Him out of poverty and want but with real love and devotedness may be more in His sight than many dollars given out of plenty and luxury. Remember the two mites of the poor widow.

Because one is poor he need not be shut out from the joy of giving, and the blessing connected with fellowship in the Lord's work. The trouble is, the poor take it for granted that they can do nothing, so they make no effort to give even the smallest sum, and thus deprive themselves of all the joy of giving, and too often the rich cling to what God has put in their hands and so His work suffers, or He has to provide means in some other way, and His saints lose the joy of liberality, their hearts get hard, their bowels of compassion are shut up, and the love of money and covetousness get possession of their hearts. The Lord does

want His people to give of their money and means to Him, for their own good and blessing, for the good of others, and for His own glory.—J. W. NEWTON.

GONE HOME.

Gone unto Jesus! Oh glorious thought;
Gone to the home that His dear blood has
bought;
Gone to be with Him forever above,
Ever to bask in His infinite love.

Gone from the toils of the world and its care,
Gone from its troubles oft trying to bear;
Gone from its pleasures so empty and vain;
Gone where there's neither a sorrow nor pain.

Oh! what a change, from a vile world like
this,
Into eternal, unspeakable bliss;
Prostrate to fall at His nail-pierced feet,
Hearing the welcome so loving and sweet.

Meeting with Jesus, the Saviour who died,
Now He is waiting to welcome His bride;
Meeting with Him who "so loved" us all,
Gave His dear Son to redeem from the fall.

Meeting the dear ones, whom God in His
grace
Called on before to that glorious place;
Happy re-union indeed that must be!
Not like the meeting blest Jesus with Thee.

Soon in the glory with Him we shall stand,
Clothed in His Righteousness, harps in our
hand,
Sing the "new song" in the presence of God,
Christ "hath redeemed us to Him by His
blood."

Lines penned on the death of W. F., by
J. B. Bannister.

VICTORY OVER THE WORLD.

To overcome the world is to get above the spirit of covetousness which possesses the men of the world. The spirit of the world is eminently the spirit of covetousness. It is greediness after the things of the world. Some world-

ly men covet one thing and some another ; but all classes of unsaved men are living in the spirit of covetousness in some of its forms. This spirit has supreme possession of their minds.

Now the first thing in overcoming the world is, that the spirit of covetousness in respect to worldly things and objects be overcome. The man who does not overcome this spirit of bustling and scrambling after the things which this world prefers has by no means overcome it.

Overcoming the world implies rising above its engrossments. When a man has overcome the world, his thoughts are no longer engrossed and swallowed up with worldly things.

Now we know how exceedingly engrossed worldly men are with some form of worldly good. One is swallowed up with study ; another with politics ; a third with money making ; and a fourth with fashion and with pleasure ; but each in his chosen way makes earthly good the all-engrossing object.

The man who gains the victory over the world must overcome not one form only of its pursuits, but every form—must overcome the world itself and all that it has to present as an allurements to the human heart.

Overcoming the world implies overcoming the fear of the world.

It is a mournful fact that most men, and indeed all men of worldly character, have so much regard to public opinion that they dare not act according to the dictates of their consciences when acting thus would incur the public frown. One is afraid lest his business should suffer if his course runs counter to public opinion ; another fears lest if he stand up for the truth it will injure

his reputation, and curiously imagines and tries to believe that advocating an unpopular truth will diminish and perhaps destroy his good influence—as if a man could exert a good influence in any possible way beside maintaining the *truth*.

Great multitudes, it must be admitted, are under this influence of fearing the world ; yet some, perhaps many, of them are not aware of this fact. If you or if they could thoroughly sound the reasons of their backwardness in duty, fear of the world would be found among the chief. Their fear of the world's displeasure is so much stronger than their fear of God's displeasure that they are completely enslaved by it.

Who does not know that some ministers dare not preach what they know is true, and even what they know is *important* truth, lest they should offend some whose good opinion they seek to retain ? The society is weak perhaps, and the favor of some rich man in it seems indispensable to its very existence. Hence the terror of these rich men is continually before their eyes when they write or preach a sermon, or are called to take a stand in favor of any truth or cause which may be unpopular with men of more wealth than piety or conscience. Alas, this bondage to man ! Too many ministers are so troubled by it that their time-serving policy is virtually renouncing Christ and serving the world.

There is a state of great carefulness and anxiety which is common and almost universal among worldly men.—It is perfectly natural if the heart is set upon securing worldly good, and has not learned to receive all good from the hand of a loving Father and trust Him to give or withhold with His own un-

erring wisdom. But He who loves the world is the enemy of God, and hence can never have this filial trust in a parental Benefactor, nor the peace of soul which it imparts. Hence, worldly men are almost incessantly in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. They sometimes get a momentary relief when all things seem to go well; but some mishap is sure to befall them at some point soon, so that scarce a day passes that brings not with it some corroding anxiety. Their bosoms are like the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But the man who overcomes the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—C. G. FINNEY.

A HEART AT REST.

Repentance is that which introduces us to the blessed reality of what God is. We "repent," and we "believe the gospel." Not as if repentance were a legal condition, or legality at all, but on the contrary, the break-down of it. To "abhor ourselves" with Job is not self-righteousness; it is self-emptiness, the conviction of helplessness and evil, to which only the freshness and fullness of the gospel suit. It is not the doing of something for God, but the conviction of inability to do, which shuts us up to simple receiving of the "gift of righteousness." Then how simple indeed faith is, and how suited and sufficient a Saviour Christ becomes!

"Thy sins be forgiven thee" were His first words to the palsied man. "Thy faith hath saved thee," to many another. Nowhere did He put those who came to Him through a probationary course to get their sins forgiven

and to find peace with God. And now we are assured in the gospel of a peace made,—a "peace preached," or proclaimed as made. "He is our peace." Faith welcomes this, and enters into it at once.

What a wondrous healing is that with us, when the "salvation of God" makes us to know the "God of salvation." Not against us, as we thought, but having righteous title to show Himself for us through the Cross of Jesus. No work of our own sufficing; but no work of our own needed. And all revealed in such unclouded light, that not to have simple certainty of it is unbelief, and sin. How the heart is brought back to God by this wondrous manifestation of what He is, and is to us! He who has given Jesus for us is the One in whose hand all things are. To know this is quietness and assurance of heart.

It is everything for happiness as Christians to be confessors of Christ, to be open, decided followers of His. It will cost us something before a world which rejects Him still, but it is a small cost, for an infinite gain; for the principle is always true, "Them that honor Me will I honor." The Lord give us boldness, beloved brethren, and devotedness to Him who has bought us with His precious blood, that we might be a people formed for Himself, to show forth all His praise.—F. W. GRANT.

PETER'S FALL.

Blessed be the grace that could say to Peter, before his fall, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Mark, He does not say, "I have pray-

ed for thee that thou mayest not fall." No; but "That thy faith fail not" when thou hast fallen. Precious, matchless grace! This was Peter's resource. He was a debtor to grace, from first to last. As a lost sinner, he was a debtor to "the precious blood of Christ;" and as a stumbling saint, he was a debtor to the all-prevailing advocacy of Christ. Thus it was with Peter. The advocacy of Christ was the basis of his happy restoration. Of this advocacy Judas knew nothing. It is only those who are washed in the blood that partake of the advocacy. Judas knew nothing of either. Hence "he went and hanged himself;" whereas Peter went forth, as a converted or restored soul, "to strengthen his brethren." There is no one so fit to strengthen his brethren as one who has himself experienced the restoring grace of Christ. Peter was able to stand before the congregation of Israel and say, "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just," the very thing he had done himself. This shews how entirely his conscience was purged by the blood and his heart restored by the advocacy of Christ.—C. H. M.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

A short time ago, the writer had the opportunity of visiting an aged man who was thought to be, about to depart into eternity. Not knowing anything about this poor man, I only desired to tell him simply of God's love in the gift of His Beloved Son, who upon the cross died for sinners.

Having read John iii. 16, and 1 John iv. 9-10, I pointed out to him the wondrous love of God, in giving Jesus to die for his sins, and the wondrous ex-

pression of that love manifested in the cross. Then I besought him to look in faith to Jesus; that blessed One who died for him. After a little prayer that the light of the glorious gospel might shine unto him, I left him with God.

A few days after I was led to his bedside again, when to my joy his first expression was, "I never saw it like this before, how good of God to send you." But dear reader, I learnt that this dear man had been trained up, so to speak in religion, and even had been preaching, and praying for others, but when face to face with death and eternity, found himself without Christ, and in despair, or to use his own words, "He had not the right thing." Well, it pleased God to spare him, and bring him down stairs again, and I trust through faith in the gospel, that he had settled peace.

Now, dear reader, is there not a message from God in the above to you? Are you occupied with seeking the welfare of others, without being saved yourself? I pray you to first be sure as to the salvation of your own soul. If not saved, naught will avail. Oh! think of the foolish virgins, no oil in their lamps, lights out,—in darkness—Eternally lost, lifeless, hopeless, helpless. Alas! the door shut, and they outside. "I know you not." Matt. xxv. Oh! dear reader, it is, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." 1 John v. 12. Mere empty profession is of no avail.

The present circumstance, which presses so hard against you, (if surrendered to Christ,) is the best shaped tool in the Father's hand to chisel you for eternity. Trust Him then. Do not push away the instrument, lest you lose also its work.