

THE GLEANER.

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

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

Vol. XIII. No. 12

ETERNAL LIFE.

Praise God for salvation and the life we receive
When we with our hearts on His Son do
believe.

What wonderful mercy! what infinite love!
That brought Jesus our Saviour from heaven
above,

To suffer and die and to hang on the tree,
That sinners believing in Him might be free.

And when they receive Him they are born
again,

And life everlasting through Him they obtain;
The just wrath of God which did them
condemn,

They never need fear, Christ bore it for them.
Though they were once aliens and strangers
to God,

They have been brought nigh through Jesus'
blood.

Their sins which were many like the sand
on the shore,

Are all washed away to be remembered no
more.

They shall never perish, but will firmly
endure,

For their hope and their calling and election
is sure.

Oh, poor doubting saint, why then need you
fear?

For your ransom is paid and your title is
clear.

The debt you once owed was every bit paid,
When Christ on the cross the sacrifice made.
Praise God for salvation, the free gift of His
Son,

Which all may obtain through the work He
has done;

And the life everlasting which never will end,
Is only through Jesus, the sinner's true
Friend.

THOMAS BUSTARD.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

One night, when I was a lad, lying
in my bed at home, I awoke, and it was
dark, and I heard a voice in the night
—not a song, but I heard the voice of
my mother as she lay upon her bed of
pain. She was twenty-five years in
the valley of the shadow of death.—
Her "light affliction" endured for a
quarter of a century, but it was "but
for a moment," seeing that it led to the
"eternal weight of glory."

I shall never forget how the sound
of her dear voice floated into my dark
room and my disquieted heart, "Yea,
though I walk through the valley,"
think of it rising in the air at 2 o'clock
on a dark winter morning with the
wind howling round your house, "Yea,
though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death I will fear no evil,
for THOU art with me."

I am saying it in a rough, unmelodious
man's voice. I heard it hymned
in the exquisite tone that only a man's
mother's voice can ever have to his own
ear. Sing it. Sing it in the darkness.
Sing it now all the more if the valley
seems long. You are passing through
the valley."

It is a tunnel, but only a tunnel, and
like all tunnels, it has light at both
ends, and certainly it has light at that
end to which you are travelling. Some
of the railway stations, I notice, are
entered through tunnels. I do not

know why but it so happens that you shoot through a dreary, ghostly, rattling tunnel, and then there is the terminus, and your father there, or your wife on the platform, or some of the children, and then the embrace and the kiss and the hearty welcome.

We are going through the tunnel, and at the end of it is the terminus, and, please God, we shall soon be there. It may be dark and noisome and spectral, and a little awesome and fearsome at times. Sing. Sing this Psalm of heart-confidence, and the shadows will become somewhat luminous with the glory that is about to reveal itself—the light of heaven, our eternal home.—
MCNEILL.

THE BIBLE THE REVELATION OF GOD.

Take that Sacred Book of ours; handle reverently the whole volume; search it through and through, from the first chapter to the last, and mark well the spirit that pervades the whole. You will find no limpness, no flabbiness about its utterances. Even sceptics who dispute its divinity are ready to admit that it is a thoroughly manly book. Vigour and manhood breathe in every page. It is downright and straightforward, bold and fearless, rigid and uncompromising. It tells you and me to be either hot or cold. If God be God, serve Him. If Baal be God, serve Him. We cannot serve both. We cannot love both. Only One name given among men whereby we may be saved. No other name, no other Saviour, more suited to India, to Persia, to China, to Arabia is ever mentioned—is ever hinted at.

What! says the enthusiastic student of the science of religion, do you seriously mean to sweep away as so much worthless waste paper all these thirty stately volumes of Sacred Books of the East just published by the University of Oxford? No, not at all, nothing of the kind. But we warn every missionary that there can be no greater mistake than to force these non-Christian Bibles into conformity with some scientific theory of development, and then point to the Christian's Holy Bible as the crowning product of religious evolution. So far from this, these non-Christian Bibles are all developments in the wrong direction. They all begin with some flashes of true light, and end in darkness. Pile them, if you will, on the left side of your study table, and place your own Holy Bible on the right side—all by itself—all alone—and with a wide gap between.

And now, with all deference to the able men I see around me, I crave permission to tell you why, or at least to give two reasons for venturing to contravene, in so plain-spoken a manner, the favourite philosophy of the day. Listen to me, ye youthful students of the so-called Sacred Books of the East; search them through and through, and tell me, do they affirm of Vyaso, of Zoroaster, of Confucius, of Buddha, of Muhammad, what our Bible affirms of the Founder of Christianity,—that He, a sinless man, was made sin? Zoroaster and Confucius, and Buddha and Muhammad, one and all bade men strain every nerve to get rid of sin, or at least of the misery of sin, but do their sacred books say that they themselves were sinless men made sin? Understand me, I do not presume to interpret the proposition put

forth in our Bible that a sinless man was made sin. All I now contend for is that it stands alone; that it is not to be matched by the shade of a shadow of a similar declaration in any other book claiming to be the exponent of the doctrine of any other religion in the world.

Once again, ye youthful students of the so-called Sacred Books of the East, search them through and through, and tell me, do they affirm of Zoroaster, of Confucius, of Buddha, of Muhammad, what our Bible affirms of the Founder of Christianity—that He, a dead and buried man, was made Life? “I am the Life.” “When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear.” “He that hath the Son hath Life.”

Again, I say, I am not now presuming to interpret so marvellous a statement. All I contend for is that it is absolutely unique; and I defy you to produce the shade of a shadow of a similar declaration in any other sacred book of the world. And bear in mind that these two unparalleled declarations are indissolubly connected with the great central doctrines of our religion—the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension of Christ. Vyasa, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Muhammad, are all dead and buried; and their bones have crumbled into dust; their flesh is dissolved, their bodies are extinct. Even their followers admit this.

Christianity alone commemorates the passing into the heavens of its divine Founder, not merely in the spirit, but in the body, and “with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man’s nature,” to be the eternal source of life to His people. It requires some courage to appear

intolerant in these days of flabby compromise, and milk-and-water concession, but I contend that the two unparalleled declarations quoted by me from our Holy Bible make a gulf between it and the so-called Sacred Books of the East which sever the one from the other utterly, and forever; not a mere rift across which the Christian and the non-Christian may shake hands and interchange similar ideas in regard to essential truths, but a veritable gulf which cannot be bridged over by any science of religious thought. Yes, a bridgeless chasm which no theory of Evolution can ever span.

Go forth then, ye missionaries, in your Master’s name; go forth, and fearlessly proclaim the plain, the unchangeable, the eternal facts of the Gospel—nay, I might almost say the stubborn, the unyielding, the inexorable facts of the Gospel. Dare to be downright with all the uncompromising courage of your own Bible, while with it your watchwords are love, joy, peace, reconciliation.

Let it be made absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not be watered down to suit the palate of either Hindu, Buddhist, or Muhammadan, and that whosoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise, or by help of faltering hands held out by half-and-half Christians. He must leap the gulf in faith, and the living Christ will spread His everlasting arms beneath, and land him safely on the Eternal Rock.—SIR MONIER WILLIAMS.

Our present portion is the Father’s love, the Saviour’s grace, and the joy of the Holy Ghost.

CHOOSING THE CHIEF ROOMS.

LUKE xiv.

It is just the place that nature likes. The world which has no relations with God delights in exalting self and shutting Him out. Self gets for self what it likes, and forgets God. Man is always setting up self, pushing for self against God. He does not think so; for he says he is only using his faculties. But so Adam did to hide himself from God. Do not we use our faculties to please ourselves, rather than for God? While the master is away the servants go on in their own way, and do their own will. A man is naturally hurt when he is put down in a corner and despised. Flesh does not relish being thrust aside; but this seeking for a place is to seek for it where Christ had none. Therefore He says, "When thou art bidden to a wedding, sit down in the lowest room."

The point of this parable is seen in verses 8-11. It refers the heart to the master, to "Him that bade thee." If I am conscious of being a sinner, and therefore deserving no place, I shall take none, but wait till God bestows one on me. I shall have honour indeed, when God gives me a place. The point is, What does He bestow upon me? Having the eye upon God, and referring to Him, seek for the lowest place as Christ did. It will not do to say, "I will not have a place in the world." The great thing is, the heart resting on God's place in the world. When the eye is thus upon God, self is forgotten; if not I am thinking of the slights I receive, and neither faith nor grace are in exercise. If I could think nothing of myself I should be perfect. The man who bade

the guests has the right estimate of each, and the honour due to them. The evangelist's place, the pastor's, the apostle's, &c., will all be appointed by God. When God gives me a place, it is one of power and nearness to Himself; but when a man takes a place for himself, it is one of weakness and alienation from God, because self is the object.

Then, again, we must guard against the mere refusing to take a place in the world because we know it is wrong, as followers of Him who has been rejected. A mere legal estimate of what is right can never last. A thing may be very right; but there is no stability in pursuing it, because there is no power to subdue the flesh in merely doing what one knows to be right. There was the sense of obligation with the law; but the law did not set an object before me to attract my heart; it did not bring God to me nor me to God. That lasts which feels we are nothing, and that God is everything. Many have begun very energetically, and taken a certain place, right in itself; but if legality be the source of it, there will be no power of perseverance; for that which is taken up under law will be sure to be lost in the flesh.

When God is the object, the low place here is sufficient. He Himself carries me on; and whatever it be, if the mind and affections are upon Him, what was hard at first is no effort as I proceed. His love, which attracted and gave me power at first to take such a position, becomes brighter and brighter when better and longer known; and what was done at first tremblingly, is easy with increasing courage. The only thing which can enable me thus

to go on is to have Christ the object before me ; and just in proportion as it is so, I can be happy. There may be a thousand and one things to vex me if self is of importance ; they will not vex me at all if self is not there to be vexed. The passions of the flesh will not harass us if we are walking with God. What rubs we get when not walking with God, and thinking only of self ! There is no such deliverance as that of having no importance in one's own eyes. Then one may be happy indeed before God.

If we look at Christ, we learn two principles ; first, that He humbled Himself because of the sin of the world all around Him ; second, the world did all they could to humble Him ; for the more He went down, so much the more they sought to pull Him down.

No one cares for another ; so that if a man does not care for himself, he will be sure to be pushed down low enough. Then, again, so deceitful are our hearts, that it is possible we should be willing to humble ourselves, if we could get anything by it, even the approbation of men. On the other hand, if we, in the usual sense of men, merely seek to imitate Christ in this, it will be but legal effort. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He humbled himself. First, "He made Himself of no reputation ;" that is, He emptied Himself of His glory to become a man. In doing this, He left the Father's glory to become a man. This was a great descent (though we think a great deal of ourselves.) But was that all ? No ; He humbled Himself to death, even the death of the cross. It is the same

principle which is put before us in this chapter in Luke.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Real lowliness is being ready to serve any and everybody ; and though it may to the eye of man look low, it is in reality very high, being the fruit of divine love working in our hearts. God, operating in our hearts, makes us unselfish. The only thing worth doing in the world is this service, except it be enjoying God. We should be ready to serve one's enemies. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This is not only being humbled, but humbling one's self, and not doing it before those who would honour us all the more for being humble. Paul could say of himself and others, "Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." He felt they had a title to serve in grace ; and in proportion as he took the humble place, he will be exalted in the day that is coming.—J. N. D.

GRACE.

Grace is the characteristic truth of Christianity. According to the great doctrinal treatise of the New Testament we are "justified by grace," "justified by faith," "justified by blood,"—that is by the death of Christ in its application, for such is the meaning of the sacrificial figure of which the word "blood" is the expression in the New Testament.

Grace is the principle on which God justifies the sinner ; faith is the principle on which the benefit is received ; and the death of Christ is the ground on which alone this is possible—we are "justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

SECURITY.

Do you know the power and grandeur
Of a character sublime,
That will stand the shock of ages,
When no more there shall be time ?

Do you know the oak-like firmness,
That ne'er flinches 'neath the blast,
But is firmly rooted, grounded,
In the love that e'er shall last ?

Would you know a faith unwavering,
That no wind or wave can shake,
Stand upon the Rock of Ages,
With loins girt and wide awake.

Jesus only gives true greatness,
In a world where Satan rules,
Blinding men—the great deceiver—
Making them his abject tools.

Jesus stands in God like glory,
'Midst the power and wreck of sin,
Stands the glorious ark of safety,
From the storm without, within.

Stands unsullied and untarnished,
By the darkness and the gloom,
And He gives the shout of triumph,
To His own e'en at the tomb.

T. SOMERVILLE.

PRAYER.

Dean Alford says, "If we knew God's will thoroughly, and submitted to it heartily, it would be impossible for us to ask anything, for the spirit or for the body, which He should not hear and perform." But the Christian too often makes his own longings, or his supposed interests, and not the Divine will the basis of his prayer; he goes on to persuade himself that his request will be granted; he then regards this "faith" as a pledge that he has been heard; and finally, when the issue belies his confident hopes he gives way to bitterness and unbelief. True faith is always prepared for a refusal. Some

we read "through faith obtained promises;" but no less "through faith others were tortured, not accepting deliverance."

SAVED THROUGH A HYMN.

In an upper room are three young men—two are brothers, whose mother, a pious woman, had departed to be with Christ some years previously, and since then they had been living in apartments. They are both strangers to grace and to God; the third is a Christian, who has just come in to stay the night, and leaves by an early train in the morning.

He has been there before, but through lack of courage, had failed to speak to them of Christ. He has confessed this to his Lord, and once more he has an opportunity. It is getting late, but he has not yet spoken to his companions of their need of salvation, although earnestly desiring to do so. He is distressed lest the opportunity be again lost, so he silently asks help of the Lord to speak. A hymn presents itself to his mind, and, almost surprising himself at the peculiarity of the step, he sings aloud these verses,

We've no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who soon a better rest shall find.

We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth were this to be our home!
But let the though our spirits cheer—
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Sion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!

Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine :
The time my God appoints is best ;
While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

Weeks and months passed away, and the three friends meet again, when the younger of the brothers reminded their friend of the hymn, saying he could not forget how happy he appeared to be while singing it. "And," said he, "I am the fruit of it, for I am rejoicing in Christ as my Saviour." And he recognized the answer to his mother's prayers, long presented at the throne of grace, but not forgotten by the Hearer of prayer.

AT HOME.

How do you behave yourself at home? It is a much more easy thing to go off and preach the Gospel in China, or in India, or in darkest Africa, than to lead a consistent, Christian life at home. It is a much more difficult thing to show piety and true tenderness and to keep your temper in home life than it is to go and preach the gospel to thousands of heathen. To go through the common, ordinary every-day life with the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ in you and the love of Jesus shining out of you—that is God's true preparation for missionary work. Until I am a missionary at home, I won't be the smallest good abroad. The command is, Let them show piety at home and requite their parents ; then let them go to the uttermost parts. How am I behaving at home? Am I living a Christian life before my wife, my father, my brothers, and my sisters.

The communication of the new life is an absolute necessity for man to enjoy God.

THE LORD'S WORK IN THE SOUTH.

It seems best to keep our brethren informed of the progress of this work, and to this end is this written and sent forth. There are some in all parts of the South who earnestly desire to know the truth, who wish to understand more of the Word, who long for closer communion with the Lord. Then there are the unsaved who need the Gospel, and there are those who are gathered to the name of the Lord, and to each of these classes we are used to minister.

The principal part of the work is the preparing and sending out reading matter, and writing to many in different places. There are no better forms of printed ministry to place in the hands of the saved or the unsaved than our periodicals, but we find it better to bind them up than to give them out singly.

We have been making improvements in our methods of binding, reducing the time and cost while improving the strength, substituting stitching with twine to using thread and pasting.—We are greatly helped and encouraged in this work in many ways. Many parcels of magazines are sent to us by the Lord's people in different places, while others pay for large packages which are sent monthly direct from the publishers, so that since last winter we have been enabled to bind up more than 2,000 volumes of periodicals, using about 18,000 numbers.

We are making up over 100 volumes of books from pamphlets to use in the lending libraries. There are many ways of getting these into the hands of the ones who need them. In the Fall a great many wagons come to this town from the mountains bringing produce

to sell. We try to reach each one and place reading matter in the hands of the men. These wagons come from long distances, and this gives us an opportunity to widely scatter the truth. These people have little to read and our books are read many times over, being often loaned from house to house. Some of the men come back for more, and some ask for a parcel to distribute among their neighbours.

We preach on the street every Saturday when it is favourable and then distribute tracts and invite those who want volumes to come to the office. In this way it has come about that there is scarcely a house within many miles which has not some of our reading matter in it. We preach on the busiest corner in the town, and it has come to be looked for by men who never go into a meeting house. A large number gather to hear and are very attentive.

Another way of scattering the precious seed is to send boxes of books, tracts, etc., to those who we are persuaded will use them for the Lord.— This goes out in two forms, books for lending libraries, and books, etc., to be given out, the latter being mostly volumes of our own binding, made up of the "Messenger of Peace," "Glad Tidings," and the like.

There are now about 35 lending libraries in different parts of the South. We have sent out boxes during the past seven months as follows: Texas 1, Georgia 1, South Carolina 2, North Carolina 2, Virginia 3, Pennsylvania 2, Illinois 1. Besides these we almost daily send out packages and parcels of reading matter.

It is indeed a great privilege to minister the Word to so many people

so widely scattered. Some to whom we are used to minister are lonely believers, some are workers, some are preachers who have got much truth. The books sent to Wm. Wales are very greatly appreciated and much used by him and his helpers. Two ministers have gladly received boxes of books and are getting much blessing from them themselves as well as helping others. A box sent to workers among the sailors and longshoremen in Philadelphia has brought letters telling of blessing both to workers and seamen.

Another part of the work is the correspondence with interested ones. We have very many of these to whom we write and the number is increasing. Some are believers who are alone and who look to us for ministry. Others are brethren where laborers seldom go. Others are persons who in one way or another have obtained our address, generally by seeing some of the books, and who write to ask for reading, or ask questions on the Word. We are often able to give much help to such, and this is one of the cheering parts of this work. We often get letters telling of blessings received from reading the books and letters. New fields are opening up to us, and calls are coming almost daily for the reading. Every package of magazines sent in helps on the work. Every book and tract adds to the stock from which we are drawing supplies. We are dependent on the Lord and on His people as His stewards for the means to meet all these calls. There are great opportunities before us for scattering the seed. Our God has given His people a great privilege to use the printed page to minister to hungry souls. We

would lay the opportunities before our brethren. This is the Lord's work, it is your work. The time is short. His coming is drawing very nigh. Satan is pushing false doctrines with terrible energy. Let us be using the earnestness of faith and love in spreading the truth. We shall be glad to answer any enquiries in regard to this work.

Affectionately your brethren in Christ,

A. F. COWLES,
J. W. NEWTON,
Toccoa, Georgia.

CHARACTER.

Human life is character building; for remember that character means exactly what we are, while reputation is only what other people think we are. Every man builds his own character; and perhaps the reader of this article may be honestly anxious to build after the Bible plan. Fix one fact in your mind, however, and that is—the better and stronger Christian you are, the more dearly you must pay for it. All the best things are costly. Jesus Christ laid down His life to redeem you from sin and death. "Free grace" for you meant Calvary for Christ.

A strong, godly character is not to be had gratis. When Paul discovered that the price of eminent spiritual power was a complete consecration to his Master, he said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Henry Martyn, as his price, flung away all hope of literary distinction, and exiled himself to a pioneer mission of hardships in Persia. The great Livingstone did the same thing in Africa.

All self-knowledge also must be

bought dearly. King David paid for his by disgrace and the death of a darling child; but it gave us the 53rd Psalm. Peter paid for his by his bitter agony of shame in Pilate's courtyard. It was a great price for a great prize. Every fresh discovery that you make of your own weakness will be worth all that it costs you.

As God reckons jewellery, there is no gem that shines with more brilliancy than the tear of true penitence; yet God only knoweth what heart pressure and what crushing of wilful pride may have been necessary to force the tear to the cheek of a stubborn sinner.

I have sometimes met with a person who possessed peculiarly loveable traits of gentleness, self-abnegation, and meek bravery under sharp trials. I envied such a beautiful character. Ah, I little knew at what a fearful price of severe chastenings, bitter disappointments and bereavements, of faith tried in a white heat of affliction, all that loveliness of character had been attained.

He who would be most like Christ must pay the cost. If a furnace is needed to purify and brighten you, do not shirk the furnace. Patience is an admirable grace; but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk on the sunny side of the street in silver slippers. It is usually the product of head winds and hard fights—of crosses carried, and of steep hills climbed on the road to heaven. "The trial of your faith worketh patience."

So it is with all the noblest traits of a robust, healthy, and symmetrical character. No man is rocked into godliness in a hammock. Christ offers you no free ride to heaven in a cushioned Pullman car. John Bunyan sent his sturdy "pilgrim" to the Celestial

City on foot ; and some pretty rough walking and hard conflicts did he encounter before the pearly portals welcomed him to the streets of flashing gold. His piety was self-denying, stalwart, and uncompromising ; he relished even the stiff severities of duty, and was never coddled with confectioneries.

Self-indulgence is the besetting sin of the time ; but if you want to be a strong, athletic Christian you must count the cost. It will cost you the cutting up of some old favorite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from some entangling alliances and some sharp conflicts with the tempter : it will cost you the submitting of your will to the will of Christ.

The honest service of Jesus Christ pays the soul a rich dividend of solid satisfaction. There is no wretchedness in a true Christian's trials ; his bruised flowers emit sweet fragrance. The fruits of the Holy Spirit are love, joy, and peace ; the promise of the Lord Jesus is that his joy shall be full. The sweetest honey is gathered out of the hive of a busy, unselfish, useful and holy life.—CUYLER.

THE FADING LEAF.

The fall of the leaf should teach us so to live that the beauty and excellence of our lives shall shine forth with peculiar brightness if we are called to die. The forests put on their most glorious beauty when the leaves begin to fall. Travelling at this season, under the sacred and dreamy spell of the October days, I have often seemed to myself to be ranging on through some vast gallery of art, where mountains rise on either hand to supply walls on which to hang the ever-rolling canvas,

and stretching away mile after mile, through winding valleys and over lofty ridges extends the interminable panorama ; and every successive scene displays new riches of infinitely diversified and dazzling beauty, such as no artist's hand could imitate, no tasteful eye could weary in beholding. The "gorgeous east" never clothed its kings in robes of such surpassing splendor as the wild forests of the North put on when the autumn winds begin to strew the foilage of summer upon the grave of the dying year.

I am told that an English gentleman paid an American artist \$25,000 for a few square feet of painted canvas, on which he had delineated the autumn woods and wild mountains of this Western World. The Divine Artist exhibits the original, in all its magnificence of extent and perfection of beauty every year, to everybody, for nothing. It seems as if the gates of heaven had been opened and all the splendours of the Golden City had been showered upon our autumn woods, and then, after a brief exhibition, the vision of beauty had been received up again into heaven, that it might draw our hearts to that bright land where beauty never fades and the living never die.

And if God adorns the decay of nature with such ineffable splendor, much more may we, standing at the head of this lower creation, aspire to make the close of our earthly life glorious and beautiful exceedingly. This aspiration has been often realized in the dying experience of those who had clothed themselves in robes of righteousness and walked humbly with God. The prophet of old, after a life of toil and conflict, was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. The face of the first

martyr shone with such exceeding brightness that even his adversaries saw it as it had been the face of an angel.

When the frail and suffering body is wasting away with disease, the soul that rests upon Jesus sometimes seems to become transfigured by faith and to shine forth with a heavenly light. The departing believer speaks as if he had learned the language of heaven from the guardian spirits that keep watch around his dying bed. Many a parent's heart has been comforted in the loss of a little child by the remembrance of the voice that died away in song, and the heavenly light that shone upon the face where death had set its seal.— Many times have I seen the servant of God chastened in spirit and beautified with the expression of heavenly peace in his countenance, and passing away as the year goes to its grave with all the glories of autumn in its train.

There is no endowment of genius, no lofty and impassioned utterance of human speech, which will make the close of life so beautiful, so glorious as it will seem to you when you stand by the bedside of your dying friend and see him bear all his sufferings without a murmuring word, surrender all earthly attachments without regret, and calmly, trustingly fall asleep in Jesus.

The Christian family, whose members are thus going, one by one, in peace and triumph, from the earthly house to the house of many mansions on high, feel that heaven and earth are but a little way apart, and that they have friends and familiar acquaintances in both. And every time the close of a human life in this world is adorned with the beauty of peace and the glory of faith, death is disarmed of its sting, the victory is won from the grave, the blessed life is brought so near that the living own its worth and feel its power.—M.

"I WON'T GO HOME TILL I AM SAVED."

The above words were uttered by a young woman in deep anxiety of soul, to whom I had spoken a few days before about the love of God.

She had been coming to the place where a series of gospel meetings were being held, and there was brought to deep conviction of sin.

The last meeting came to an end, but she found no rest. She lingered for a few moments, and then left the building. On going up the village street, I heard some one running behind and calling out my name; it was a Christian lady, the mistress of the young person referred to.

"Will you return, and speak to my maid, for she says she cannot go home till she knows she is saved?"

So we all went back together; and after prayer I read these words—"Having made peace through the blood of His cross" Col. i. 20, and I asked the anxious enquirer, "Who made peace?"

"Jesus," she replied.

"When did He make peace?"

"When He died," was her answer.

"By what means did He make peace?"

"By His blood."

I then showed her that since the peace was made, and that God was glorified by the blood of His Son respecting sin, she had not to do anything herself, but only to trust to what the Lord had accomplished.

"If He made peace, surely you were not left out?"

"No," she replied.

"You believe then that He made peace, and that the salvation of God is for you, do you?" "Yes."

"Will you not praise Him for it?" I asked.

How suddenly her countenance changed! Though her face was still wet with tears, and her eyes red with weeping, yet above it all there shone a radiance that spoke of peace within. We knelt to praise God. On rising from our knees, I said, "My dear girl, let me say this to you, the secret of peace is, 'looking unto Jesus.' If you look in at yourself for comfort you will soon be miserable, but if you look out to Jesus you will always be happy; and so we parted.

Some time after this I had a happy letter from her, telling me of her continued joy and peace in Christ, and how He assisted her in her work, and of her longings after a holy life.

Reader, do you believe on the Son of God? By His blood shed upon the cross, peace has been made. Have you peace? If not learn a lesson from this narrative.

VICTORIOUS LIFE.

Christian, if you are unhappy, the reason is that you do not know Jesus Christ as you should know Him.—Eternal life is yours, and eternal life is triumphant life. The storm clouds and the sorrows are but occasions for Him to manifest Himself to you as he does not to the world. Eternal life is victorious life—no power of earth or hell can disturb it—no stain of sin can pollute it. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God" 1 John iii. 9. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ" 2 Cor. v. 17, 18. "Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ." 2 Cor. ii. 14.

It is a God-given, God-sustained and God-kept life you possess, believer.

What rest of heart here—God hath

said it. The soul rests with calm dignity on the Word of the living, unchanging God. The home of the Lord Jesus is our home. He has given a full and clear title to it. We shall walk with Him in white. Haste the cloudlest day.—T. SOMERVILLE.

When Elijah in unbelief fled from Jezebel he had the meet rebuke from the Lord; but the fault of the hour of temptation did not hide from God's gracious eye the faithfulness of His servant. 1 Kings xix. In like manner dealt the Lord Jesus with that other Elijah—John the Baptist—when he seemed like a reed shaken with the wind. Matt. xi. 2-15. We are to be imitators of God as dear, as pleasant, children; and if we are not to suffer sin upon our brethren, whatever their grace, neither should the fault in them be a cover to our eyes of their grace and service to Christ.

It is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence; and it clings to me, I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.—It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself.

The law shows us our sin, the Gospel shows us a remedy for it; the law our condemnation, the Gospel our redemption. The law causeth wrath, the Gospel is the word of grace. The law is the word of despair, the Gospel is the word of comfort. The law says, "Pay thy debt," the Gospel says, Christ has paid it.

I have learnt, said one of the martyr's that there is no freedom like that of the heart which has given up all for Christ; no wisdom like that learnt at His feet; no poetry like the calm foreseeing of the glory that shall be.

A man who sees the face of Christ is as happy as a man can be here. Man has no higher blessing here than having communion with God.