

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor.

Brantford, Sept., 1895.

Vol. 10, No. 9

THREE MONTHS TO-DAY.

Three months to-day at noon, mother,
You reached the home above,
And entered into joy and bliss untold;
No human tongue can utter,
No human heart conceive,
The glories which in spirit you behold.

The face of Him who loved you,
And whose love had won your heart,
With rapture you will gaze upon for aye;
The One who here in weakness
Had filled your life with praise,
And whose mighty arm sustained you day
by day.

How gently did He call you;
How tenderly He hushed
His weary one to rest, with touch so mild,
The eyes so softly closing no more on earth
to wake,
But ope with rapture to His "Arise My
child."

And as we knelt beside you,
With hearts bowed down with grief,
And watched each shortened breath, each
gentle sigh,
For you our precious mother,
Our soul went out in praise,
That the last tear has dimmed your loving
eye.

And as we gazed upon you,
So calmly resting there,
And thought of all the weary way those feet
had trod;
The many, many heart-aches,
The weariness and pain
We felt, in sorrow; we must praise our God.

And as the days go by, mother,
Our hearts tho' bowed with pain,
Doth think of thee with rapture, "home at
last;"
The eternal weight of glory,

The great and mighty gain!
The weariness and pain forever past.

And still anticipating,
We glory in the thought,
We shall behold thee in His presence bright;
Oh, glorious reunion!
Such hope His Word hath wrought,
Here will our hearts in His great love delight.

And now we would press on, mother,
Not overcome with grief,
But seeking still to speak His message true;
His arm of mighty power
Is able to sustain;
His grace can make us more than conquerors,
too. A. H.

Clinton, July 18th, 1895.

A FEW OF THE LAST SAYINGS OF
THE LATE MRS. HARTT, CLINTON,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE APRIL
18th, 1895.

"Worthy, worthy is Jesus. To think of
Him picking up a poor thing like me. How
precious to know that Jesus is mine; that
self-same Jesus that walked on earth. Jesus,
oh, I love Thee. I hope His name will be
the last name I sound on earth. All the
way in the journey He has been with me.—
He never laid on me more than I could bear.
To hear His voice—to see His face.

When the Doctor said, 'You may stay a
few days yet,' she replied, that is not good
news, Doctor. Oh, how I long to be at rest.
She then quoted these lines,

Jesus can make the dying bed
Softer than downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

I wonder if I will go home to-day. She
repeated this over and over during the day.
If I am unconscious at the last, just mention
the name of Jesus; I want His name to be

the last spoken in my hearing. Do you think I will see Jesus to-day, Eddie? Oh, I hope so, I hope so. The Lord is very good.

Give my love to dear Maggie, tell her we will meet up there; and the dear little babe, tell her often of her grandma. Oh, Father, let the end come. When you all see me again, you will see me in my new body.—Only to think of the deep love He had and has for a poor thing like me. She spoke much of her dear little babe that was buried twenty-seven years ago this month. She spoke of so many she would meet there, but it is Himself, she said, that is the chief One there. I go to prepare a place for you.—When thou passest through the waters I will be with you.

As she was eating a piece of fish that was brought to her, she said, the last thing we hear of Jesus eating was a piece of fish. As we were all gathered round her bed, she asked us to sing, 'It is well with my soul.' After singing it she said, Yes, it is well, Father. Poor Pa, he is a dear old man.—'All went to their own homes, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives,' Lord Jesus. The dear children, I would like to bid them all good bye. I will meet your little ones there by and by. How nice to think he knows all about us, and nothing passes His notice.—The only thing He forgets is our sins; He has said, 'Thy sins and iniquities, I will remember no more.' Ask the Lord Jesus to let me go to sleep. She asked us to sing, 'Calvary,' also, 'I am Thine, O Lord.' After complying with her wish, she said, that is nice. Now sing, 'Nearer my God to Thee.' Dear boys; God bless my boys and keep them. He is very precious. Underneath are the everlasting arms. The Lord is so good, but He is never otherwise, why need I have said that.

Gathered around her bed at 8 o'clock, we sang, 'Rock of Ages,' 'Shall we gather at His coming,' 'We will all gather home at His coming,' 'Oh, happy day,' and 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' She then told out the gospel very simply to a young banker. Then we sang 'Will you be there and I.' It will not be on the crown He giveth, but on His pierced hand we will gaze. I may have one more sleep down here, but if a restless night, O for patience. She asked me to feel her

pulse, and said, am I getting weaker, I replied, yes, Ma, she said, thank God. O that sympathising Jesus, He has weighed every burden before He laid it on His child. 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' Read to me, 'In My Father's house'—my Father's house. We then read John 14. How wonderful to think that He was comforting others when He was the One who needed comfort Himself—precious Jesus. What a sight to behold Him in the glory. He has the same tender heart now that he ever had. For ever with the Lord, oh, forever with Him.

My path is nearly all behind, yours (speaking to her children) is much before you; but He is faithful. In all my path He has been so faithful. I am so glad He knew all about me before He saved me. How precious He is, the One that has saved me. All your dear little ones, when we all get up there, how glad I will be to cast my crown at His feet. Your dear little ones will be there; He says, 'Thou and Thy house.' Some I have never seen yet, but I will see them there; how my heart will rejoice then.

'How good is the God we adore.' O Father, help me; help me, Father, just a little. Oh, my children—my children. Oh, if I could only be patient, not to murmur; I just want to do His will. Patience must have its perfect work. This poor old body is failing. Jesus sang a hymn down here, and He will lead our praises up there. When she thought no one was near, I heard her say, that precious blood of Jesus has left no condemnation for me. It cannot be long now, can it?—When she thought no one was in her room, she said,

When I soar to worlds unknown,
Sit with Thee upon Thy throne.

Oh, my Saviour, my Saviour; how I love Him; my Saviour, my Saviour. He has prepared a blessed place for me; oh, yes, yes, yes, prepared—she was too weak to say more. It won't be long. Oh, I wish He would take me, but I do want to wait His time. Sing, 'If I am in glory to-night.'—For poor dear Allan and Frank's sake, 'I am praying for you.' Sing now, 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' what a Friend—oh, what—a Friend. Read that chapter where Jesus—drew near We read the last of Luke. He is—near me—now—He will be—near us all

—I think it—is so nice. Jesus—Himself—Himself—drew near—isn't it sweet. Jesus Himself—Himself—that very man—that had the—nails—in—His—hands—will draw near—yes. Jesus will—wipe away—the tears—no more—tears—will come—back when—His blessed—hand—wipes—them away. 'Sing, what a—Friend—we have—in Jesus,'—Jesus—hath done—all things—well.

Ask the Lord—to take me—home to night. I would—be so—happy. Take me—home—soon, (in a faint whisper.) Precious Jesus. One more kiss, (speaking to those around her.) Oh, Jesus. The spirit is loathe to leave the body. I may continue until 12 o'clock to-night. That is the time to-day I felt death strike me. I can wait until then. Satan wants to tantalize and keep me, but he has no power; he is a conquered foe.

Weeping will endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. Oh, Lord Jesus, just take me home. Oh, Father, take me. Jesus, oh, Jesus, take me to Thyself now.

I thank you, I thank you, boys, for all you have done, (at a time of great suffering.) To see His face. Precious Jesus, to see Thy face. It will pay up for all—just one look. Don't say it is too bad, when He sends it, for He doeth all things well. Precious Saviour, I know Thou art mine. We will take our crowns and cast them at His feet. We will gaze upon His pierced hand and not at our reward. His blessed hand that was pierced for me on the cross. Heaven would not be heaven if Jesus was not there. What would Heaven with all its glories be if He was not there. It is Jesus—Jesus.

May the Lord be very precious to Frank, Ludlow and Dollie, Josie and Maggie, and Lottie and Jennie. This will be a cross to you all, but not to be compared with His cross. There He was forsaken, but you never shall be. Don't think of your cross. He will not send too heavy a one for you to bear. Just say, 'do with me what seemeth good to Thee, it will draw me closer to Thee, send the cross.' Your mother's voice will soon be silent in prayer. I will be waiting for you all. Poor George, tell him I am praying for him. For Addie's sake be kind to the lad.

Father, I commend my children to Thee. I know Thou art faithful and able to keep that which I have committed to Thee. Yes,

all my dear ones. I cast upon Thee. Father, I give them to Thee. When you were dear little boys, when I first kissed your dear little lips, a prayer went up for you. I gave them Father, to Thee. to take them in infancy unless they could be Thine. Father, I commend them to Thee. My prayers are nearly ended. Not many more will go up for you, boys. Dear Addie, it has been more of thanksgiving for her. There was not so much cause for worry as for thanksgiving. From a little child her heart has been fixed upon her mother. Not many more prayers for my children. Every one that are offered up are remembered; not one forgotten. He knows them all. All are precious up there. He remembers. You won't forget mother's prayers, will you, Allen? Oh, may I see each one of you bringing a sheaf to lay down at His feet. It would give me joy to see you coming, even empty-handed. I don't want that. I want you each to have a sheaf to lay at His feet, for He is worthy. I will have very few. Now is the time for you to sow your seeds. Don't sow seeds of remorse.—'Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap.'

'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Think of that Addie. At her request we sang, 'How good is the God we adore.' She said, ah, that is it, we can say from the bottom of our hearts, 'How good is the God we adore—we will trust Him for all that's to come.' You know we can look back at our lives and truly say, 'We will praise Him for all that is past,' but our poor hearts hesitate to trust when we think of the future. May the Lord enable you all to do so. Put your trust in Him, for in the Lord is thy strength. I used to be afraid to sing, 'Nearer my God to Thee, even though it be a cross.' I feared what the cross would be.

Isn't it wonderful that we will sit with Him upon His throne. He wasn't willing to make us servants up there. All that the Father has given Him, He is going to share with us. Heirs and joint heirs with Him. Oh what love, what grace to take us up to share all His joys; what wonderful love.—Nothing in ourselves, all is in Him. 'Here in the body pent,' I will soon be home, and then rest, sweet rest. Sing, 'Forever with the Lord.'

When some people were staying so long yesterday, one said to me, 'I wish they would go now, and let you rest.' I said, 'some people are not very considerate.' In a few moments one of them came to me and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Hartt, I have spent one of my happiest days on earth in this room.' And another said, 'I have heard of heaven upon earth, but I feel to-day I have seen it.' What a gentle rebuke this was from the Lord to me for what I have said. I felt so sorry that I had said it.

Jesus can sustain me now, I know He can and He will. May I go to rest now. Jesus will support me, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Jesus, my Lord, my Lord. A little more sleep and then asleep in Jesus. No night there. I trust that my death bed will be a little testimony for Him. I am peaceful and happy in Jesus. I do trust Him for all I leave behind. I should have trusted Him more through life, but I never mistrusted Him. I never, never, never can doubt His faithfulness. I know that whatever is done by Him is right, and in spite of all my failures and weakness; I have felt this ever since I knew Him. I can now 'Praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come.' 'Only a few more trials, -only a few more tears,' then safe with Jesus.

God bless the absent ones, I know they are thinking of me. 'O, what it will be to be there,' sing that to me. I am so tired, but it is all right. As we were singing, 'It is well with my soul,' she sang out loud enough for us all to hear every word, 'It is well, it is well with my soul.' Jesus may come before I die, then we will all go together; how nice this would be. 'Mizpah, the Lord be with you while we are absent one from another,' this is for you all.

What a scene I may awake in to-morrow. To-morrow I may see Him, whom not having seen I have loved. Perhaps the absent ones are thinking, has mother gone home yet.

How glad I am that Jesus knew all about me before He saved me. Oh, I am so glad; I can fancy nothing good in me, but He knew it all. I commit my spirit to the Lord. All is well; all is well. Sing, 'How good is the God we adore.' I cannot be far from home. I think I may go home to-night. It can't be many hours at most. Precious, blessed.

There will be no partings up there. We will gather around Himself. She requested us to sing, 'God be with you till we meet again.' I was thinking last night that perhaps I was too impatient; I wanted to be taken before His time, so He spoke to me in this verse, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' Surely this is from the Lord.

Home at last; I will see Him to-night."

FORTY YEARS' PRAYERS.

"Yes, in a few months it will be forty years ago that I was brought to know the Lord, and I have told my children that if I was to die the only legacy I would have to leave them would be forty years' prayers; for I have been praying for them ever since."

So said a dear old Christian to a friend the other day. I thought how beautiful it was, how grand, how sublime! Just think of it—forty long years of a mother's prayers, forty years' pleadings with God. How faithful, how persistent! Surely such prayers will be answered. "Yes," she said, "several are already in the good old way, and I feel sure the Lord will bring in the others in His good time." Favoured children to have such a mother who, although poor in this world's goods, is rich in faith, and rich in communion with her God.

THE YOUNG JAPANESE.

The written Word of God reveals the living Word—the Lord Jesus Christ; where the Scriptures are received and believed, the Lord Himself enters; and as many as received Him, to them gave He power (the right or priv-

ilege) to become the sons of God.

The following narrative was published by Mr. H. Loomis, an agent of the American Bible Society, stationed at Yokohama, Japan; and the story shows how the simple reading of the Word of God led to the awakening of the conscience and the complete change of one who was given to theft and deceit. It is when men yield themselves to the power of God's Word, that it will convey life and peace and blessings innumerable to their souls.

A few years ago there was a young Japanese named Uchida, who had no employment, and was in destitute circumstances. He was without any particular scruples in regard to the methods which were employed, and was ready for any scheme that would bring him subsistence in the easiest way possible.

So he went to an uninhabited island, which belonged to the Government, and proceeded to cut the valuable timber, with the intention of removing it secretly, and then disposing of it for lumber. In this way he expected to get a large sum of money, without the theft being discovered. But he was not successful in keeping the matter secret, and was arrested and sent to prison.

After his release he was again without money or employment. In this condition he one day went into a barber's shop, in Kyoto, kept by a Christian. The owner of the shop observed that he was an idle fellow, and handed him a small leaflet on which was printed the 13th of 1st Corinthians.— He read it carefully and was deeply impressed with its teaching.—

It was to him a new revelation, and he became anxious to know more of this new and wonderful doctrine.

The Spirit of God impressed the truth upon His heart, and he felt that he was a sinner and in need of pardon. He sought the instruction of Christian teachers, and was led to the acceptance of Christ as his Saviour.

The experience of God's saving grace was so real and precious to his soul that he was not content to enjoy it alone; he was filled with a desire to bring his friends and others to a knowledge of the saving power of the blood of Christ.

So he began to preach the gospel to the people; and God has blessed his efforts to bring others to know and serve the Lord. He has now fully given himself up to the work of an evangelist, and is stationed at Miniyama, in the province of Tago.

“It is very beautiful to notice that the only time our Saviour sang, at least so far as we have any record, was on His way to Gethesmane, and the first song of Paul's ministry was in the darkest hour of his life, when in the gloomy dungeon of Phillippi, the whole prospect of his great missionary campaign for the evangelization of Europe seemed blasted forever. Luther used to say, ‘When your troubles become too great for prayer, then begin to sing,’ and when his heart was too sad for anything else he always began to sing one of his noble hymns, and invariably found victory in praise.”

Moses S. Martin desires to return thanks to the brother who sent him five dollars, and states that he will have the book of Daniel translated in a few days. He intends to return home shortly.

DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH.
19th Psalm.

Autumn—thy charms delight my inmost soul
With such a holy calm :
There's not a flower whose loveliness,
Reflects thy radiant glow,
But seems to tell of rest and love,
And speaks more eloquent than voice of man,
Of God, who delights in light and love and
harmony.

Sweet days that come down upon us,
Telling us of a paradise above ;
Exquisite days of loveliness,
Laden with the glories of the summer gone,
Which has crowned thee with her spoils,
Nurtured by summer heat and summer rain ;
A holy calm pervades the scene,
And soft low music vibrates all the air ;
The gush of springtime lies in the past,
The heat and storms of summer gone,
And now the fruit, the vintage and the gath-
ering time,

But whispers in our ears with clearest chime,
That He, the Giver of all good,
“ Opens His hand and liberally supplies
The wants of every living thing.”

Day unto day doth utter speech, and tell us
Lord of Thee—supreme, so full of love,
No act of Thine but one of blessing is ;
Supreme—Thou wilt out of confusion, sin
and crime,

Bring perfect harmony and glory yet.
The storms so fierce, terrific in their power,
Herald the calm, and the clear shining after
rain ;

So after all the discord and the ruin,
Of this rebellious, sin-cursed world,
The undimmed radiance, and symphonies
sublime ;

While sin and shame, and all that so dis-
honors Thee,

Shall be banished and confined, no liberty
ever more to know.

O Lord, my God! Thou God of beauty, order,
light, and love,
No soul that in Thy sacred presence comes,
But finds a haven of sweet peace and rest,
A calm, a joy, a bliss, far more than tongue
can tell,

Yea, every throb of Thy great heart of love
Is kindness to man,
In Thy blest presence I find a home of bliss,
Begun below, to last for aye with Thee.

THOS. SOMERVILLE.

Our beloved fellow labourer in the gospel,
J. B. McCaffery, has gone to be with the
Lord. He was a devoted and useful servant,
and was used in blessing to many, and will
be very much missed.

Our beloved brother, A. R. Huiskamp, of
Woodland, Missouri, has gone to his reward.
His acts of loving fellowship in the gospel
will never be forgotten by many of the Lord's
servants. “ Blessed are the dead which die
in the Lord.”

“ THE LESS I BE LOVED.”

What a mercy the Lord has given us
the experiences of a thoroughly devoted
servant. And none since his day but
what in some degree must have passed
through similar experience. What devo-
ted attachment, what expressions of
endearment, and what a gush of affec-
tion, no doubt real at the time, his con-
verts showed to him. But how fickle
and unreliable man is ; the very per-
sons who were loudest in their exclama-
tions of praise, were those whose words
were the bitterest and whose persecu-
tion was the keenest. And what earn-
est and devoted minister of Jesus Christ
has not had to endure the very same
things. Leaving his closet with tears
of love for the people he is about to
minister to, and seeking their spiritual
welfare with a full heart, how often he
has found that the words he has spoken,
winged by the Spirit of God, instead of
being received as His message, have
been rejected and bitterness and perse-
cution used against him.

What a comfort then for a truly devo-
ted servant to turn to what the apostle
had to endure, and know that it is “ no
strange thing” that is happening to him.
Thank God the venomous tongues, the
petty spite, and the bitter persecutions
will soon be over, and the Lord will
make manifest the worth and genuine-
ness of every devoted servant of His,

while the welcome and His "well done" will make up for all the trials by the way. Beloved servant of God, do not let these things move you, but with a heart aflame with love to Christ endeavour to serve others as He would have you, even although you have to say, "the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

A LITTLE MEETING.

Many who read the "Gleaner" live where there are only a few in fellowship. Often with much trial and exercise of soul they are going on, surrounded by wickedness and feeling their weakness and the power of the world. There is much in the Word to encourage the little meetings. When the Saviour said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," He made a promise that has been a light to thousands of His people. What comfort there is in the knowledge of this precious truth. The Lord Jesus Christ is in the midst even though there be only two or three gathered to His name. He is with a single soul who believes in Him; when two or three who believe in Him are gathered together in, or more properly unto His name, He is there in their midst. It is not the place where they gather, not the gifts of those gathered; that which brings Him into their midst is their being gathered to His name. It would be sad indeed to neglect or despise the little meeting when the Son of God is there in the midst. It is not alone other believers who are at the little meeting, Jesus Himself is in the midst. We should go to meet Him, have Him before us, be occupied with Him.

Jesus in the midst, in the midst of two or three, adding His presence to their number, manifesting Himself to them as He does not unto the world; these are precious realities of these days.

Evil days they are, bearing all the marks of the last days, and how great is our privilege to keep His Word and not deny His name at such a time.— Each individual saint needs to walk in loving joyful communion with God day by day. That was the life that Christ lived on earth. Though Son of God He was the dependent One. He it was who cried in Psalm xvi. 1, "Preserve me. O God, for in Thee do I put My trust"— In following Him and keeping the place of dependence, we shall gather around His table with hearts filled with thankfulness and praise. A little meeting where every saint has been walking with God is very much to be preferred to a large meeting where there is much worldliness and coldness. Our great need, no matter where we are, is that which we call communion walking in the light, living in the conscious presence of God. It is the opposite of worldliness which withers and deadens our affections, causes loss of joy, and makes us barren and unfruitful. We need to watch and depend wholly on Him to keep us from the blight of worldliness.

We are to enjoy the Lord Jesus day by day, we are to gather to His name on His day, remember Him and show His death till He come. Then when He comes we shall see Him, be like Him, and be with Him forever. While here there will be more or less of tribulation, exercise, trial, conflict, but our victory is living by faith in Him. Jesus is just such a Saviour as we need in this present evil world. How blessed it is to know Him whether we are alone or with a few or with many. He will give us grace for each time of need. When He was on earth He spent hours in prayer.— Without persevering and believing prayer we cannot enjoy His presence and fullness.—J. W. NEWTON.



SANCTIFICATION.

Another word, may be of use on this subject. It is plainly taught that Christ is the believer's sanctification before God. He has made Him that to all who are in Him. Believers are said to be in Christ. This is their place or standing before God. Hence He is the measure of all they are in His presence; and, therefore, being their sanctification, He is the measure thereof, and of course it is ever complete—as much so for the new convert as for the advanced Christian.

But, then, while this is a most precious truth, yet sanctification is often presented in Scripture as a matter of experience and practice; and in this view thereof, it of course admits of degrees, and of growth; for though believers are fully sanctified in Christ, yet there is an obvious difference among them as to the measure of their apprehension of Christ, and of their walk according to Him: "He that receiveth seed into good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it: which also beareth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty."

Peter, in writing to believers, says, "By Silvanus, a faithful brother unto you, as I suppose, I have written briefly, exhorting and testifying that this is the true grace of God wherein ye stand. . . Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus." But, while he thus reminds them of the standing which grace has given them before God in Christ, he exhorts them to add attainment to standing; in other words, to add to their faith those moral qualities which would make them neither barren nor unfruitful. He also says, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And if we truly apprehend the standing which grace has given us with God, we shall see that

there is ample room for growth before we come unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; in other words, before our spirit and walk is a full expression of what we are in Him.

The apostle in writing to the Thessalonians, says, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." These Christians had been converted from paganism only a few months when Paul thus wrote to them; he wished them to be kept from their former impure habits, and to be practically complete in all the will of God. In the previous context he says, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication; that every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honor, not in the lust of concupiscence, even as the Gentiles which know not God. . . for God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." It will thus be seen that the apostle is urging these babes in Christ to practical sanctification, and wished them to be "sanctified wholly," and "preserved blameless."

The apostle, in writing to the Colossians, says, "We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you." But it is worthy of notice that he gave thanks for their **STANDING** (see Col. i. 12-14,) but prayed for their **GROWTH**. (Col. i. 9-11.) Of course he could not do anything else but give thanks for their standing in Christ; he could not pray that it might be improved, for he says in chapter ii., "YE ARE COMPLETE IN HIM." But He could pray that they "might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

The apostle, in writing to the Corinthians to put away evil, says, "Ye are

unleavened." How was this true, when they were allowing that which was so unsuitable? In the Levitical economy, that which was a type of Christ, was to have no leaven in it. He is unleavened; and as He is the standing of believers before God, they are unleavened, that is IN HIM. But, though unleavened in this sense, yet they were otherwise practically; therefore the apostles said, "Purge out the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth, 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

It is worthy of remark, that in the ceremonial cleansing of a leper, the instant the blood was sprinkled by the priest, the person was pronounced clean; and yet he was told to go and cleanse himself. How are we to understand this? When the blood was sprinkled, he was really clean, as we may say, before God; but when he had cleansed himself, he was practically clean—clean in his own view, and in the view of others. Thus it is with the believer; he is through Christ "washed, sanctified, justified," "accepted," "complete." Such is his standing before God. His sanctification is as perfect as his justification; for Christ is the measure of both in God's thoughts. But then the believer's apprehension of all this in his own mind, and the exhibition of it in his spirit and walk, is another matter; for the apostle, in his Epistle to the Ephesians—where the standing of believers in Christ is most fully presented—expresses a wish that those for whose good he wrote might have the eyes of their understanding enlightened, that they might have a right estimate of their calling, have a state of heart suited to it, and walk worthy of it. It is because

Christ has cleansed us by His precious blood, and is made unto us sanctification, that we are called upon to cleanse ourselves by taking heed to the word, in dependence on the Holy Spirit.

May we more fully apprehend not only our righteousness, but our sanctification, in the exalted Christ; and increasingly manifest this, in our temper and behaviour, in the scene of evil through which we are passing, till we are called to be with Him, and "be like Him," forever.
—R. HUTCHINSON.

SUBMISSION.

To have no will of our own is the only perfect liberty. It is the working of WILL in the trial that gives it its bitterness; God has to set Himself against any working of it in us, to smash it, for our blessing. Our wilfulness increases the trial, but when our will is broken, we surrender to God. The instant we take God's part thus against ourselves, in submitting ourselves absolutely to Him, the sting is gone out of the trial. We are brought into the path of Christ, and there is the full comfort of the sympathy of Him who know no will of His own. We could not have, or expect to have, His sympathy in wilfulness. We have been sanctified to the obedience of Christ. It is often a long and painful process in us to reduce us to it, but when once we are brought to submit to His yoke, the sense of crushing and bitterness are gone. It was the knowledge of the Father that He brought us into first, and the title we have thus to take all from His heart, that makes it possible and easy now to submit ourselves under His hand, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."—T.

THE GOLDEN CLOUDS OF EVENING.

She was dying; she sat in an easy

chair propped up with pillows, her young face turned toward the sunset.

She was but seventeen, but she had suffered much ; and her poor body was emaciated by disease. Her eyes were shining brightly, as she sat there gazing, that quiet evening. She had been a scholar in our Sunday school for many years. She greeted me with a smile of welcome, as I took her hand in mine and saw she was passing away.

As I stood beside her, she gazed again upon the sky with a fixed and earnest look, her face lighting up with a smile of joy. "Look, teacher, look," she exclaimed with a far away expression in her eyes. I followed the direction of her eyes, and I saw the glory of the sunset in the evening sky, shafts of radiant light gilding fleecy clouds. It was a beautiful scene—the whole sky round the setting sun tinged with wondrous tints of splendour, and pervading all, a soft ethereal brilliance that cannot be described.

"Do you see them, teacher?" she exclaimed.

"See whom?" I asked.

"God's angels coming to take me home," she answered.

No, I could not see them. I could see the sunset glory, but no more. What she saw through the opening gates of death, I cannot tell. She may have caught a glimpse of angelic throngs mingling with the haloes of the sky ; one cannot say. Read 2 Kings vi 13-17.

I sat with her, and talked of Jesus and of heaven where he was. She said, "O it is meat and drink for me for you to come to speak to me of Jesus."

Soon after she passed into His presence ; but many a time, when gazing on the evening sky have I thought of her and recalled her eager eyes and shining face, and her saying, "do you see them, teacher?"

God be thanked, I shall see them ; for

I am going to that home where she has gone. I am looking and waiting—not for angels, but for Christ to come and take me to Himself.

Reader, are you ready? Christ is coming. Would you welcome Him if He came to-day? Who would wait for you if you were dying now, angels or demons?

HERE AND THERE.

The Church is composed of persons who are here below, who have committed sins : thus seen in the world, they enter, as to their conscience, into the rank of the outside people, as well as Aaron himself, seen not as typically individual ; and this conscience is purified by the certainty that Christ has borne all our sins in His body on the tree. Our position is within, according to the value of the blood of Christ, and the perfect acceptance of His person.

It is the same with regard to the expectation of Christ : if I consider myself as a man responsible upon earth, I expect Him for the deliverance of all things, and to put an end to all suffering, and to all the power of evil ; and so individually myself as a servant, I look to receive, at His appearing here, the testimony of His approval, as a Master, before the whole world. But if I think of my privileges, as a member of His body, I think of my union with Him above, and that I shall come back with Him when He shall come to appear in His glory. It is well we should know how to make this distinction ; without that there will be confusion in our thoughts, and in our use of many passages

The same thing is true in the personal religion of every day. I can consider myself as united to Christ, and seated in Him in heavenly places, enjoying all the privileges which He enjoys, as Head of the body, before God, His Father.

I may also look upon myself as a poor weak being, walking individually upon the earth, having wants, faults, and temptations to overcome; and I see Christ above, whilst I am here below—Christ appearing alone for me before the throne—for me, happy in having, in the presence of God, Him who is perfect, but who has gone through the experience of my sorrows; who is no longer in the circumstances in which I find myself, but with the Father for me who am in them. This is the doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews; whilst the union of the Church with Christ is more particularly taught in that to the Ephesians.—J. N. D.

CHRIST A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

Some years ago I entered the fore-castle of a vessel in port, and found an aged sailor on a bed of sickness. I entered into conversation with him, and found he had no hope of recovery. I asked him of his hope hereafter. He said he prayed to God to pardon his sins before he would be taken away, and he knew that Christ died to save sinners. His hope went no further; he did not trust Christ as his Saviour; but still he seemed quite at ease.

I saw his hope was not well grounded, and told him this would not save him. I read from the Bible God's way of salvation, and pointed him to the finished work of Christ as his only hope. I knelt beside him, and prayed that the Holy Spirit would reveal to him the truth, and enable him to lay hold of Christ. He grew uneasy; he felt the foundation on which he had built was gone, and saw himself to be a sinner guilty

before God. He had a Bible, but the type was small, and his eyes were dim; he could not read it. I gave him a New Testament in large type, marking those passages where Christ is set forth as the only Saviour, and left him unhappy.

I called next morning, and was struck by his countenance when I entered. All was calm, and peace, and joy. "Oh!" he said, "I have peace now; Jesus is my Saviour; He has taken away my sins." I knelt beside him again, and we both gave praise to God.

Some time after I met him on the quay; he was being carried by some men to a steamer, ready to sail for his home, which he hoped to reach before his death. He said he wished to see me in the steamer. I went to the apartment where he was laid, and on stooping down to speak with him, he threw his arms about my neck and drew me to him, and bursting into tears, he sobbed aloud, saying, "I cannot let you go; I cannot let you go; you pointed me to Christ, and He has saved me. Oh, how I love you!" The steamer's whistle sounded, and the gangway was being removed, so that I had to tear myself away from him, bathed in tears. I said in parting, "In a little while we shall meet above."

Reader, it is not enough to believe that Christ is a Saviour; you must know Him as your Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

* We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by ME?

OUR PRESENT PORTION.

It is but little our souls enjoy of what is their present portion. But it is always a blessed relief to know that we are not straitened in Him, but in ourselves. We are not straitened, either in His Word or His Spirit. For in the one we have exceeding great and precious promises; in the other an Unction, an Earnest, a Witness, a Comforter, and an Intercessor,

These descriptions, both of the Word and the indwelling Spirit, tell us, that we are surely, even for the present, not straitened in God. But this straitness is all in ourselves, in our faith and affections. And though this may be our shame and grief; yet it is our relief and blessing also. For if we were straitened in Him, our wretchedness would be without cure; but as it is in ourselves, and we find it to be there, we get relief and a cure, by taking it in confession to the God of all grace.

"NO CROSS NO CROWN."

"No cross no crown" is often heard from those who appear to think that if they do certain painful duties—and the more painful to the flesh the better their prospects—they will in some way come off conquerors and win heaven. It is to be feared such persons altogether mistake the cross, and know nothing of "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings," and will know nothing of the glory of those "who suffer with Him."

They also make a mistake who think their cross only some painful self denial—though their mistake may not be so dangerous—

or the rod with which their Father chastises them, for He chastises them for the very object that they may know their cross better, for our cross is laid upon us and involved in our oneness with Christ our separation unto Him in a world that is continually rejecting Him.

In so far as we fail to apprehend what Christ's cross has done for us, we fail to understand our own cross. By this cross "the world has been crucified unto us, and we unto the world," Gal. vi. 14. To accept our place of death to the world and of life in Christ, where His cross has put us, is to take up ours. If we are living on the worldly side of His cross, we are not bearing ours. If we are living on the heavenly side of His, while we feel the burden of ours, and at times sigh for release, we are sustained by His grace, we know the sweetness of His fellowship, and are partakers of His life, His peace, His joy, His love, His glory. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

If we live near to Christ, we cannot help loving Him: the heart that is near Jesus must be full of His love. But when we live days without real fellowship, how can we maintain love towards a stranger? He must be a friend, and we must stick close to Him, as He sticks close to us—closer than a brother; or else, we shall never keep our first love.

God's blessings turn the heart away from Him, if their first effect is not to turn it to Him. That is the history of Israel, and a thousand times, alas, in the details of life, that of our own hearts. A pious heart acknowledges God Himself in the blessing before enjoying it. How is it with you, reader?