

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. 7

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hastening,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee
When the fierce, wild storm is past,
But God only can console thee
When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words or tears or silence,
Only lay them at His feet,
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy divine Redeemer
Knew as thou canst never know
All the deepest depths of suffering—
All the weight of human woe;
And though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry—
Even hear the stifled sighing
Of thy heart's dumb agony.

All Thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be;
And if whilst they fall so quickly
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee,
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer—
One unruffled, stormless sea:
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast,

He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly now thou may'st not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All small work for good to thee:
Therefore when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

"Calm amidst tumultuous motion."

A friend narrated an experience of the Johnstown flood which we have never forgotten. His home was below that ill-fated city, and when the flood burst he, with others, hurried out upon the bridge, rope in hand, to rescue if possible any who might be borne down the river. Presently, as he waited, he saw a half-submerged house which the rushing torrent was bearing swiftly toward him, and upon the roof of which he saw the recumbent form of a woman.

With a heart thrilling with sympathy and an earnest desire to rescue her, he quickly made ready, and as the strange craft neared the bridge he cast the rope with eager expectancy, but it fell short of the mark. Rushing to the other side of the bridge, as the house swept under the arching span, he again cast the rope with feverish haste and intensity, but again it failed of its merciful purpose. And then as the last hope of rescue faded with the second failure to reach her, and death was before her,

the occupant of the roof, who had been reclining on its steep slope with her head resting upon her hand, turned, and a sweet womanly face looked up into mine.

Until my dying day I shall never forget the expression on that upturned countenance! Instead of the fear, horror, and agony with which I expected to see it distorted, it was quiet and calm, with an unspeakable, serene, abiding PEACE, and with a kindly nod of recognition of my poor effort to save her, as she swept on to certain death that peace kindled into a glory that 'ne'er was seen on land or sea,' whose radiance was unshadowed even by the awful roar and strife of the elements about. Ah, thought I, as the tears leaped unbidden to my eyes, she must have been a child of God, she knew Jesus Christ, and what filled her and illuminated her countenance was the PEACE OF GOD.

GOD IS ABLE.

Blessed word. With man an utter failure, with the ruin of all entrusted to man, with every prop taken away, how blessed to realize the power of our God. When we look upon creature failure we are often tempted to feel that God has failed, but we know in our hearts that cannot be. But we do need strong faith in this day of weakness and decay to look above all that is about us to God, to rest in Him, to keep the eye fixed on Him alone. Let us look at some of the things which the Word tells us that God is able to do.

"God is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound

unto every good work." 2 Cor. ix. 8.—

Now suppose man has failed, suppose everything is in ruins, God has not failed, God cannot fail. He is just as able to make all grace abound toward every faithful soul, as He would be had nothing here failed. God is able, no matter how weak man is, no matter what man has done, that has nothing to do with God's ability. He is able to make ALL grace abound toward you. All grace, how much that means, just what God sees we need from Him, not what we think we need, not what we think God is able to give us, but the outflowing of His love to us. And He makes His grace *abound* toward us.—God is not saving of His grace, is not an unwilling Giver, but He gives without stint, without reserve, gives all that is for our good and for His glory. This is what God is able to do, what He loves to do, what He will do, if unbelief does not hinder Him.

But there is something more. If we have such a God, if there is such an inexhaustible supply to fall back upon, then we are responsible to avail ourselves of it. What should hinder our "always having all sufficiency in all things, that we may abound to every good work," if we have such a resource? "Always," that means that we never for a moment run short. It is like a spring that never runs dry. You dip out, and it fills right up.

"Having all sufficiency," what a world of meaning in those words!—They are God's words, not the words of a feeble man, but the words of the living God. All sufficiency, and that not only for some things, but for *all things*. All sufficiency for *all things*, and that is what God is able to supply you with, and to what end? "That

ye may abound unto every good work." There is something for us to think about. It is not do a little of some good work, but "abound unto every good work." Are you doing it? Am I doing it?—God is able to give you all you need, to give each one of us all we need that we may abound in doing good. And He has left us here in this world to do His work, and His work is doing good. So you can always fall back on Him, you can count on God for a full supply. He is able to give you all you need that you may abound in doing good.

Again, He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." How different from man!—God is able to do this and He cannot fail. We may be sure that God will do all that we ask Him to do provided it is His will, for He is able to do far more than we can ask or even think.—Now do we ever feel afraid to ask God for great blessing for fear that it would be asking too much? If we are His children, if we are led by the Spirit in our asking, we may be sure He will answer us, not according to our feeble thought, not according to the petitions we address to Him, but according to His own thoughts and ways.

"Exceeding abundantly above" reminds us of "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." So He does not answer us according to our poor thoughts but according to His own wonderful thoughts. And when we pray we are to watch against limiting Him to our poor thoughts of what He can do; we are to exercise unbounded faith and confidence in His power and ability to do for us, not according to our poor

conception of what we need or what we think He ought to do, but according to His own blessed power and wisdom and love. God's ability is infinite, and His infinite ability is pledged to meet our needs according to Himself and not according to us.—J. W. NEWTON.

The Herald of Truth Bound Volumes.

We have bound up in stiff paper covers, about 100 sets of "The Herald of Truth," printed by A. W. Otto.—The first volume contains 162 pages, the second being incomplete, only 84. We feel that these ought to be in the hands of the people of God, that they are not books to be put out as we put out "Messenger of Peace" and "Glad Tidings," or other magazines that we bind. Neither do we think it would be right for us to put a price on them and sell them. We have decided therefore to say this to our brethren: to any one who wishes these volumes for reading, lending, etc., we will send them free their paying postage; 6 cts. for the two volumes, 4 cts. for vol. I., and 3 cts. for vol. II. If any send us more than the postage, we shall use it in sending to the poor, and in purchasing and binding up more sets. The cost of binding is small, the papers for the covers being the chief expense.

Any who have back numbers of this or other magazines which we can use in the work here, and which they do not need, can place them where they will be made use of by sending them to us. We have just moved our lending library and the things we have on sale down to the front room of the first floor of the building which we occupy. A believer occupies one corner with outfit for repairing watches and clocks,

and in our absence, he will attend to the library, etc. The room is just what we needed, being on the street where there is a good deal of travel. It will also give us more room up stairs for our work. We thankfully acknowledge the good hand of our God in opening the way for this much needed change, and we hope by it to reach many more people. The Lord has given us the use of the upper room free of rent, and for the lower one we are to pay 75 cts. per month.

Again we ask for the prayers of the Lord's people for this work. Would that more of them realized the great need of these parts. But our God knows it all far better than any of us can know it. And we are only His servants depending wholly on Him.—
A. F. COWLES, J. W. NEWTON, TOCCOA,
Georgia, U. S.

"MORE ABUNDANTLY."

Some have the Spirit's indwelling life only as the trickling stream, with scarce enough to keep and refresh them in times of test and stress, and never knowing what His fullness means.

Others there are in whom the words of Jesus are joyously fulfilled, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," (*more ABOUNDINGLY.*) Not only are they filled with the Spirit in their own inner life, but they overflow in abundant, outgiving blessing to the hungry and thirsty lives about them that seek to know the secret of their refreshing. Sorrow comes but it cannot rob them of their great peace.

Dark grow the days, but their child like faith abounds more and more.—
Heavily fall the afflictive blows but

like the oil well which, under the blow of the explosive, gives forth a more abundant flow because of the very shattering of its rocky reservoir, so their lives only pour out an ever increasing and enriching volume of blessing upon those about them. An unceasing stream of prayer flows from their hearts. Praise leaps as instinctively and artlessly from their lips as glad song bursts from the soaring skylark. Trust has become a second nature: joy is its natural outcome; and ceaseless service springs not from the bondage of duty but as the gracious response of love.

They are not like dry pumps, needing to be aided by others through impoured draughts of exhortation and stimulation ere they will give forth their scant supply. They are rather deep-driven artesian wells, spontaneous, constant, Spirit-flowing. In them the Master's words have been fulfilled: "The water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Such were the lives of the apostles after the eventful day of Pentecost; transformed from timid, self-seeking, hesitating followers, to bold, sacrificing, heroic messengers of Jesus Christ; preaching His gospel with wondrous power, joy, and effectiveness. Such was Stephen "full of faith and the Holy Ghost;" and Barnabas "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." The men chosen to wait on tables were "full of the Holy Ghost." Paul swept to and fro in his great missionary journeys "filled with the Holy Ghost."

Such was Charles Finney preaching the word of life with fiery earnestness born of a mighty fullness of the Spirit. Such were Edwards, and Moody, and

multitudes of others; and such an abundant life as this does God hold out to all His children as their birth-right, their lawful inheritance.—M.

“PRESENT WITH THE LORD.”

Scripture affords more than sufficient evidence that the disembodied spirit is by no means in a state of torpor, apathy or oblivion. It is simply monstrous to maintain, in the teeth of the Lord's word to the thief, “To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.” that when relieved of this “cumbrous clay” and our ransomed spirits with Christ, they will be oblivious of the untold blessedness of being in that new and singular way present with Him.

Were it so, it were altogether preferable to abide in this scene; but how, then, could Paul have said, to depart and to be with Christ is ever-so-much better than even a life on earth which “is Christ”? No, on the contrary, the spirit will be in a state of blessedness, far, very far, transcending our present blessing, and, if not in that rapturous bliss which belongs to glory, will be in the happy serenity and profound quietude of an eternally unruffled peace, having, above all, the sweetness and the gladness of the Lord's own presence without a distraction from within or without.

Here we are absent from the Lord, there we shall be present with Him. Here at home in the body, there at home with the Lord. Here our spirits enjoy communion with Him, despite the character of this sinful scene and the poor sinful bodies in which we tabernacle—how much more in that secure retreat where such communion

will flow on without let, in unimpeded and unbroken current.

Every bit of knowledge of Himself gained here, every bit of likeness to Him acquired in the scene of His refusal (the hindering body having been put off,) will be qualification for enjoying with enhanced susceptibility to every spiritual emotion, and therefore more blessedly than before—Himself and the joys and secrets of His loving heart. Oh, what blessed confidences are shared, and what bosom-joys are found, in the unclouded presence of our adorable Lord and Christ, when every hurtful, hindering thing, as to ourselves and our surroundings, has been swept away for ever.—W. RICKARD.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The courage, patience, firmness, and zeal of a Christian are a perfectly distinct order of character from the courage, firmness, patience, and zeal of a natural man—self-confidence, self-glory, self-preservation, self-exaltation, are the essential principles of one; confidence in God, self-renunciation, subjection to God, glory to God, abasement of self, being essential principles of the other. So that the essential principles that formed the character of Paul as a natural man were destroyed through the cross, in order that his soul should imbibe the life of Christ, which was the principle that formed his character as a Christian, “I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Though Christ was a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He

suffered. In any instance that we give up our own will, without sacrificing conscience, we are gainers. If but my dog exercises my patience, and makes me yield my will, he is a blessing to me. Christ never willed anything but what was good and holy; yet how often was His will thwarted, how often hindered in designs of good!
—J. N. D.

NATURE AND GRACE.

By nature, I'm of Adam's race,
By grace, a child of God;
By nature, by the law condemned,
By grace, bought with His blood.

By nature, I'm God's enemy,
Through grace, He is my friend;
By nature, dread eternity.
By grace, I hail the end.

By nature, I am far from God,
By grace, I am brought nigh;
By nature, I love carnal things,
By grace, I daily die.

By nature, I am sore defiled,
Still grace my heart did win;
Nature in me God's image spoiled,
Grace gave it back again.

I am a brand plucked out of fire,
By God's most gracious hand;
When nature willingly stooped low,
Grace gladly took the stand.

Grace, gift divine to sinful men,
Grace given by God's love—
A living grace, a dying grace,
For all there's grace enough.

S. S.

PERSONAL INTIMACY.

I am often amazed at how little there appears to be of that blessed, simple, personal intimacy with that blessed One; that personal knowledge of Christ which delights in Him as a person, not in a mere doctrine about

Him. Very little more is known of Him than if He were a mere doctrine. There is no sense that He is a living Man upon the throne of God in heaven—a living Person, who can fill every desire of the heart, and whom I know as God in a Man; that is the wonderful part of it. I know God in Jesus. How else can I know God? I can only know God in that blessed One. True Man, very Man, really Man, yet the mighty God; but it is God in man. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." It is the only way in which I can know God. I see God in Christ. I know God in that Man, and I am brought to God in Him. What a blessed thing it is! That alone secures me, and nothing but that can secure me. I say it to you affectionately, you are not safe, you are not secure, there is no garrison in your heart until Christ is the alone simple commanding One that occupies its throne. When He does, and He is there personally, then you have the true motive, and the real spring, and the real power for walk and testimony for Him here on earth.

INFIDELITY and CHRISTIANITY.

There are very few infidels who are not acquainted with some humble Christians whose lives commend Christianity and condemn their own ungodliness.—Of course they know the truth, that there is reality in the Bible, and they blind their own eyes selfishly and most foolishly when they try to believe that the religion of the Bible is a failure, and that the Bible is therefore a fabrication. Deep in their heart lies the

conviction that here and there are men who are real Christians, who overcome the world and live by a faith unknown to themselves. In how many cases does God set some burning examples of Christian life before those wicked, skeptical men, to rebuke them for their sin and their skepticism—perhaps their own wife or their children, their neighbors or their servants. By such means the truth is lodged in their mind, and God has a witness for Himself in their consciences.

Years ago there resided down south a very worldly and a most ungodly man, who held a large slave property, and was much given to horse-racing.—Heedless of all religion and avowedly skeptical, he gave full swing to every evil propensity. But wicked men must some day see trouble; and this man was taken sick and brought to the very gates of the grave. His weeping wife and friends gathered round his bed, and began to think of having some Christian called in to pray for the dying man.

Husband, said the anxious wife, shall I not send for our minister to pray with you before you die? No, said he, I know him of old; I have no confidence in him; I have seen him too many times at horse-races; there he was my friend and I was his; but I don't want to see him now.

But who shall we get, then? continued the wife. Send for my slave Tom, replied he; he is one of my hostlers.—I have often overheard him praying, and I know he can pray; besides I have watched his life and his temper, and I never saw anything in him inconsistent with Christian character; call him in, I should be glad to hear him pray.

Tom comes slowly and modestly in, drops his hat at the door, looks on his sick and dying master. Tom, said the dying skeptic, do you ever pray? can you pray for your dying master and forgive him? O yes, massa, with all my heart; and drops on his knees and pours out a prayer for his soul.

Place the sceptic on his dying bed, let that solemn hour arrive, and the inner convictions of his heart be revealed, and he knows of at least one man who is a Christian. He knows one man whose prayers he values more than all the friendship of all his former associates. He knows now there is such a thing as Christianity; and yet you cannot suppose that he has this moment learned what he never knew before.—No, he knew just as much before; an honest hour has brought the inner convictions of his soul to light. Infidels generally know more than they have honesty enough to admit.—F.

THE OFFENCE OF THE CROSS.

John the Baptist, greatest of all the prophets, herald of the King, and preacher of the kingdom, was cast by Herod into prison, and his bold and faithful testimony was rudely stopped.

The effect of this sudden arrest seems for the moment to have shaken his faith as to the Messiahship of Jesus.

Accordingly he sends two of his disciples to ask Him if He were the actual Messiah, or if another were to be looked for. Does not such a question indicate a degree of uncertainty? No doubt it does; but then we must remember that there never was a true servant of God whose faith was not put to the test, or who was not in

some way exercised as to the testimony he held. Indeed the higher the testimony the severer the test.

Nor did John escape. His testimony was high indeed; for he was the immediate forerunner of the Lord, and was sent to prepare His ways. His preaching was distinct, his call for reformation loud, his life beautifully separate, and his faithfulness most brilliant. He lived in full expectation of the immediate establishment of the kingdom.

Yet he was imprisoned; he had to suffer; and he was apparently taken by surprise. Why should the herald of the King thus be silenced? Why should the announcement of the kingdom thus be arrested? In his difficulty he sends to Jesus, and receives from Him an answer to his question, as exquisite in its simplicity, complete in its explanation, and solemn in its import, as his shaken faith could have wished. "Go," said the Lord, "and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Matt. xi. 4-6.

A beautiful answer indeed to the difficulties of His poor suffering witness. The Lord does not allude to His own personal glory, does not bid these two disciples carry back to their master statements of His Deity or Messiahship. He merely draws their attention to public and well-known facts connected with His gracious ministry. He can call on a Bartimeus to tell how he received sight; or a cripple, who had lain for years at the

pool of Bethesda, wholly cured by one brief sentence; or a leper touched by His health-giving hand; or a deaf man whose long-closed ears opened to His magic "Ephphatha;" or a Lazarus raised from the tomb; and on multitudes of the poor who had heard tidings of mercy. He can call on such witnesses to attest His mission, and confirm His claims. How effective! How conclusive! But, further, He does not fail to instruct John in the truth of the suffering path on which he had entered. "Blessed," He said, "is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

"Offence" was quite as much a part of His mission as the giving of life or health to the needy.

Was John offended by his imprisonment? He had now to learn that his truest honour as his Lord's forerunner lay in suffering for Him. A special blessing attaches to his sharing the sufferings of Christ—"Blessed is he!" Oh, how this word must have calmed the troubled mind of John! How it would explain his situation as a prisoner, and add lustre to his chain. In it the Lord predicted His own cross, and stamped the nature of all true Christian testimony.

It were an easy service had we only to preach the gospel to the poor, and witness the benevolent acts of a gracious Saviour; but whilst this is our privilege, we are connected with One who was crucified. He esteems the cross His highest glory, and He values the heart that follows in the same path.

Paul broke in upon luxurious Corinth with the gospel; but his motto was, that he should know nothing among them but Jesus Christ, and

Him crucified. This steadied his soul, and kept him clear of Corinthian folly. He sought to know a crucified Christ.

And in the luxury—the religious luxury—of this 19th century how this searching truth is needed. The day of glory will come; but meanwhile we are called on to learn the offence of the cross. That offence has not yet ceased; and the cross is, on the one hand, as ever, the badge of man's enmity to God, as it is, on the other hand, at once the proof of God's love and of His judgment.

God tests everything by the cross of Christ. What savours most of it is dearest to Him, and the religion that refuses it is held in abomination by Him.

How much of this "offence" is to be found in the popularized Christianity of the day? Nay, the one effort seems to be to avoid the cross, both in its atoning and world-condemning characters. It is despised as of old; and therefore this popularization of the truth has brought about the most fearful anomaly possible. What could be a greater travesty of the Christianity of the apostles than the sad counterfeit we see around us? There is no resemblance between that which is presented to us in the Acts and the money-loving, pleasure-seeking, world-hunting Christianity of to-day. Infidelity is largely the child of this abortion. It is, as a system, the negation of Christianity, and for the general decay we have to bear the shame. If then one testimony brighter than another could be rendered, it consists in not being offended in Jesus.

Outward success in His work is deprived of the greater part of its glory

if that be lacking. "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me" had its deep and significant meaning to the imprisoned John, just as much as the fact that the blind, the lame, the deaf, the leper, were cured, or the dead raised. It was, and is, an integral and essential part of the one divine testimony.—J. W. S.

AFTER PENTECOST.

The day of Pentecost is fully come. The promised gift is given. Upon them has come the Holy Ghost, and now they are witnesses unto Him. The God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, has given unto them the spirit of wisdom and revelation; and now the eyes of the heart are opened, and they see what they have in Jesus and what Jesus has in them.

Perhaps for the very first time Peter ventures to speak that dreadful word crucified. With what confidence he rings it forth! What a rapturous triumph it kindles! What a tone of authority he catches as he thinks of it! Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth . . . Whom ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain: Him hath God raised up. What a victory was this—not only over rulers and chief priests and Roman soldiers, but over death and all the Powers of darkness! What a Christ is this! exalted far above the throne of David, to sit on the right hand of the Majesty on high, until His foes be made His footstool. No more the poor earthly thought of a Christ who was come to indulge the selfish ambition of a disciple. Peter triumphed in a Prince and a Saviour

who was exalted to give repentance and remission of sins.

And what Jesus has got in them. "And they continuing with one accord." One accord—all strife and wrangling dead. In that pure atmosphere envy and jealousy can find no place,—“did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart;” as if one great brotherly spirit dwelt within them. They had all things common—how complete and perfect the transformation. They sold their possessions, and parted them as every man had need.

The glorious change fills every page, gleaming, flashing everywhere.

Peter and John went up together. Together—that is a new thing. Were they not the rival claimants, of all opponents first and strongest? But now there is no separating them. Here is some acquaintance of Peter's who stops him for a moment. “Excuse me, Peter, but a little time since, when I met you, things were looking very bright. You expected to come into a position of vast influence and wealth—Prime Minister, Keeper of the Keys in the House of David. May I ask after your position? I see you have come into a fortune, you look so happy.”

“Silver and gold have I none,” cries Peter, but without a hint of disappointment or regret. He does not seem to think about it for a moment. See what Jesus has got in Peter—one who cannot pass a beggar without pity and a great longing to help him. And see what Peter has got in Jesus Christ—not one who is going to make him rich and happy and great, but one who through him can

bend over a lame man and lift him up and set him on his feet!

And Peter took him by the right hand—took the beggar! Really, Peter, Saint Peter, great Apostle and Bishop, trusted with such awful authority, first of a line of wondrous successors of lords spiritual and temporal, who in their splendid pomp shall claim to be the keeper of thy keys, be not so forgetful of thy dignity and high position as to go taking beggars by the hand! Ah, Peter has forgotten all about himself. The love, the pity, the mighty helpfulness of Jesus Christ fill all his soul. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And as Peter watches the man going leaping and praising God, he knows more joy and blessedness than ever came to Prime Minister or Lord of the Treasury.

Follow the story. Things get worse and worse with Peter. Poor Peter! how disappointed he must be! The last time we saw him he had neither silver nor gold, and now they have taken him off to prison, and to-morrow he is to be brought before the judges. On, follow them as they go to their own company, and join in that praise meeting. What a might as of omnipotence these men find in the very name of Jesus! What a defiance of triumph! what a great untroubled rest is theirs as they sing of Him and of the signs and wonders that shall be wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus!

Worse yet. Poverty was bad; prison was worse. But now here come the Apostles—beaten, bruised, bleeding!—their dreams of greatness have had a rude awakening. What now of their strifes and ambitions? Beaten! what indignity and shame is this!

But follow them. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name.

What think you of a Christianity like this? It is ours—yours and mine—if we will have it. Does it not kindle our longing, and do not our hearts cry out for so complete a surrender of ourselves to Christ? Claim the promise, for it is yours. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me.—P.

SHELTERED.

Wonderful it is for sinners such as we are to be forgiven—more wonderful, a great deal, for sinners to be justified. As forgiven, God's mercy reaches out its hand to us; but as justified, His righteousness shields and covers us. God, with all that He is, is for us. Himself is our "hiding-place." What arrow of the enemy can pierce through such a defence?

He who has been in death as the due of our sins has been raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father. The brightness in the face of Him who represents us to God is the assurance of how complete has been the putting away of cloud and distance between us who believe and God.

The cross is both the judgment of the world and our salvation.

Faith can see judgment passed over already, and realize already deliverance out of a present evil world. To it we belong no more—no more of the world than Christ is of the world.

Just as it was in the night of the Passover, when the blood of the Lamb was put upon the door-post, and Israel,

in order to their first step out of Egypt, had to learn the shelter of the blood, to see the judgment upon Egypt come and roll over, and to know it passed and gone, and themselves saved.

Christ's death for us is what Scripture teaches us to reckon as our death, and by that death with Him to know ourselves free from condemnation;—dead to sin, to law, and to the world. We look back on judgment, and not forward to it. We have heard the blessed words of Him by whom alone God will at last judge the world, saying, "He that heareth My words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment" (so the words really read,) "but is passed from death unto life." John v. 24.

Thus furnished, we start upon our journey. God's perfect love casts out fear for him that is perfect in the lesson He would teach us. For "here-in is love made perfect with us, that we should have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world." 1 John iv. 17, *margin*. As He is,—Christ, who is now with God,—so are we.—F. W. G.

CONVICTION.

Some of you know what it is to see yourself a sinner, and yet the sight of the fact brings with it no smart—no sting; it does not cut deep into your very soul. On the other hand, some of you may know what it is to see your sins all armed like an armed man to pierce you through and through with daggers. Then you cry out—O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? You feel a piercing sting as if your soul

were filled with poison—with dark racking venom, diffusing through the depths of your soul the very agonies of hell! This is what I mean by being convicted, as a state of mind beyond being merely convinced. The shafts and the smiting of sin seem really like the piercings of an arrow, as if arrows from the Almighty did really drink up your spirit. If you have experienced this then you can understand what the good news of the Gospel is. A remedy for such pangs must be good news beyond contradiction. Then to know that the blood of Christ can save, is indeed a cordial of life to the fainting soul.

Place a man in this state of cutting, piercing conviction, and let him think there is no remedy, and he sinks under the iron shafts of despair. See his agony. Tell him there can never be any remedy for his guilty soul. You must lie there in your wailing and despair forever. Can any state of mind be more awful?

I remember a case that occurred in Reading, Pa., years ago. There was a man of hard heart and iron frame—a strong, burly man, who had stood up against the revival as if he could shake off all the arrows of the Almighty, even as the Mastodon of which the tradition of the red man says, he shook off all the arrows of the warriors from his brow and felt no harm. So he stood. But he had a praying wife and a praying sister, and they gathered their souls in the might of prayer close about him as a party of men would hem in a wild bull in a net.

Soon it was apparent that an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty had pierced between the joints of his har-

ness and had taken hold of his innermost heart. O was not he in agony then! It was night—dark and intensely cold. It seemed that absolutely he could not live. They sent for me to come and see him. I went.—While sixty rods from his house I heard his screams and wailings of woe. It made me feel awfully solemn—so like the echoes of the pit of hell! I reached the house: there he lay on the floor rolling in his agony and wailing, such as is rarely heard this side the pit of despair. Cold as the weather was, he sweat like rain, every part of his frame being in a most intense perspiration. O his groans! and to see him gnaw his very tongue for pain—this could not but give one some idea of the doom of the damned. O, said I, if this be only conviction, *what is hell?*

He could not bear to hear anything about sin; his conscience was already full of it, and had brought out the awful things of God's law so as to leave nothing more to be done in that direction. I could only put Christ before him, and just hold his mind to the view of Christ alone. This soon brought relief.

But suppose I had nothing else to say but this, "Mr. B., there is no help possible for your case! You can wail on and wail on: no being in the universe can help you?" Need you say to him hell has no fire? Oh, he has fire enough in his burning soul already.—It seems to him that no hell of fire can possibly be worse than this.—C. G. F.

True persevering diligence in spiritual things always begins in self-abasement.

Walking with God teaches us the courtesy and kindness of love.