

# THE GLEANER.

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

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

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## THE CAPTIVES' WAIL.

We sat by the waters of Babylon, sad,  
And wept for Jerusalem, dear,  
Our harps on the willows, no music, no song,  
No friend the poor captive to cheer.

They want us to sing of dear Zion a song,  
The home of the blest and the free,  
But how can we sing in the ene my's land,  
While we in captivity be.

We long for the courts where Jehovah is King,  
Where there is true happiness, rest ;  
We sigh for thee Zion—we never can sing  
To strangers the song of the blest.

O turn our captivity, Jehovah, again,  
We long for Jerusalem's shore ;  
We'll take down the harps and tune them  
anew,  
Sing praises as never before. S. S.

## THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

I was travelling between Paris and Bourdeaux, and had just left Angouleme, when a smart and showy young man stepped into the carriage where I was, and seated himself between me and another traveller.—He saluted me with politeness ; and, after the first customary words, said to me, "Sir, I think you are from Paris?"

"I left it yesterday," I replied.

"And I am sure," he continued, "you must have seen the Huguenots (a piece of music.) What a wonderful production it is ! So original ! Every one is flying to it ! Were you not enchanted?"

"The Huguenots?" replied I, putting my hand into the pocket of the coach, where I had put the New Testament which I read on my journey, "I have here what the Huguenots held as their greatest treasure."

The young man exclaimed with surprise, "The treasure of the Huguenots ! What may that be I pray ?"

I presented the book to him ; he read its title, and returned it to me immediately, saying with contempt, "O, as for that book, it is good for nobody, I think, but old women and people of weak minds."

"I know, sir," I replied, with feeling, that it is excellent for me, who certainly am not an old woman. As to my mind, I shall say nothing—you can judge of that."

The young man blushed, and said, with some confusion, "A thousand pardons, sir, if I have offended you by my foolish expression : but allow me to speak quite freely, and to tell you that I cannot comprehend how a man of sense and intelligence, such as (with respect) I acknowledge you to be, can approve of, and above all, believe in such a production."

I confess I was tempted to oppose weapon to weapon, but the words of the Holy Book came to my mind, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Leaving, therefore, in its scabbard of clay the feeble sword

of my reason, I seized that of the Spirit, the Word of God, and replied in these words, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost—in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

"Yes, yes," replied the young man, "that is what your book says, but where is its authority? That is the question."

"If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether Christ speaks of Himself," I said.

"That is to say," answered the young man, "every man of sense and judgment in society is a villain, or infidel, or rather athiest, because he cannot subscribe to the mysteries, not to say the absurdities of a book scarcely known to any but the lowest people."

"The faith of the Christian," replied I, "stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, who hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and, as to the unbeliever, God says that he is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God; and the gospel adds, that such a man shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Very well, sir," replied the young man with bitterness, "my portion, according to your opinion, is quite settled; and it is," added he with a sneer, "it is hell, with its eternal flames, is it not, that awaits me? and along with me all the flower of the

human kind. I thank you for your charity."

"It is not I, sir," I replied, with calmness, "it is God Himself who says the name of Jesus is the only name under heaven given among men by which they can be saved; and it is Jesus also that says to you, as to every sinner, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. You hear this—you hear those words of love and of kindness."

The young man said nothing but frowned, and he remained for a long time silent. Night came on and he remained silent, and I supposed that His discontent would last till he had fallen asleep; when, turning suddenly towards me, he said, with deep feeling, "Where could I procure a copy of the book you have been reading? for—yes—I ought to read it; I begin to believe that possibly I may be wrong, and you right. I regret, also, sir, the very inconsiderate language that—"

"O, sir," said I, interrupting him, "I beg you will make no apology; and since you already feel that the Word of God is superior to that of the philosophers—of Voltaire, for instance—let us have some talk, if you please, about that Word, which you will allow me to present to you as soon as we arrive at Bourdeaux."

From that happy moment our conversation was easy; and it was not till after we had discussed all the vital doctrines of Christianity that we resigned ourselves to sleep.

The next day my young companion was serene, cordial, and perfectly frank; and before we parted, he took me by the hand, saying, "You re-

member, I hope, the promise you were so kind to make to me : here is the name of my hotel."

I sent him the Bible, and let him know that that day and the following I was to expound some portions of Scripture at meetings, where he would be most welcome.

The invitation was not in vain.— That same evening, with the Bible in his hand, he took his place with others who came to hear the Gospel. The following day he was there, and after the service, he came to me and said with emotion, "Sir, from this time, this book shall be my guide—my study—my only study."

"And to-morrow," said I to him, "what are you to do? it is the king's fete, and there will be a grand ball, and much gaiety; of course you will be invited."

"I have already refused the invitation," said the young disciple, with firmness. "I shall not appear there. In the morning I shall hear you since you are to preach, and in the evening I will, please God, hear you again."

He did indeed come; this most accomplished young man, who had heretofore made the theatre or the ball his chief pleasure, found his greatest enjoyment in serving God.

That evening I took leave of this young friend of the truth. He testified anew his gratitude to me, and his desire that my wishes concerning him might be fulfilled. He declared before many witnesses that he believed the Bible to be the Word of God, that he adored the Saviour, and that he wished to live and die a Christian.

CÆSAR MALAN.

### THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge" Eph. 3;19.

Do I know the love of Christ? Have I felt it? Do I understand it? Do I feel it now? Is it now shed abroad in my heart? Do I know that Jesus now loves me? Is my heart quickened, and animated, and warmed, and attracted towards Him through the great love that it recognises and rejoices in, that Christ has really loved me, and chosen me, and set His heart upon me?

Equally precious is it to know the doctrine that this love is without end. When all we see around us shall have passed away, as the foam dissolves into the waves that bear it, the love of Christ to His people shall be the same still. And on, and on, and on throughout eternity He shall never cast them from His heart.

Sweet, too, is it, passing sweet, to know that He loves them without change, and without limit; that He loves them because He will love them; that He loves them not for anything in them, but simply because He has so much love in His heart that He must let it out, and that He ordains to let it flow forth to them that they may rejoice therein.

All this is precious; but, O brothers and sisters! if you only know these things as they stand in the creed book, I tell you that ye know nothing yet as ye ought to know. If this be all your knowledge, ye have to begin to learn. If you have begun at all, may God help you to go further, and to mount to higher and clearer regions than these. It is a blessed privilege to know Christ

doctrinally, but it is only the beginning, the stepping-stones to something better, even as love longs for intimacy.

True saints know Christ's love gratefully and thankfully, having experienced it. O dear friends! let me refresh your memories, and tell you what you do know, rather than try to say anything which might be new to you. Do you remember the place, the spot of ground, where Jesus met with you? Some of us do. Oh! that day of days; that first day of our spiritual life! Other days have lost their freshness in our recollection, but this one is like a coin newly minted from time, though it is years ago with some of us. Oh! that day that marriage day! that feast day! that day of heaven on earth! Our soul was burdened and bowed down to the very dust, and we thought that we should soon descend into the pit, where despair would be our portion forever; but as we went mourning on our way we heard a voice saying to us,—("Come hither, soul, I am the way.") We turned our eyes to see what way this could be, when lo! we saw One nailed to a cross. We marked the blood as it flowed from His hands, and feet, and side; we saw His eyes as they looked on us with inexpressible compassion; and we heard Him as He opened His lips and said, "Come unto Me, thou weary one, and I will give thee rest." Oh! do you remember when you looked unto Him, and when you came to trust Him, just as you were, with your soul? You had been learning about Christ, perhaps for years.— You had been taught about Him,

you had got some knowledge of Him, and some desire towards Him. But did you not learn more of Christ in one five minutes then than you could have learned in a whole course of college education in theology in years before?

And since that time, dear friend, have we not learned Christ's love thankfully to a very high degree? Day after day He cometh to us. Night after night He draweth the curtains of our bed.

He is ever with us, and all that He has is ours. He talketh sweetly to us by the way, and He sitteth down by us in our afflictions and comforteth us, and maketh our hearts to burn within us; and, as we think of all that He has done for us, we feel we do know something of Him, for gratitude has been our schoolmaster.—Spurgeon.

### TAKE GOD AT HIS WORD.

Speaking to a young man a short time ago, I said, "It is a precious thing that nothing can pluck us out of Christ's hand." He replied, "I know neither man nor devil can, but we can ourselves for all that." But these are the Lord's words, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand,' and as you are only a man, you are included in the 'any.'

"Oh, yes," said he; "but we can pluck ourselves away. It is only as we are looking to Him that we can keep ourselves from falling."

"We have no right to sin, and by so doing we grieve the Holy Spirit, but 'our life is hid with Christ in

God,' and nothing can touch that, while as for keeping ourselves, that is impossible. We 'are kept by the power of God.'"

But all the scriptures brought forward did not convince him, and he left, saying, "That's where you and I differ."

Very different was the testimony rendered by a young girl a few weeks back. She was ill, and we had this conversation:—

"Well, Rosie, have you taken God at His word?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then you are happy?"

"Yes, very happy."

"How long has this been the case?"

"Since I have been in bed—about three or four months."

She had been anxious about her soul for some time, and her godly father had spoken to her a good deal of the way of salvation.

The beautiful verse, already quoted, from the tenth chapter of John, is very precious to her. Not a shadow of a doubt crosses her soul that anyone or anything will ever pluck her out of Christ's hand. She is on the immovable rock. Christ shines forth in her daily life, and she, who was once so reserved, has had her mouth opened to praise Him who loved her and gave Himself for her.

Reader, have you taken God entirely at His word? Do you say you know you are saved and are afraid you yet may be lost? That is only believing half what God says. Read the verse from the tenth chapter of John again, and take Christ at His word.—N. N.

### MAN'S GUILT—GOD'S GRACE.

Even the common ailments of life, which we find the righteous suffer as well as the wicked, and which—though the inherited consequences of sin—are not to be ascribed to the transgressions of the sufferer, even these become, to those who receive them aright, promotive of the growth of spiritual life.

The Conqueror of Satan overcame death, not by causing that man should not die, but by granting him after death a resurrection of life—making the grave the threshold of immortality; just as He triumphs over sin and its effects by making suffering the nursery of the Christian graces and the school of the highest possible spiritual attainment. So also He compels men in the worst and most infamous deeds of their wickedness to further the cause of God; harnessing the very steeds of Satan to the triumphal car of the Messiah.

That most heinous crime, in which seemed concentrated all the wickedness of which the race was capable, the nailing of Jesus—God incarnate, to the cross; so far as we can see, nothing but wickedness could possibly have accomplished it. And yet thereby was accomplished the great work of redemption. It was the greatest possible triumph of Satan; yet it was the breaking of his power, and rescuing millions from his dominion. He who had brought sin, woe, pain, suffering, death into the world, saw his own artillery seized by the Victor and turned upon Himself; and the resurrection morning dawned upon a world where God was triumphant and Satan dethroned. M.

### CHANGED.

Death makes sad havoc with our earthly hopes and affections. The grave parts us from multitudes who are dear to us, dear often as our own lives. How many, once the delight of our homes, the joy and pride of the circle in which we moved, with whom we oft took sweet counsel, together, have gone from us never to come back! Some of them have been gone for a long while, and we miss them yet, and sigh over their absence, and keep alive their memories. We are solitary and lonely without them. Their looks, their last words, are still familiar to us. In the dreams of the night we sometimes hold converse with them, and with longings unutterable look forward and upward.

Some of these dear ones went from us in the innocency and loveliness of early childhood; some while the bloom of youth and beauty mantled their cheeks; and some in the mellow ripeness of a sanctified old age. We remember how fresh and fair, or how saintly, they looked as they lay, silent and peaceful, in their coffins; we remember what a pang pierced our heart when we imprinted the last kiss and surrendered them to the grave! O Death! who has not felt thy sting? O Grave! how insatiable have been thy demands upon us!

But down from the excellent glory comes the voice of our Redeemer, and in the ear of every mourner He speaks words of cheer and comfort, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "If ye believe that Jesus died

and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

That same Divine Voice which now speaks to man in the sweet promises of the Word; that same voice which to-day pleads with sinners in tender accents to repent and obey the gospel; that same voice which called Lazarus from the grave, and restored the widow's son of Nain to his weeping mother—that voice, sounding along the sky, and echoing among the hills and valleys of earth, and searching the dark caverns of the deep and wherever sleeps the dust of man, will give life to all the sleeping dead.

Our friends, "who died in the Lord," are not lost—only gone a little before. They shall live again, all of them. The resurrection shall bring them all back to you. And what a day of rejoicing it will be, because of these blessed reunions! Such a coming together, such sweet and hallowed experiences as earth never witnessed. Our loved ones, whom we surrendered to death's cold embrace, will be the very same that we parted with. And yet they will be changed; and so changed! A thousand-fold more lovely than in life; incorruptible, immortal, divinely beautiful, the equal of angels in strength and dignity; spotless and glistening with glory—with what rapture shall we embrace them. And now that all danger and fear and sin, are past and done with forever; and we have reached a world where there is no night, no sorrow, no death, where every wound is healed, every capacity is filled, what an eternity of joy and blessedness will begin.—J. M. S.

**WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING.**

Infidels, sceptics and rationalists may impiously suggest to us the thought of discrepancies in the various records given in the different books ; but the pious reader will reject with a holy indignation, every such suggestion, knowing that it emanates directly from the father of lies, the determined and persistent enemy of the precious Revelation of God. This, we feel persuaded, is the true way in which to deal with all infidel assaults upon the Bible. Argument is useless, inasmuch as infidels are not in a position to understand or appreciate its force.

They are profoundly ignorant of the matter ; nor is it merely a question of profound ignorance, but of determined hostility, so that, in every way, the judgment of all infidel writers on the subject of divine inspiration, is utterly worthless, and perfectly contemptible. We would pity and pray for the men, while we thoroughly despise and indignantly reject their opinions.

The word of God is entirely above and beyond them. It is as perfect as its Author, and as imperishable as His throne ; but its moral glories, its living depths, and its infinite perfections are only unfolded to faith and need. " I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

It is not within the range of the most gigantic human intellect, aided by all the appliances of human learning and philosophy, to grasp the very smallest elements of divine revela-

tion. And, therefore, when unconverted men, whatever may be the force of their genius or the extent of their learning, undertake to handle spiritual subjects, and more especially the subject of the divine inspiration of holy Scripture, they are sure to exhibit their profound ignorance, and utter incompetency to deal with the question before them. Indeed, whenever we look into an infidel book, we are struck with the feebleness of their most forcible arguments ; and not only so, but, in every instance in which they attempt to find a discrepancy in the Bible, we see only divine wisdom, beauty and perfectness.—C. H. M.

**THE BREAD THAT SATISFIES.**

Christ is the support of the soul, the element of spiritual life. Feeding by faith on this living Bread, we are kept alive and nourished as the children of God. The manna only sustained life, and could not keep it from death. Christ, the true manna, not only gives life but sustains and preserves it eternally. As natural bread satisfies the demands of the body, and sustains the natural life of man, so Christ satisfies the demands of his spiritual nature, and makes him to live forever. Christ Himself asserts this doctrine, and repeats it again and again : " I am the living Bread which came down from heaven : if any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever."

The soul needs this Bread, just as much as the body needs food. It demands it, and it will pine in want and misery, and guilt forever, if the demand be refused. Christ is not an

attraction, a comfort, a joy, a hope, merely, but a want, the great want of man, which nothing else can supply. There is no true li. without Him. All other food fails of this end. "This is the Bread of heaven," you must eat of it, even "the flesh of the Son of God," or die. There is no setting aside this law. God has ordained it and made it imperative.—S.

### A HIDING PLACE.

Ye children of sorrow and disappointment, there is a Refuge for you. The compassionate One, who has Himself felt the ills of life, spreads out the wings of His protection, and bids you to flee to the friendly covert. It is a day of wind and tempest with you ; but there is a "hiding-place," where the fury of life's storms never comes, and where the soul ceases to strive with darkness and disappointment. Your earthly hopes are wrecked, and you have nothing more or better to expect from this sin-cursed world.

You are faint and weary, and ready to die ; but there is a "hiding-place" for you. You are miserable, and a blight is upon you ; but you may yet be happy, and find rest and peace for your soul. Your life has proved thus far a folly, but that life may yet know the joys of immortality. The Man Christ Jesus proffers to you His friendship, and all the blessings and privileges which His blood has bought. He will not leave the soul to want or perish, or sink in deep water, that cast itself upon Him. Forsaken, disheartened, and disappointed in all your earthly plans and hopes, Jesus Christ will take you to His heart and fill your soul with peace and rest.

### A SACRIFICE ACCEPTABLE, WELL-PLEASING TO GOD.

Paul's written ministry has in it a large measure of reproof and correction as well as doctrine and instruction in righteousness. The epistle to the Philippians belongs, however, to the latter class. It reminds one of the message to the angel of the assembly in Philadelphia in its tone of hearty commendation, and in the absence of censure for moral or doctrinal evil. There is a note of joyfulness running through the epistle. How great the contrast between the epistle to the Philippians and those to the Corinthians. We find contrasts all through between the two. Sin in man even in believers is largely the theme of the two letters to the Corinthians, but that only serves to bring out more clearly the grace and holiness of our God.

The last part of Phil. iii. opens up a glimpse of man's sin, but it quickly turns to the precious grace of God. The assemblies in Galatia and Corinth are not models for us in any respect, but Philippi leaves a bright example for us to follow. It would be profitable for believers to go through the epistle and note the things for which those believers were commended.—The relation of Paul to them was different from his relation to any other assembly or assemblies. Much as he loved the Thessalonians and strong as was the bond between them and the apostle, yet there was that among them which led him to pursue a course which he thus describes :—  
"For yourselves know how that ye ought to follow us ; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you ;

neither did we eat any man's bread for naught ; but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any one of you ; not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us."

That there was real affection for the apostle on the part of the Ephesian assembly is plain from their expressions of it as told in Acts xx. 37, 38. But to them he said, "I have coveted no man's silver or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

In Corinth we can see that there was more need of Paul doing what is recorded in Acts xviii. 3, "And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation they were tent makers." That there was a very urgent needs be for this is evident from 1 Cor. ix. 11-15. While God had ordained that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel, yet he had used none of those things, nor had he written them that it should be so done to him. Thus we see that because of the condition of things in all these different assemblies or when the assemblies were being formed, Paul could not accept any offerings from them, no doubt because such things would not have been real offerings to the Lord.

But in the case of the Philippians

we find a very different state of things. From them he could receive gifts, things sent to him by these godly brethren, and of their gifts he could write that they were "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." This was the character of the ministry of the Philippian saints to the apostle. They did not give to him just because he was poor and needy, they did not wait till they had met all their own wants, but sent as led by the Spirit of God, sent as often as they had opportunity, and sent in such a spirit that he could thus speak of their ministrations to him as an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God.

The question arises, is this the character of the offerings made by the saints of God at this day, and we must answer that it is or is not according to the state of the giver, according to the spirit animating the heart. A look at the Old Testament will teach this. God's earthly people were to bring offerings, and the will of God concerning them was clearly revealed. But in their sad departure from God, though the outward act of offering was in some measure kept up, yet the real spirit was lost by the great part of the people.

All that God's earthly people had was given by Him to them, and when He commanded tithes and offerings to be offered, He was simply claiming a portion of His own. Is it not the same in this dispensation and today, except that no rule of a tenth is given? All that His people have now here on earth is surely His own, and He has as great or greater claim upon His people than He had upon

those of old. The plain simple question is, do we rob God when we withhold from Him that which belongs to Him? Who can say that we do not? "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings."

Are there not saints of God to-day doing this very thing, robbing God of that which belongs to Him? Think of what it means to rob God, of how great an evil it is, of how many ways Satan contrives to divert from God's poor, from His servants, and from His work, that which it is the will of God that they should receive. How much God says in His Word as to His poor. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth His brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" 1 John iii. 17. "If a brother or sister be naked or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" Jas. ii. 15, 16. Could language be plainer? What we want to know is what our God would have us do. His poor are the brethren of the Lord Jesus, and in ministering to the poor ones who belong to Him, we are assured we are ministering to Him. Many believers have never learned to make offerings of their substance to the Lord? Suppose the law of tithes were now in force, would it not bring out the state of many hearts as to this? How many are there who make real offerings which can be spoken of as Paul speaks of the offerings of the Philip-

ians? Are we robbing God, keeping back from Him that which belongs to His poor and His work?

It is certain there is a real danger here of which the saints need to be warned, and warning them, one can but follow in the steps of those who have spoken His word in the past. And when we think of those precious words spoken by Paul of the saints at Philippi, "a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God," it should lead us to ask ourselves whether we are offering such sacrifices to Him. The size of the sacrifice is not measured in dollars, a few cents from a poor man may be a far greater sacrifice than the many dollars of one who has much. The evil is, saints are hindered from making any offering because they cannot make a great one. Those who can make great ones certainly ought to, those who can make only small ones must look at them as an offering to the Lord, not as a gift to this or that one. We get our eyes off the Lord and get them on man, think of the one we are handing the money to, instead of the One to whom we owe our all.

An offering of five cents might be as much in God's sight as an offering of five dollars from another or fifty from another, but there are very few who would make an offering of five cents, they would be ashamed to offer so little, and thus let Satan deprive them of the blessing. Remember that God looks on the heart, and do His will in this, instead of taking counsel of a poor, weak, ignorant heart.

For those who can give largely, but who give not at all or only as little as they can, God's word holds

out no blessing. The saint who withholds from God that which He has abundantly given, is letting Satan get an immense advantage over him. He is losing precious opportunities of gaining blessing. Hoarding up riches, keeping back from God that which belongs to Him, can only result in present spiritual poverty, loss of joyful communion, and an eternal deprivation to the spirit. How cunning Satan is, to lure believers into laying up treasures here, using one pretense and another, anything to keep men from pleasing God, anything to make up excuses for robbing God, withholding that which belongs to Him from those to whom He has told us to give.

But on the other hand, how good to know of those who are making real offerings unto the Lord, and how many such there are the day will declare. Our God knows them, His blessing rests upon them, He will bless them eternally. He knows every sacrifice, every offering however small made in faith and love to Him. The giver of a cup of cold water will in no wise lose his reward.

J. W. NEWTON.

### GOD FOR US.

God desires that His children should not fret nor worry; because He is always at hand. "My foes compass me about like bees, they are quenched as the fire of thorns; for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them." David was evidently thinking of an occurrence in his early life, when he had molested a hive of bees, and they came swarming about him, buzzing and stinging. So are the worries of

life. They make our days and nights miserable. There is no deliverance save in the thought of a present God.

Our foolish fret and useless fear are quenched as a fire of thorns when we realize that our Father knoweth and is mindful of us. This is a great fact for every day use. How precious Christ's words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all His glory was not arrayed like one of these. Are ye not of much more value than they?"

God is ever present in the affairs of nations as of men. "The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together saying, 'Let us break His bands asunder and cast His cords from us.' He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." What is history but the stately stepplings of the Almighty along the ages? He is determining the outcome of every conflict with a view to his own glory in the setting up of His kingdom.

The king of England led forth a magnificent army of cavaliers against the Covenanters. He looked over the brow of the hill and said, "Behold yon handful of Scots! They are on their knees. Up, brave men, and at them." The cry was "Ho, for Cavaliers!" But the handful of Scots met them with a braver and calmer shout, "God with us!" And Edward's Cavaliers was scattered like chaff before the wind. Thus God ever outwits the enemies of His people, and maketh the wrath of man to praise Him.—B.

### THE PROSPECT.

The journey is almost done. The great and terrible wilderness is almost past. The scorching sand is still beneath the feet, the tempest still rages, but the Bride is awakening. Amid the storm she has heard the Bridegroom's voice, and her heart has answered. She is thinking of the palace home and the Royal Bridegroom. The eye grows brighter as she gazes at the picture, dim, but growing brighter, that lies before her. Already she can hear the victory shout. Already she can hear the anthem ringing. Already she anticipates the meeting, that first meeting with her Beloved, the object of her heart, that One who has suffered the loss of all things to win her, that One whose love and power had sustained her all the journey through. It is Himself she is waiting for, Himself she longs to meet, Himself, Himself; nothing else can satisfy, and so the cry goes forth: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

### THE GROUND OF PEACE.

Many of God's people are in distress of soul because they fail to take their stand upon Christ and Christ's work as their only ground of peace and security. The Lord has by His death reconciled us to God, and now we live in Him, who lives to die no more. "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." (Rom. v. 10.) Not only has Christ died for us, but He lives for us. He is our security; He is our

peace. It is poor consolation to look within one's heart for assurance; let us look into the word of God, which presents Christ to us as our peace, and tells us how "much more" even than "being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

The most popular type of preaching in the present time is wanting in those elements which nourish a pure, vigorous, and living Christian life. The people are gratified, excited, entertained, surfeited often. But they are not fed—fed on the simple and substantial and living Bread of the Word. And hence the leanness.—Hence the feeble flow of the life currents of Christianity. Hence the lack of health and vital action. A living Christ at God's right hand is the alone all satisfying portion for His people.

Hope soars to a height where faith trembles to follow. Hope loves to bathe in the supernal light of the Sun of righteousness. Hers are all the riches, all the glories of eternity.—The air of heaven is her native element. Her feet may press the highest pinnacle in that kingdom of divinest grandeur.

How little of a personal living Christ is there in the religious literature which floods the family, the Sunday school, and all the avenues of Christian thought and life. How little of a living Christ is there in the newspapers and the monthlies which crowd out the Bible, and furnish a large part of the reading of to-day.