



COMFORTING WORDS  
FOR  
THE WEARY

BY  
*F. M. MACRAE.*



ABS. 1. 30. 52

To Annie M. Doig.  
with very kind wishes  
from T. M. Macrae

"This is a faithful saying  
and worthy of all acceptation  
that Christ Jesus came  
into the world to save sinners,  
of whom I am chief—"

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# COMFORTING WORDS

FOR THE WEARY,

AND

Words of Counsel and Warning;

WITH ORIGINAL HYMNS.

BY

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*Author of "Twenty Years on a Sick Bed," "Two Mighty Worlds"  
"Heaven's Messengers."*

With an Introduction

BY

THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D.

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Jesus says:—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distressed?"

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

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## INTRODUCTION.

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I HAVE much pleasure in complying with the request of the authoress that I should preface her little volume with a few words. After a careful perusal, I can sincerely recommend the work. Its various chapters contain matter for much profitable meditation; and they are written in a clear, concise, and graceful style. Their brevity will be attractive to those who are in the circumstances to which they directly appeal. Sorrow makes us all simple and childlike; and the words of comfort addressed to it must therefore be full of gentleness and love, like those of a mother. This is peculiarly the quality of these reflections. They bring home to the weary mind and heart the blessed truths and promises of the Gospel in a form fitted at once to arrest and impress, and that, too, without any sense of fatigue. In the sick-chamber they will help to set up a ladder of communication between earth and heaven, and make its narrow bounds a large and healthy place. To each

chapter an original poem is annexed in whose thoughtful tenderness, sweet gleams of light from the seven lamps of fire before the throne shine like the hues of the opal ; and as sacred gems they will, I am sure, be worn on many an appreciative heart. The whole volume proves that the authoress has inherited much of the genius and piety of her ancestress—the well-known Lady Colquhoun, of Luss.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



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## COMFORTING WORDS FOR THE WEARY.



“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

THE soldier may lie down to snatch a moment's repose among the wounded and the dying when the fight is ended. He appears to be sleeping, for his eyes are closed; but his disturbed and heated brain is as busy then as it was in the midst of the battle. In that strange, mysterious world he still rides at the head of his troops, now shouting the shout of victory, now crying the cry of despair. He awakes and says he is rested and has slept; but *this* is not sleep!

The broken-hearted wanderer may lie down on a soft couch of rest as the night draws on, and all is quiet around, and the wearied eyelids close, and he, too, appears to be sleeping; but does he not see still, in the world of his fancy, flowers wither just as he is going to grasp them, bright hearths vanish just as he has caught a glimpse of them, friends look cold just as he thinks he has gained them at last for ever? This is not sleep.

The toil-worn man of the world, who worked

the weary day and the weary hour, whose hair turned white beneath hot suns of adversity, but who looked not to Heaven for consolation, refusing to be comforted, may lie at length in his silent grave, and men say over him, "He sleeps at last!" but this is not sleep—it is but the most terrible of all awakenings!

And what *is* sleep then, and where is it to be found, and how? Lonely Christian, struggling on amid a great fight of afflictions—struggling on to enter in through the golden gates—*thou* canst say! Weary Christian, struggling on in a Saviour's strength, there is rest for you in the kingdom of your Father! there is rest for you on the bosom of your God! for, oh! the promise comes true, "He giveth His beloved sleep." Now it is your time to bear the burden, to take up the cross, to strive and press forward. Now it is your time to labour, and watch, and pray,—to be ever trimming your lamp with fresh oil; but so shall it not be always—you shall sleep at last! The Lord of men and of angels is watching you! Every sin conquered, every effort for the salvation of those around you, is marked by Him; and sleep you shall when your labours are ended!—a sleep which is really the brightest waking; a sleep of happiness, never to be broken by rough sounds and angry voices; a sleep unburdened with the daily cross of care,

is the portion that the Lord has reserved for His own,—sleep with consciousness of happiness; mind intelligent, and heart overflowing! “He giveth His beloved sleep.”

NO REST BUT IN CHRIST.

How desolate this world would be  
Were there no Hand on high,  
The wounded, stricken heart to soothe,  
The sufferer's tears to dry!  
How could we ever bear the gloom,  
Were there no lights beyond the tomb,  
No everlasting flowers to bloom?

How desolate this life would be  
Were there no glorious Friend  
Walking unseen among our homes,  
Loving us to the end!  
Had we no Christ our griefs to share,  
O God! how ever could we bear  
This weary world, with all its care?

---

The Saviour's Loved Ones.

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

THE most desolate being in this world of sorrow is not he who has been by all men forsaken, yet by his God “taken up,” but rather it is he who, with friends around him on every side—who in the hour of revelry and day of mirth, the night of slumber and morning of prosperity—never

casts his eye on the cross of Jesus, saying, "My Saviour loves me and gave Himself for me."

Surely the Psalmist must at some time or other have felt himself forsaken by father and mother, or how else could he have known that then was the time that the Lord would "take him up"?

Christ is not like man: He takes up him whom even father and mother forsake. Man, on the contrary, generally shuns him whom other men forsake.

We must be prepared to be forsaken by the nearest and the dearest, for their love is *not* like Christ's love; many things can change it, and lessen it, and even uproot it altogether. And then there comes a time when friends must forsake us for a little: a voice we cannot hear beckons them away and forces on us a parting which we cannot hinder. How comforting then, beyond words to describe, is the knowledge that when we are forsaken, perhaps by those on whose love we lean the most, Jesus will take us up with a double love.

It is told us of our Elder Brother, that all forsook Him and fled. He knows the withering feeling that comes over the heart as, one by one, those that it counted the dearest, forsake!

There will be no forsaking in the better country—in the glorious land of the ransomed;



and this thought, too, is full of consolation. The Lord will "take us up" there, and there a Father's affection shall be sure for ever, and none shall wound the loving, longing heart!

David seems to have been making provision for the future, when he cries that the Lord will be doubly good to him when even his father and mother forsake him. He knew such a thing was possible; more than that, he regarded it as a thing to be expected; so instead of giving himself up to dark, sad thoughts and unjust reasonings, he only strengthens himself in God's strength by the remembrance that then is the time when his Saviour will welcome him most to His ever outstretched arms. It is not the prosperous, but the broken-hearted, that find in Him a resting-place; not the courted and admired by men, but the weary and desolate, the outcast and forsaken.

Beneath the cross of Calvary who may not find his griefs fly away? Is Jesus' love not enough to make up for the loss of father's and mother's, brother's or sister's? Whoever says or thinks it is not, can know but little or nothing of that wonderful, marvellous love. It is to teach men something of that love of Christ, that God often takes away from them the love of their dearest earthly ones, and then in agony they cry, "All these things are against me;" but they do not know that in *losing all*, they have in truth

*found all, for the Lord Jesus has taken "them up!"*

ILL TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

I'll tell it all to Jesus,

When I am left alone,

And all the busy sounds are o'er,

And all the crowd are gone!

I'll tell it all to Jesus,

The pain that swells my breast,

For in His tender sympathy

My spirit shall find rest.

My God shall hear the secret

That others ne'er shall know,

And in His ear I shall not fear

To whisper all my woe.

I'll tell it all to Jesus,

When comes the quiet night,

And I am left alone with Him

Who is this dark world's Light.

His hand shall soothe my sorrow

And bid my grief depart,

And joy once more shall bud and bloom

In this poor, bleeding heart!

---

*Rest for the Weary.*

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest."

THESE are the words of Jesus, and He knew well what the restless heart of man passes through: they are the words of the "Friend that sticketh

closer than a brother," and they are spoken to each of us.

Jesus knew well the weariness, the pain, the restlessness of the human heart, the rough winds that beat upon it, off the tempestuous sea of life; and with the cares and toil of each one before Him, He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is not a passing, earthly rest, that He promises, and yet that rest is begun on earth. It is not a rest *from* sorrow, but it is a rest *in spite of* sorrow. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Is there, then, any poor wanderer longing for rest and happiness, but as yet finding neither; walking up and down upon this restless world, looking to right and to left; gazing out on the green earth, and then weary of it; turning in despair to the silent sky,—let him come to Jesus—to the Brother of brothers, to the Friend of friends, to the most tender Comforter, and in Him he shall find rest; he shall not be disappointed; he shall find pardon for his sins through the blood of His cross, and grace to help him in the future, and happiness on earth, and happiness, everlasting happiness, in heaven!

In the first fresh hours of childhood the heart of man is less weary than it is when the suns of

many years have beat upon it and scorched it. The child is happy with his toy; his little heart throbs with joy as he holds it, plays with it, tells his mother about it, and all its delights; *he* does not look forward to the time when that toy shall be shattered in a hundred pieces. He is content with the present; the future is a thing to him quite unknown. But as the child grows up, and one after another of his little idols have passed from him, he begins to *think*, if not to *say*, "Is there nothing in all this large, bright world, that will *always* make me happy—that will give me rest—that will not pass away?" There is, poor child of disappointment; there *is* one thing, but only one, that will never disappoint thee, that will give thee rest. It is the love of thy Saviour! Perhaps the love of many toward thee has grown cold—perhaps they, too, like the toys of thy childhood, have passed away, and left thee desolate; if so, then, will you not turn to Him who had His own heart broken years ago—who has bound up many a wounded spirit, and soothed many an aching breast? and there shall yet bloom for thee in this sorrowful world a little garden of everlasting flowers!

O Jesus! on Thy sheltering breast  
I lay my weary head to rest;  
No love but Thine can soothe me now,  
Or chase the sadness from my brow.

Let me in Thy blest arms be found  
While the rough winds are raging round ;  
I need not fear the darkest road,  
If on the bosom of my God !

Though troubles press on every side,  
I still can trust my faithful Guide ;  
I cannot fear earth's worst alarms,  
Housed in the "everlasting arms!"

O Jesus! now no love but Thine  
Can soothe this aching heart of mine ;  
Let me lie down upon Thy breast,  
And take at last a long—long rest !

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### The Wounded Spirit.

"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted."

To know no throb of joy when the morning light begins to shed a brightness over all the land, and the darkness disappears ; to know no gladness when the glory of the day is at its height, and every insect basks in the sunshine ; to know no thrill of happiness as the evening hours draw on, and as a calm, as if straight from the hand of Christ, falls upon the earth ; this is to be desolate, this—this is to be broken-hearted.

Jesus has been anointed to bind up the broken-hearted ; fresh oil was put upon His head for this great work, and He will not give that work to another—it is His own.

Many there are in this wide world whom disappointment has crushed and sorrow has withered; whose sun went down in their early dawn; who look back to the past and on to the future without one ray of hope, and the earth has to *them* seemed to bring forth her bitterest fruit; but to *them* One has come in the darkness—"He hath been sent to bind up the broken-hearted." There are others, again, whose youth was bright and full of gladness; who sang all the day in the sunshine and dreamed not of care nor of tears; whose laugh was the gayest, and whose words were the merriest, but whom a cloud covered at noon, and down they sank among the broken-hearted. Shall we hear of *them* no more for ever? Shall the sound of their merry laugh gladden us no more? Shall the grave seize hold of them and the end come? Oh, no! To *them*, too, One has been sent—"He has been anointed to bind up the broken-hearted." He has come to bid the voice of joy once more be heard in their dwelling. Weary, broken-hearted one! why should you think there is nothing glad left for you now because all your heart once trusted in has grieved and disappointed you,—because all the winds around you have seemed so adverse? You *need not* be desolate when the Fountain of happiness is yet in your midst. Jesus is come, and Jesus is for *you*; His love in your heart will

make it shout for joy—will make it blossom once more with never-fading flowers.

No one in this world now need be wretched, for Jesus has been anointed to bind up the broken-hearted. The “Friend that sticketh closer than a brother” is better than the brother He has taken away from you, and all Heaven is before you! What more do you wish for, what more do you want, when Jesus and His home are offered you freely, without money and without price. Why weep for the lost, when in Jesus they all shall return once more? You have *no right* to be miserable if you belong to Christ; there is no room for misery in His kingdom of joy!

#### REMEMBERED BY JESUS.

“O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.”

Not forgotten, but remembered;  
Not forsaken, but most dear;  
Not cast out from heavenly mansions,  
But for ever welcomed there!

Not forgotten, but remembered;  
Not deserted, but beloved;  
Not of God cast out for ever,  
Though so tempest-tossed and moved!

Not despised by God and angels,  
But most honoured in the skies;  
Not given up to death and darkness,  
But watched for in Paradise!

Not forgotten, but remembered ;  
Not looked down on, but most dear ;  
Not shut out from Heaven's bright portals,  
But for ever welcomed there !

---

### Winning Souls for Jesus.

“ Let him that heareth say, ‘ Come.’ ”

If a poor beggar, in his wanderings from city to city, discovered at last one house whose master gave him as much money as ever he wanted, and who told him he would give as much more to any other beggars that liked to come, would he not tell everyone he met of that house and of its kind master ? We cannot doubt it. Then let us look at ourselves. We are all beggars—we have long sought happiness in this world and in the pleasures of this world ; but we have not found it there—none ever have ; but if we are true followers of Jesus, we have found a degree of peace and happiness in His service which we have found nowhere else. Why, then, are we so slow to tell those we meet in the city or on the high-road about this glorious Friend that we have found ?

Our kind Master not only *says* He will give glorious things to all who come to Him, but He commands us to tell all we meet about His good-



ness. If we have found peace for our weary souls in the atoning blood of the cross, and rest for our weary hearts upon a Saviour's breast, that saviour says to us, "Let him that heareth say, 'Come.'" We are to say "Come" to the poor and to the rich, to the ignorant and to the learned, to the sick and to the healthy, to the young and to the old. The more we bid the wanderers to come to Jesus, the brighter will our crown in Heaven be; the oftener we say "*Come*," the nearer, doubtless, we shall be at the Day of Judgment to the bosom of our God. How, then, *can* we be so idle, so lukewarm, so slow to bring in lost sheep to the Shepherd's fold? There is little enough time to say "*Come*." Death and eternity are very near, and then we can say it no more. We must be up and doing, and speak the word while we can. Many only begin to think about saying it when they see death approaching them, with his hollow cheeks and ghastly eyes; all their time of health and strength they have lost, or perhaps have even sought to drive others away, instead of inviting them to come.

#### WORK FOR JESUS.

The hours of the day are shortening,  
And the evening time is near;  
The sun of this world is setting—  
That at morn shone so bright and clear.

Ah! then, as its moments are passing,  
 For the Lord "prepare a way;"  
 Win many souls unto Jesus—  
 Call them to *Him* each day.

Go forth to the homes of the weary,  
 And tell them of that bright shore  
 Where the sun ever shines in gladness,  
 And tears are beheld no more.

Awake to thy work, O sleeper!  
 The call-bells have rung in the sky;  
 Let each day, as its moments are passing,  
 Be redeemed for the Lord on high.

---

### Help in Trouble.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee."

THE kindest, tenderest friend on earth cannot say to him he loves best, "Call upon me in the the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." These words Jesus reserves for Himself alone. The power to deliver in trouble He gives to no one, that the sorrowful may always come to Him with their sorrows, and He will quiet the winds of grief as He did the tempest that burst over the shores of His own Lake of Gennesaret years ago.

There is no trouble so great but that Jesus can deliver from it. To be sure He can, when

it is none other but He Himself who first planned and then sent it. There is no grief so great but Jesus can lessen it, and sanctify it to the heart that bears it.

The least sorrow, as well as the greatest tribulation, the God of the sorrowful bids us bring to Him, that we may be comforted. There are often little sorrows that *we* think too small to bring to Jesus: but *He* does not think them too small, so why should *we*?

If you doubt His power to help you, or His willingness, *only try Him*. The first little vexation, or the first great sorrow that is sent you, call upon Him; tell Him all about it—how it vexes and grieves you; speak to Him about it, and ask Him in some way or other to help you out of it, and *He will—He will!*

Many have so tried Him, and all have found Him faithful—He *has* delivered thousands, and He *will* deliver *you!*

The answer *may* be some time coming, or it *may* come at once; it *may* be the very one you looked for, or it may be one you never thought of; but whenever it comes, and whatever it is, you will feel “delivered,” and that is what Jesus promises. He delights to be called upon to help when He sends sorrow; it shows that you trust Him, and believe that His wonderful love to you is *true*, and that He has power also to deliver.

Jesus! we have sorrows—we all have sorrows; but sometimes we are slow to bring them to Thee, thinking of Thee as far away, up in the skies, instead of beside us at every turn, standing at our right hand! Thou art here, blessed Saviour! looking upon us now; I almost feel Thy hand placed upon my soulder; I almost see Thine eyes fixed upon me in deepest tenderness, telling me of all Thou hast done for me, all Thou didst once suffer for me, and all that Thou art now waiting to do for me. I will tell Thee everything; my heart Thou shalt read. I will lay it open before Thee like a book, and wilt Thou, O my God! deliver me?

God spake of old to man from Heaven,—  
Great was the wondrous promise given :—  
In time of trouble call on Me,  
Surely I will deliver thee.

Oh! what a crowd of burdened men  
Have sought the glorious God since then,  
To put their tangled paths aright,  
And lead them through their starless night.

Christ's hand can clear the thorniest path,  
For mightiest power the Saviour hath;  
A touch of that kind hand unseen  
Makes smooth where all rough things have been.

Let none despair when dark their sky,  
And they are in extremity;  
He who of old the promise gave  
Is still the same—He loves to save.

My path, how rough and treacherous, Lord!  
Yet will I hope in Thy sure Word;  
Each mountain Thou wilt make a plain.  
O Jesus! make all right again.

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### Separation from the World.

“Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean things.”

THOSE that would be true followers of the Lord Jesus must be a band by themselves, separate from the rest of the world,—a band despised by the world; therefore if one wishes to join the Saviour’s army, he must be strong in his Lord’s strength to bear the mockings of the careless crowd. But let him not be cast down, or discouraged because of these mockings; far, far more are on his side than all that are against him. Millions of heaven-armed warriors are at his side unseen, waiting to bear him onward on his road to God.

We must give up *everything* that we think Jesus would not like, if we wish to be His followers; not only downright sin and sinful pleasures, even innocent amusements must be given up if they cause us to think more of *them* than of Him who so loved us as to give Himself for us.

We must be “*altogether* Christians.” A kind

of half-and-half Christian gets little joy, either from the world or from Jesus; the world does not like him, because he is not altogether of it; and the Lord Jesus does not reveal Himself in all His glory to him, because He cannot do so to an earthly mind.

We must deny ourselves; we must come out from the world, and be entirely separate, or we cannot please God; nor is this thought to make us gloomy; we must not think we are losing everything and getting nothing in return. What! is there not enough in Jesus to satisfy and delight a longing heart? Is there not enough in the Eternal God, who was from all eternity, to fill a created soul? This cannot be, it is only our terrible ignorance that ever makes us think such a thing. Is the Son of God not satisfied with the Father as He is? Is the Father not satisfied with the Son? Reason answers these questions itself, and we are offered to be filled with what fills the Father and with what fills the Son. We must give up the wretched butterfly pleasures of this life, if we would taste of the satisfying joys from Heaven's glorious garner; we must come away from mere pleasure-seekers, and be separate from them.

Idlers in the world's high roads, weary of the vanity and vexation that meet you at every turn; will you not leave that unsatisfying seeking, and

find true happiness in the arms of Jesus? He loves you, and died for you, and He lives to give you rest. He will not cast you out, though you may have been a long time coming to Him; He will welcome you, though it be even at the eleventh hour!

“ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME TO BE A  
CHRISTIAN.”

So near, so very near, and yet  
The heavenly garner held him not;  
So near the quiet haven sailed  
The poor sea-beaten, storm-tossed boat.

So near, so very near, and yet  
He never gained the eternal shore;  
So near, and yet for him no hand  
Opened the everlasting door!

Almost a Christian!—oh! what power  
Had turned the waverer back again?  
Almost a Christian!—better far  
The lowliest pilgrim among men.

So near, so very near, and yet  
Eternal worlds came all between;  
For when the waverer steps aside,  
What hand shall lead him back again?

Almost a Christian!—Grant, O God!  
Of none of *us* may this be said,  
But give us grace among Thy saints  
To be for ever numberèd!

### The Sure Hiding-place.

“And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the storm, and covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

CAN any of us doubt who the Man is that shall be “as an hiding-place from the storm, and covert from the tempest”? It is the Man Christ Jesus. Jesus was Man as well as God, or we should have had no hiding-place from the storm; we could never have grasped the infinite Jehovah; but even a little child can stretch out its heart to Jesus, and feel it has a refuge there.

There are many kinds of storms in this world, but Jesus is a hiding-place from them all. From storms of sorrow Jesus will shelter us; from storms of sin Jesus will shelter us; from storms of despair raised by the devil, Jesus will shelter us,—there is no storm so near but that the hiding-place is nearer still. All through the Old Testament there are dim prophecies of the Man of Sorrows. David and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, had not a different God from the one we have now. It was a Man that was a hiding-place from the storm to *them*, and it is a Man that is a hiding-place from the storm to *us*. Not only is Jesus a hiding-place, He is also as “rivers of water in a dry place.” This world



is very dry; it is a scorched and withered land; and were it not for Jesus, we might go up and down upon it, wandering to the right hand and to the left, and find no water to quench the burning thirst within our breasts. Jesus knew what our cry would be when first He made the world, and him who was to dwell in it; and He provided "rivers of water" to run through it. He provided Himself, so that whosoever thirsts may come unto Him and drink.

When toiling hard in the heat of a burning sun, how refreshing, it is suddenly to come upon a great rock, under whose shadow we may rest awhile. Jesus is that great Rock, placed in our weary land; and whosoever is tired and toil-worn may come and rest in the shadow. Is the warrior tired? Let him turn to the Rock, and he shall find rest. Is the labourer tired? Let him turn to that Rock, and *he* shall find rest. Is the beggar tired? Let him, too, turn to the Rock, and he, too, shall find rest; yea, whosoever will, may turn to that glorious place of refuge; and none that come to it shall ever be turned away.

#### THE BOSOM OF JESUS.

The thicker the blows come on every side,  
The closer I'll cling to my Heavenly Guide;  
The more that I find in this world of unrest,  
The closer I'll cling to my Saviour's breast.



The deeper I'm wounded by foe or by friend,  
 As onward my steps unto glory I wend,  
 The more I will dream of the glorious rest ;  
 The closer I'll creep into Jesus' breast.

Ah, yes ! I will draw to His bosom of love ;  
 There is room for me *there*, and that room I will prove.  
 The thicker the blows come on every side,  
 The closer within His kind breast I will hide.

### Seeking the Lost for Emmanuel's Crown.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it  
 after many days.”

SOMETIMES the bread that the Christian has cast upon the waters does not return to him again, not only for many days, but for many years ; yet, if carefully and prayerfully thrown there, it *must* return at last.

What is meant by casting our bread upon the water ? It is a strange expression, and yet it is one that the true servant of the Lord understands well. Sow the good seed of the gospel of Jesus in thine own heart, and in the hearts of others, and after many days thou shalt see the glorious fruit. The missionary in the distant wilderness, toiling and labouring all the day to preach a Saviour's love to an ignorant and heathen people, understands that text, and from it fresh courage animates his soul. How long and wearily he has laboured ; the song of

joy on his lips has almost died away, for the hearts he has tried to bless and teach seem as unmoved as ever; and he thinks it must be his own fault, and not theirs, that no fruit is seen. Then he remembers the text: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" and his honest heart is glad once more, and the burning tears that had rushed to his poor eyes pass away. He believes the word of the Lord; he knows that the answer to his prayers *is coming*, though it seems so long delayed, and hope casts over him its peaceful mantle once more.

There are missionaries at home as well as abroad, and their hearts, too, are often strengthened by this text of encouragement. They would often be weary enough, did they not remember the blessed promise, that the bread they had cast on the waters should all return one day to them again. Their eyes have been dim with weeping, because they have for long seen it tossing about there, unfound; but fresh courage stirs their aching hearts when the thought that it is all to re-appear again comes before them. Be not dismayed, faithful sower of the good seed; not a crumb of thy bread that thou hast cast upon the water shall be lost; it shall all return to thee again; thou shalt not look for it always in vain. Perhaps even now, unknown to thee, it is be-

ginning to appear on the troublesome waves; and oh! with what joy thou shalt grasp it as thine own! God trieth His servants, and very often those whose labours He means to bless the most in the end, He keeps the longest waiting. Why then be discouraged? The Saviour is watching the bread thou hast cast on the far waters; though it is lost from thy sight in the far distance, it is never lost from His. Go on; cast yet more, for it will all come back to you again; and the more you send out, the more will return to you, when the voice of Jesus gives the word. You send it out earthly bread, but it shall return to you heavenly manna!

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### The Things of the Better Country.

“Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth.”

DEAR friend, if you set your affection on anything on earth too much, it is sure to deceive you. The father that makes an idol of his child is too often deceived by that child sooner or later, or the child dies and leaves him desolate. There is not a single being in this world, or a single thing in this world, that may not deceive you, and that is the reason that in His love and pity for us, Jesus tells us not to set our affection on things of the earth, but on the things above. If our motive is an earthly one

in working for God, whatever we do is not worth doing; but if our affections are placed upon the better world, and our chief motive is to bring fresh glory to Jesus every day, then whatever we do is looked upon by Him with joy. If He has given us talents, then we are to improve those talents for Him, whether in the way of music, or painting, or power of imagination; and if this is our motive, we are surely doing the work He has given us to do.

It is very miserable work to work for our own glory; happiness is a stranger to that heart that seeks its own, and not the things of God. The more we place our affections above, the less the things of this vain, passing world will seem to us; great injuries shall then appear little trifles; great events, of no importance comparatively; and earthly honours, mere empty names; things that once moved us so much shall sink into insignificance when seen in the light of eternity, and all the glorious things yet to come, of which we have heard but faint echoes, shall then appear as great lights in the distance, which we are struggling and labouring to reach.

#### THE LAND OF JOY.

I am going to a warmer world than this—

To a world all of joy and sun,  
Where the blighted affections and coldness of earth,  
And life's brightest blossoms, nipped rudely at birth,  
And all sadness and pain are done.

I am going to a warmer, brighter world  
 Than this on which now I stand ;  
 What shoutings of welcome shall greet me there,  
 What songs of gladness, all free from care,  
 Above, in that happy land !

I am going to a world where no darkness comes,—  
 Where they rest whose race is run ;  
 Where the King of kings is the brightness of all,  
 And no shadows dark on the spirit fall,  
 Where my God is the Light and Sun.

The blood of the Lord has purchased for me  
 A place in that glorious land ;  
 No other passport could take me there,—  
 With no other plea could I venture near  
 The redeemed and rapturous band.

Then bear me away to that warm, bright world  
 To that many-mansioned home :  
 O my God ! this world is too dark and cold—  
 Too far removed from the Shepherd's fold,—  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come !

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### Room for All.

“ Wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost all  
 that come unto God by Him.”

THEN poorest sinner of all, draw near ! Jesus  
 is able and willing to save *you*, even *you*, if you  
 will only come unto Him !

Do you look back to the past and see only  
 your sins written there ? Do you look into the  
 present and see nothing still but sin and shame ?

and do you fear for the future in case nothing but sin should for ever be before you? Fear not! the Lord from Heaven can wash all your scarlet and crimson stains away. Tell them all into His attentive ear, and ask a free pardon through His blood; and then you shall look for them, but you shall not find them—they will all be washed away for ever.

The cross of Jesus speaks of pardon to every child of man that wishes pardon! “Ask and ye shall receive,” says the everlasting God.

It is the glory of Jesus to wash away scarlet sins of the very deepest dye, and to make the sinful soul pure and bright. This He offers to do for you, dear reader. The white mantle is already prepared; let your own stained and spotted garments fall, and draw near to wear the heavenly robe.

Jesus, I come—sinful, and vile, and wretched as I am—“the very chief of sinners;” yet I come! Thou art the same now as Thou wert by the shores of the Galilean Lake. My sins are all well known to Thee; wash them away in Thy blood; make me free; take hold of me; lead me up to Heaven. Thy cross was erected years ago for me; Thy heart was broken for me; Thy spirit was sore vexed for me! I will not go another step in my earthly journey without Thee: Thou shalt be my best Friend. I will not

let Thee go except Thou bless me, except Thou pardon and accept me for Thine own Name's sake. Thou shalt no longer call upon me, and I give Thee no answer; Thou shalt not stand any more at my door and knock and be treated coldly by me. Come in, blessed Jesus; I welcome Thee now; come in, and never, never more go out again; come into my breast, and make it a dwelling-place meet for such a Guest!

#### THE OPEN GATE.

“There yet is room.”

The door of Heaven stands open wide,  
With cherubim on either side,  
Who long to see poor souls confide  
In Christ, and enter in!

No dark sin-stain can keep thee out,  
Poor criminal,—why stand without?  
The banquet waits—no longer doubt;  
Oh, quickly enter in!

The gate is open! Christ's own hand  
Hath made the portals open stand;  
He bids thee welcome to His land—  
O sinner, enter in!

O wretch, above all wretches, come!  
Christ died for *thee* —“There yet is room!”  
Escape an everlasting doom!  
Through Jesus enter in!

O most despised! O most depraved!  
Wouldst thou indeed through Christ be saved?  
His blood thy way to Heaven has paved!  
Come quickly—enter in!



### Safe in Jesus.

“The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.”

THOSE that Jesus loves are safe all the day long; nothing can happen to them but what He sends; they are safe from all evil in their Saviour's arms. The wicked may rise up against them, but they cannot harm them unless Jesus wills it; unfriendly voices may be abroad, but they can do nothing to hurt the “beloved of the Lord,” unless He sees it to be necessary for their best welfare. The reputation of the poorest Christian is watched over by the King of kings! Nothing can be said of him, or thought of him, or done to him, but what He allows, and wishes to be said, and thought, and done, for the hearts of men are in the hollow of His hand.

How safe they are who put their trust in Jesus; all the day long they are covered from evil by His hand; they may walk in the very midst of trouble, but they are as safe in those desolate places as in the paths of quietness; Jesus is with them and Jesus is safety. The little vexations that may meet them at every turn are gentle messengers to sanctify and bless,—they are not chance wanderers; and not only are they safe themselves, but they need not be afraid of evil tidings about those they love, for they, too, are beneath the shelter of the “everlasting arms.”

In safety, then, go forward to your deeds of love, faithful servant of Christ; in safety go down into dens of wickedness and homes of shame and sin, to rescue the outcast and the miserable, and to preach in their ears the tidings of a Saviour—there is one walking beside you at every step. The arrow of the wicked cannot touch you unless it first pass through the hand of your Lord; you are as safe in the camp of the enemy as under the shelter of your own fireside.

In the watches of the lonely night, as well as in the brighter hours of day, the Shepherd of Israel guards His own; they are not forgotten because darkness is around them—One brighter than the sun is with them still; His light is never darkened because the earthly sun has set.

Jesus is light,  
 And Jesus is near;  
 Jesus is safety,  
 And Jesus is here!

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#### ANXIOUS CARE BANISHED.

When anxious fears within me rise,  
 And fill with burning tears my eyes,  
 I think of Jesus—Saviour! then  
 This heart of mine grows calm again.

When sorrow swells my burning breast,  
 And I am sad and sore oppressed,  
 I think of Jesus, and the light  
 Breaks forth like star-shine in the night.

When sin upon my conscience lies,  
And in my soul all comfort dies ;  
I think of Jesus, and I find  
A balm to soothe my troubled mind.

The thought of Jesus drives away  
All grief and care by night or day ;  
It hath a strange, a matchless power  
To soothe us in our dreariest hour !

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### The New Life.

“Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.”

THE sun of our lives often sets at the noon hour of the day, the brightness departs before the eventide, and those that perhaps begin the gayest of any, sink down in spirit to rise no more. Is it, then, no consolation to *them* to think of that land where their sun shall never set, where gladness shall be their everlasting portion, and their hearts shall regain the lost sunshine of their youth ?

We read that in that other world there shall be no broken hearts, no wounded spirits, and even the case that holds these shall renew its youth ; we shall be young once more. Even with those whose life has been on the whole a successful one according to the ideas of the world, there almost must be times when ques-

tions such as these force themselves upon the mind: "And is this the end of all? What was I created for? Nothing seems to satisfy me; oh, will nothing ever fill my craving soul?"

If thoughtful natures are capable of higher joys than others, they are also exquisitely capable of sorrows that the thoughtless know nothing of. To *them* to hear of that land where their "sun shall go down no more," would almost tempt them to leave the "paths of the Destroyer" to come to the Saviour; for if they once reach that world of rest, then farewell for ever to anything of pain! The heart shall be so filled with ecstasies of happiness that there shall not be even a little corner left for dissatisfaction; melancholy longings shall be known no longer; pain of spirit as well as pain of body shall be heard of no more on the streets of that celestial city—the sun of our life shall go no more down.

And how is it that the sun of that country shall never set? It is because the sun is the light of God and of the Lamb, and it shall never be absent, or Heaven would cease to be Heaven. Blessed Saviour! Thy presence shall never depart from those that reach that City in the skies; lead us day by day nearer to its gates, that at last we may enter in, of Thy great goodness! May the sorrows of the land in which so many a sun has set only drive us more and more to

think of that world where the "sun shall go down no more," and where true life only begins.

Life is but beginning  
When they reach the tomb,  
Who in Jesus trusting  
Seek the heavenly home :  
It is not death when ends earth's strife,  
'Tis but the birth of glorious life!

Rest is but beginning  
When *they* reach the shore,  
Where the pilgrim landeth  
To go out no more ;  
Theirs is not death when sets earth's sun—  
'Tis but eternity begun !

Joy is but beginning  
To the child of God,  
When the lonely valley  
Has with tears been trod ;  
The end of all his griefs is come,  
And angels wait to bear him home.

Bliss is but beginning  
When the breath is gone ;  
Brighter skies will gladden  
When earth's days are done :  
And farewell grief, and farewell pain,  
All lost joys will return again.

Life is but beginning  
When the pulse is still—  
When the bright eyes shine not,  
When the hand grows chill ;  
Life is but bursting into bloom  
When Christians reach the earthly tomb !

Life is only coming  
When the loving voice  
Is hushed, that once so kindly  
Made all round rejoice ;  
Life is but dawning in the breast  
That passes to its long, long rest !

Life but faintly breatheth,  
In this world of woe ;  
Its pulse is dull and languid,  
Its voice is sad and low ;  
Its little drops alone are here,  
But the Fountain-head of Life is there !

How curiously they mingle,—  
Those threads of death and life ;  
As peace oft-times comes after  
Hot days of war and strife ;  
First comes the anguish-cry, " He dies !"  
Then life for ever in the skies !

Jesus ! our dear Saviour !  
Help us how to live,  
That death in this poor vain world,  
But higher life will give ;  
Oh ! send us grace to seek Thee now,  
Before the last dread trumpet blow !

Help us in our struggles  
Toward that glorious life  
Which in Heaven beginneth  
When the toil and strife  
Of this vain dying world are past,  
And all its skies are overcast !

### The Love of Christ.

“ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? ”

THE love of Christ is strong even unto death ; its intensity broke forth from the Redeemer's heart, causing Him to leave His own bright, glorious home and come to earth to die for sinners ; and now there is nothing above or beneath, within or around us, that can separate us from that love.

In the busy crowd the love of Christ cannot be shut out, for He is nearer than the crowd. In the lonely solitude the love of Christ cannot be banished, for Jesus is everywhere ; His footsteps tread on the far-off wilderness, and He follows the wanderer where few pass by. Death, or change, or distance may divide us from the love of earthly friends, but the love of Christ is above all of these ; it is stronger than death, and conqueror of the grave ; and none shall be able to separate us from it. When the love of Christ enters into a man's heart the love of the world goes out ; the pleasures of the world lose their wonderful fascination, and seem hollow, unsatisfying vanities in comparison with the new treasure found.

But though the children of God are so inseparably connected with the love of Christ, there are many that neither know nor care much

about it; it is to them an unnecessary thing; the love of the present world keeps it far away from them. They seem to forget altogether that if they know little about the love of Christ now, they shall know nothing of His glorious kingdom when the world and all that is in it shall be burned up.

Blessed Saviour, whose love is beyond all thought, show us that love; reveal its depths to us more and more by the power of Thy Holy Spirit. Thy love can give the weariest, rest; the saddest, hope; the most miserable, joy; we would not be ignorant of it; we would have it burning in our hearts, and purifying them from all sin and wretchedness. Thy love is better than riches; for riches are unsatisfying baubles. Thy love is better than honours; for honours pass away, and leave an empty void behind. Thy love is better than earthly affection; for friends grow cold, and change, and die; and the memory of them is often bitterness instead of joy!

#### THE LOVE OF CHRIST SHOWN IN THE CRUCIFIXION.

Fierce were the sounds and loud  
That from an angry crowd  
Shook the astonished sky.  
Fierce were the curses spoken there,  
And from each adverse eye  
Glimmered a fiery glare.



Their wrath swept onward to the opening grave,—  
In the middle stood a cross of wood,  
Where hung the holy God who came this world to save !

Dark grew the earth and sky  
That wondering saw Him die,  
And dark the glorious sun,  
As it watched its Maker's eye grow dim ;  
And every rock and stone  
Moved at that awful time,

In wonder at that most strange sight ;  
While the awed earth buried its mirth,  
And shook the shivering plain, and shook the staggering  
height !

The world that brought Him there :  
How did it then appear ?—  
The world He came to save !  
Was it for man He bore the cruel scorn  
That like an ocean-wave,  
Since ever He was born,

Poured over Him in paths *He* only trod ?  
Drunk He the wine of anguish then  
To rescue wicked man, who crucified His God ?

A love so great as this,  
Angels in glorious bliss  
Had never known before,  
Yet those to whom this love was given,  
Although so very poor,  
Despised the wealth of Heaven,  
Spurning it from them in their sinful pride.

O God above, let this Thy love,  
Lead us in future to our Saviour's side !

### The Desired Haven.

“So He bringeth them to their desired haven.”

THROUGH many a long and dangerous voyage, through angry storms and biting tempests, in spite of the loud thunder and hungry lightning, the well-skilled captain often brings his ship at last to the quiet haven. And would we say that it was all the poor ship itself that did it? Would we give no credit to the experienced eye and well-trained hand of him who never left his post by night or by day when the flag of distress is flying half-mast high? This could not be, for well we know that had it not been for him, the helpless ship would have wandered on to its own destruction—a prey to the mighty waves that fought it on every side.

Boats there are tossing now upon the troublesome waves of life, beaten by the storms on every side, knowing not whether to turn to the right hand or to the left. Is their Captain far away; does He not see them washed by the billows? Be still. Unseen by the common eye, “He is bringing them to the desired haven.” The peace of that haven they would not appreciate had they not first known the winter’s blast.

Jesus! Thou art the Captain, and we are the storm-tossed boats. We are not able to bring

ourselves to the haven of rest; but Thou art guiding us along, and we are safe when Thy hand is for us. The winds that seem so contrary are all blowing us onward to that harbour above, for Thou sendest them, O our God.

Christians have many afflictions and many griefs that other men know nothing of; but, amid them all, they have this mighty consolation rising like a giant above all: "He bringeth them to their desired haven." Without this, how could they sing the song of joy when in a strange land, when hated and despised, rejected and wounded by an evil world? How could they smile when adverse winds blow on every side, and all seems desolate, had they not those blessed words written on their hearts as with letters of fire?

The haven will seem all the more gloriously calm, because it has been the "desired haven." It has been longed for, and thought about, and dreamed of, and perhaps in the holy hours of evening it has even at times seemed to appear in the sky! It is, in truth, the "desired haven."

Jesus!—blessed Jesus!—bring me there; let not the wild winds drive me astray; let not the tempests blow me from Thy side; bring me at last to that haven of rest. Many things are against me, but Thou art all for me. Show me the way, and lead me in it, that so I may be one

of those of whom it is said, "He bringeth them to their desired haven."

### THE WORLD ABOVE.

O, sorrowful mourner! take courage once more,  
If in Christ you are nearing the heavenly shore;  
Remember the land of all joy and all love;  
Remember the beautiful country above!

Why such tears and such sadness, such grief and such  
pain;  
Such longings for youth's sunny morning again?  
Why such heart-rending sighs for earth's joy and earth's  
love?  
Remember the beautiful world up above!

Why such poor, care-worn faces, among the dear band  
That Jesus is bringing to Emmanuel's land?  
This world will no home for the sorrowful prove;  
Remember the beautiful country above!

Remember its palaces shining with gold;  
Its portals emblazoned with beauty untold;  
Its scenes ever bright, and its sky ever fair;  
Its sun and its moon ever glorious there!

Remember the songs the redeemed ever sing;  
The shouts of that wonderful gathering!  
Oh! in midst of earth's troubles, as onward ye move,  
Remember the beautiful country above!

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### Chosen in the Furnace.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

JESUS has chosen you, poor weary, sorrowful  
mourner, wounded and pierced through with

many sorrows. He will not let you rest till you know how He loves you. One disappointment after another He has sent you, not to *crush* you, but because He has chosen you to enter in through the gates unto that city from which so many shall be shut out.

You do not want, perhaps, to come to Him; you turn away and think it very hard that so many disappointments come to you while others go happily along; but Jesus has chosen *you*, and He *will* have you, though at present you feel so rebellious: He *will* save you, though you, in your blind ignorance, would be so willing to be lost. "He has chosen you in the furnace of affliction,"—do you think Him unkind?

Oh, do you really think Jesus unkind? How little you know Him. He is the kindest of all, and the tenderest of all, and the best of all. He it is who first loved you; who has loved you all through your childhood's years; who has stood at His Father's right hand, putting in a word for you, when other faithful friends to plead your cause were few. It is He who died for you; it is Jesus, your Brother!

He sends you disappointment after disappointment, to drive you to Himself for rest, that you may not be at last cast out. It is better to come to Him *now* than to put off coming for a little longer; for you need not expect anything but

sorrow till you do, and even then, perhaps adverse winds may blow; still peace shall be yours amid it all, and a great harvest of joy shall await you in the skies!

The touch of grief has led many a wanderer to seek the Good Shepherd's fold; and still, as the angel of mercy, it knocks at many doors, longing to bring in a message from Heaven. It knocks and knocks, but is treated too often like an outcast, and is given no answer, till at length growing importunate it bursts open the door and proclaims wherefore it is come.

The furnace of affliction prepares many gems for Emmanuel's crown. The proud heart is ground down there; the hard heart is melted there; the wandering heart is taken to its Father's breast there!

#### THE BEGGAR AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

O pilgrims on the narrow road  
That leads up toward the mount of God,  
Have you beheld at Heaven's gate  
A poor, unhappy beggar wait?  
I was that outcast—I was he;  
But Christ hath done great things for me!

O fellow-travellers, have you seen  
Ofttimes a tattered beggar lean  
Upon the posts of Heaven's bright doors,  
All full of scars, and wounds, and sores?  
That fainting soul, whose tears did flow,  
Washed in Christ's blood is happy now!

Yes, Jesus looked on me with love,  
And all His tenderness to prove,  
He washed my wounds and made them clean,  
And bound my poor heart up again,  
Then clothed me in the matchless dress  
Of His own glorious righteousness !

See now how changed the beggar stands,  
Obedient to his Lord's commands,  
His tattered rags all laid aside,  
His wounds no longer opened wide ;  
And oh ! his eyes are no more dim,  
For Christ hath done great things for him !

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### Heavenly Guidance.

“I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee.”

THE man who loves his God need fear no evil, for God is with him ; God is his friend, and God rules in heaven and on earth. What other men call “chances,” he calls the will of his Saviour. The smallest thing that happens to him, as well as the greatest thing, is all ordered by Jesus ; the disarrangement of a plan, the evil-speaking of some neighbour, the unkindness of enemies, or the unfaithfulness of friends, are not “chances ;” they do not come *by chance* to the Christian ; they are all sent by Jesus, to prepare him the better for the glorious rest to come. His God is with him, and “no man shall set on him” to do him real harm. Many troubles may come to him ;

indeed, the better beloved he is by his Saviour the more he is likely to have; but none of them come without the especial command of Jesus, and they can only last as long as He pleases.

How apt we are to forget this, and to say within ourselves, when trial comes to us, "How provoking! if I had done one thing, or another thing, this would not have happened."

Is it no comfort to know that nothing shall in reality harm us if we are Christ's? Even joys shall work good in us as well as griefs, and shall do their part in the grand work of preparation for immortality.

"No man shall set on thee to hurt thee," exclaims Jesus to His true follower; "Go on following hard after Me, and, come what may, thy Saviour has planned it for thee. The past may be dark, and the future may seem strangely clouded with gloom, but it shall end in glorious sunshine—there is a bright day coming!

Often in the Christian's heart there is an indefinite fear of something evil happening to him; he has not quite settled in his mind what the evil is; but his heart is afraid within him. If sorrows do come, and troubles arise, let him remember that Jesus is at his right hand to deliver him; who can hurt him, or those dear to him, if Jesus says, "Stand back"? This indefinite fear of evil comes oftenest to the Christian when



he is going to take a journey, or when he is alone in a foreign land, or when any great change of circumstances comes to him. At home, in his regular rounds of duty, he does not so much feel it; he believes then that he is safe in the arms of his Lord; but when he is disturbed in those daily duties, then is the trying time. Weary waverer, Jesus is with you; do not fear; "No man shall set on you to hurt you," unless He gives the word.

#### THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him,  
and He shall bring it to pass."

I begged Thee, Christ, my bark to guide  
Along this world's uncertain tide;  
I placed the helm in Thy kind hand  
To lead me toward the heavenly strand.

Oh, then, of quiet seas I dreamed,—  
Of lights that in the distance gleamed,—  
Of summer skies, and signs from heaven,  
To cheer the earnest pilgrim given.

But soon the hurricane rose high,  
And adverse tides swept rudely by;  
My heart was tossed with pain and care,  
And quick I thought no Christ was there.

Yet why such thoughts? and why such fear,  
Lest my own Saviour were not near?  
Because, instead of quiet skies,  
His hand had bid the tempest rise?

What need for such a skilful Guide ?  
 Were there no winds, no sweeping tide,  
 No rocks to wreck poor boats at sea,  
 No whirlpools whirling boisterously ?

What need to ask that Guide to steer  
 My onward course ? Were there no fear  
 Of meeting dangers on the way,  
 From hour to hour, from day to day ?

O faithful God ! O kindest Guide !  
 'Twas *well* that Thou wert at my side  
 When blew those storms across my sea  
 That tossed me then so wearily.

'Twas *well* I asked Thy guidance, Lord,  
 And well Thou camest at Thy word ;  
 For when these storms of life are past,  
 Thou'lt land me safe in heaven at last.

### Time Improved.

“ Redeeming the time.”

OUR time is not our own, to spend as we like ; we must give account of every moment to God at the last day. Those who have wasted it in idle amusements or sinful indulgence shall be indeed confounded when God asks them, before angels and men, “ What didst thou do with thy time on earth ? ”

Imagination cannot picture the anguish of him who must answer that question thus : “ I spent it in worldly pleasure, and vanity, and sin.” For him are reserved the dreadful words :

“Depart, ye cursed.” This awful doom, we fear, is preparing for many, even now, because they choose to walk on to the grave in the ways of sin.

From these careless pleasure-seekers we turn to the true Christian, who, on the whole, strives to improve his time for his God, but who still does not think a minute or two of much importance, though he would not for anything waste a whole day. There are many Christians of this kind—perhaps more than of any other—and to *them* we would say a few words. Every *minute* you waste, and which might be employed in the service of your Redeemer, will take from the brilliancy of your crown in heaven, and you will not be so dear to His heart as those who have occupied earnestly this precious talent for his glory. Every moment is precious here, and you must not waste it; upon these moments depends your place throughout the endless ages of eternity. Here we are not meant to look about us, and rest, and seek enjoyment; here we are to “redeem the time,” to trade with our time, and gain a golden harvest for the Lord.

There are a few who work thus, who toil the whole hot day and think not of resting but in the Mother Country—who press onward to the glories of a better world than this; and *their* days of rest are coming; they shall not always

toil. To each of *them* we would say, "Brother, Christ is watching you; He sees each moment carefully spent for Him; He knows how hard you are labouring, and each moment of your labour shall be plentifully rewarded in the kingdom of glory throughout that long tremendous eternity yet to come. Press on as you have begun, do not grow weary; you shall have your long, long rest upon the heights of heaven; look forward to it, and take fresh courage."

Shall *we* be among the pleasure-seeking idlers, the sinful wanderers, the half-hearted Christians, or the faithful, earnest servants of the Lord? Help us, O Lord, to choose to be among the faithful few; give us grace to employ every moment of our time for Thee, and to press onward with redoubled earnestness, remembering that when once we cross the boundary-line that separates this world from the next, time shall be no more, and we must stand before our Judge to give an account of our moments, and hours, and days, and years.

#### "THE TIME IS SHORT."

"The time is short!" so very short;  
 We therefore must not sleep,  
 But must "beside all waters sow,"  
 If we at length would reap;  
 We must with earnestness press on,  
 If we would win the heavenly crown.

“The time is short!” earth turns to earth;  
Flowers wither and decay;  
Be thine imperishable worth,  
That cannot pass away:  
Hours won for Jesus ever bloom,  
Death cannot hide them in the tomb.

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### The Safe Hiding-place.

“Thou art my hiding-place. Thou shalt preserve me from trouble, Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.”

OH, what a comfort it is in times of trouble to have a “hiding-place” into which to run and rest! The cry of the weary, disappointed child is ever for its mother in its hours of need. She is its hiding-place for the time, and the truest hiding-place it can find on earth; but what human breast can take the place of the Divine?

Happy art thou, child of the everlasting God, if thou hast learned, in every grief and trouble that happens to thee, to creep close to the bosom of thy Lord, crying out of the depths of a wounded, bleeding heart: “Thou art my hiding-place!”

Where is the sorrow so deep, so perplexing, from which the all-powerful Christ cannot deliver you? His arm reigns o’er the battlements of heaven, among the glorious cherubim, and could it, oh! could it, then, fall short among the help-

less sons of men? *He* is our "hiding-place;" He will preserve us from trouble; He will compass us about with "songs of deliverance." So saith the Scripture, and so say an innumerable "cloud of witnesses," who have sought that hiding-place in times of need. None can be really desolate on earth who have the blessed Jesus to fly to at every step of their heavenward journey. He compasses the storm-tossed soul with "songs of deliverance." A little wrestling, a little waiting, and then all light; all passing bright; the trouble is gone, to appear no more. He has compassed the seeker with "songs of deliverance."

Close, close on Thy bosom, Lord, I lean;  
 Close, close on Thy heart of love;  
 Within that calm refuge I would stay,  
 Oh! never again to move.

Close, close in Thy sheltering arms, dear Lord;  
 What refuge so free from care?  
 I would quietly rest on my Saviour's breast,  
 And pour out my heart all there.

Kind friends may be with and around me here,  
 To help me from day to day;  
 But no one can soothe me like my God,  
 Or comfort me on my way.

Close, close on Thy bosom, Lord, I lean;  
 Close, close in Thine arms of love;  
 No trouble can shake my eternal rest,  
 No tempest my peace can move.

## The Vineyard of the Lord.

“Go, work in my vineyard.”

To whom are these words addressed, and by whom are they spoken? Are they addressed to princes or to peasants, to rich men or to poor men, to the learned or to the ignorant? The answer to this question is: they are addressed to *all*—to *everyone*!—and it is the mighty God, the Ruler of heaven and of earth that speaks them.

“Go, work in My vineyard,” He says to you, rich man in your riches, living in your idle ease and selfish luxury. Will you, dare you, disobey? Time is short, eternity is at hand, what will be *your* portion if you refuse to work in the vineyard of your Lord?

“Go, work in My vineyard,” says He to you, poor man in your poverty. You have other work to do beside earning your daily bread; the vineyard of the Lord is before you. Will you, dare you, disobey the great Master? What will be your portion throughout eternity if you do? Think of it, and pause and consider.

Women and children, young and old, high in station and lowly in position, God calls to you all this day: “Go, work in My vineyard.”

Begin, then, to work *now—to-day*. Let nothing prevent you, let nothing hinder you. Stop not to ask, What *is* the vineyard of the Lord?

for you know already, you need not ask. *Do what you can for Jesus*, while you can, in the best way you can, and you will be accounted a labourer in that vineyard.

If you are rich, bid indolence farewell, and let your riches, as well as your time and labour, be used in the Saviour's cause. The cry from thousands of prisons and infirmaries is, "Come and help us!" Obey that call; go, work there; speak to the sick, the sorrowful, and the dying, about the "great salvation;" direct their eyes to the cross of Calvary, and you will be obeying your Lord's command; but see to it that your motive be right; let not the devil deceive you even here.

If you are poor, you may not be able to do as much; do, then, *what you can*, and you, too, will be obeying that great command: "Go, work in My vineyard."

#### WORK FOR JESUS.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?

Before Thy feet I lie;

What wilt Thou have me do this day?

To Thee I send my cry!

I must not work my own poor works,

Or in my own ways go;

I must not blindly stumble on,

What wilt *Thou* have me do?



Before me let me see Thy hand  
    Pointing out all my way,  
Beside me let me hear Thy voice  
    Giving me work each day.

What wilt *Thou* have me do, my God?  
    My time is here so short;  
Oh! help me to improve its hours,  
    To redeem it as I ought.

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### The Secret Chamber.

“Pray to your Father in secret, and your Father, which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly.”

CHILD of God! in that little chamber where you kneel so often and pour out your heart upon your knees, you are watched, you are thought about above; those words which you speak in secret are heard on high!

How many times have you doubted this! and how often have you felt impatient with your Heavenly Father, because your faith wavered, and you fancied He did not hear; but He *did* hear you all the while, as you learned to know when, one by one, the answers to your petitions came.

You prayed in secret, but your Father rewarded you openly! The busy world around you wondered how you gained the things you did. Oh, they did not see into your little chamber, or they never would have wondered any more!

But perhaps you are *not* a child of God, yet you want to be, but how to begin you know not. Tell all this to your Father on high ; go alone to speak to Him ; ask Him to make you His, and He will hear your secret prayer. Your faint cry may be hidden and in secret, but the reward will come before all the world !

Whatever your petition, whatever your desire, tell it to your God when no human ear can hear ; and wonderful things shall be done for you, such as will make you gaze in wonder at the goodness of the Lord.

People who only pray to God in public, who have no meetings alone with Him who created them, surely cannot know what real prayer is. It is the secret prayer that God loves best ; it is the lifting up of the heart to Him when no one else is near that pleases Him most. Such prayer has power to move Omnipotence !

#### THE SUPPLIANT.

O wearied pleader at the Father's throne,  
That waiteth there  
In doubt and fear,  
Christ on thee smiles—His brow doth wear no frown !

Thy Father hath a garden filled with flowers  
Of richest hue,  
For ever new,  
Which He sends down to man from heaven's bowers !

Then, pleader, cease not thou to rend the sky,  
    Thou still must pray,  
    And one bright day  
Will come the answer from thy God on high !

It is not in His wrath He doth delay :

    He now looks down,  
    Without a frown,

But He would have thee persevere to pray.

Even when thou deemest that thou art forgot,

    His heart doth move,  
    In tenderest love,—

With love that ever burns—that changeth not.

Stretch far thine empty hand toward Zion's Gate—

    Still stretch it out,  
    Nor fear, nor doubt,—

The sweetest gifts come down to those that wait.

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### The Lord Reigneth.

“Be still, and know that I am God.”

HUSH! be still, sad hearts, pierced through by many sorrows; the Prince of Peace calls to thee from the sky, “Be still, and know that I am God.” God has ruled all for thee; He, even He, is God alone! He reigns, and ever must reign throughout all the kingdoms. What has happened to thee, thou poor, broken-hearted one, came not by chance. Be still. The blow was terrible, but God, even thy God, sent it! The blow crushed thy once proud spirit; but be still!

God, even thy God ordered it. And why did He send it? why did he order it? *That* thou must wait to know till all shall be made plain; meanwhile thou must *trust*, and not be afraid, for Emmanuel says to thee this day, "Be still, and know that I am God." We dare not presume to remonstrate with Omnipotence, but in meek submission we must bow before Him, whether in His marvellous tenderness He appoints us joys or griefs, bright days or dark ones—a calm passage to the haven of eternal rest, or a wild and stormy voyage. All must be well, all must be for the *very best*, as we shall see when earth is past, and the golden shores of Paradise burst upon our astonished sight.

Oh! it is soothing, as we walk in the midst of this troublesome world, to remember those blessed words, "Be still, and know that I am God." They quiet the wounded spirit and calm the stricken breast; they seem to come to us like "streams in the desert, and like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

When troubles press on every side,  
And toss the weary pilgrim's soul,  
That doth in its sore conflict bleed,  
Before it gains the final goal,—

Then high above those notes of grief,  
A voice from heaven sounds abroad;  
How calm and peacefully it speaks:

"Be still, and know that I am God!"

“I am the Lord—the King of kings ;  
I must o'er all for ever reign ;  
At my command those troubles come,  
Those weary griefs, that aching pain.

“Be still, and trust my faithful love,  
My pity deep, my wondrous power ;  
Be still, and know that I am God,  
Thy Rock, thy Fortress, thy High Tower !”

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### A Consecrated Life.

“Thou art my portion.”

A CONSECRATED life to Him who created us is the only life worth calling life at all. Unless we can indeed say from the bottom of our hearts, “*Thou art my portion,*” and consequently give ourselves up to our God to do His will and work His work, we are but poor sleepers still. Jesus has done everything for us, and we in return should surrender up our all to him ; if we do not, He is not our “portion ;” we are still dead in sin.

What a portion Jesus is to those who put their trust in Him ! Light in the hours of darkness, joy in the time of sorrow, succour in the hour of need, and strength in the moments of weakness. If this is our portion—so abundant, so glorious—we have indeed cause to sing for gladness, even though we have but little of this world’s riches and honours.

What is *your* portion, O child of vanity, that hast gone all the day long in thine own ways, and hast forgotten or despised the God that made thee? Your inmost soul cannot fail to make answer, "*Vexation of spirit.*" You have tried following in the ways of this world, and an unsatisfying portion it has given you. Will you not henceforward consecrate yourself to the Prince of glory, crying out in deep earnestness, "*Thou art my portion*"? If you do this, how changed will be your lot; the world itself will become a new world to you; the very flowers and trees will all seem new, for light from heaven will garnish all; and old, sad things shall pass away.

Resolve in Christ's great strength and His arm shall keep you and help you heavenward, until at length you shall know what it is to have had Him for your portion here below.

#### SOWING THE GOOD SEED.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good."

When rises from his couch the sun,  
To shine o'er all the land,  
Causing his beauteous rays to fall  
On hill, and wood, and strand,—  
Then, Christian, go thou forth abroad,  
To bring home wanderers to their Lord!

Dark chains there are, more strong by far  
Than iron fetters here ;  
Strong cords there are, more hard to break  
Than those poor prisoners wear ;  
Christian, 'tis thine these cords to sever,  
To make the captive free for ever !  
Perhaps a little word of thine,  
Sown in the evening still,  
May, watered by our God, bloom forth  
On the everlasting hill ;  
Therefore when evening calms the land,  
Christian, withhold not thou thy hand !  
Oh ! weary not—for though thy day,  
Toilsome and dark appear ;  
'Tis but the journey toward thy home,—  
The long, long rest is near !  
And when thou and thy Saviour meet,  
Thou'lt never deem thy toils too great !

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### The All-seeing God.

“Thou, God, seest me.”

WHEN clouds of sorrow dim your eye, child of God, is it a small comfort to you to know that One above sees all? Oh, no! It is the very greatest and best comfort that could possibly be sent you. He who is Love looks down upon you in your anguish; He who is Power beholds you in your misery. And is it possible that All-power and All-love can do nothing to help you when they are so marvellously combined? No! no! Away with such unbelief, such doubtings,

such fears. It is impossible that He who looks down upon your anguish will do nothing to alleviate it and calm your troubled heart.

Rejoice that the eye of your God beholds you. You are not alone, though, perhaps, you may sit by a silent hearth, and voices are hushed that once rung in your ear.

You are not alone, though the hand that once grasped yours grasps it no more—though the loving eyes that once gladdened yours are for ever closed; you are not alone, however lonely you may feel. A great God encompasses you! A mighty Friend surrounds you! The eye of a glorious Deliverer rests upon you!

However poor and despised you may count yourself to be, you may look up any moment of any day and say with truth, “Thou, God, seest me!”

Beloved reader, in the still silence of a night of weeping, what would you do, had you not the assurance that your God is at your side, that His eyes behold you?

#### THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

So light! So light, beyond the hills of earth;  
So passing bright!  
The darkness only for a little while,  
And then *how* light;

So light! So light, where dwell the blessed host  
That sing heaven's song.



Oh! what a golden glory doth surround  
The ransomed throng!  
We need not mind the gloomy mists below,  
In mercy given,  
If in the distance our poor eyes behold  
The lights of heaven!  
So light! So light upon the hills of God!  
Such wondrous light!  
The darkness only here; leave earth, and then  
So passing bright!

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### Pressing Toward the Mark.

“Let us press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.”

THE end of all strivings, and strugglings, and agonisings, to “reach the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus” will soon be, for on the other side the grave the prize will either be lost or won; there will be no more efforts after it. Knowing this, how tremendously earnest we should be, day by day, and year by year!

To think that what we are in this short hour on earth is to determine where we shall be for ever and for ever, is enough to make a madman stop and think!

Seeing, then, that such is the case, help us, oh! help us, Holy Spirit of the living God! help us to “press toward the mark” with redoubled earnestness. We must in Thy power shake the foundations of the towers of sin within us, till

there is a mighty crash heard, and Jesus enters as King of our hearts. We must every day go forth to the fight afresh as good soldiers, crushing first one sin and then another; first one hindrance on the heavenly road, and then *all* hindrances; conquering our own selves, till at length we can rejoice that *we* are vanquished, and that Jesus is victorious.

It is the Holy Spirit within us that makes any of us "press toward the mark," for of ourselves we are pressing altogether the other way, going down to perdition, heedless of our danger. What need, then, to implore the Holy Spirit to work within us in all His Almighty power, till we press toward the skies, heedless of the laugh of the profane, and of the smile of a multitude! *They* may laugh now, but their laughing shall cease when the throne is set and when the "books are opened," and the Judge calls them to His bar by name.

Let us press on to know more of Jesus, to feel His love more as a real, living thing, and not a mere name; to be actuated by it; to live above the things of the world; to count all but dross for the excellency of that knowledge. Let us ask God to raise us high above earthly wishes and motives to be "in the world, and yet not of it,"—to press toward the glory to come by the might of a Saviour within.

Those that most press on in this way may expect to see more of the brightness of the Father's glory revealed to them than careless Christians see. Even in this world they need such glimpses of their God to cheer them on in their hard labour. Yet their full reward is reserved for the skies; there they shall "drink of rivers of pleasures at God's right hand," and their lips shall sing an everlasting song; *there* they shall never more be weary; there they shall never more be sad, for "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

#### MARKS OF A CHRISTIAN.

Art thou a Christian? Then what cross  
 Dost thou for thy dear Master bear?  
 What robe of grief, what crown of thorns,  
 Dost thou for His sake meekly wear?  
 Art thou a Christian? Ah! then, say  
 What pleasures dost thou here forego?  
 What self-denying pathway tread  
 Because Christ stooped for thee so low?  
 Art thou a Christian? Then what souls  
 Art thou for Jesus seeking here?  
 What sinners on their downward path  
 Is *thy* hand saving year by year?  
 If like a death-knell on thine ear  
 These questions in succession fall,  
 Thou hast indeed good cause to fear  
 Thou art no Christian soul at all!

### No Curse in Heaven.

“And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.”

OH! where is that land where there shall be no more curse? Where is that world where the strife and the anguish shall be no more? Tell of it to the weary; proclaim it in the hearing of the broken-hearted—where is that land? Is it within the reach of man? can *his* eyes ever hope to wake in it, or is it only for the angel-bands? We read that the “redeemed of the Lord” shall rest there from their labours, and shall shine forth as the stars in the kingdom of their Father!

“There shall be no more curse,” in the house with many mansions, in the home of our God, but every heart there shall sing one glorious song of joy, which shall never pass away.

“No more curse!” Oh, blessed words! No more dissatisfaction, no more unrest, no more toil, for ever and ever! That were a world worthy every effort of our souls to reach. It is the “redeemed of the Lord” alone that shall enter there: for “without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” Those that have on earth lived and died in sin shall be banished from that world of happiness; *their* portion

shall be the portion of those on whom the curse shall rest for ever and for ever.

But, sinner, there is hope for *you*! Though your sins have been countless as the leaves upon the forest trees, there is hope for you through the blood of the Lamb. Jesus died for you,—He died that even the very worst of sinners might be saved, if only they would be willing to leave their sins and come unto Him. He came to seek and to save the *lost*. You are the very one Christ came to save!

Christian! there are lost ones on every side Are you seeking to save them as you might? You must, indeed, have learnt but little from your Master, if you are content to live while His lost children are dying. Ask strength from the strong One to help you to be so indifferent no longer—to plead with and warn men to be saved from the wrath to come. Oh, do not rest till God has heard *your* voice imploring lost sinners to come to Jesus and turn from their wickedness! “He that turneth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” The Bible speaks thus; therefore in the power of Jesus we *can* turn sinners from their evil ways; we *can*—blessed be God!—help to lift the degraded, help to lead the wandering from degradation and error, into that safe and happy home where there is no more

curse, and where even the rebellious shall fall down before the throne of God and the Lamb.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“ I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.”

O Spirit of the living God,  
From Heaven's gates come forth abroad ;  
With power invincible come forth  
And win this sinful, sin-stained earth !

O Thou Life-giver to the dead !  
Of life the glorious Fountain-head !  
Breathe on this world of souls,—arise,  
And bid poor slumberers seek the skies !

Oh, come with power omnipotent !  
Thou glorious Guest from Heaven sent ;  
In every land in years to come  
Save thousands from an endless doom !

We are encouraged by Thy Word  
To ask most mighty things, dear Lord ;  
We therefore come, and at Thy feet  
For a poor dying world entreat !

Spirit of God ! come forth with power  
And help us at the eleventh hour !  
Breathe on all slumberers—bid them turn  
And Christ's most glorious precepts learn !

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### The Christian Life.

“ Occupy till I come.”

A GREAT command has come to us straight from the throne of God. “ Occupy till I come,” says

Jesus, our Saviour, our Deliverer, our Guide, and our King. What does the word "occupy" mean? Surely it means to *trade with*—to make the most of all that we possess for our God. This each one of us is commanded to do: let us see to it, then, that we obey.

We are to make the most of all our time for God. We are to make the most of all our talents for God. We are to make the most of all our possessions for God. So short a time we have to do this in—eternity is so close at hand—that we must be *in earnest!*

There must be no idling by the way; no stopping to gather the world's gay flowers of pleasure; no entering by a side-door upon forbidden ground! Christian, you must be *in earnest!*

Let the words of your Lord ring ever in your ear, "Occupy till I come!"

Remember, as you sow here you shall reap hereafter. Though justified by faith we shall be judged by works. Though it is through the merits of Christ alone that any shall enter in at the gates of glory, yet your place within those shining mansions will be fixed by what you have *been and done* for Jesus here.

If you have been but an indolent trader with all you have on earth, you cannot expect those highest thrones of bliss in heaven. If you have

sown but carelessly, you cannot expect to reap harvests of joy such as others, who have laboured in the heat of the day, shall reap. Let *this* thought stir you up (if nothing else will) to trade well for your Lord and to sleep away your time no longer.

Be in earnest—be in earnest, O child of God, at last! The future is before you yet, though the past is gone for ever. Arise from your slumber, for the resurrection morning is fast approaching!

#### THE "SINGLE EYE."

Oh, give to me a "single eye"  
 To seek Thy glory, Lord,  
 In all I think, and say, and do,—  
 In every deed and word!

Bestow on me that "single eye"  
 When I go forth abroad,  
 And strive to lead benighted souls  
 To holiness and God.

Bestow on me that "single eye"  
 Whene'er at home I stay,  
 So that *my* ease may evermore  
 To Thy great cause give way!

Oh, let me now the idol self  
 By heavenly grace control,  
 That henceforth Christ may ever reign  
 Supreme within my soul!



## The Everlasting Arms.

“Underneath and around are the everlasting arms.”

IN the midst of a great world of disappointments, when friends look cold that once were kind—that once were the very sunshine of our souls; when chairs are vacant that once held the loving and the lost; when voices are hushed for ever that once rung with gladness in our homes,—oh! what would the mourner do in his anguish did he not know that “Underneath and around him were the everlasting arms”? His God is close—close at his very side; he may lean his weary heart upon the bosom of the everlasting God; He may lay his weary head upon his Saviour’s breast and so find rest. Sad were it indeed for him did the “everlasting arms” not bear him up. Mourner! have *you* fled to those kind arms for refuge? How can you bear the weight of all your care without their aid? They are stretched out toward you, they are waiting for you; fly to them in your sorrow and be safe—safe for evermore! You cannot bear the weight of a broken heart alone! You cannot bear the burden of a wounded soul alone!

The “everlasting arms” *must* bear you up, or you will sink down—down to rise no more! Mourner! if you fly to those strong, loving arms, that are opening wide to receive you,

then, be you in the midst of a busy crowd or in the far-off wilderness where few pass by, they will bear you up, they will ever be underneath and around you, nor will they ever leave you, but will carry you up to the gates of glory, and will land you safely in the haven of eternal rest.

THE AFFLICTED ONES CRY.

“I was dumb, I opened not my mouth . . . because Thou  
didst it.”

The blow was terrible, my God !

It made me start ;

With unimaginable grief

It broke my heart !

Yet does *this* thought bring comfort sure :—

It is my God !

My own *best Friend* who led me here,

In this dark road !

This blow that made me start with grief,

From Christ's hand fell ;

Oh ! then I know and feel it must—

It must be well !

It was my all-wise, gracious God

Who dealt the blow ;

It was my Saviour's own kind hand

Laid me so low !

He did it for a purpose deep,

Of tenderest love ;

That purpose I shall one day know

In heaven above !

Till then I shall my Saviour trust—  
He *must* know best ;  
And this deep sorrow I will leave  
On His kind breast !

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### Self-subdued.

“ I keep my body under.”

OH, follower of Jesus! how you are hindered in your course heavenward by that weary, indolent, selfish body of yours! You want to be more earnest in doing the will of your Father, but that “sinful body” prevents you! You want to run to and fro on errands of love and mercy to others, but again your weakness hinders you! You want to be very active in your Master’s cause, but that indolent body keeps you back! Keep it under; do as the Apostle Paul did, in a strength beyond his own.

Never let your selfishness and indolence get the mastery over your spirit; mortify these whenever they attempt to get the ascendancy; let your appetites and passions be completely subdued in you through the power of Divine grace.

And is it easy thus to “keep the body under”? Easy! Let *them* say who have tried it, “Oh, no, no! it is *not* easy; it is very, very difficult;

but it *must* be done, and done carefully and systematically.

He who says it is easy to keep the "body under" can never have tried it at all surely. It is in this that the battle of the Christian life consists. Christ says, "If any man will follow Me, let him *deny himself*." We are to deny ourselves in the natural evil inclinations of our corrupt natures, never for a moment allowing them to rule us and our actions.

Oh! it needs a world more of courage for a man to fight daily, systematically, and patiently against the evil within himself, than it does to fight valiantly on the bloody battle-field with adversaries surrounding him on every side!

"Who is sufficient for these things?" No one but he who is strong in the strength of Omnipotence. Help us, good Lord!

#### THE WILL CONQUERED.

"Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Not my own will,  
All-glorious Lord!  
My lips must not speak  
A single word,  
I leave all to Thee;  
And tranquilly rest;  
I need not be anxious,  
For Jesus knows best.

Not my own will:  
That must not be;

It would lead me to death,  
And to misery.

My hand is now close  
In my Saviour's pressed ;  
My cares are all over,  
For Jesus knows best.

Oh ! let not *my* will,  
But Thine be done ;  
Take all in Thy hands  
Till my race is run.  
I have told all to Thee,  
And am safely at rest ;  
My Saviour is for me,—  
Jesus knows best.

Corrupt nature is conquered,  
O God, at last ;  
Thy grace has done it—  
The struggle is past.  
All I trust to Thy keeping ;  
No longer distressed ;  
The struggle is over,  
Jesus knows best.

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### Christ Made a Curse.

“ Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law,  
being made a curse for us.”

FOR the Prince of Glory to be made a curse, or an accursed thing, was enough to make the whole universe tremble. That the Son of God should leave the glorious homes above at all, and come to this earth, was enough to make all nations

marvel; but to come to be made a *curse*,—oh! this was beyond conception.

And why was the Prince of Glory made a curse? For *thee*—for *thee*, O sinner! He has loved thee with an everlasting love! He has seen thee an accursed thing, like Cain, driven forth with the mark on thee, wandering on the “dark mountains,” drinking of the devil’s cup of woe, steeping thy garments in the river of this world’s polluted pleasures; and either thou or He had to be made a “curse” because of it; and He chose Himself that thou mightst go for ever free! Was ever love like this?

Oh, when thou art wavering and doubting whether thy scarlet and crimson sins can ever be washed out—when thou art in dread, anticipating the vengeance of a justly offended God—look the devil in the face, and beat him back with the words: “Christ was made a curse for *me!*”

When thou rememberest thy past dark life and thy present cold heart, and art well-nigh sinking in the “deep waters,” where the floods overflow thee, fix thine eye on Calvary, and no longer despair; say from the depths of thy torn, wounded soul, Christ was made a curse for *me!* Whom shall I fear?

And was He made a curse for thee, O sinner! and wilt thou turn away, refusing to be saved?

He bore the mocking of a million tongues for *thee*, and wilt thou turn away despising all such love? Oh, surely that must not be—it cannot, cannot be! Accept from His hand a free pardon, and be glad; accept from His hand eternal life, and shout for joy. And as He was once made a curse for thee, so do thou ascribe eternal blessing to *Him!*

When wrath divine encircled, like a cloud,  
The Cross of Calvary with inky shroud,  
One object only clearly could I see,—  
My Saviour hanging on the Cross for me!

The glazing eye, the swiftly paling cheek,  
The throbbing pulse, the dripping, crimson streak:  
These all declared as clearly as could be,  
Jesus was *dying* on the Cross for me!

His heart a Father's wrath with sorrow tore,  
The curse divine His soul divinely bore,  
Yet still He wore the smile of victory,  
For Jesus conquered on the Cross for me!

While from His lips escaped the parting breath,  
Victor of sin, and Vanquisher of death,  
My Captain captive led captivity,  
For Jesus conquered on the Cross for me!

Was it *His* sins such punishment incurred?  
How had that tortured heavenly Spirit erred?  
Not His own sin He bore upon the tree,  
For Jesus hung upon the Cross for me!

Full well to its extreme extent He knew  
 The penalty a guilty world was due,  
 And yet He lent sublime divinity,  
 And sacrificed Himself for such as me !

Saviour Incarnate ; Substitute Divine !  
 The sorrows that oppressed Thy soul were mine,  
 Mine were the sufferings that afflicted Thee ;  
 What love, to die upon the Cross for me !

The pains of death are past ; that blood-stained brow  
 A glorious diadem encircles now :  
 See Him no longer hang upon the tree,—  
 He lives who died upon the Cross for me !

Oh ! when before God's awful throne I stand  
 To hear the penalty my sins demand,  
 Be this my constant, this my only plea,—  
 That Jesus died upon the Cross for me !

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### Christ the Keeper of His People.

“ He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness, for by strength shall no man prevail.”

WHEN many temptations crowd around the weary child of God how delightful it is to remember that “ He will keep the feet of His saints.” Who can cause them to stumble when the strong, mighty hand of their God holds them up ?

Oh ! we could never, never keep ourselves. Were it not for that kind, invisible hand, where should we be ? Straying far off on “ the dark



mountains" of sin and shame, mixing with the careless multitude, and partaking of their unsatisfying pleasures and hollow joys and miserable vanities! But the Keeper of His people does not so leave them in their weakness. He is never far away. He upholds them, step by step, as they travel on to the bright city out of sight. "By strength," He says, "shall no man prevail." Our own attempts at strength are each and all of them miserable failures. No more can we *keep* ourselves in the right way, after God, in His pity, has pulled us into it, than we can at the first get into it. The eye of faith must ever be directed to the unseen Saviour, and He Himself must give us the very faith with which to give that look.

Can any, then, have the presumption to say, "Since I have no strength of myself, and all is of God, I will simply do nothing; and if He save me and keep me, well and good; and if He does not, I cannot help it"? If this be the language of your heart, O sinner, take care what you are doing! for though all be of God, though He be the moving spring of all, yet He commands thee to "strive, to wrestle, to fight, to *agonise*," to enter in at the strait gate; and if through His pity thou hast done all this, then He commands thee to keep close to Himself. Obey! obey! and thou wilt soon see how it is

that, though all the work is really of Him, yet thou must never be the idle and slothful servant that refuses to work at his Lord's command.

#### CLINGING TO JESUS.

Amid all the darkness, and doubt, and fear,  
That meet us at every corner here,—

Amid all the gloom of this sorrowful land,  
I will still hold fast by my Saviour's hand!

When foes are around me on every side,  
And I look in vain for some earthly guide,—  
When in presence of hostile crowds I stand,  
I will grasp a tight hold of my Saviour's hand!

When friends have deceived me that once were kind,  
Turning strange and cold as the cold east wind;  
When I seem all alone in a far-off land,  
Oh, still I will hold by my Saviour's hand!

In every danger that meets me here—  
In every moment of every year—  
Till I reach the shores of God's glorious land,  
I will cling to my blessed Saviour's hand!

#### The Coming of Christ.

“The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.”

JESUS is coming very soon; the hour is drawing very near when every eye shall behold Him that was once crucified, coming with glory such as human heart has never conceived. The world seems tired and weary now, like an old man after a long, toilsome life, and soon it will sink into its burning tomb, and rest for ever there!

Many prophecies have been fulfilled that seem immediately to precede the end, yet still men trifle on, and neglect to make their title to the skies secure; they put off seeking Christ from day to day, and what shall become of them if He appear before they have become His friends?

It is very foolish to pretend to know the exact time when the Lord shall come, for He has revealed that to no one; He wishes it to remain secret, that we may be always preparing for it: but when we see around us many signs of the latter times, we cannot but feel that the end is near, perhaps nearer than any think.

The confusion and terror of the wicked shall be beyond conception then, but the redeemed shall shout for joy, for "He shall gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom." The coming of Jesus is the great thing that tries whether a man is a Christian or not; if he dislikes the thought of it, and tries to forget it altogether, surely he cannot be a true Christian; but if he longs for it, and watches for it with earnestness, and if his thoughts are continually about it, there can be little doubt of his being truly Christ's. For this coming we ought all to be preparing now with desperate earnestness,—it may come in a year, or in a day, or in an hour; and if we are not among the followers of Jesus, we shall be placed with those

on the left hand of the throne who are bidden to depart for ever from His presence.

To the Christian how sweet it is to think at the close of a toilsome, weary day, "Perhaps my blessed Saviour will come and welcome me home this night; perhaps it will be His voice that I shall hear when I open my door, and His smile that I shall see shining upon me."

Make no long tarrying, O my God!

#### THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

The Resurrection morn  
 Will soon begin to dawn  
 In the bright distant sky;  
 Its first light may be seen afar,—  
 Our Saviour draweth nigh!  
 His chariot-wheels of war  
 Will soon have started on their way—  
 On clouds of gold, in glory rolled,  
 We soon shall see Him on that wondrous day.  
 Jesus, our Lord is near!  
 His heralds now appear!  
 On the grief-beaten strand  
 Of this cold earth His feet shall tread,  
 And all the mighty band,  
 The living and the dead,  
 Shall hear His voice from Heaven sound,  
 And rock and plain shall back again  
 The echo of the trumpet of our God resound!  
 Not then the time to pray,  
 Upon that awful day;  
 Not then the time to turn  
 And seek a God before unsought;

Not then the time to learn  
How Christ men's souls hath bought,  
Or to awake from sin's dark dream ;  
Not then the day to kneel and pray—  
To launch a barque on the eternal stream !

Oh ! seek the Lord to know,  
Ere the last trumpet blow ;  
Begin to love Him here.  
Be wise to serve Him day and night,  
Else you shall never there  
Stand on Mount Zion's height  
Beside Him and His glorious throng,  
Who on Heaven's plain never again  
Shall cease to sing the new triumphal song !

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### Waiting upon God.

“Wait on the Lord.”

UNLESS we wait on the Lord each morning for grace and strength for the duties of the day before us, we need never hope to do those duties well. We have no strength in ourselves by nature, we are miserably weak ; and so, if we would walk steadily in the midst of a great world of difficulty and trouble, if we would be “burning and shining lights,” we must “wait on the Lord,” for His grace. He does not grudge us this grace ; He delights to pour it forth upon the seeking heart, so that it may glorify Him before men and angels.

Not only must we wait upon God in the morning for grace and strength, we must wait upon Him many times during the day; and as often as we send up the prayer, the answer comes down and we are strengthened. When the Christian's spirit is tired and weary of earthly thoughts, which will at times too much engross it in spite of many struggles and strivings to keep them under, then let him wait on the Lord for fresh courage and grace, and down the answer will come, and he shall revive again.

Or, when his mind is weary with labour for Christ, and he feels as if he were quite unable to go on, let him turn then to a quiet spot and "wait upon the Lord" for fresh help, and he will find that he is able to begin again. In difficulties, when he is much perplexed to know what is best to do or to say, the Christian should always "wait upon the Lord" for knowledge, and he will be surprised to find how quickly a way will be cleared for him that he had never thought of before.

In times of temptation, when the heart of the Christian dies within him, and the enemy has cast all his fiery darts at him, so that he cannot speak and is almost ready to give up in despair, then let him "wait upon the Lord" and He shall deliver him!

From the bleeding depths of a broken heart

let the child of Heaven "wait upon the Lord;" for who can bind up that broken heart but Him? Whose hands can make whole but the hand of Jesus? Every other channel of help may have been tried, but all have been "found wanting;" and now in desperation, what is to be done? "*Wait upon the Lord.*"

Thousands of broken hearts have tried this way and found it a blessed way; they have not waited on their God in vain. "Wait," I say, "on the Lord."

THE LORD IS GOOD TO THOSE WHO WAIT  
ON HIM.

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him—to  
the soul that seeketh Him."

Why so desponding, weary heart,  
That standest at the heavenly gate?  
Thy God hath not forgotten thee,  
But He would have thee still to wait.

The blessings that thou dost desire,  
Thou shalt in Christ's good time receive;  
He sees thy longings and thy tears,  
He sees the wants that make thee grieve.

Be of good comfort—still wait on,  
Jesus is at thy very side;  
He will not grudge thee those good things  
For which to bless thee once He died!

What are the needs of thy poor soul?  
 Tell them to Jesus one by one;  
 And all in time He will supply,  
 For thy poor cause He makes His own.

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### TELL JESUS ALL.

In hours of weariness and pain,  
 In trouble and distress,  
 When none perchance of those around  
 Thy secret grief can guess,—  
 Upon thy God, O mourner, call,  
 And tell the blessed Saviour all!

Let not thy voice be often heard  
 Seeking from man relief,  
 While One above is rarely told  
 The story of thy grief,—  
 Oh, earnestly upon Him call,  
 And tell the loving Saviour all!

Thy case can never baffle Him  
 To whom all Heaven belongs,  
 And in whose praise the angels sing  
 Their everlasting songs:  
 Then low before Heaven's footstool fall,  
 And tell the powerful Saviour all!

And Christ *will* hear—and Christ *will* help,  
 And Christ will do for thee,  
 What thou hast scarcely dreamed of yet  
 From out thy misery:  
 Upon thy God then, mourner, call,  
 And tell the glorious Saviour all!



## None Cast Out.

“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

WHAT a refuge to the tempest-tossed, anxious sinner, have these words been since first they were spoken long, long ago! But for them, how many weary souls would have sunk for ever into the bottomless pit, not venturing to knock at the gates of glory, nor hoping to find admission there!

“Him that cometh!” How wide is the invitation! Any “him,” no matter who—the murderer in his prison, or the thief upon his cross. “Him that cometh! him that cometh!” he shall in no wise be cast out by Jesus.

“But do I come in the right way?” perhaps asks some poor trembler, trembling as he gazes at the glorious words. To this we would answer: The question is not whether you come in the right way or in the wrong way, it is *whether you come at all*. If you come at all to the blessed Saviour, sincerely desiring salvation from sin, you shall in no wise be cast out by Him.

The devil ever whispers in the ear of the awakened sinner doubts as to whether he is “coming a-right” or “coming in time;” but let the trembling one heed him not; he was a liar from the beginning—he is the father of lies; let

him never mind the suggestions of this wicked spirit ; but, pushing his way through every obstacle and every hindrance, make his way straight to his Saviour's feet ! None can drag him away from that place of refuge—no unhallowed hands can touch him there,—for oh ! that spot is holy ground, and none who come there are ever cast away.

#### NONE REFUSED ADMITTANCE.

The Saviour cries, " Oh, come to Me,  
 Poor wanderer on life's troubled sea ;  
 Though steeped in sin, and torn with doubt,  
 I will not—will not cast thee out !"

" The light of heaven would grow dim,  
 And pale the all-glorious cherubim,  
 If, when thou camest unto Me,  
 I broke My word and cast out *thee* !

" 'Tis writ in heaven's eternal halls,  
 'Tis stamped on heaven's untarnished walls,  
 That he who comes to Jesus here  
 Shall find a royal welcome there !"

Then, sinner, come !—'tis Jesus' voice  
 That calls thee to His arms. Rejoice !  
 Forsake thy sins, and cease to doubt,  
 For oh ! He'll never cast thee out !

## The Lord Reigneth.

“The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.”

WHAT a comfort it is to the anxious, troubled Christian, to know that his times are in the merciful and pitiful hand of his God! His times of joy, and his times of sorrow; his times of quiet, and his times of trouble; his times of ease, and his times of suspense; his times of light, and his times of darkness, all—all are in the hands of Him who loves him with an everlasting love, and pities him with an everlasting pity.

The Lord reigns and rules over *all*—the whole disposing of the events in the life of the child of God is of Him.

It often *seems* as if we were at the mercy of others, to do or not to do, to have or not to have, as pleases them. But how false things do often appear! and while the careless observer sees only the hand of man, the enlightened eye of the child of God beholds his Father's finger in all.

It may be that a brother is prevented from getting some blessing he much desired; those around him see only this prevention as coming from other men, but *he* looks deeper into the matter than they look, and he beholds his God's

own hand as having ordered it. He remembers the text, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

Perhaps his God has a better blessing in store for him, which He will give him in His own good time; or perhaps he had desired *that* one without making it a matter of prayer, and thus needs correction; or perhaps he prayed for it unconditionally, without the needful clause,—“If it be Thy holy will.” Any way, it was God who kept it back from him, and not man. In all that happens to us let us ever remember that “the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.”

#### THE CHOSEN INHERITANCE.

“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”

“He shall choose our inheritance for us,”

As through this world we tread,  
The cares, and the griefs, and the burdens  
Will all be numbered.

“He shall choose our inheritance for us,”

Of joys and pleasures here;  
Everyone is chosen in Heaven,  
'Mong the many mansions there!

“He shall choose our inheritance for us;”

These joys that on earth are given,  
And at length each one that is here begun  
Shall be perfected in Heaven.

And oh! how delightful the thought is,  
'Mid the many ills below,

To *feel sure* all is chosen for us  
By the Lord that loves us so!  
Nought comes by chance or at random ;  
All, all, is planned on high ;  
Is thought of, and well considered,  
In the depths of that blue sky !  
Then all anxious care let us banish,  
And, trusting our Friend unseen,  
Let us ever in faith unflinching  
On the glorious promise lean.

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### Patience in Affliction.

“ Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord ; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.”

THERE are many Jobs in this world living now, though their names are unknown, and they themselves little cared about. Their work for Jesus here is chiefly to suffer. He has seen the wound to be *necessary*. He wounds that He may, with His own love, bind up again. He breaks the heart that He may make it whole again with His own tenderness.

Then trust Him in the dark hour, poor sufferer ; give Him your hand, and lift your eyes above you, for the Shepherd of Israel is there,—you are not all alone in your solitary nights ; you are watched over and cared about by Jesus.

Even if in this world, weary child, your lot should always be a suffering one, why should this make you unhappy? It should rather fill you with joy and hope, for one that is so grievously afflicted is surely very near and dear to the blessed Saviour's heart. Your work on earth is to suffer. Jesus has given you that work to do well for Him, and, instead of its being a little work, it is the highest work of all, because it is the most hard and difficult.

We have not yet seen "the end of the Lord"—the glorious end that is to come, when the voice of God shall be heard by all nations, and when the suffering band on earth shall come forth with royal honours, and with crowns of joy on their heads, by the side of Him who is their light; then surely it will be seen that those who shine the brightest there, will be those who have deepest drunk of the cup of suffering, and have most glorified their God in their adverse hours.

### NOT A CUMBERER!

Oh, call him not a cumberer!  
Because his life on earth  
Passed oft-times wearily away  
By a lone, quiet hearth;  
Because his hands before him lay  
Clasped and at rest the live long day.

'Twas his to suffer here, to bear  
The good will of his Lord ;  
To watch and pray, and hope along,  
The path his Saviour trod.  
Yet, oh ! say not that from his birth  
He was a cumberer on the earth !

He did not know the day of toil,  
Still had that servant stood,  
And yet the Lord will say of him,  
“ He hath done what he could,”  
For all day long his prayers were sent  
Up to the eternal firmament.

In faith he prayed for those whose hands  
Were kept from working here,  
And for all weary, wandering souls,  
To Jesus's heart so dear ;  
For those at home, for those abroad,  
For all, that they might know the Lord.

And Christ would answer all such prayers ;  
And wanderers, chilled and cold,  
Would surely thus by him be drawn  
Into the Shepherd's fold ;  
And many a look from dying eyes  
Would bring him blessings from the skies !

His Master placed him where he stood,  
To wait upon His will ;  
And though he was not called to work,  
Or labour's task fulfil,  
He owned a mighty power on high  
To unlock the blessings of the sky.

Then call him not a cumberer!  
Although his life on earth  
Passed oft-times wearily away  
By a lone, quiet hearth;  
Although his hands beside him lay  
Unwearied at the close of day!

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### Working with all our Might.

“Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy  
might.”

ANYTHING half done is sure to be ill done. We must do things with all our might, or they will not be much worth at the end. If this is to be remembered in things of the earth, how much more ought it to be remembered in that which touches the everlasting skies.

If a sick friend is to be visited and cheered with words of hope, or if a sinner is to be warned, or a word spoken for the Saviour of sinners, it should be done with all our heart and soul, or it will only be half done.

We must not try to escape from such little offices of love for the dear Saviour's sake, or we shall discover when it is too late that He will disown us when the “Throne is set and the books opened.”

The servant that tries to escape from his work when his master is not near is soon found out,



and banished from his service; but the servant that does as much in his master's absence as in his presence, and does it with all his might, is valued and cared for, and respected, and often placed in higher situations of trust than he himself had ever dreamed of.

The servant of the Lord surely ought not to be behind the servant of men. Whatever his hand findeth to do, he should do it with all his strength, and his reward shall await him in the skies.

If it comes into our mind to do anything for Christ, we should not say to ourselves "Oh, it will do to-morrow!" but rather, asking help from Him, we should go straight to the spot before other things come in the way and prevent its accomplishment. This is the only way to work for Jesus,—the procrastinator does little for his Lord, and the slothful servant likewise. They shall miss the highest seats at the "marriage supper of the Lamb."

It has been said that "it is of far more importance what is done *in* us than what is done *by* us;" but depend upon it he who has had the most worked in him by the Holy Spirit, will work the most for his God. For the man that has felt the power of Christ, and the love of Christ, will not be able to rest while thousands around him are without that blessed knowledge.

Lord! we would not be slothful and idle in Thy service, as too many are; we would tell all around us, far and near, about Thy wonderful love, beyond the love of earthly homes. Give us grace to be faithful to the end, that we, like Thy beloved John, may be among the "beloved of the Lord."

#### THE RIGHT USE OF TALENTS.

O Lord! unto the sons of men  
Great talents Thou hast given,  
To cultivate *for Thee* on earth,  
To be improved for Heaven.

One has the glorious gift of song,  
And by his minstrelsy  
He has the power to charm men's hearts  
And raise them to the sky.

Another has the judgment sound,  
The penetrating eye  
Things to discover, that in truth  
Hidden from others lie.

And one has wit, and one has strength,  
And one has power to rhyme,  
And one to pencil boldly out  
The grandest things of time.

And better were it for that man,  
Who wickedly doth scorn  
To use his talents for his God,  
That he had not been born.

O God! *our* God! give us Thy grace  
To use our gifts for Thee,  
To improve each talent Thou hast given  
For all eternity!

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### The Death of the Righteous.

“Howl, fir-trees! for a cedar has fallen!”

WHEN sinks a Christian warrior to rise no more on earth for ever, well may the lesser lights round him grow dim! Well may the fir-trees howl, for a cedar has fallen! His path, how glorious, as he marched along to the gates of the Celestial City, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Far above the common crowd, like a mighty cedar of the forest he stood, and when at length he falls, how great is the discomfiture! The world is poorer when he treads no more in its halls and homes; and it seems to stand still while the warrior's death-sheet is wound around him. “Howl, fir-trees, for a cedar has fallen!”

Oh, who would be content to be a fir-tree of the forest? who would not press on to be a mighty cedar? Christians, press on! press on! “As the tree falleth, so doth it lie.” If you fall a fir-tree, you will never rise a cedar! Then, Christian, press on—press on!—be strong and resolute

in the battle against sin; deny yourself for the Master's sake; make fresh resolves to work for Him here. Look about you, "Behold the world lieth in wickedness;" what can you do for your Saviour there? Look about you! His sheep are afar from the heavenly fold. Bring them back, trace their steps, follow after till you gain them.

Christian, press on!—press on!—be a fir-tree no longer!—press on to be a mighty cedar!—then when you fall, as fall you must some day, lamentation will be made over you, for the cry will pierce the quiet sky o'erhead. "Howl, fir-trees! for a cedar has fallen!"

#### MOURNER'S HYMN.

Lines upon Christ's saying to the bereaved widow,  
"Weep not."

"Weep not!" for by each funeral band,  
The everliving Christ doth stand.

"Weep not!" for He is there who said,  
No troubles move the blessed dead!

"Weep not!" for by the bier, unseen,  
Are foot-prints where the Lord hath been.  
Christ still is present, as of yore,  
Death's portals to make Heaven's door!

"Weep not!" for oh! amid the gloom  
That gathers round the opening tomb,  
There shines a light from One who saith,  
"I have the keys of hell and death!"

We well might weep—we well might mourn,  
And wish we never had been born,  
Were Christ no more beside each grave,  
Were Christ no longer “strong to save.”

But Christ the Lord *is* near at hand,  
And present with each funeral band.  
He soothes the weary as of yore ;  
Therefore, O mourner ! weep no more !

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Jesus is high above every storm.

“He holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand.”

THE night is boisterous, and cold, and dark ; the winds blow heavily on every side, and a timid child of God listens to their sound, and is afraid. What ! does fear creep into the redeemed heart as into other hearts ? Be still, child of God ! fear not ; “He holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand ;” not a breath blows but by His direct command. Why, then, art thou afraid ? Thy faith, how weak, how wavering ! In the midst of every storm walks “One like unto the Son of God.” ’Tis He !—’tis He Himself who ruleth all things, who bids the winds arise, and in His own time stilleth them !

Calm, then, thy fears, Christian ! Let thy trembling spirit lean upon thy God unseen ; call upon Him, tell Him thy fears, and He will answer in reply, “Peace, be still !”

Not only does Jesus hold such winds in the hollow of His hand, but all winds and storms alike are in His mighty power. Be the storm about thee a storm of unkind tongues, of slanderous evil-speaking lips, of cruel taunts and mocking words,—all, all are in the hollow of Christ's hand, and none can harm thee, unless thy Saviour gives the command; unless He who loves thee better than any other loves thee, bids the angry tempest gather round thee. Be not afraid, be of good cheer; trust the tender pity and never-failing kindness of Him who "holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand." Come what may, all will be well. Let the language of each timid child of God be, "I will trust, and not be afraid." So shall a calm reign within the once trembling breast, that no wind can ruffle, or storm disquiet, or wild tempest move.

#### THOUGHTS OF JESUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.

As I walk by the shore of the wonderful sea,  
Bright thoughts of my Master come often to me,  
And I almost can think I behold His blest form  
Commanding the tempest and ruling the storm.

Still He walks by the waves, although ever unseen,  
And our eyes cannot trace where his footsteps have  
    been,  
Still oft He puts forth His omnipotent arm,  
And bids the tumultuous ocean be calm!

When the wild winds of sorrow sweep ruthlessly past,  
And stagger the barque in adversity's blast,  
How richly consoling to know He is nigh,  
How soothing to hear the sweet words, "It is I."

The world's heaving heart in its sadness declares  
Men are "toiling in rowing" and burdened with cares;  
Would to God, when the hopes of the earth seem to fade,  
They could hear His blest voice calling, "Be not afraid."

Thus I think of my God as I walk by the sea,  
And hear the waves' marvellous minstrelsy;  
A word from His lips to my heart seems to come,  
And cheers me along to my heavenly home.

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### The Coming Judgment.

"For every idle word that men shall speak they must give account at the Day of Judgment."

THE Day of Judgment! Ah! how many forget it, how many think lightly of it, how many despise it!

The Day of Judgment! How few prepare to meet it, yet it is coming—coming fast, and then shall "every idle word" that men have spoken be remembered, and brought forward against them, unless they have been washed out in the Redeemer's blood.

"Every idle word!" What multitudes of idle words long, long forgotten, by those who uttered

them, shall be brought forward at that day! Words of anger, words of bitterness, words of profanity, words of cursing, words of impurity, words of pride, words of vanity, words of murmuring, words of rebellion,—a hideous multitude, such as no man can number, will at the Day of Judgment stand against those who have uttered them, and condemn them.

The unsaved will, indeed, have terrible things with regard to their lips for which to answer when the “throne of God is set and the books opened;” but what about the true Christian? Is he to be careless with his tongue because the blood of Jesus washes out its crimson stains? God forbid! His “walk and conversation” on earth will determine his place in Heaven; whether he shall be among the princes of that land, or only among those lesser lights that come not near the throne. Every idle word is marked by God in the saint as well as in the sinner. Watch, then well thy lips, O Christian! Ask grace from on high to keep well “the door of thy lips.” Angels are watching thee! redeemed saints are watching thee! Honour thy Master with thy *words*, as well as with thy *deeds*, and thou shalt be honoured by Him at the Day of Judgment!



THE WRATH OF THE LAMB.

“ If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the  
ungodly and the sinner appear ? ”

If righteous souls are scarcely saved,  
From all the wrath to come ;  
If those who long have sought their God,  
Scarcely escape hell's doom,  
In that great day of wrath and fear,  
Where shall the wicked then appear ?

If they who toiled so wearily,  
Till working days were past,  
To reach the land of joy, scarce find  
An entrance there at last,  
In that great day of woe and fear,  
Oh, idler ! where shalt *thou* appear ?

If those who tremble at the Word  
Of God—the living God,  
When earth is o'er, scarce find their feet  
Upon the emerald sod,  
Oh, scoffer ! in that day of fear  
Where shall thy 'wakened soul appear ?

If those whose prayers to Heaven went up  
At morn, at noon, at night,  
Scarce find at length their earnest eyes  
Beholding God in light,  
Oh, prayerless soul ! beyond the tomb,  
What shall be thine eternal doom ?

Oh, turn ye, turn!—poor wandering one,  
Leave *now* thy sins, seek God ;  
Seek Him whose hand alone can lead  
Upon a sure, safe road :  
Then in that coming day of fear  
Thou shalt on Heaven's own heights appear !

THE END.

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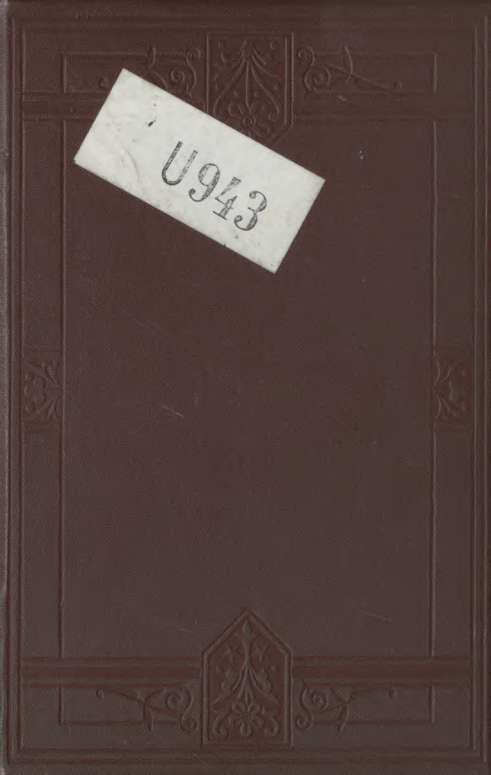
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