

Our Heavenly Father's precious promise is: "I will teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." "He will be our Guide even unto death." One of the best proofs that my Bible is God's book, is that it has a clear "Thus saith The Lord" over the path that leads to Heaven, and a most distinct "Thou shalt not" over the enticing gateways that lead downwards towards hell. Not only does every true believer have the Bible for his rule of Faith, but he is promised the instruction and help of The Holy Spirit—"He will guide you into all Truth." "Follow Me," means "Go where you have My Presence and Blessing." The most vital steps in life turn on small pivots. The Bible abounds in special Providences, from Pharaoh's daughter going to bathe in the Nile, to Philip's meeting the eunuch on his way to Gaza. Livingstone intended to go to China; but while he was boarding in London, Robert Moffat happened to come in one evening, and talked to the boarders about Africa. That talk decided the young Scotchman toward one of the Missionary careers of the 19th century. A Christian who would be happy and successful in his spiritual life must be an open-eyed servant of his Master. He must come to his Bible, not to read his own preconceived opinions into The Book, but to bring God's teachings out of The Book. "Looking unto Jesus" signifies not only the ground of our Salvation, but the guidance of our conduct. Every Christian also—whether pastor, teacher, or parent, or whatever he or she may be—who longs to win souls must be on the look-out for opportunities. I fear that with more than one of us lost opportunities will cast a shadow on the Golden Pavement of Heaven.

Study The Book. Study Christ, and study Providence, and you will seldom make a serious mistake in life. God will show you by the way He leads you whither He desires you to go. The pillar of cloud will only be needed until you and I get to the Jordan.

Do I live in the Life of the Risen Christ,
Who has broken the power of death?
And declared the Love of my God above
With His first and latest breath?
Do I stand in the Strength of the Risen Christ,
With the sword of The Spirit drawn?
And the helmet bright with Power and Light
Of God's Salvation on?
And with Faith's sure shield can I hold the field
Till The Day of The Lord shall dawn?

THE HELP OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN PRAYER. Rom. viii. 26. By Rev. Jno. Telfer.

That The Holy Spirit helps the believer in prayer is a well-known Scripture truth, and a fact of Christian experience. We thankfully acknowledge the fact; it may further help us if we can answer the question: "How does The Holy Spirit help our infirmity in prayer?"

First of all, The Holy Spirit helps us by providing us with a fully Inspired and thoroughly reliable prayer-book. Have we not often been amazed to note in our Scripture-reading how prayers were put into our mouth that perfectly expressed the need of our souls.

In the second place, The Holy Spirit helps us in prayer by prompting us, by suggesting to our minds the prayer that we ought to pray. Our weakness is, that we really do not know what to ask. And this weakness has a cause. What is that cause? That we do not know The Will of God in the matter! If we knew That Will then our weakness in prayer would instantly cease. But the apostle tells us that The Holy Spirit knows the Will of God in the matter, and that is our comfort and strength. We are therefore enabled to pray in The Holy Ghost as He prompts us.

But there is a third way in which The Holy Spirit helps our infirmity—the way that is plainly declared in our text—and that is, by praying for us.

Come in, O come! the door stands open now;
I knew Thy Voice; Lord Jesus, it was Thou;
The sun has set long since; the storms begin;
'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour: O come in!

Alas, ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
The household stuff lies heaped amid the gloom;
The table empty stands, the couch undressed;
Ah, what a welcome for the Eternal Guest!

Yet welcome, and to-night, this doleful scene
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;
This dark confusion e'en at once demands,
Thine Own Bright Presence, Lord, and ord'ring hands.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend,
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea, Come, Lord Jesus, in!

—Christian Advocate (New York).

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In the Name of the Lord of Hosts, Whom the world, the flesh and the devil to-day defy.

C. Penfold & Co. Ltd., Sydney.

The Morning Watch: The Evening Hour

BLESSED BY THE SPIRIT'S WONDERFUL POWER.

"Then they who feared The Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a Book of Remembrance was written before Him, for them who feared The Lord and who thought upon His Name."—Malachi iii. 16.

The Principles of the Kingdom of Heaven.—The principles taught by Jesus Christ, and laid down in the New Testament, cannot be reconciled with the customs of the world. The habits, the motives, the maxims, the whole lines are absolutely opposed the one to the other, always have been and always will be. If we will not belong to Christ there is no Salvation for us. I defy anyone to find a single passage where God promises anything to anybody who will not be absolutely His. There is no Salvation for people who will not be His! "His Name shall be called Jesus." Why? "For He shall save." Who? Worldly Christians? Never, any more than honest thieves. Luke-warm people? Never! If you will not be His in your heart of hearts, you cannot be saved! There is nothing promised unless you will be His; that is the very first step. I know it is tremendous. He asks the citadel, the heart, the heart's affections, your love. He wants your love, and gives you His Love. His whole religion is Love. He (Christ) loves us, and wants love in return. The question is, with my will! Do I will to be His? I know it will take me in an opposite road to the road of the world. I know it will, and so do you at the bottom of your heart of hearts. The whole life is different. It is impossible to do both. Then why try? I have so admired the Infinite Wisdom of Christ. He does not say "You shall be My disciple." He says "If any will be My disciple." You are free to choose. You can say "No, I will not be your disciple; I am going to follow my own way and live to do my own will and please myself. I am not going to follow your way." You are free. There is no force to make you His, but "if you will." You cannot play with this matter or trifle with it. But "if you will be My disciple," if you will let your own life go, the pleasing of yourself, the following of your own will, the worshipping of yourself; if you will let that life go, another life will come in, and in proportion as you let that life go, the other life comes in—a wonderful life—a definite life, a life which is the same on Saturday night as on Sunday morning; true to its pattern, just as a rose is true to the rose-tree; it isn't a rose on Saturday night and a cabbage on Sunday morning; a life that is always there; a life that has to be lived everywhere, even in prison, where they take everything away from you, exile you, expose you, when the papers storm against you, then He (God) will be nearest to you, so real is this life—that is Christianity. Oh, if I can only make one dear soul here realise this, if you do not know the power of this life. You do not want to say you are this, that, and the other. People feel it when they have been five minutes in your society. A Christian (he or she) is in touch with Christ. A Christian is Christ-like; Christianity is Christ, and Christ is Christianity.—From Address by Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, in Glasgow, 20th December, 1907.

TOSSED.

There's a wail on the weltering tide of time,
Like the moan of the ocean wave,
Flung back from the face of the flinty rock,
Or lost in the rayless cave;
It comes from the heart of a ruined world,
Which Jesus came to save,
But the soul is blind to her need of God,
And she gropes for rest in vain;
She is dashed from passion's shattering reefs,
Through the caverns of doubt's domain,
And recoils, in her wildly seething thoughts,
To a deeper depth of pain.
She will not learn that the sin she loves,
Is the cause of her sore unrest,
And that God has never designed to make
A creature whilst sinful, blest;
And to save, He must go to the source, and take
The sin from the sinner's breast,
'Twere pain, she deems, to be near her God,
To submit to His Righteous Reign;
But she knows not the pardoned and purified,
In His presence, feel no pain;
And the joy of the heart where His love is poured,
Is to serve with love again.
Oh, sinful soul that is tempest-tost!
There are tidings of joy for thee—
A gift from the measureless love of God,
From Jesus on Calvary,
Who bore the sin of a sinful world,
To atone, and set it free.
'Tis the message of love, of Jesus' love,
Which responds to our deepest ill;
He speaks with Creation's sovereign might,
With the pity of Calvary's hill,
Rebuking the storm of each trusting heart,
As He whispers, "Peace, be still!"

Donemane.

J.K.

Without purse, scrip or change of raiment; without the desire of worldly gain; without the apprehension of worldly loss; without care of life, or fear of death; of no rank, no country, no condition; a man of one thought—The Gospel of Christ; a man of one purpose—The Glory of God; considered both a fool and a madman; and content to be reckoned as such, For Christ's Sake!

—EDWARD IRVING (now in Glory).

Instead of Me. Oh, to know it thus, for a fact beyond dispute;
Thou, Lord, wast punished in My stead as a Perfect Substitute.

Instead of Me at the Judgment bar, where sentence of death was passed;
Instead of Me, as condemned ones are, disgraced to the very last.

In My stead, where the stripes fell fast, and Thy back—not Mine—was bared,
In My stead, in the biting blast, unsheltered, uncheered, unspared.

Instead of Me, with the pierced side, Thou, and the wounded hands and feet.
Instead of Me, with the thorn-set brow, and a malefactor's meet.

In My stead, bringing wealth to pay My contracted debt of years;
In My stead, claiming right of way to realms that know no tears.

Instead of Me, Oh! to find it out, as a thing beyond dispute,
With never a tremor or a doubt, to rest in My Substitute!

"THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD."

There no temple rose before me; there no glory shone above;
All was temple, all was glory—everywhere was God and Love.

"I should like to see Him. I want to see if He has a nice face."

At first the child's eager comments struck me in an unpleasant way, and even to those who knew and loved her best I did not repeat them. Years have sped, and to-day I recall without a shock words which are, perhaps, but a translation into child-love of the inspired singer's olden cry: "One thing have I desired of The Lord—to behold the Beauty of The Lord." (Psa. 27, 4.)

When speaking of the Person of our peerless Lord, we tread on hallowed ground. Cherubim and Seraphim veil their faces as they cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy!" much more need we fallen creatures to draw near "with reverence and godly fear," in all our approaches to The Infinite. All the more let us seek to do this, because of the laxity and irreverence which are so characteristic of these perverse days.

But we are, nevertheless, *invited* to draw near—nay, *bidden* to draw near—and it surely is not unfitting that we should remember and gaze upon the outlines which The Holy Spirit has drawn for our adoring consideration. There are direct references, not a few, to the "Beauty of The Lord"—as when the Psalmist (Moses) prays: "Let the Beauty of The Lord our God be upon us" (Psa. 90, 17); and Isaiah sings: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty" (33, 17). "Strength and beauty are in His Sanctuary," we are taught (Psa. 96, 6); and another familiar passage speaks of "the Beauty of Holiness" (I. Chron. 16, 29) in direct connection with The Lord Himself. And again: "How great is His Beauty" (Zech. 9, 17). Throughout the whole of God's Revelation the same truth is repeatedly implied. Why did the face of Moses shine after communion on the mount? Why were the leaders of captive Israel denied a full answer to the cry: "Shew me Thy Glory?" Why did Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Manoah, and Gideon, and Joshua, and many another of the aristocracy of faith, gaze only upon transfigured representatives of Him Who through the ages has ever been pressing through the earth-shadows, to speak to us "at sundry times and in divers manners?" When at length God "was made flesh and dwelt among us," was there not still the same veiling of the Divine Beauty which shone out for a moment on the Mount of Transfiguration and on the Sea of Galilee?

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is one of them. "Let the Beauty of The Lord our God be upon us," becomes a prayer of truly stupendous import, but one justified by many a foreshadowing promise. "We shall be like Him," is a grand assurance for the full experience of which we wait till "we see Him;" but even now and here "we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of The Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from The Lord The Spirit" (II. Cor. 3, 18, n.v.).

These last are words which, perhaps, none of us would ever have dreamed of using with regard to ourselves, but everywhere and always, The Lord's "reckonings" for us are beyond what we would have thought of asking. It is His purpose to give, and His *wont* to give, "exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think," and this is just an instance of His giving who "giveth . . . liberally, and upbraideth not." It is a giving which can be apprehended only by *faith*, for those to whom the dower of grace and glory is most munificent will undoubtedly be those the least claiming to be like Him, and the least conscious of The Spirit-wrought resemblance.

The more Thy glories strike my gaze,
The humbler I shall lie!

Or, to quote the words of Dr. Vaughan:—

"The man who has reached such a state of purity must be the last to know it. If we do not by some strange confusion of thought identify ourselves with God, the nearer we approach to Him the more profoundly must we be conscious of our distance. As in a still water we may see reflected the bird that sings in an overhanging tree, and the bird that soars towards the zenith—the image deepest as the ascent is highest—so it is with our approximation of the Infinite Holiness."—LUCKY A. BENNETT.

Do I believe in The Holy Ghost? in the truth of the Old, Old Story?
Do I believe in My Saviour's Death? and His coming Again in Glory?

In the teaching of Christ (John xiv-xvii.) think of the prominence which He gave to The Gift of The Spirit, and see the emphasis and stress which The Lord Jesus laid upon this fact, that upon His departure The Holy Spirit should come, *not an influence, but a Person*. And we see in The Acts (of The Holy Ghost) and in the Epistles, the prominence also given to The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. If you look in the Acts you will find that all Power for Service is in The Holy Spirit. "Ye shall receive Power after that The Holy Ghost is come upon you" i. 8. It is The Holy Ghost Who controls those who yield themselves to The Lordship of Christ in His Service. I go into prayer meetings occasionally and hear people talking about The Holy Spirit as it, as though The Holy Spirit was nothing more than an influence! Never do that again. He is a Real, Living, Loving Person! I do not know in The Word of God—I certainly do not know in my own experience any once-for-all Fulness of The Spirit. I do not know of any crisis experience either in The Word of God, in my own experience, or in the experience of the people of God any once-for-all reception of The Holy Spirit which is going to carry me through to the end of Life. But there must be a continuous reception—there must be a continual filling of The Holy Spirit to answer to the *daily and hourly recurring needs of my life*; and hence the command (Eph. v. 18), "Be ye filled." And those who understand the Greek of the N.T. are aware that there is a call, not to an act, but to an attitude, translated, "Be ye in the attitude of being filled with The Spirit." And just as, moment by moment, I draw in that which is necessary for the sustaining of physical life, so, moment by moment, I can draw upon The Great Spirit of God, to meet every need that arises in my life, not only the great needs, but the small needs too. And so Holiness will become an indubitable Reality! And all shall see in us, not sanctified men or women, but Christ in us; shall see not a wonderful man or woman, but a Wonderful Christ controlling and living out His Life again in us and through us!

Oh, wanderer come! how can we leave thee lonely,
A lost star roaming towards Eternal Night;

Sad were our hearts, e'en though there were one only
Missing at last from God's fair Heaven of Light.

To-day, yes Now, the Love of God forgiveth!

To-day, yes Now, the Blood of Christ sets free;

The Spirit pleads—let angels sing, "He liveth,"

The long-lost one is found at Calvary!

Phil. ii. 8.—"He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death."

Sometimes when we have sought to know God's mind about our work, and He has *seemed* to guide us to a certain course, we find a barrier across our way, progress is absolutely impossible. The work we were going to do—the word we were hoping to speak—all seemed so clearly, so divinely appointed for us, is made impossible, and, instead, something utterly different is set before us, something very trivial, perhaps—something which seems to belong to earth-life—something in which we cannot see any Glory for Him nor good for ourselves or others. What then? God knows what He is doing—where He is leading! Tho' it seems against all our thoughts of right, if we are sure that He has prevented us let us obey. He will see that He does not miss His Glory—nor we our good. Indeed His highest Glory, our highest good, are in our obedience—part of a life of worship.

Oh, think of the Glory that shall be,
Of the day that will never grow old;
Of the joy that will never be blighted,
Of the Life that God waits to unfold.

How wonderfully God is blessing us! How bountifully He provides for every need of ours—going before us to prepare abundantly for our want. Do we always remember that it is of His goodness and mercy? Do we bless Him for His care of us? or do we take all these things as if they were our right? Would not His heart rejoice if He could find more thanksgiving in our prayers that are so often only petitions from beginning to end? "In every thing give thanks for this is the Will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." (I. Thess. v. 18).

EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL.

I. Kings xx. 39.—"As the king passed by, a man cried to him and said: Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle; and behold, a man turned aside and brought a man unto me and said: Keep this man; if by any means he is missing, then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay a talent of silver. And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone! And the King of Israel said unto him, So shall thy judgment be, thyself has decided it."

Alas have we not also failed to hold some of the most important blessings while we have been *busy here and there*? God committed to our care some opportunity of honouring Him, of doing good, some talent to use for Him; but fussing about with trivialities, we missed the greater end in view. Many there are who, frivolling away their life, *busy here and there* with pleasures, gaiety, or sin, have let slip the grandest opportunities that God has placed before them for their own Salvation and for His Service and Glory!

Jesus has died for Me, His Precious Blood was shed
That I might Ransomed be, and quickened from the dead.
He gave—He gave His Life for Me.
What has been given to Him by Me?

Oh, let Christ take and mould Me.
I'll hinder not His hand;
But only yield My life to Him,
Who such a work has planned.

And where the earth-dust lingers,
And where the light is dim;
His Life will change Me thro' and thro',
And I shall grow like Him!

But what is a Holy Life? If we seek a description of it in The Word of God we shall find many. It is a life that walks with God (Gen. v. 24); it is a life that abides in Christ (John xv. 4); it is a life that walks in Christ, rooted and built up in Him (Col. ii. 6); it is a crucified life (Gal. ii. 20); and yet a Risen Life (Col. iii. 1); it is a hidden life (Col. iii. 3); and yet most manifest, for it is known and read of all men (II. Cor. iii. 2). It is a life lived in the Love of God (Jude 21), and a life lived in the Faith of The Lord Jesus Christ (Gal. ii. 20). But very specially is it a life in The Spirit, lived in The Spirit (Gal. v. 25); walking in The Spirit (Gal. v. 16); led of The Spirit (Gal. v. 18); strengthened with all might by The Spirit (Eph. iii. 16). And so it is a life in which the prayers of the inspired Apostles are answered: a life in which the believer is made perfect in every good work to do The Will of God (Heb. xiii. 20); in which the believer is sanctified wholly, and his whole spirit and soul and body are preserved blameless unto The Coming of The Lord Jesus (I. Thess. v. 23). And, moreover, it is a life of active service, in which we are workers together with Christ (II. Cor. vi. 1); witnesses for Him to the uttermost parts of the earth (Acts i. 8), constrained by His love to deny ourselves (Mark viii. 34), and live unto Him Who died for us, and rose again (II. Cor. v. 15). This is the Holy Life described in the pages of God's Word. And in this an endeavour is made to describe a path that leads to it.

It describes a path in which many of God's children have found unspeakable Blessing; a path which thousands have found to be for them "the way of Holiness" and the pathway of Power. Thousands and tens of thousands are ready to confess with joy, that as they have taken the steps described here, their lives have been entirely changed, and they have become possessed of a love, a joy, a peace, and a strength to which previously they had been strangers. They will tell you that they entered this path crying: "The good that I would I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do." O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But as they trod it they learned to claim the promise, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," and to sing, "The law of The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." They entered it sighing:

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed.

How sweet their memory still!

But they have left an aching void

The world can never fill."

But while they trod it, God put a new song in their mouth, and almost ere they were aware they were singing:

"Oh, the Peace that Jesus gives!

Peace I never knew before!

And my life has brighter grown

Since I learned to trust Him more."

This is the path, dear reader, that I now invite you to enter, and to tread with me, under the Guidance and in the Strength of God's most Blessed Spirit.

—G. H. S. MACGREGOR (now in Glory).

Live for Jesus! All the gladness
That may come from earthly things,
Equals not one hour's enjoyment,

Which His Blessed Service brings.

Live for Jesus! for thus only

Does our life deserve the name;

To thy life before all others

Jesus has a perfect claim.

Live for Jesus! round His Banner

Gather souls while time doth last;

To His Cross invite poor sinners,

Soon the work-day will be past.

Thousands of such wanderers round thee

After peace and comfort sigh;

Tell them of The Friend Who only

Can their longings satisfy.

Tell them simply of Salvation,

Thou thyself in Him hast found;

Of the Grace and Loving Kindness

Wherewith He thy life has crowned.

Live for Jesus! Life's young spring-tide

Give Him and thy summer's prime;

Live for Him when fading Autumn

Speaks to thee of shortening time.

Give thyself entirely to Him,

Thus He gave Himself for thee,

When He lived on earth despised,

When He died on Calvary.

Give up all for Him, well knowing,

Thus to love is all to gain;

Live for Jesus, till with Jesus

Thou for ever rest and reign.

—ALICE JANE HORNE.

John xvii. 20.—Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on Me through their word.

Romans xii. 1, 2.—I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, Holy, acceptable unto God, which is your Reasonable Service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect Will of God.

II. Corinthians v. 20, 21.—Now then we are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the Righteousness of God in Him.

HAVE YOU? A True Story.

The Rev. Edward Langdale was in his study closely engaged in the preparation of an elaborate essay on Faith, when his servant entered with a note. It was from Vivyan, inviting him to dinner on the same day. He hastily wrote a few lines of acceptance, and then exclaimed, "What an evening I shall have: what a revolution after a day of intense study: Vivyan is a noble fellow, but his mind is all run to waste. But what's all this?" he added, turning over the second page of the note: "I have to apologize for offering you only my own company, but I am anxious for an opportunity of talking to you alone on a subject which greatly disturbs my mind."

A few hours after and they were at the dinner table. At last the servants withdrew, and they were left alone.

"Now for it," thought Mr. Langdale, as he busied himself with his walnuts, and every moment expected that Vivyan would enter on the important subject. But not a word was spoken, and Mr. L. at last said, "You mentioned in your note that there was something you wished to talk over with me."

"I am glad you have asked me about it," Vivyan said, "Yes, Mr. L., the subject of your sermon has occupied me ever since, and I am exceedingly anxious to discuss it further with you if you will allow me." "I shall be most happy," Mr. L. replied. "Was there any point that was not clear to you, or in which you differed from my view?"

"What I want to know is this," said Vivyan. "Is it a real and practical thing?"

"To what do you allude?"

"To Regeneration or the New Birth spoken of in your text, and which you so clearly demonstrated to be essential to Salvation. I want to know whether this is a mere shadowy theory—or is it a real and actual change?"

"Can you doubt it?" Mr. L. said in some surprise. "The word in the original has the force of 'born from above,' as well as 'born again,' which implies that the soul now enters upon a celestial existence, recovers, as it were, its long-lost sonship in the Household of God. And it is obvious that no mere outward reformation ever endured a man with new powers of spiritual discernment, or in the Words of Scripture, led him to see the Kingdom of God! For instance it is called a passing from darkness to Light, a translation from the Kingdom of Satan to that of God's Dear Son, and the figure of the Resurrection is repeatedly used to illustrate the greatness of the change and its life-giving powers to the soul. I cannot myself imagine how, in the face of such a mass of Scripture evidence, anyone can attempt to support an opposite theory."

"It is then a general transformation which the soul actually undergoes in this world?" "Unquestionably," Mr. L. replied.

"And how does it take place?" Vivyan asked with intense interest.

"There is some diversity of opinion among the schoolmen," but V. interrupted him.

"Never mind the schoolmen; books and theories, and speculations are all humbug when a man is anxious. Excuse me, Mr. L., but my soul is stirred to its depths. Eternity is at stake, and I am groping in darkness and can see no light. Tell me, I implore you, who has known this wondrous change? Is it a thing that really takes place? In a word, HAVE YOU?"

The table shook with the agitation of his strong frame, and his quivering lips refused to finish the sentence. But that was not needed. He was answered in the ashy paleness that overspread his listener's face—in the look of anguish with which he turned away and buried it in his trembling hands.

Inexpressibly shocked, and deeply reproaching himself for his abruptness, Vivyan rose from the table and stood leaning against the open window. Lost in thought he knew not how the time passed till he felt a hand laid upon his arm and heard a voice whisper, "my brother, let us pray." Vivyan turned quickly. His young pastor stood before him with so touching an expression in the bowed head and thoughtful face, that, strong man as he was, he felt the tears rush to his eyes. He saw it all in a moment. They were to seek together for the grace they both equally needed, and to implore the outpouring of The Holy Spirit Who alone can change the heart. He grasped Mr. L.'s hand and said, with a choked voice, "Let us go into the library, we shall be undisturbed there..."

Sabbath after sabbath passed, and to the surprise of the congregation, the pulpit was constantly occupied by strangers: not that the rector was ill, for he was present and took part in the services, but many as they joined in the liturgy felt that it came home to their hearts as it had never done before. A little child returning home, said, "Does it not seem like real praying when Mr. L. reads now?" and the mother's heart echoed the thought, for she had felt that day that such prayers must be drawing down blessings from above.

At length the day came when the pastor again occupied his accustomed place. But, Oh, how changed was his preaching! Not less learned, less studied, less finished than before. No, Edw. Langdale was not one to offer to The Lord that which cost him nothing; but, now his words glowed with life and power; now with a realising sense of The Divine Presence, with what intense feeling, with what deep fervour did he speak of Him Whom his soul loved; how earnestly did he invite his hearers to come to Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and like all those who of old had been thrilled with the sound of his Master's Voice, his listeners felt the deep reality of the truths he preached and "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus," and when at the close he spoke with deep humility and adoring gratitude of the change which his own soul had known; how in past time he had uttered what he understood not, that he had indeed told them of One Whom he had heard of with the hearing of the ear, but could now tell them of One Whom his eyes beheld and exclaim:

"No tongue of mortal can express, no letters write its Blessedness; Alone who hath Thee in his heart, knows Jesus Saviour What Thou art!" Then, indeed, were his hearers moved to the soul, and as they left the church, felt that God was indeed a God at hand and not a-far off, and that His Word was very nigh unto them, in their mouth, and in their heart, that they might "hear it and do it."

Reader, have You This Gift of Eternal Life? Have you fled for refuge to lay hold upon The Hope set before You in The Gospel? to The Lord of The Sabbath, The Lord our Righteousness, The Same Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever, The Author and Finisher of our Faith?

COUNTING THEIR BLESSINGS.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. In her tiny kitchen, pretty little Margaret Lane was preparing a Thanksgiving dinner, the first one in the pretty home over which she had come to preside but a short six months before.

The turkey was already in the oven, and her nimble fingers were already fashioning a plum pudding. Her heart was so light that almost unconsciously she burst into song. The room was small and the day warm, so she had left the door partly open, and her sweet voice floated out into the street.

A man passing by paused to listen:

"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many Blessings, Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what The Lord hath done."

The man passed on, but the words seemed to ring in his ears. A cynical smile curled his lip. "Count my blessings, indeed," he muttered; "I wonder what they are. I presume that sweet little singer back there would say my wealth, but it has never brought me one happy moment, not one." Then, somehow, it seemed to him that the pages of his life swept back, and he saw again a fair face bend over him, a face so pure it might have been an angel's. She was an angel now, and his whole life had been softened by her influence. Surely he must count the memory of a Christian mother among his blessings. There was another, too, away back in his younger days, he had named the sweet name of wife, and a tiny daughter nestled in his arms, but not for long. God took them from the sorrows here to the joys over there. Yet the happiness of those short months was very dear to him. His face became thoughtful. Was it not a blessing to have such treasures in Heaven? Tears came to the eyes that had long been unused to them, as the meaning of the hymn seemed to be brought home to him, and he said, "I will arise and go to my father." And Margaret sang on:

"Are you ever burdened with a load of care,
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many Blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by."

A woman across the street shut her door with a slam. "Little she knows about it. Wait until she has to work as I do, and she won't find time to sing or count her Blessings, either." But the words of the song were with her. Burdened she surely was, for her health was not very good, and there were three little ones to do for, and yet—"Count your Blessings, name them one by one." The words came to her in spite of the closed door, and she smiled grimly as she thought: "Tom is well and has plenty of work, that is one, I suppose; and he does not spend his money on drink, as some do. Then our home is paid for and the children are well and able to help me, and—" The words of the hymn held a new meaning to her, and she tried herself to hymn the air as she went about her many tasks.

"When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold.
Count your many Blessings money cannot buy,
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high."

A young girl heard the words as she hurried to school. "I believe I needed just those words to set me right," she thought. "I am afraid I was envious because Mabel had such a beautiful new suit and I must wear my old one. I was cross about it too, and worried mamma, for she does all she can for me, and—" Her face paled as it came to her: "Mabel has no mamma. I am sure she would be willing to wear old clothes if she could only have her dear mamma. What would I care for money without my dear mother to share it? I will never bother her so again, never; and I will tell her so at noon, too; and she passed into the schoolroom."

"So amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many Blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end."

"It will not be long, either," murmured a poor old woman, as she toiled painfully on. "The end is not far off, one of my best Blessings is that it is so. Ave, God will help and comfort me to the end. I am glad I heard the singer. God bless her!"

The pudding was finished, and so was the hymn, and Margaret with a high heart began putting the little kitchen to rights, not knowing that while she sang four souls had been brought nearer to their Maser, and that on the morrow each would return thanks for Blessings overlooked in the hurry of the world, until a song, heard by chance, set them right.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS. (Matt. xxvii. 22).

Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall—
Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all:
Hearken! what meaneth the sudden call?
What will you do with Jesus?
Jesus is standing on trial still,
You can be false to Him if you will.
You can be faithful thro' good or ill;
What will you do with Jesus?
Will you evade Him as Pilate tried?
Or will you choose Him, whate'er be-
tide?
Vainly you struggle from Him to hide:
What will you do with Jesus?

When all Thy mercies O my God, my sinful soul surveys,
'Tis then that I'll be truly lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A CHAIN OF GOLD.

They were pretty well used to sensations in St. Wilfred's Hospital. Never a day but some tragedy came within the borders, and the twin angels of life and death continually brooded over its precincts.

Bill Carter was known as one of the worst characters in the seaport town, and he lay dying in the accident ward. In the loading of a boat a dray of cement fell upon him and injured him so much that life was ebbing away like the sands in an hour-glass. His principle through life had been to conquer everything by sheer force, and he had been wont to meet all the vicissitudes of it with oaths and curses against his Creator.

Now, in his agony, the same awful spirit prevailed. His blasphemous words sent a thrill of horror through nurses and patients inured though they were to such scenes and sights as he presented. Rev. Walter Templar was passing through the ward and heard him.

"Don't go near that room, sir. It's no use. The man is dying and he is the most hardened impenitent creature I ever saw. His language makes us shudder," said the nurse, laying a detaining hand on the minister's coat-sleeve. "Let me see him?" was the firm rejoinder.

The nurse opened the door of the ward and stood aside. The man lay on the bed doubled up in mortal agony. The death-sweat was already on his brow, and the shades of death creeping over lips and nostrils. Like some wild animal he lay caught in a snare from which there was no escape, and bellowing out volumes of impotent rage. The minister bent over him with eyes full of tender compassion.

"My friend," he began, "there is a Golden Chain hanging down from Heaven to you, and on it, in flashing letters are written, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life.'" (John iii. 16).

The dying man looked up at him, and out of sheer astonishment stopped swearing. Silently Mr. Templar put up a yearning prayer that God would still show mercy to this sinner and touch his heart; and as he prayed it seemed as if his own lips were touched with a coal of fire.

"On the chain there is a cross-bar," he continued slowly, that the ears now growing so strangely heavy might take it in. "And on the cross-bar is inscribed, 'Him who cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Lay hold of this chain, and it will pull you to Glory." And with a gentle pressure of the poor man's maimed hand he left him.

As soon as she could, the nurse slipped away to her room, and with tears prayed that these words might indeed reach his heart, that while there was yet time he might be enabled to grasp the "chain," so that this strange message might be used of God to lead the poor prodigal home to Himself.

He lay very still. The exhaustion of approaching death was coming over him. Nothing could be done save to wipe the cold sweat from the man's forehead. Towards morning he opened his eyes. All the fierce glare had gone out of them; and dull though they were with the filmy dullness of approaching dissolution, they were filled with a peace and restfulness never seen there before. His lips were parted and he tried to beckon the night-nurse to his side.

"What is it?" she asked, holding a cup of nourishment to his lips.

"It is nurse I want. The nurse who was here this afternoon."

"Nurse Philpotts you mean? But she is off duty now, you know, and has gone to bed. Will I not do instead? Is it anything I can get you? Anything I can tell her? It is against the rules to call a nurse up when she is sleeping. The dying man's lips quivered, and a shade of disappointment crossed his face.

"I didn't know. I would have liked to have seen her again. I would have liked to have said, Good-bye," he gasped.

"Perhaps you may, after all," said the nurse, cheerfully. "She comes on duty straight away when I go off."

"But I shall not see morning, nurse," he whispered.

"Tell me what it is you want to say. I will be sure to give her your message."

"Thank you, nurse. That is very good of you. I want her to say 'Good-bye' to that parson-chap for me, and tell him Bill Carter has laid hold of the chain. Laid hold of the chain," he repeated with a manifest effort, as he sank back on the pillow and closed his eyes, never more to open them on the scenes of earth—but, like the dying thief, a sinner pardoned by grace at the eleventh hour.

—MARY E. KENDRAW.

GOD'S GOOD GUIDANCE. By T. L. Cuyler (now in Glory).

Our Heavenly Father's precious promise is: "I will teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." "He will be our Guide even unto death." One of the best proofs that my Bible is God's book, is that it has a clear "Thus saith The Lord" over the path that leads to Heaven, and a most distinct "Thou shalt not" over the enticing gateways that lead downwards towards hell. Not only does every true believer have the Bible for his rule of Faith, but he is promised the instruction and help of The Holy Spirit—"He will guide you into all Truth." "Follow Me," means "Go where you have My Presence and Blessing." The most vital steps in life turn on small pivots. The Bible abounds in special Providences, from Pharaoh's daughter going to bathe in the Nile, to Philip's meeting the eunuch on his way to Gaza. Livingstone intended to go to China; but while he was boarding in London, Robert Moffat happened to come in one evening, and talked to the boarders about Africa. That talk decided the young Scotchman toward one of the Missionary careers of the 19th century. A Christian who would be happy and successful in his spiritual life must be an open-eyed servant of his Master. He must come to his Bible, not to read his own preconceived opinions into The Book, but to bring God's teachings out of The Book. "Looking unto Jesus" signifies not only the ground of our Salvation, but the guidance of our conduct. Every Christian also—whether pastor, teacher, or parent, or whatever he or she may be—who longs to win souls must be on the look-out for opportunities. I fear that with more than one of us lost opportunities will cast a shadow on the Golden Pavement of Heaven.

Study The Book. Study Christ, and study Providence, and you will seldom make a serious mistake in life. God will show you by the way He leads you whither He desires you to go. The pillar of cloud will only be needed until you and I get to the Jordan.

Do I live in the Life of the Risen Christ,

Who has broken the power of death?

And declared the Love of my God above

With His first and latest breath?

Do I stand in the Strength of the Risen Christ,

With the sword of The Spirit drawn?

And the helmet bright with Power and Light

Of God's Salvation on?

And with Faith's sure shield can I hold the field

Till The Day of The Lord shall dawn?

THE HELP OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN PRAYER. Rom. viii. 26. By Rev. Jno. Telfer.

That The Holy Spirit helps the believer in prayer is a well-known Scripture truth, and a fact of Christian experience. We thankfully acknowledge the fact; it may further help us if we can answer the question: "How does The Holy Spirit help our infirmity in prayer?"

First of all, The Holy Spirit helps us by providing us with a fully Inspired and thoroughly reliable prayer book. Have we not often been amazed to note in our Scripture-reading how prayers were put into our mouth that perfectly expressed the need of our souls.

In the second place, The Holy Spirit helps us in prayer by prompting us, by suggesting to our minds the prayer that we ought to pray. Our weakness is, that we really do not know what to ask. And this weakness has a cause. What is that cause? That we do not know The Will of God in the matter! If we knew That Will then our weakness in prayer would instantly cease. But the apostle tells us that The Holy Spirit knows the Will of God in the matter, and that is our comfort and strength. We are therefore enabled to pray in The Holy Ghost as He prompts us.

But there is a third way in which The Holy Spirit helps our infirmity—the way that is plainly declared in our text—and that is, by praying for us.

Come in, O come! the door stands open now;
I knew Thy Voice; Lord Jesus, it was Thou;
The sun has set long since; the storms begin;
'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour: O come in!

Alas, ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
The household stuff lies heaped amid the gloom;
The table empty stands, the couch undressed;
Ah, what a welcome for the Eternal Guest!

Yet welcome, and to-night; this doleful scene
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;
This dark confusion e'en at once demands,
Thine Own Bright Presence, Lord, and ord'ring hands.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea, Come, Lord Jesus, in!

—Christian Advocate (New York).

WHITSUNTIDE.—Acts 1: 4.

Come, sweet Promise of our Father,
Holy Spirit, from above;
I would grieve Thee not, but rather
Have Thee rule me by Thy love.

Come, blest Spirit! Dove eternal!
With me tarry, o'er me brood,
Make my soul as bowers vernal,
Let no sin or care intrude.

Come, O Christ, in risen glory,
Come within and that to bless,
As in Thine own Word's blest story,
Breathe in me Thy living breath!

Come, oh come, for, to Thee turning,
I would seek the quickening flame,
The Spirit's glory, brightly burning,
That to Thy disciples came.

Come, oh come, for I am yearning
For Thine unction from above—
Earthworn hearts to heaven turning—
Thy millennial tide of Love.

HARRIET JULIA EVANS.

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In the Name of the Lord of Hosts, Whom the world, the flesh and the devil to-day defy.

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