

have souls which cannot die. They are not like the brutes that perish.

Now, since they all very well know this, what should we expect? We should expect, of course, that, although they *must* labour and *ought* to labour for the needs of this brief life, and for meat which perishes in the using, yet that they would keep the needs of the soul, the undying soul, also in view. Nay, that they would seek *first* those things which were necessary for the sustenance of that part of them which is immortal; and most of all labour for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, according to the wise advice of their Master and their Lord.

Ah, but now we find that in calling the people who lived one thousand eight hundred years ago blind and foolish, we were indeed condemning many who live in our own day among ourselves. Not only in far Palestine, in our Lord's time, but in Great Britain at this day we find men and women who give, not only a due part, but the whole, of life's labour, and thought, and care, simply to the provision of "the meat which perisheth."

And the proof of this is only too ready to our hand. We have looked, just now, at this country on a weekday. Let us now consider it on a Sunday; not to speak now of other days upon which men and women are invited to give time and care to spiritual interests.

The bells chime out their universal invitation over the land. And what do they announce, with their sweet plaintive voices? To what are they calling the sons and daughters of toil, upon this their day of rest and quiet?

With the return of the Sunday, we are reminded that again Jesus of Nazareth is here. According to His promise, "Where two or three are met together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." The scene at Capernaum which we have been contemplating is acted over again in our own country, aye, in our own house of worship. There, we may believe, is the Lord of glory, really, though not visibly, present, even as He once stood by the Lake of Tiberias. But now, where are the crowds that pressed about Him there? Where are the numbers that were, all the week, so busy about the work for this world's meat? For, as a rule, not a fourth of them are found assembled where Jesus waits to meet them.

And what is the reason of this? Why just that old foolish Capernaum reason. The people now, as then, would be ready, now, as then, to crowd about the Lord, for supply of bodily need, even as they are often ready to come to His ministers for that purpose. But in our house of worship the only banquet spread is that meat which endureth unto everlasting life: only the Soul's necessities are provided for. And so the crowds are busy or idle elsewhere—and Jesus of Nazareth is left with but the few.

Ah, then, the people of Capernaum, in their absorbed anxiety and eagerness about the food only that perisheth, were not—must we not say?—were not alone in their folly.

There are others also who set things temporal far above the things which are eternal. There are others who act as these did, and as Esau before them did, and heed only the present need, and despise the promise.

"Labour not for the meat which perisheth."

Now we may clearly see what the Great Teacher means.

Let not the mere transitory wants of this brief life be the one, the first, the chief, end of your labour, your anxiety, your toil. Look higher. Do not let care for the body swamp care for the soul. Set before you, as the thing to live for, some nobler, more abiding object than perishing food and drink. Since this life is not all, for you, as it is, perhaps, for the beasts—lift up your eyes, and look beyond.

And what is the worthy object upon which the eyes and the hearts of immortal beings should be set? LIFE. Not this brief span, but life indeed—life everlasting. And this life which we are to live is to be by faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us. So Jesus tells the people of Capernaum, and so He tells the people of Great Britain.

"This is the work of God" (the one worthy labour), "that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

Believe on Him as a Reality, that is—more a reality than perishing food and drink can be. Believe on Him as the Life; as your Life—as the one good worth all your labour to win for your own. Believe on Him so really as to be willing, if need were, to give up all—yes, *this* poor life even, for His sake, and to win Him. Believe on Him so as to realise that He alone can give you that which will sustain and satisfy the needs and longings of your whole being. Believe on Him so that all men by your life shall see that you are His.

MR. HENRY BEWLEY, OF DUBLIN.

FROM "The Christian" we quote the following notice of the late Henry Bewley, of Willow Park, Dublin, who departed in peace, June 28, aged seventy-two:

A "Friend" by birth, and to some extent a "Plymouth Brother" by conviction, Mr. Bewley yet heartily identified himself with every earnest evangelistic movement. The spread of the gospel was the object dearest to his heart, and the edification of Christians came next. Gifted, devoted, and useful far beyond the average, his main life-work lay in a peculiar line. He was no great speaker, nor did he travel far and wide to spread a knowledge of the Saviour he so sincerely loved and diligently served; and yet few men have done more than he to send the gospel to their own generation. Between four and five hundred millions of tracts, prepared and printed at his sole expense, have been circulated in English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and other tongues. He may be said to have been to a considerable extent the builder of Merrion Hall, Dublin, and the

* Our good friend had a generous faith in the broadest distribution of printed truth. He even went so far as to prepare bulky packets to be sold at the cheapest rate by weight. In the hands of intelligent and judicious as well as zealous and devout distributors the more good tracts the better, but the indiscreet and reckless circulation of tracts is not to be commended. They are far more valued when thoughtfully as well as prayerfully given. His little leaflets for letters were very useful, and he has told us that to the preparation of these messengers of edification and comfort he devoted much careful and pleasant work.—Ed. S. H.

mainstay of the work carried on there. He was the kind and genial host who, for so long a time past, gathered round him twice a year, at the "Believers' Meetings," hundreds of his fellow-Christians, of all parties, from all parts of the kingdom, that they might enjoy refreshment for soul and body, and go on their way rejoicing. The blessed influences that have gone out from these meetings eternity only will unfold. Volumes might be filled with instances of his noble generosity; but his good deeds were all done in secret, most of them anonymously, for he studiously avoided publicity. The great motto of his Christian life was, "in things essential, unity; in things non-essential, liberty; in all things, charity." He loved and longed to be a peacemaker between contending sects of Christians; and though his efforts in this direction were not always successful, none who knew him can doubt that he inherits the peculiar blessing of the peacemakers.

His funeral, which took place in Mount Jerome Cemetery, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, was very largely attended by ministers and members of all evangelical denominations, thus testifying their sincere respect and sorrow for the loss of this spiritually-minded, energetic, and enterprising servant of the Lord.

The following are some of his own latest words, which express the love and wisdom, the humility and the faith, which were prominent features of his Christian character:

"Amazing grace! Oh, the depths of the riches of his love and grace!

"Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
Oh, height, oh, depth of love!"

"I would say to all, of every sect and denomination, let Christ be first, and the Church second."

"I am speaking as if I were on the confines of both worlds. It is a relief to speak out the words as they come to my mind."

"He hath given his Son for us, and with Him all the wealth of the universe. My gospel is, 'The best thing in heaven for the worst thing on earth.'"

"I will give you a problem to solve—What are the exceeding riches of his grace? God may be working out every day of your life that one problem which all your mathematics cannot solve—the exceeding riches of his grace."

"I would say to you all, Turn life to a manifold better account than I have done."

When his pillow was being settled: "This is not the only pillow that I have. That sweet hymn!—'Pillow of the weary soul.' There is a pillow softer than this—'Soft as downy pillows are.' He is a Rock, and yet a thousand times softer than the downy pillows. Let us thank Him for this."

"I grudge spending my time in sleep. I like to spend the last few moments in speaking of Jesus, and telling the very little that I know of Him. I might be ashamed after all the privileges I have had. Oh, what a poor use I have made of them!"

"Don't rob the Lord of a few minutes every morning. Meditate on the Scriptures—meditate in the calmness of a waiting spirit. This is my Quakerism. The Lord make it a great blessing to the Friends. 'The eating of the words' should make joy in the heart of each. The more we feed

upon this, the sweeter it will be to us. We should read the Scriptures as a duty, and a blessed occupation. It should not be done in a formal way."

"Now it is all love, all praise; 'My Jesus hath done all things well.'"

"They don't say in heaven, 'I am sick.' I never in my life had such happy moments as now. I hardly know in which world I am; but I know which world I belong to. I never loved His people more than now. I am in peace, sweet peace."

"How sweet it is; oh! how sweet. There is nothing more sweet than just 'to lie passive in His hands and know no will but His.'"

"Oh, to lie passive in His arms, His loving arms."

"My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase."

"My God, my Beloved, is mine."

"Nothing is trifling connected with the name of Christ."

In settling his pillow: "Put my face up; Jesus looked up. When I awoke in the night, I did not know whether I was in the body or out of it. My last day will be the happiest day of my life."

Showing much emotion while speaking, the doctor said, "Now be calm." "Calm! I am as calm as the surface of that looking-glass. Are the angels calm? Will you be calm when you see Jesus?"

"It is because God is holy that we shall be infinitely happy! If you had fifty hearts, it would be too little for Him."

"I am a wonder to myself; a few minutes ago as weak as water, but thinking of Jesus and speaking of Him has strengthened me and given me a lift—'Eternity is too short to utter all his praise.' "I cannot spend my days better than in speaking of Jesus the Bridegroom."

Alluding to food not suiting him: "I can receive heavenly things, but earthly things don't suit me now. I cannot take the meat or food of earth, or the water of earth. Oh, what will it be to drink the water of life, the crystal streams!"

"God has come down and tabernacled with men. God manifested Himself, not only in all the fulness of his grace, but of his very glory; that this earth, where sin has triumphed, may be made fit for his presence, and be filled with his glory—the moral glory, it may be true, but I believe it is more. It is the glory which Paul saw on the way to Damascus—a glory which would wither us up if we were not in his presence. He prepares a place for us. Oh, what a glorious place it must be! Eighteen hundred years to be preparing the place, and then preparing us for that place."

"It is in this little word, 'Father,' in this dispensation, that God delights to manifest Himself. The Father's love! Oh, the love of our heavenly Father, to give his Son to bear the curse for me and for you. He drank the dregs of the wrath of God for us, that everlasting joy might never fail. Eternity, eternity! I would like you to be an enthusiast. If you are not thoroughly in earnest, you are a fool. For if these things are true they are everything; if not true, they are nothing but fables."

"My love flows out towards all the saints of God."

"The death of the Christian is but falling into the arms of a Father, into the arms of God. Oh,

to dwell more on these things, and learn a little of their unfathomableness."

"Peace, peace; yes, perfect peace, through the blood of the Lamb."

"Yes, Lord, I come. Yes, Lord, I am coming to Thee."

"Jesus! All comprised in that one word; what He is, and what He has done. Jesus."

"What a sweet word, 'Asleep in Jesus!' Asleep till the resurrection morning. Jesus, I am coming. I am coming to Thee, my Lord, my God."

On one of the family remarking, "Jesus is close beside thee," "Yes," he said, "but I have Him even closer than that, mystically. 'Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?' But we are so carnal still, we cannot realize it. Wondrous! Wondrous!"

"The messenger is coming. I am gradually, gently, withdrawing from you."

"Better, far better, to depart and be with Christ. I shall know it very, very soon."

"Lay my hand on my Bible. Here I rest all my hope."

"The ship is entering into harbour in full sail; in full assurance of hope. The little bark may be small; but it has a precious cargo—Jesus only."

"Don't indulge in curious disquisitions. The A B C of revelation—learned in the nursery, I might almost say—is the most precious part of all study. These things absorb our minds. The glorious object of God in Christ was to bring back to Himself the one that had sinned. Oh, that is love! Instead of sweeping away the whole creation, He said, 'No, I will redeem it.' This the love of God, and the delight of the Eternal Son, who came down with that message of love to bring back again the one that had sinned."

"Lord, I am ready."

"Mind you all walk in the power of the three characters who sat down with the Lord at the supper at Bethany. Lazarus the resurrection man, done with the old creation—the apostasy; and then the true-heartedness of loving Mary; and the active service of most useful Martha."

"Dear —, be as broad as Christ, and as narrow as Christ. Whatever you see of Christ in any Christian always acknowledge it."

"Lord, I am coming; I am coming, Jesus. Lord Jesus, my Father, I lean on Thy precious, Thy loving arms. I think I may now say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

"Just gone! Yes, up higher. Jesus, Jesus! Perfect peace! I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Thou, my God and Father, art with me."

"Joy! joy! joy!"

"A little while, our Lord shall come;
And we shall wander here no more."

"Oh, dear! his chariot-wheels seem long in coming. 'I waited patiently for the Lord.'"

"Come, come, Lord Jesus, my Lord. Do I not love Thee? Behold my heart, and see. Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

"Oh, dear! done with earth until it is renewed again, and we shall 'swell the triumph of his train.' Ah, you see me in humiliation, and all because of

sin; but, thanks be to God, He giveth us the victory. He wouldn't wear his honours alone. This is only the robing-room for a glorious eternity."

Almost his last words: "I want that Jesus may be glorified in me, whether it be in life or in death."

Sabbath Thoughts.

Scenes from the Lives of our Lord's Disciples.

XXIII. THE QUESTION ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"As He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?"—*Matt. xxiv. 3.* See also *Luke xxi. 7.*

TWO most important questions! On the answer of our Lord, the church, in the person of the apostolic band, hung breathless with anxious expectation—the hour and the sign of her Master's coming being no mere matter of speculative inquiry, but the eager voice of the loving heart. What then was the answer? It is as important for the church now as it was then. Let us receive it as given not merely to Peter, and James, and John upon the Mount of Olives, but to ourselves in these last days—to you and to me, my reader. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you" (*Matt. xxiv. 4*); again, "See that ye be not troubled" (*ver. 6*); again, "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (*ver. 42*). Answers were given, yet so veiled that the disciples, near as they were to Jesus, were still left unknowing of the hour. Theirs was not a gift of prophecy, but they were to seek and assuredly find the gift of faith. "Be not troubled." "Men's hearts shall fail them for fear;" but you, "When ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified." "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Oh happy portion of his disciples! They are not only safe from danger—"safe in the arms of Jesus"—but they are safe from fear of evil. "Let not your hearts be troubled." It is the same teaching all through; and blessed shall we be if we receive it, and learn to leave both present and future with perfect confidence in his hands. But with exhortations to trust the Lord joins earnest warnings: "Take heed that ye be not deceived." "Watch ye therefore, and pray always." The time of his coming may be close at hand; be not taken unawares. You have more cause to fear evil from your own unwatchful hearts than from any of the "things which are coming on the earth."

"Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

"O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned."