

have passed into history, is, we believe, very wide of the truth. One has well written on this point :

"If the use of unfulfilled prophecy be *after* the event which it foretells has come to pass, it must be either to the Lord's people or to wicked people that it is found useful. Now, it cannot be of any use to the wicked. It must needs be too late to be of use to them, when its predictions have received accomplishment in their destruction. The flood proved the truth of the Lord's word which Noah delivered ; but it certainly was too late to be of any use to the wicked people to whom Noah preached : and the Lord's servants had no need of such a proof as the fulfillment of the prophecy afforded, for they were well aware beforetime that God spoke in faithfulness and truth. Moreover, the wicked perished in the flood, because they did not believe the prophecy *before* its accomplishment, and the family of Noah were only saved because they did believe it."

We would most earnestly urge upon such as may have hitherto neglected it, a diligent, continuous and prayerful study of the prophetic Scriptures.

by The Editor  
LOVE FOR AN UNSEEN CHRIST.

"Whom having not seen, ye love." Is it possible to love a person greatly whom we have never seen? Doubtless it is possible to love such an one with a love that is even more intense than that which we bear toward those whom we have seen. A lady of great intelligence and thoughtfulness said, not long since : "I never saw my own mother, but I believe I love her with a kind of affection which is altogether different from that which most children bear to their parents. She died at my birth. She closed her eyes on life just as I opened mine. She gave up her life in giving life to me. And it has always seemed to me that I love that mother with an affection far more spiritual and ethereal than that of ordinary love." And have not we known a love like this? Long before we were born, there was one who gave up His life that we might have life. We have never seen Him ; but we have heard the story of His sufferings for us—how His soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death ; how He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, being in an agony as he was about to go

to the cross for us. By His death we have life. And do we find it hard to love Him because we have not seen Him? We love Him with a love which we bear, which we *can* bear, to no other being—a love that is so pathetic with the memory of His sufferings, so hallowed and tearful with gratitude for his dying condescension, that it seems totally unlike any other love. Oh, the love of Christ! It doesn't need the touch of the fingers or the sight of the eyes or the hearing of the ears to make us sensible of it. The Romanist has his carved crucifix, with its ghastly painted wounds and distorted features. Do we need to inflame the senses with any such physical representation of Christ's dying, before we can love him? Nay, one reading of that plaintive story of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him," is worth more than a thousand crucifixes for kindling the love of Christ in the soul. The fact is, the senses become blunted by the too constant sight of wounds and blood. It is the simple and artless story of Christ's sufferings for us that we need to call out our love—not some dramatic representation of those sufferings. It is only a coarse and vulgar beggar that will go about, day after day, exhibiting his wounds in order to get money. Jesus Christ showed His wounded hands and feet to His disciples once, and then went away within the veil of Heaven to be seen no more until his second coming. After that they were to love by memory, and not by sight. They were to worship, not a dead Christ, or a Christ to be kept dead by carvings and pictures, but a Christ living forever, though once dead. Hence notice what Jesus said as he instituted the Supper : "This do in remembrance of Me"—not in representation of Me ; not in pictorial exhibition of Me." Christ did not leave us his *photograph* when he went into Heaven. He left us, in the Supper, a memorial of an act of His—His death for our sins. But if you want to see Him, look up to the throne. There He is, at the right hand of God ; and with the memory of all He did and suffered for you ever in mind, think of Him, and trust on, till memory kindles gratitude, and gratitude kindles love, and you can say, "Whom not having seen, I love."