

JESUS HIMSELF.

"Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself . . . a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."—

Luke xxiv. 39.

WHAT could be more wonderful than this—that we have JESUS HIMSELF! HE IS NOT DEAD! No, He is risen, and is alive for evermore! After nearly 2,000 years we have still JESUS HIMSELF, the Church's living joy! Three times over in this chapter, the evangelist brings before us that it was Jesus Himself they had on that grand resurrection day. "Jesus himself drew near and went with them;" "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them;" "Behold my

hands and my feet, that it is I myself." The disciples who saw Him then are dead, but not so Jesus. He never will nor can be a man of the past. He lives still, and He is loved still. We do not speak of loving others who lived in those early days. It is impossible to love the dead, though we may love their memory. We love to think what Jesus was. But **WHAT HE WAS HE IS STILL**—Jesus Christ, *the SAME* yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. True, He is not only risen but exalted, but **EXALTATION DOES NOT ALTER JESUS.** "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." There is no change whatever in Him, though the days of His flesh be

over, and He is beyond death in a new condition of manhood ; still it is the very same Jesus, and all the grace that was in Him down here, is in Him still. And what grace ! No one ever touched man as he did, for His touch was the touch of God. His sympathy was divine ; He felt with God. it was no mere natural sympathy, nothing like it had ever been seen before. He felt the sorrow all the more because He felt it in relation to God. We read that " Jesus wept." Such tears as His were never shed before ; they expressed what the tears of no one else could do. God could not be indifferent to such tears. Nay, he treasured them : " Put my tears into thy bottle." God alone could fathom their deep meaning, but even to His people here they

spoke more powerfully and tenderly than any tears before. He was truly man, and had the feelings of a man; yet He was not like any other, for He was the perfect blessed Man, the Man out of heaven, and He brought all heaven's blessedness into manhood. He was the SACRED VESSEL OF THE WHOLE LOVE OF GOD AND OF ALL HIS VARIED GRACE FOR MAN. He just suited all the need in this world: the child He drew as only Jesus could. The aged could depart in peace when they had seen Him. And has His death put an end to all this? Nay, rather it has opened out a wider sphere than ever for His blessed service. For He is risen again, and every grace that was in Him here, is in Him still.

He has brought it all through death to resurrection ground. Nothing is lost. He has the same sympathising heart, the same attractiveness for the child, and the same grace and pity for the miserable and the needy sinner. Nay more, from the EXALTED POSITION OF THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD He has been carrying on His blessed ministry of grace to man. Who could tell the millions who during these nineteen hundred years have felt the wonderful touch of His loving hand? READER, HAVE YOU? If not, why not? Was there ever another man who could attract men, and shed such a blessed holy influence upon people of all nations, in all ages, century after century, young and old, rich and

poor, high and low, all sorts of men, whatever their tastes, or whatever their ideas may have been? All had to yield to His mighty living influence of grace and love, and have thanked God ten thousand times for such a Saviour, His own blessed Son! None but God's Son could hold so many millions in all time with the hold of a living love, the love of the living Jesus, who died for us and rose again! He is all you need, and He is just what you need. You have to die, and He has died for all. You have sinned and deserve to be judged, and you dare not think about the Judge, though you know the reckoning day must come when you will have to meet your God. Come then to Jesus, for He has once suffered for sins, the Just for

the unjust, to bring us to God ; and instead of treating Him with the fearful indifference of this cold, selfish, and sin-loving world, you will glory in Him, and will find out as long as you live that He is all you want, and is more blessed than any human tongue can tell. **HIS NAME WILL NEVER DIE.** God will not let it die. He will in the world to come be the **NATIONAL HYMN** of all the nations. "His name shall endure for ever . . . and men shall be blessed in him : all nations shall call him blessed." (*Psalm lxxii. 17.*)

" I Jesus."

Rev. xxii. 16.

1 How sweetly do those words " I Jesus," thrill
The hearts of all, O Lord, who love Thee still!
What joy to find in Thee no sign of change,
Though toward Thyself we've oft been cold
and strange!

- 2 Thou art the same as when Thou wast on earth;
 Jesus, Thy Name, announced before Thy birth;
 No other Name was ever loved so well,
 Yet all its meaning who could fully tell?
- 3 Oh, sacred vessel of all heaven's love!
 Filled full with grace for us from God above!
 Not one but Thee our griefs and sorrows bore,
 Nor tears like Thine were ever shed before!
- 4 Thy Name must live! whatever names may die,
 It must fill all the earth as heaven on high!
 Jesus! Thy Name by all shall yet be known,
 All kings and nations shall Thy greatness own!
- 5 Thou livest, Jesus, and all grace is there,
 That with such beauty shone in Thee down here!
 No trait is lost, each beautiful grace is found,
 All brought thro' death to resurrection ground!
- 6 Thy risen word was—"Handle me and see!
 'Tis I myself;" there is no change in Thee;
 In Thy blest Person Thou art still the Same,
 But death has had to own the Victor's Name!
- 7 Oh! joy of joys, we have Thee, Jesus, still!
 How many weary hearts Thy Name doth thrill!
 'Tis what Thou art—Thine own, Thy wondrous worth,
 That holds Thy people as when here on earth.
- 8 'Tis just Thy Name of Jesus wins a child,
 And bears him on all through the desert wild.
 The agedisp that Name with dying breath,
 And prove its sweetness in the hour of death!
- 9 We are not poor, O Lord, for we have Thee!
 And now we're waiting just Thy face to see!
 In this cold world, how cheering is Thy love!
 "I Jesus" means no change in Thee above!

H. D'A. C.

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