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LIFE'S GOLDEN LAMP

For Daily Devotional Use.

*A TREASURY OF TEXTS FROM THE VERY  
WORDS OF CHRIST*

WITH COMMENTS THEREON BY AS MANY MINISTERS OF THE  
GOSPEL AS THERE ARE DAYS IN THE YEAR; AUTOGRAPH  
OF EACH CONTRIBUTOR; SUGGESTIVE SCRIPTURE  
HEADING AND APPROPRIATE LINES  
FROM FAMILIAR HYMNS,

Edited by

REV. R. M. OFFORD.

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We shall find rest for your souls. — JER. vi. 16.

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* — MATT. xi. 28.

THIS is a tired world! Multitudes tired of body or tired of mind or tired of soul! Every one has a burden to carry, if not on one shoulder, then on the other. In the far East water is so scarce that if a man owns a well he is rich; and battles have been fought for the possession of a well of water. But every man owns a well, a deep well, — a well of tears. Chemists have tried to analyze a tear, and they say it is made of so much of this and so much of that, but they miss important ingredients. A tear is agony in solution. But by divine power it may be crystallized into spiritual wealth, and all burdens may be lifted. God is the rest of the soul that comes to him. He rests us by removing the weight of our sin, and by solacing our griefs with the thought that he knows what is best for his children. A wheat-sheaf cried out to the farmer, "Why do you smite me with that flail? What have I done that you should so cruelly pound me?" But when the straw had been raked off the wheat and put in the mow, and the wheat had been winnowed by the mill and had been piled in rich and beautiful gold on either side the barn floor, then the straw looked down from the mow and saw the reason why the farmer had flailed the wheat-sheaf.

*T. de Witt Talmage*

"Come unto me," — O precious words  
 I hear the Saviour saying!  
 He calls the weary ones to rest;  
 He calls the toil-worn and oppressed;  
 He calls the lost and straying.

"Come unto me," — O gracious words  
 Such tender love displaying!  
 Dear Lord, I come — no merits mine —  
 I come to trust thy love divine;  
 I come thy call obeying.

R. M. OFFORD.