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No. 24.

TIMES OF REFRESHING

MORNINGS

(IN DUBLIN.)

Tuesday Noon Prayer Meeting.

METROPOLITAN HALL.

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NOON
TUESDAY PRAYER-MEETING,
METROPOLITAN HALL.

THE service commenced by singing the 93rd hymn—

“A mind at perfect peace with God ;
Oh, what a word is this !
A sinner reconciled through blood ;—
This, this indeed is peace !”

After which, Mr. Smith read Luke xix., beginning at the 41st verse—

“And when he (Jesus) was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.”

“The Lord had very often seen Jerusalem. He had taught in her streets, had wrought miracles of tenderness and love among her people. Doubtless, he had often heaved a sigh over her abomination of desolation ; and it is probable that his eye often gazed out upon the dark and dreadful condemnation which would rest upon her when she had stained her hands in His blood. But now, as He looked, He wept. What the eye saw the heart felt. And how much did that

eye see? ‘O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that were sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but *ye would not.*’

“If you want to feel a sympathy for any object, or to have your anxiety respecting it awakened, the way to obtain it is by *looking* upon it. And it is probable that the majority of us assembled here this morning, have our mind’s eye out upon some special object or objects, for whose spiritual and eternal welfare we are anxious. Behold that pile of letters, and all for the unconverted! forming a burden unspeakable, unutterable!

“The way to understand their position is—first, calmly to contemplate what they are before God, and where they are regarding eternity. Oh! when we think of our unconverted relatives, and think that unless converted, soon they will all be consigned to a lost eternity, we could say with Jeremy, ‘Oh! that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.’ Blessed be God, it is not too late to pray for them. We can still bring them in the arms of faith, and lay them before the mercy-seat.

“I suppose there is scarcely one present but *has* an unconverted relative—scarcely a parent but has some one or more children still out of Christ; and yet, blessed be God, many of us can say, that during this time of awakening He has brought all our children to the knowledge

of Himself; and yet, if there remains but *one* still unsaved, the blessedness of the others seems the rather to intensify the anxiety respecting the remaining one, and gives the heart to feel something of the sympathy of those heavenly watchmen, of whom we are told that there is joy among the angels of God over *one sinner* that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just ones that need no repentance.

“And before I close these remarks let me say, that for aught I can tell, *you yourself are an unconverted relative*, and, at this moment, on your way to hell—going from such a scene as this down to hell. May God help you. May the Lord have mercy upon you. May Christ come, and in tenderness and mercy meet with, and bless your soul, and may you be amongst the unconverted relatives brought to the knowledge of Jesus here to-day.

“But may I yet linger with you for a moment? Let me ask you, are you *an unconverted relative?* and have you some such memories as these—a beloved mother telling you that the only thorn in her dying pillow was that she was leaving you here unconverted? or a father, now in heaven, who, as he drew his last breath, charged you to meet him at God’s right hand? or a husband, the sharer of your first love, and the partner of your youth gone on before, but who charged you to meet him in heaven? How sad to be separated from any of these in eternity. Oh! how dreadful is the thought. May God give us a true sympathy with every unsaved soul here to-day; and I feel that the Lord will

come in and bless many such, and give them to go away experiencing the truth we have been singing—

‘ A mind at perfect peace with God ;
 Oh, what a word is this !
 A sinner reconciled through blood ;—
 This, this indeed is peace ! ’

LETTERS OF CONVERSION.

One writer says, “ I have often asked you to pray for me, and now return to give thanks to the Lord for His goodness towards me. I can rejoice in singing—

‘ Now, I have found a friend,
 Jesus is mine.’

‘ Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus wash’d my sins away.
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus wash’d my sins away.’

I cannot tell you how wonderfully the providence of God led me up to Kingstown. There I found Jesus, and that perfect rest and peace which I have in the righteousness of God, through knowing Him, whom to know is eternal life.”

Another writes—

“ ‘ Let hearts and tongues unite,
 To sing my Saviour’s praise.’ ”

I wish to tell you that I have lately found the

Lord Jesus at your meetings. I have been a thoughtless young man, who being ignorant of God's righteousness, have been seeking to establish my own; but now I can rejoicingly say that 'I am a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things have passed away.' May I ask you to pray for a sister and brother, both of whom are seeking Jesus; also for three other brothers in a distant land. Ask the Lord to bring them all to the knowledge of Jesus."

A letter from the Curragh, Kildare, reads thus, "I was sorry not to see you prior to my leaving Dublin, and your precious meetings. What a happy time we had there last Tuesday, when I was enabled to commit my body and soul into the Lord's hands, and all my trust is in Him. Oh! what a place would this camp be without Jesus; but I have Him with me, and no place can be dark or lonely where He is. And blessed be God, the time is fast approaching when no time or place will separate us, His members, from each other, or from Him, when we shall cast our crowns at the feet of our blessed Jesus—

'Oh! what a company we'll sing,
On the millennial morn.'

Will you pray that I may be the means of bringing many of my brother soldiers to Jesus. I can truly say that the happiest time of my life has been since the Lord brought me to Himself."

Next, "Will the Lord's people praise God for saving the worst sinner in Ireland. I thank

Him for leading me to the Hall, where I heard the chief of sinners prayed for, and there I was brought to Jesus. I thank God for not hearing my prayer that morning before I went to the Hall, for I prayed that He would damn me, that the house might fall upon me, and I asked God to send me swiftly to hell. And I now declare it for the glory of God, that He has plucked *me*, even *me*, as a brand from the burning. The blood of Jesus can make the vilest clean. His blood availed for me. Will you pray for the conversion of my wife, five children, my mother, and seven brothers and sisters. Glory to God—

‘I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has me glad.’”

Another writes, “You may remember speaking to a young man in the gallery. You then told me that I had nothing to do but believe in Jesus. I had often heard you say the same before, but could not understand it. You were called away to sing ‘Glory, honour’ for a little boy, and just then I determined to go away, and tried to avoid meeting a gentleman whom I fancied was coming to speak to me; as I came to the door, a happy sailor spoke to me. I then turned into the body of the Hall to look after my companions, whom I found talking to a gentleman, and telling him how happy they were, having found rest and peace in Jesus, and there I found it too, and left the meeting a

believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I went to it, because forced by my mother, and on the previous Sunday evening, *I had called* upon God to *damn my soul*. Yes; I went so far as that, and often did it before. Surely I am the chief of sinners. No sin was too heinous for me, but Jesus died for *me*."

Some few extracts were read from a very interesting letter from the London City Chamberlain. He says, "I know you will be glad to hear of any work connected with, or springing from, the meetings in the Hall. I commenced telling the people of what I saw of the work of the Lord in Kingstown and Dublin, which recital was greatly owned and blessed of God. There have been many conversions; among others, a remarkable person, who kept a beer shop, which is now closed."

Next were read some extracts from a deeply interesting letter, relative to the Lord's gracious work in Kenmare. The writer says, "God has at length visited this dark and distant part of Ireland, and the work of awakening is rapidly progressing; there are many meetings held for prayer, and they are better attended every time. At the first, there were only seven persons, but now the rooms are crowded. This work may be said to have arisen (under God) from the conversion of one young man, one of the most influential persons in the place; he had gone to see the work of God elsewhere for himself, and upon his return, he attended a meeting, where he was requested to tell the assembly the wonderful things he had heard and seen. He did

so ; and at the conclusion, he thought, 'Now I must conclude by telling these people to flee to the Saviour;' but no sooner had he commenced, than he became absorbed by the conviction of his never having fled to the Saviour himself, and that, therefore, he had no right to ask others to do it. He attempted to speak, but *his mouth was paralyzed*. On leaving the room, he was joined by a Christian, who went home with him, and they talked and prayed together, he leading his horse beside his companion during the dead of night ; and it was not till within sight of the town, this gentleman found such joy and peace in Jesus, that he could hardly contain it, and which, he says, he would not exchange for the estates of the Marquis of Westminster, and that he would rather give all up, and work for his daily bread, than forfeit the joy and peace he now possesses in Jesus.

"The change in him is so wonderful, that even worldly people seem struck by it, and give him credit for sincerity ; humility has now taken the place of pride, and he is ready to do anything for Jesus ; and such is his faith, that he seems not to fear asking God for anything, saying, he knows that God giveth everything to prayer. He is as bold as a lion, in the cause of Christ ; truly, the way of God is wonderful. He has shown us that He can accomplish His own work in His own way. We have many prayer-meetings, and people come five miles to attend them. You will, perhaps, wonder who it is that thus writes, and takes up

your valuable time. I attended your church together with my friend, last summer."

One of the young converts, who returned to school in Portarlington, writes, "to say that those boys who know the Lord, are speaking to the others who do not, and that last Sunday evening they walked about in the play-ground, telling them about Jesus."

LETTERS OF PERSONAL ANXIETY.

"Prayer is earnestly requested for one deeply anxious. Oh! that to-day I may know the truth, and that the truth may set me free from the state of darkness and doubt in which I am now in."

Another writes, "Will you ask the Lord's people to remember in prayer a most miserable sinner, who feels his need of Jesus. Do ask the Lord to make me one of His children, and to wash me in the precious blood of Jesus. I shall soon return to my home. Oh! that I could take Jesus back with me; what joy would it be to have that pearl of great price for my own."

Another writes, "I am happy to tell you of my dear mother, that she believes that Jesus died for her, and that her sins are forgiven. The blood of Jesus has cleansed her. Will you now pray for my father, who thinks it is great presumption for any one to feel confident that they are saved."

UNCONVERTED RELATIVES.

Many letters were read desiring prayer for unconverted relatives. The following are a specimen :—

An anxious mother writes, “entreating prayer for the conversion of her eldest son in America; a sister, for a beloved brother in India; also for an aunt, eighty years of age, that she may even now find Christ.”

A believing mother, “for the conversion to God of her three children, especially the eldest.”

A believing mother writes, “Will you pray for the conversion of my four children. I am especially anxious about my eldest son.”

A widowed mother for her children, that God would meet with and convert them all.

Another writes, “Will you pray for the members of my family; they are tainted with infidelity, and have no sure hope of salvation.”

Prayer requested for a parent, eighty years of age, still clinging to this world and its possessions. Do pray for her that—

‘Ere the harvest is past,
And the summer is gone,’

she may be saved.”

There were many other similar letters, the greater part of which could not be opened.

The meeting engaged in prayer, after which Mr. Smith delivered the address.

NOTES OF THE ADDRESS.

“ Beloved friends, in meeting together here to-day, we have had this object specially laid upon our hearts; namely, *our unconverted relatives*; and I doubt not, but that God will hear and answer the many prayers offered up for them. We have confidence, because God giveth all things to prayer; and we feel assured that many an unconverted relative will be brought to Jesus in answer to prayer. I know there are many of you who (as a dear friend has remarked) have sent in no letter, and I come in amongst such, for though I wrote no request for my own unconverted relatives, yet the Lord knows I have this morning put the arms of my faith around them, and have felt that I could bring them to Him for a blessing.

“ But let us now dismiss from our thoughts every other, and fix them upon ONE, spoken of in 1 Peter ii 7—

“ ‘ Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.’

And now, do you want to know are you a believer? The case is plain—made such by this passage. To those who *believe* Christ is precious. You believe, therefore He is precious. If you have any doubt as to your state, put yourself into this plain declaration, ‘ Unto you which BELIEVE he is precious.’ Ask yourself the question, ‘ Do I believe, and is Jesus precious?’ for ‘ Unto you which believe, *he is precious.*’

“ And now, to take your minds more *into* this

subject, let us look at a few things in the context which are said of him.

“AND FIRST, God says, ‘Behold I lay in *Sion a chief corner-STONE.*’ I need scarcely remind you of that stone being Jesus. It is upon Him, as a stone, a rock, that the believer builds his hope of salvation; not upon a straw or a feather; such a foundation would not do for an immortal being, destined for eternity—a candidate (as every soul present is) for either heaven or hell. No. It will not do for us to build our eternal hope upon anything that will not *stand*, seeing there is coming a terrific flood, which will speedily sweep away every straw and feather of our own false trust; and the sinner, like the antediluvian world, will be hurried by the destroying wave into an undone eternity. Oh! my hearers, believe God, when he tells you that this earth will be burned up. Yes, burned, consumed, by a terrific fire, which will melt down rocks, level mountains, reduce the hills to ashes, and lick up in its fiery flame the very seas and oceans of our globe. *All—all—* that is material will be burned up then. And what is *moral*, the refuges of lies, will be burned, the false confidences will be burned, the mere *straw-work* of a false profession will be burned. Only one thing will not be consumed. This **STONE LAID IN ZION—CHRIST**, He will stand, and we *on Him*. How safe! how secure! how happy! Ah, how precious! Oh! if you know yourself to be there now, how precious! And all your eternal interests being placed in and upon that rock, when you see the flood of fire ap-

proaching, how precious will He be to you then. But mark, 'He is precious.' Yes, precious *now*; and oh! how precious, when time loses itself in eternity—when we shall know assuredly, without a shadow of a shade of doubt, without the possibility of relapse from the full realization of the blessed truth, that we have in Jesus a foundation, a stone of safety, a rock of strength, and a place of rest.

"SECOND; this stone is spoken of as a 'TRIED stone.' Many have tried Him. But first, let me remark, that God Himself tried Him, when He put Him down here, to learn obedience as a servant and a son; giving Him all righteousness to fulfil, and above all, (shall I say it,) trying Him with *sin*. He put upon Him sin. Made Him sin for us, laid upon Him, as the sin-bearer, our iniquity. And how did He stand the trial? Look at Him on the cross. It was *there*, DYING, God tried Him in dreadful trial.

"As I have often said, when Paul the Apostle was about to die, he enjoyed perfect peace, perfect rest; why was that? Because he had no sin upon him, and because, having no sin, God's presence was with him. The *Lord* stood by him. And when Daniel died, he, doubtless, had perfect joy, perfect peace. How was that? Just because he had no sin upon him, and because of that, God was with him. And when Abraham died, he, too, surely had a calm sense of the fact that the God of glory was with him, and that in Him he was perfect, complete, having perfect rest and peace. Why was this? Because he had no sin imputed to his soul. He was,

through another, the righteousness of God. God was with Him.

“So also with Job, and Joseph, and Sarah, and a multitude of others ; *but* when Jesus died, He was in grief. How was His soul troubled ? It was *God* who tried Him. It was *God* that put Him to grief. And why ? Because sin was on Him. Yes, SIN ; that dreadful, horrible thing, known as sin, was put upon Him ; and God’s presence, which was with Paul and others, could *not* be with *Him*. God cannot look upon sin, but with abhorrence. Surely, that was a trial to the incarnate Son of His love—His only begotten, and well-beloved Son ; that the Father, even He whom He loved, could not look upon Him. Ah ! it was on knowing that His countenance was averted, that He cried out, ‘ Eloi, Eloi,’ &c. This was God avenging Himself on sin, and to do so, He could not look upon the sin-bearer. In punishing sin, the sinner is saved, which punishment Jesus bore. Well may we say of him, He is a tried stone, and tried for our salvation.

“ And then, *sin* itself tried Him, by fixing its dreadful sting upon Him, but the blessed Jesus meekly received it ; and, as I have often said, left the monster a corpse—without His sting. And *Satan* tried Him. He, as it were, flung back the gates of hell, and sent forth his hosts of furies to fasten upon Him. But great as was this trial, our Immanuel, by enduring death, destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is the devil.

“ And now, turning from this picture, let me

say, blessed be God, that some of us have tried Him; and here I come in, for I try Jesus by all that tries me. My sins, my iniquities try me. They made me afraid—afraid of God, afraid to die; but turning to the record of Isaiah, I read ‘All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the *Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*’ There I come in; there I see *my* sin laid upon Him, borne by Him; and when He hangs with that load weighing Him down, down upon the cross, and God’s countenance is averted from Him, or rather, from the sin He bears, then I see expiation, atonement, redemption.

“The grave and corruption try me. They are gloomy; they are dark and doleful. But when I look into the open grave of Jesus, the gloom is gone. I see resurrection, life, acceptance before God. And now, being raised again, I see Him seated before His Father’s face, and on His Father’s throne, accepted there as *my* Saviour, and *my* representative; and believing *that*, I can say, Jesus is precious. Oh! how precious, seeing He hath borne away transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, even the righteousness of *God*, which righteousness I not only have, but *am* in Him. And oh! is not that enough to make the Son of His eternal love precious? Precious to whom? Why, to you, to me, to whosoever *believeth*; ‘For *unto you which BELIEVE*, he is precious.’

“Ah! says the writer of one of these letters, ‘I am very wretched at the thought of going

home without Jesus. Oh! that I could take Jesus with me.' Why, Jesus is yours the moment you believe. You need not leave to-day, therefore, without Him. You have only to want to have, to believe and have. Believe *now*, and you will have Him now; believing settles all such disquietude as yours, for 'They that believe do enter into rest,' and to such as believe He is precious.

"And now, in the THIRD PLACE, we read that this stone is 'elect.' God Himself elected Him, and sent Him amongst men for a special purpose. He was the living manifestation of God's heart of love towards men; and when I come to know Jesus, then I begin to understand what God is. I enter into the thoughts God entertained towards me from eternity. How He now regards me, having loved me, and given His Son to die for me. And when I know all this of God, and of Jesus, I make Him *my election, too*. I say—

'Jesus is mine.'

I look up and say, I will have none other. Thou art my elect Saviour. Why, if you were to offer me in exchange ten thousand Virgins, or Peters, or Gabriels, I spurn them all, and bind my Jesus to my heart, and say, He is my Elect, in whom my soul delighteth. None but Jesus—none but Jesus—none but Jesus—*none—none*.

"But FOURTHLY, this stone is the *chief CORNER-stone*. You know what that is. The chief corner-stone not only *supports* the building, but *unites* it; and here Jesus comes in as the *great*

uniting *One*. We are all *on* Christ Jesus. We are also *one* in Christ Jesus. There is not a saint but is in this oneness. Happy oneness! Happy fellowship! We belong to the great and glorious company united together by the chief corner-stone, that large family circle, part on earth, and part in heaven; but *all* saved, and brought to the knowledge of Jesus; all forming one glorious fellowship—saved, united, to be glorified for ever.

“FIFTHLY, He is called the *chief* corner-stone. He is chief in everything. He is chief in rank. Had He been less than God, He could not have offered an adequate offering without spot to God, and had He not been man He could not have shed His blood, and died for man’s redemption. He is chief as to place. He has gone up into all heights—occupied them all for us. So that, as Paul says, no height can separate from him. And He has descended to all depths—so that no depth can separate us. He went down even to the depths of death, and the grave, emptying it of its deadly power. So that when the believer comes to Jordan, he need not be a poor ‘timorous mortal,’ nor need he ‘start and shrink,’ for he will find it but a bed emptied of its water—a dried-up place, over which to pass dry-shod. Why then, should we speak of crossing Jordan’s swelling banks, as if it were not empty? Jesus has been there, breaking the power of sin and death, and causing the waters to divide before His ransomed ones; and making the Jordan to stand up as an heap, so that the saint need not so

much as wet his foot. I know that many of you do *not* know how precious Jesus is in this respect. You mournfully sing—

‘But Jordan rolls between.’

Whereas the Jordan does *not* roll between; it has been broken up, and its waters will stand in an heap until the last believer is landed safely over. This is what the Lord Jesus would teach Martha, when He said to her, ‘Thy brother shall rise again.’ ‘Yes,’ answered Martha, ‘I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.’ No, says Jesus, that is not what I mean, Martha, ‘*I am* the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me shall never *die*.’ Do you understand this? Martha did not. She, like some others, when they don’t want to understand, went off to Mary on quite another thing, saying, ‘Mary, the Master is come.’ But Jesus had said, *I am* the resurrection. Death is gone. His power is broken. There is no death. No sting of death to a *believer*. Well may we say of this blessed Jesus, now raised up, the Lord of Life, the chief stone in His Father’s house, that ‘Unto you which believe he is precious.’

“But some one says, Oh! that is for the saint He is precious to the saint. Yes, that He is; but still the passage says, ‘Unto you which *believe*.’ Another says, He is precious to the angels. I know that, but the passage says, ‘Unto you which *believe*.’ Well, you say He is precious to the young converts. Blessed be God, He is; but still, that is not what the passage

says. No. It is unto you which *believe*. So that if you can simply believe, then is Christ precious to you. And now, as a sort of landing-place in these remarks, and as an exemplification of this, let me give you the closing scene of a beloved sister, who on this day fortnight sat on this platform in health and strength, full of joy and peace. She went home to Kingstown to die, rather to *depart*, and she now lieth in the cold place of death. God is showing us the greatness of His work, not only by the lives, but also by the deaths of many of our dear converts. When I went to see our departed sister, she said, 'I am not passing through the valley of the shadow of death, but through a *green pasture*, and Jesus is with me in every step of the way.' I remarked to her, 'Is it not wonderful that Satan has not tried you?' 'Oh!' she replied, 'Satan has nothing to say to me.' 'How is that?' I asked, 'Oh!' she responded, 'Satan has nothing to do with Jesus.' Well, I thought, she has not only got hold of the truth that 'Jesus is mine,' but that as Jesus is she is.

"How rapid this work. It is just nine months ago when living in the midst of the world, down at her residence in Kildare, she thought that a short visit to Kingstown would benefit her health. Though she had heard, or knew nothing of the Lord's work there, she came up. God's finger directed her into my church, where she no sooner heard of Jesus, than she felt her need of Him; and as she listened to the truth concerning Him, the Holy

Spirit opened her heart, and she believed on Him to the saving of her soul; thus was she brought to rest and peace; and, blessed be God, she is now safely housed beyond the reach of sorrow, care, or pain; and her remains will be interred to-morrow in the family vault, and we rejoice to say of her, she sleeps in Jesus. Peace to her memory. We shall meet her again on the morning of the blest.

“Thus you see, if Jesus is precious to you, He will be precious in life with all its cares, and in death with all its pains. Yes, precious in the lone hour of departure; and the tongues of angels cannot tell *how* precious He will appear, when ‘absent from the body, we are present with the Lord.’

“But now, as usual, let me come to a practical conclusion by asking, Is Jesus precious to you? or in other words, have you believed in Jesus? Have you peace with God? Let me ask these solemn questions of every individual soul in this large assembly, for all of us are passing into eternity as rapidly as time can take us; only a moment, a fleeting breath, separates us from it.

“Say, beloved hearer, dost thou tremble at the future? Say, do *you* want to be saved? You answer, yes. Well, supposing I told you that you *are* saved, would you be happy? You say yes. Let us understand the matter. It is written, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief.’ Whom did Jesus come to save? Sinners. And what are you? A sinner. Do you believe that? You say yes.

Have you come to see your sin? Yes. And whom did Jesus come to save? Sinners. You must be there, for where do you find a verse in the Bible which says you were left out? Well, you say, if He came to save sinners He saved *me*, and I believe it.

“It was thus I put a dear young person through this truth the other day. She is now a happy young Christian; one of those early plants which spring up, blossom, and bear much fruit at once, and which, methinks, seem far sweeter than those which, before they bear any flower or fruit, are so borne down by stormy doubts, and bewildering fears, that they always seem barren of joy and rest. Oh! that my blessed Master would now come and speak to your souls. Oh! may you now know that He died for you. ‘Ah!’ said a young person lately, ‘I cannot get rest or peace to my soul.’ I asked her, ‘Now if you believed that just as Jesus is before God (even THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD) you are, that He took your place in order that you might stand before God in *righteousness*. Suppose you could forget the person who exists between the sole of your foot and crown of your head, (that is yourself,) and just believe what Jesus is to you and for you, you would have rest and peace.’ Oh! what a glorious truth, that a believer is as Jesus is (His essential glory always excepted.) ‘May I believe *that*?’ she asked. Yes, I replied, and in believing that you will find all you want. If sin troubles me, I see its end in Him. If imperfect, I find Jesus perfect before God. If I have to look for

peace, I find it where God finds *His* peace, in redemption, that is *in Jesus*. Yes, there I find everything I want. And do you want to know how you, a poor sinner, may have all this? Just by *knowing* it, by *believing* it. How wonderful is this!—

' Lord Jesus, *are we* one with Thee,
O height, O depth of love!
Once slain for us upon the tree,
We're one with Thee above.'

Blessed truth! every one of you may embrace it. A thousand may go out of this Hall saying to themselves in joy—'*in Jesus*,' '*as Jesus*,' '*one with Jesus*,'—How delightful! how precious! And how blessed those, who are now for ever with Jesus!"

Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of their shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them here.
Little once I thought that they
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the plain.
Loved while on earth, nor less beloved tho' gone,
Think not I envy you your crown;
No, if I could I would not call you down;
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,
Who now and then lets fall a ray
Of comfort from His throne.