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No. 25.

Pasteur

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 110th hymn—

“ Here o’er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest ;
Here, as a pilgrim, I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away ;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.”

After which, Mr. Smith read part of Gen. v.—

“ This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him; male and female created He them, and blessed them.”

“ Here we are told that God created man in *His own image*; and then, in the 3rd verse, it is said that “ Adam begat a son in *his own likeness*, after *his image*.” The first man, Adam, made in the image of God—in all knowledge, righteousness, and holiness—having undisturbed communion with God, and having a perfect

sense of happiness, peace, and joy in His presence. But when an offspring of *Adam* came into the world, he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity; and you and I have been born in the image of that Adam. We have no knowledge of God *naturally*, neither have we any desire to know or love Him; and we are born in sin to so dreadful an extent, that we have neither the knowledge or fear of God before our eyes; and unless we are taken out of the image of the first Adam, and brought into a better, even into the image of the second Adam, we shall never enter into the kingdom of heaven. And, beloved, it is the one great object we have in these meetings, to get you to ask the solemn question—In whose image am I now? Am I still in that of the first Adam—in a state of ignorance and alienation from God—on my way to everlasting destruction—soon to be plunged into hell fire? Or, have I received the image of God from heaven?—have I been born after the likeness of Christ? If you have been born but once, you must die twice, and the terrors of that second death will lead you to curse the day of your birth; whereas if you have been born twice, you will only die once, or rather, never die—you will but fall on sleep.

“The following verses contain a catalogue of *six generations*, which I need not read, but would merely remark, that they were all men belonging to that long period of time which we may well designate as *a week of time*—a week of ignorance, and a week of death. And then after these six comes the *sabbatical man*, Enoch,

who did *not* die after the image of the first Adam. When Adam had a son born after his image, he died; then came the third man, and he died; and so with the fourth and fifth, and even down to the sixth, or Saturday man; being born after Adam's image, he died too. But here, after all this catalogue of death, comes in the glorious history of Enoch, as contained in verses 22, 23, and 24, where we read—"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, FOR GOD TOOK HIM." He did not die; and in him you have a blessed sample of the redemption of our nature by the glorious second Adam from heaven; and at this moment you are either standing in Monday, Tuesday, or some other week-day of the first Adam, or in the sabbatical man, Christ Jesus. So that when He comes again, you will be raised immortal, and caught up to meet the Lord in the air, (unless, indeed, we are alive and remain until His coming; but even then we shall not prevent them who sleep,) and our bodies, as they lie in their narrow beds, will hear the voice of Jesus say, 'Awake and arise, come and shine forth in my glory;' and them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him; and so, bidding adieu to sin, sorrow, and pain, we shall enter into perfect rest; for

'There, there is rest, there is rest.'

"Now, to which of the two do you belong? You must belong to either the one or the other. Are you going down *dead* to death, and will that poor body soon become rotten and corrupt? And then, when the dead in Christ rise, you

will lie there still, and when you rise, it will be but to condemnation. But—sweet thought!—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for when the last trumpet sounds, it will be to them as the joy-bells on the wedding morning, calling the bride and bridegroom together; and when the sweet extraction from the tomb takes place, this mortal will put on immortality, as a befitting sabbatical garment, and this corruptible will put on incorruption; and then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written—‘O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?’ And then will the mighty besom of LIFE! sweeping through the vaults and beds of the just, sweep the grave from its place; there shall be no more corruption—no more death; sorrow and sighing shall flee away—they will disappear like the vapour before the rising sun—like the chaff before the wind. And, behold, Jesus shall make all things new. Blessed sabbatical morning! all our own happy circles in Jesus will wake up beneath thy rising beam; and we shall sing more gladly, more harmoniously, what we have been singing this morning, (only changing, or rather dispensing with, the first letter, for one letter often makes a wonderful difference.)

‘Here there is rest—here is rest.’

Now we are at home, to die no more: now we shall spend an everlasting Sabbath, in the Home of our Father, to summer for ever in the presence of Jesus.”

LETTERS OF CONVERSION.

One writer says, "I desire to return my grateful thanks to God for His unspeakable mercies towards me; He showed me Jesus as my all-sufficient Saviour, and I now rest happy in Him, and can rejoicingly say—

'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
That I might happy be.'

I was first led to seek Jesus by reading '*The Mornings in Dublin.*' I was greatly struck by the wonderful answers received to prayer. Then I was brought to rest and peace by a hymn sent to me by a friend, especially the verse—

'All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my griefs were on Thee laid;
For the blood of Thine atonement
All my utmost debt has paid,
Dearest Saviour, dearest Saviour,
I believe, for Thou hast said.'

Will you offer up special thanksgiving to God for me?"

Another writes, "I have more than once entreated prayer for my conversion; the Lord has been pleased to answer it, so that I can say—

'Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine''"

Next, "I desire to present thanksgiving to

God for my conversion, and earnestly entreat prayer for my father, mother, and a young brother surrounded by many temptations."

Another writes, "It is now twelve months since I felt my need of a Saviour; it was within this hall that the arrow of conviction pierced my soul, but, thank God, I am now in the enjoyment of perfect rest and peace, through believing in Jesus as my Saviour. And you, dear sir, were the instrument of conveying the truth to my soul. Truly I have had a wonderful deliverance from the vortex of sin; the Lord hath raised me up out of an horrible pit, and set my feet upon the rock."

The next writer says, "Will you offer up a note of praise for one who can now rejoice in Jesus as his Saviour, and finds in Him a perfected and complete salvation?"

'Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.'

The next letter, dated Westmeath, "happy day," from the wife of a clergyman in that county, whose soul was greatly refreshed at these meetings, and who returned to her home desiring to be made the means of blessing to others. Her letter reads thus:—"You will rejoice with me for the souls of those dear girls of my class who have been enabled to lay their sin at the foot of the cross. We sang together—

'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;'

also,

‘Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash’d my sins away;’

and

‘Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever.’

The young schoolmistress about whom I wrote to you has returned home ‘justified;’ she is here with her sister at present, and joins us this week, telling us what the Lord hath done for her soul. There are still three unsaved souls in my class. Will you ask the Lord to save them?”

Next, “I desire to tell you how happy I am, and what peace I have in Jesus.

‘My weary soul hath found Him
Such a perfect, perfect rest.’

I have been long seeking salvation, but could not understand what I had to believe till I came to the cross of Jesus. Now I see it all; I know the truth by blessed experience, and I long to be with Jesus, and to see Him as He is. Will you pray for my family, that they may be brought into the same fold, especially my mother and brother?”

The next two letters were from individuals, each at an opposite extreme of life—the first desiring thanksgiving for the conversion of an individual seventy years of age, and the other from a little one. She says, “I write to tell you how happy I am in Jesus. He has not only taken my pain away, but also my sin. He is very precious to me as I lie on my sick bed. O dear Jesus! He is so very kind. I long to lay my head upon His loving breast. I some-

times fancy I see Jesus hanging on the cross, smiling down upon me; and though I have to bear a little pain, I do not mind it so much when I think of all He suffered for me. Dear, precious Jesus! to die for *me!* I long to go and see Him, but it is not His time to take me yet; but I know He will bring me home when it is His blessed will."

A student, writing from Bedfordshire, says, "Upon my return from Dublin, where my own soul was blessed, I consulted with some of my companions, and we agreed to hold a series of meetings; and God has already given us the first droppings of the shower."

Mr. Clarke again writes, "At one of the villages we met fifty-six anxious souls, thirty-five of whom found peace at the meeting. At another village there is not a single house without one or more of its inmates being converted. Drunken fathers, wives, and mothers have been brought to Christ, and are now testifying for Him. When we take into consideration the respective populations, I can say that the conversions here far exceed those in Dublin. Formerly we could only get about twenty to attend our meetings, but now we have three hundred. Last Sunday evening we held a service in a small village, and at eleven o'clock I left upwards of thirty anxious souls behind. And when about two miles from home, at one of the railway stations, seeing lights in the windows, I went in, and there I found my son with more than a hundred souls, *some rejoicing in Christ*, and many others deeply distressed and anxious about their lost condi-

tion. And all the way from that to my home, which I reached about midnight, we met scores of people singing 'Happy day, happy day.' But this is no unusual thing; what a wonderful change has God effected! Formerly it was anything but the Christian's song we were wont to hear. This great work seems to absorb everything; and though I have business engagements continually pressing upon me, still the Lord permits me to work for Him. My little son, twelve years of age, is now rejoicing in Christ. He is at Taunton College, where there about one hundred and forty boys. He is constantly telling them about his precious Saviour.

'Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.'

The next pile of letters were from individuals under deep

PERSONAL CONCERN FOR SALVATION.

One writer says, "I am a young man at present in the Hall, the son of a religious father and mother, but I am *unconverted*. Will you ask the Lord's people to pray, that before I lie down to rest this night, I may be converted?"

Next, "A sinner earnestly entreats the Lord to have mercy upon her, and give her faith to rest her soul on Jesus."

Another writes, "Will you excuse a stranger for thus troubling you; but I am deeply anxious, and longing for peace. I have long had a sense of my guilt, but can find no rest."

Next, "The prayers of the Lord's people are earnestly desired for eight little children, the inmates of a Church of England school. They are present, and all longing for conversion. They ask you to pray that they may come to Jesus to-day."

Another writes, "Your prayers have been answered, and peace has come into my sorrowing heart. I now ask you to pray for my father, seventy-three years of age, and openly avowing himself as a sceptic, that the Lord may bring him to the knowledge of Jesus."

Next, "Will you pray for a little girl, longing to be able to say, 'Jesus is mine;' and also for the conversion of her little brother."

A lady writes from Clare, asking prayer, that she may be brought to rest and peace in Jesus.

Prayer asked for the conversion of an individual in Limerick.

Next, "Prayer is desired for the souls brought to Jesus at the meetings at Waterford—that God may give them to be stedfast, immovable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A letter, dated Sunday night, reads thus:—"Before I take my rest, I must write to ask you to pray that God would bring home the truth with power to my own soul."

The next writer says, "I cannot tell you how deeply anxious I am about my soul. I never knew what an obstacle to my peace sin was till you asked the solemn question—'Do you believe that your sin is gone?' I could not say it was, but long to know it is."

Another writes, "I have been for long years

a professing Christian, and I considered myself such till you, dear sir, put the solemn question to me—‘Are *you* possessed of Jesus? are *your* sins gone?’ I earnestly entreat prayer; for I am in a dreadful state, without God, and without Christ, and for years have succeeded in deceiving myself and every one about me.”

There were many other letters, which were reserved till evening.

After much prayer and singing, Mr. Smith addressed the meeting.

NOTES OF THE ADDRESS.

“‘Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them.’ (Luke xxiv. 29.)

“We have so often adverted to this beautiful story of the two disciples going to Emmaus, that I will not attempt anything like an explanation or opening up of the subject, farther than to remark, that these two men were bosom friends; they had a deep sorrow, common to both; they were sorrowing for Jesus, thinking they had lost Him, having seen Him crucified yonder amid the agonies and sufferings of Mount Calvary. And as their sorrow was common, so also was the theme of their discourse—they talked about Jesus; and as they walked along, presently a courteous stranger joins them, and enters into conversation with them, explaining many grand truths concerning Him whom they believed to be dead, both out

of the Law of Moses, the Prophets, and Psalms; especially directing their minds to the fact of His rising again. And thus, as He continued to 'expound to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself, their hearts burned within them.' No marvel, truly, that they did! And when, as they sat at meat, He was made known to them in 'the breaking' of bread, how great must have been their joy! and after such a wonderful episode of grief, how natural, too, that they should now say to Him, 'Lord, *abide with us*; leave us not again; forsake us no more.' One could fancy it a mere pretext to add, 'It is *toward* evening, and the day is far spent;' for were the day ever so long, they would like to have Him still with them; and were the night ever so far distant, they would have Him stay, on and on: and so they said, '*Abide with us.*'

"There are just now many things which render these words suitable for our consideration. Some of us have been employed in this work of God for nearly two years, and others for a shorter period; and many of us can say that we have enjoyed all but unbroken joy within these walls for twelve long months, where we have had blessed realizations of God's presence and blessing. We have never met a single Tuesday morning without blessing, in the conversion of sinners; and our Tuesday evenings, with regard to the work of the Spirit, in the awakening and conversion to God of multitudes of sinners, are but continuations of the mornings. And

it befits us now, when we are about to separate* for a few weeks, to put up the prayer—Lord, abide with us. Go with us where we go, and stay where we stay. Saviour! *leave us not, but abide with us!*

“FIRST, let me show you some of *the grounds which give rise to this prayer*. And, surely, my unconverted hearers, you will at once see that the very first ground, with you, is one of dire necessity; for what will you do without Christ? what kind of life do you expect to live, and what sort of death do you expect to die? To those who are conscious of not having Christ, let me ask the solemn question—*What will you do?* You can do nothing, and you *have* nothing, unless you have Jesus; no matter what else you possess, and still want *Him*, you are empty, poor, and naked. Throw what you will into the mighty ocean, you will never fill it until its own teeming, swelling waves and waters roll into their own beds. You might just as well try to fill the ocean with a straw, as to endeavour to fill your heart with anything except Christ. If you had all the books ever penned, from the very first down to the last the press has sent forth—if you could read all books upon all human or divine subjects, and had the head knowledge of this blessed book itself, from Genesis to Revelation—though you have all knowledge incorporated with your very being—though an angel were to descend and weave it into your mind, and make it part and parcel of

* Owing to illness.

yourself, and yet have *not Jesus*, you have nothing—your heart is cold! empty! and desolate! And I, and you, my dear ministering brethren,—we may have a most systematic religion—clear views on theological questions; we may have our honours and degrees in College, and Christians may recognise and call us brethren; but, oh! if we have not *Christ for ourselves*—if *we* are not saved, all else will go for so much fuel to burn in the fire which will consume us. How desolate to be without Christ!—what a chasm in the soul! You may have all friendship with the great, and fellowship with the most excellent of men; peers may be your friends and companions; crowned heads may extend to you the right hand of fellowship, but if no *Christ*, there is the ocean bed without its waters—a great wide chasm in your soul, lone and drear, which none but *the One* by whom that soul was formed can fill. Ah! then, think how it will fare with you when all else passes away, and *eternity—eternity*—comes in view—a never-ending eternity! Are you not necessitated to say, I shall want Thee, O Jesus! abide with me.

And a second ground on which you will need Him is, that *nothing else will abide*. What but Christ does abide? Where are the ancient cities of the East? Where is Tyre and Sidon? Where are the monarchies of old? Where is that very Jerusalem whose streets, I had almost said, were the streets of heaven? for angels walked them, and the incarnate God trod them. They are gone—passed away; and that very

city, self-styled the eternal city, is a poor third-rate market town, crumbling to decay!

Nothing on earth is enduring. Look around, and tell me where are the fathers? and did the prophets live for ever? Where are your own early companions and friends?—are they not lying in the family vault, and their place knows them no more? Tell me where is your own childhood—your manhood—your day of middle life? Where, with some of you, is even the afternoon of life? Some here I see standing (as it were) with one foot in the grave, and the other drawing slowly there too. I repeat it, nothing here abides; and I pray that my God may impress it upon your minds, that if you have not Christ, you have nothing abiding. Your childhood, youth, manhood, business, money—your everything—they are all perishing—perishing within, above, about, around you; they are all perishing, and unless you have Christ, you have nothing; and when you leave this world, and go out into eternity, you will have nothing, or worse than nothing; for you must take with you a wasted existence and a lost soul. But consider—

SECOND—*The way to possess this abiding.* Ah! it is very pleasant to be able to tell you. And, first, let me tell you how the two disciples got Him. They had a great *desire after* Him, and went out of Jerusalem, sorrowing because of Him; and as they talked together, they began to feel exceedingly sad, and perhaps despaired of finding Him again, when, lo! the risen Christ Himself comes and joins them. Was not this blessed?

But this is just what Jesus is doing here. Souls *desire* Him, and He is revealing Himself through the truth. That is the way He takes the heart; He does it by His truth, and (so to speak) in a *natural* way. He never gets possession of the heart by compulsion, but by presenting the truth before it. You know, in that story full of charm, when Eliezer met Rebecca, and wished to get her as heiress to Isaac, he merely opened out the truth concerning his master. All my early life, I have heard poor sinners told to *give* their hearts to God. Now, that is the hardest thing on earth to do. *I* never could do it; but He came and *took* it. Ah! but, says some man, there is a text which says, 'My son, give me thy heart.' Yes, I know there is, but it is said to *the son*: the very words show you that there is all the attraction of a *Father* put forth before the open door of the heart. It is according to a sound philosophy, that no man can give his heart to an object about whom he knows nothing. But the moment Eliezer opened up his mission, it was enough. He said, I come from my master, who lives in a far country. He has great possessions, and the promise of a still greater inheritance. He has a son, whose posterity is to be as numerous as the stars of heaven, and as the grains of sand by the sea shore; and the inheritance to which he is heir will endure throughout all ages. But, continued Eliezer, one thing is wanting—there is no heiress: Isaac is the heir; but at present there is no heiress—no one as yet to share it with him. Oh! thought Rebecca, I wonder who will be the heiress—who the bride—that will come in and

share with such a man, such a lot—such an inheritance. And so, also, when Eliezer produced the jewels as samples of the property of his master, they sparkled doubly, and won upon Rebecca's heart. No marvel, when they said to her, would *you* like to go with this man? she promptly said she *would*. I have not the least doubt that, ere she slept, that previous night her heart *had gone far on before her*, even all the way over the desert to Isaac. It was no hard work to give her heart: *Isaac had taken it*.

And thus it is we seek to bring *Christ* before you, by opening up what He is in Himself, and what He is to you. What personal glories are His! what riches are His! what promises are His! what an everlasting love to us was His! How it awakens our own love to know it! What a wonder that, passing by others, He should look for His chief love, His chief delight, His chief joy, His chief portion in us! And how, as our minds inwardly receive messages of God concerning Jesus, the *heavenly Isaac*, how does He get a place in our hearts! Like the Emmaus disciples, we *desire* Him; and ere we are aware, swift as love, He takes our hearts, and is formed in our hearts, our love, our life, our hope of glory, our all-in-all.

It is the same with *His work*: when we desire to know His work, and get to know it, then we love Him **BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US!**—loved us with a love more ancient than the hills of heaven—loved us where love dwelt from eternity, in the bosom of the Father—loved us so as to **DIE ON THE CROSS**. See Him—oh! what

love!—*on THE ACCURSED TREE*, where, as at the brazen altar, He consumed our sins to ashes ; and having made an end of sin, He saved the sinner, who is now at rest and peace with God. Oh ! may God give you hearts to understand it all, and believe and enjoy it all.

For an image of what I mean, turn and look upon "*the mercy-seat*"—for that mercy-seat was *Christ*. It is covered all over with gold—emblem of His perfectness—and under that lid of gold you have the tables of the law—the law *shut down* ; and above it, the glorious shekinah shines mildly, but brightly, upon all. *God* is pleased. Behold, then—First, the two tables of stone shut down and covered over by the lid of gold ; secondly, the pure gold mercy-seat itself, with marks of *blood* on it ; and thirdly, the glorious shekinah, illuminating and beautifying the scene. Hear the meaning :—That law—those tables of stone—demanded death. The *blood* replies to the demand. The law is *silent*—laid at rest—beneath the blood which is on the pure gold—the precious blood of Christ. The shekinah *may* shine now : sin is punished—God is pleased. Yes, God Himself, in all His attributes, as in the cherubims, is now looking complacently down upon Christ for the sinner. Oh ! does it not awaken your love and your joy only to know this ? Perhaps some one will say, that seems too easy a Gospel. Nay, my hearer, it was no easy thing to close down that golden lid ; for mark how it was done—by *blood* ; and because of *THE DEATH OF THE SON OF GOD*, the condemnation of the law was silenced, and laid

up in that ark at rest for ever; and, because of this there is now *no condemnation*—no sin to condemn—it is gone; no law to condemn—it is silenced; no Judge to condemn—the Judge has judged—even Jesus; and having judged Him, can judge no more. It is in looking at such a scene as this, and believing in Jesus, that I get peace—I have fellowship with God, who shines on me in acceptance, and with Christ. Are you saying, I do not feel the heinousness of sin enough? Perhaps not. You never will; but He who shed the *blood*—who died to cleanse you—did. You say, I do not know the number of my sins. No! But God knew them all when He laid them upon Jesus. You say you are not happy. True again. How can you be happy, when you think of sin as upon yourself, and that if you died in that condition, at this instant—and you *may*—you would be lost? You never will be happy, till you see your sin gone—made an end of—and till you are able to say, ‘I know *whom* I have believed.’ Thus the way to have Jesus is to *know* Him, to know *His Person*, and to understand *His Work*, to desire Him, and to speak of Him one to another as did those disciples, constraining Him, and saying, ‘*Abide with us.*’ For now, having Christ, what an abidance!

And now, did time allow, we would, **THIRDLY**, look at *the advantages of this abiding*. You will want for nothing, if He abide with you. You will have perfect safety. You will never be lonely—never want for society. You will never want for communion—fellowship. You will be

happy. You will have help and sympathy. You will be divinely taught. You will be rich with God's riches! What an *abidance*! Who can tell it! How vast—how great! Not a mere visitation—not the visit of a wayfaring man, who tarries only for a night—but an *abidance*. Oh! it is a mystic word—this which He Himself gave to His disciples—‘Abide in me, and I in you!’ I cannot fully know it. I can conceive how *I* can abide in Him. The finite may abide in the Infinite. I can conceive a ray of light abiding in the solar orb, whence it comes; but I cannot understand how the orb can dwell in a single ray. I can understand how the rivers can abide in the sea; but I cannot understand how the sea can abide in the river. And so with Christ. The finite can abide in Him; but how can He, the Infinite, abide in me? Yet ‘I in you,’ says Jesus; and when I have Jesus, I have infinite fulness—I have everything. He is my life, my light, my holiness, my all-in-all. Oh! blessed fulness for life and death—for time and eternity! All I have on earth is from Him, and all I have and shall yet possess in heaven comes from Him. Yes, I have all in Jesus. Blessed truth!

“And now, to draw to a conclusion, will you not put up the prayer, each one of you, ‘*Abide with me.*’

“My aged friends, the day is far spent. The shadows of night are at hand. Already it is ‘toward evening.’ Having Jesus as your salvation, even though your day were gone, at eventide it would be light. And that light of even-

tide will never die away with life, but only melt into the brighter, broader light of that land, where you will die no more. Happy they who thus die in the Lord, they pass through the last shadows for an everlasting shining.

‘Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high, and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven’s own light.’

“And just now, dear friends, *Jesus is in our land*. He it was who made Ulster such a realm of divine awakening. He it is who is now *here*, making these services such a scene of blessing. O beloved! beseech of Him to remain with us. Having the good wine, or to change the figure, the old corn of the land, how can we do with any other? Let prayer and love indulge themselves in His presence, and, like the two Emmaus disciples, say, ‘*Abide with us.*’

“And you, dear friends, from far places, who come and go, will you not each one say, being separated soon from these scenes of blessing, let me not be separated, Jesus, from *Thee*? Oh! Jesus, be with us, go with us, *abide* with us.

“And now, as I, too, am going to leave you for a little on the morrow, my own prayer, for life or death, for grief or joy, for going or returning, is ‘*Abide with me.*’ Yes, leaving for a while, scenes, and friends, and labours I love so well. What can I turn to but Him? With what confiding love and dependence would I say be-

fore you all, dear brothers and sisters, that Jesus may abide with *you*, and that He may abide with *me*. Happy, blessed abidance! May the Spirit of God give us to know and enjoy it all. Amen, and amen."

After the address to the children, a large number of souls, under spiritual anxiety, remained to a late hour. Many left, having found Christ. It was a sad, yet happy day. The evening meeting was crowded to excess.

Yes, we part, but not for ever—

Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;

They who love the Saviour never

Know a last, a long farewell.

Blissful unions

Lie beyond this parting vale.

Thus upon the coming morrow,

Leaving scenes I love so well,

Joy shall blend with chastened sorrow

As I bid you each farewell!

Thus I leave you,

Dearest Flock! Farewell—farewell!