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No. 21.

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 sixty-seventh hymn—

“ We talk of the land of the bless'd,
A country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there.”

Mr. Smith read the 84th Psalm—

Verse 1—“ How amiable (*i.e. lovely, as the margin reads*)
are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.”

“ Yes. They are lovely, because the abode of love. God is love. Wherever He is in grace and redemption—with the few, or the many, in the cottage or the palace, at home or abroad—the place is lovely. That heart even, that becomes His abode through the Spirit, is a scene of love. And oh ! when a thousand such hearts are met, (and are there a thousand such

now ?) and our soul findeth her way to God in the midst of them, our language is, how delightful ! how blessed ! ‘How *lovely* are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.’

Verse 2.—“‘My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.’

“A sense of God’s presence in the soul, how precious ! But if lost, and again longed for, who can tell it ? Absence here, as in other things, makes the heart grow fonder. It is when our blessings are gone they brighten. The departure, by death of a parent, a child, a friend, reveals a sense of love, and want, and desire unknown before. When no longer in the tabernacles—when distance and desolateness are our lot, and we are filled with desire, our soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Ah ! how many of your hearts have chords in them responsive to this ! Happy want yours ! there’s a fulness to meet it in Jesus.

Verse 4.—“‘Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still praising thee.’

“Here is a *present* blessedness : a dwelling in Thy house. This ‘dwelling’ supposes perfect rest. There is no rest where there is sin ; but sin is gone, and there is rest. And with sin gone, there is nothing now between your heart and the heart of God. And ‘dwelling’ supposes liberty—the liberty of a child in his own home. No more a stranger, or a guest. Not an alien or a foreigner. Ah ! no—a child—a child at

home—a child going in and out in his own home. Such a home is God to His child that knows Him. And ‘dwelling’ supposes fellowship, communion, rest. When the ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~finds~~ ^{finds} her way to the tabernacles of God—to God Himself, as revealed to her in Christ, her fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Christ Jesus. Blessed fellowship!—share and share alike, as the old rendering has it—may we all have more of it. Sharing together, as did the prodigal at the table, the Father’s joy, and the Father’s house. Then shall we be ‘*still praising Thee.*’

Verse 5.—“Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them—who passing through the valley of Bacca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.’

“God hath a ‘strength’ above all circumstances. Life and death, evil and hatred, sin and Satan, He is superior to all. This strength in measure, He gives to us. A ‘strength’ above all understanding—keeping the heart and mind.

“And we have His ‘ways’ as well as His strength: for *the ways of them that pass through the valley of Bacca are His ways.* They led to *Him.* They led to Jerusalem—that sweet *vision of peace.* We are not there yet. We are not in the Father’s house; but we have ‘*the way*’ thither. He hath put it into our hearts. And the way will soon bring us to the house.

“Meanwhile, ‘*the rain also filleth the pools,*’ *i.e.,* pools by the way—refreshment by the way—supplies, sufficient for us, by the way. Where

the pools will be we know not, excepting that we are sure they will be where we want them. *One* place is named—the *valley of Bacca*, i.e., the place of *weeping*. And truly, this wilderness-world is one long *Bacca*. Here we have tears for sin, griefs over self, sorrows on account of changes, and sufferings, and deaths; but oh! for each of these a pool of help and consolation. And they are not like the pools of this world—empty pools. The rain *filleth* them. Precious drops! how they come. They rain down from the cloud which guides us, which protects us, and shades us in the hot and sandy march.

Verse 7.—They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.'

“The tribes, went from strength to strength as to their number, one after another fell in with the marching pilgrims. So is it now: what thousands have joined us in this time of refreshing. They add strength to strength in divine hope and joy—saying—

‘We go the way that leads to God,
The way the saints have ever trod,
Farewell, vain world, with all your store,
We’re going home to die no more.’

And the *individual* is not lost in the multitude. *Every one* of them in Sion appeareth before God. Not one left behind. Not one left out—

‘His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His Heavenly Father gave
He will securely keep.’

For the present, we go 'one by one'—

' Friend after friend departs,
 Who hath not lost a friend ;
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not *here* an end.'

“ But, hereafter, we that are alive shall be caught up to meet the Lord at His coming ; and so shall we be ever with the Lord—every one of us : they who ‘sleep,’ and they who are living, will *appear before God*. Yes—*appear*—not hidden from Him—not separated from Him—not rejected by Him. Oh ! there is joy, there is rest in that word—*appear before God*—appear unrebukable, in perfect and everlasting righteousness and acceptance, without a blemish, and without a spot. No sin, no unbelief, no mistake, no distrust—at ease, at rest—at home in the VERY PRESENCE OF GOD.”

LETTERS OF CONVERSION.

One writes, “ Will you offer up a note of praise to God, for answering prayer on behalf of a house of business. The persons employed in it are, for the most part, converted ; the youngest in the house was the first brought under the saving power of divine truth, and she has been instrumental under God, of good to others.”

Another writes, “ I have been attending your meetings for the last twelve months, and can now rejoice in knowing my sins are all forgiven.”

“Next, “Thanksgiving desired for the sailors brought to the knowledge of Jesus on last Tuesday night.”

Another writes, “You will be delighted to know that one, for whom prayer was made about eight months ago, was, at last, when life was trembling in the balance, able to rejoice in the finished work of Jesus. She took great pleasure in repeating the fifth, sixth, and last verses of the 82nd hymn—

‘For I know that I am thine, Lord,
And that none can pluck away
The feeblest sheep that ever yet
Did make Thine arm its stay.”

THE LATE CAPTAIN BOYD.

Mr. Smith read a few interesting extracts from a letter, relative to the late Captain Boyd, in which it was stated, that while stationed in Malta, forty years ago, he attended the Bible-class of the Rev. Mr. Nicholayson, and there, while studying the sacred page of inspiration, had received his first impulse of divine life. Lately, on board H. M. S. Ajax, it had been his custom to gather as many of the crew as possible, into his own private cabin, for reading the Scripture, and prayer.

LETTERS OF PERSONAL ANXIETY.

Another says, “Some little tracts, called ‘Mornings in Dublin,’ have fallen into my hands, and have made me very anxious, for I

cannot say that I am a new creature. Will you pray that Jesus may be revealed to me. Oh! do plead for me. I cannot tell why I do not believe and accept Christ. I am also very anxious about my mother's soul. Oh! do plead for us. Though far separated from you, I will join you at the hour of prayer. Pray that the blood of Christ may be applied to me, and that even while we are asking, I may be enabled to lay hold of Christ."

Next, "Will you pray for me, that I may be brought to know Jesus as my Saviour. I cannot feel at ease, when I think of the day of judgment, which, I believe, to be not very far distant, and yet I dare not sing—

‘ I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me.’

It would be a lie before God and man. I have often felt deep convictions of sin, but they have passed away like the morning cloud, and the early dew."

Next, "May I ask you to pray for me. I am a sinner, without one spark of spiritual life. When I go on my knees, I have no power to pray or speak before God; for the last two years I have felt conscious of my being dead in sin. Pray that God may awaken me."

Next, "I have been seeking Jesus for twenty-one years. Pray that I may not seek in vain. Will you also ask the Lord to bless my dear husband, and that we may be enabled to bring up our children for Him. We get the 'Mornings in Dublin;' and oh! would that I could be-

lieve the blessed truths they contain, especially No. 4."

Another writes, "Will you pray for one under deep conviction of sin, that I may be loosed from the bondage of Satan. Oh! that my present conviction may not pass away, till I feel the blood of Jesus applied to my soul."

Next, "Prayer is earnestly requested for a young woman very ill, and under deep concern about salvation."

Another writes, "Will you pray for one who cannot pray for himself. Oh! that I could rest in what *Christ has done*, and not be looking at myself."

Next, "Will you pray for a young soldier in Edinburgh, under deep conviction of sin, and longing to say, 'Jesus is mine.' Will you also praise the Lord for his safe arrival, having been out at sea during the late storms."

Next, "I entreat you to pray for a miserable sinner, tossed about like the waves of the sea, that he may be enabled to rest his weary soul on Jesus."

Another writes, "I beg an interest in your prayers, for myself and husband, that we may be both brought to the knowledge of Jesus. See Matt. xviii. 19."

"Prayer is desired for Messrs. Henry and Ratcliffe. Ask for God's blessing to rest upon their work. The Lord is blessing them."

A Dutch lady writes, "Requesting prayer for the conversion of her father, the Governor of South Holland. He is seventy years of age, but does not know Jesus. Still she feels encour-

raged to ask prayer, because he is not opposed to the truth."

Another Dutch lady "requests, for an unconverted relative, also for her mother, on a sick bed, and for a cousin, that they may be brought to the knowledge of the truth."

Next, "Prayer is specially requested for a dying Magdalene, seeking salvation. Will you entreat God to visit her in this the eleventh hour, and not permit a false peace to take possession of her. Oh! that Jesus may reveal Himself to her soul."

A Christian mother "asks prayer for her dear boy, lately brought to the knowledge of Jesus; and about to be removed from his present school to one where he will be surrounded by many temptations. Pray that the good work may deepen in his soul, and extend to those around."

A writer begs that "special prayer be made for our gracious Queen, and every member of the Royal Family."

"Prayer asked for Italy; especially that a blessing may rest upon those who meet there for the first time, in Parliament to-day, that great good may descend upon poor Italy."

The time having expired for reading the letters, the meeting engaged in prayer. Special and wonderful prayer was made for our dear QUEEN, that in these days of visitation, she and all her's may be blessed.

Mr. Smith then addressed the meeting.

NOTES OF THE ADDRESS.

“ You will find the passage to which I now direct your attention, in 2nd Timothy i., and the latter part of the 12th verse—

“ ‘ For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’

“ So says Paul, the Apostle, in his last moments, as he lay in prison at Rome, and so sung a beloved saint the other day, just before she entered into rest, saying—

“ ‘ *For I know that I am thine, Lord,
And that none can pluck away ;
The feeblest sheep that ever yet,
Did make thine arm its stay.*’

“ Such language is only the rehearsal of the glorious sentiment before us. ‘ I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’ Now, let me lead your thoughts to the knowledge here spoken of. And, first, let us dwell a little upon the object of this knowledge, ‘ I know,’ says Paul, ‘ *whom* I have believed ;’ then, secondly, upon the character of this knowledge, as to what it is in itself, and what it is in its effects upon the believer ; thirdly, upon its assurance, for says Paul, ‘ *I know* in whom I have believed ;’ and, lastly, if time permit, upon the period when this knowledge will be justified—for *that day*

will abundantly justify the believer's confidence in Christ, 'seeing He *is able* to keep that which is committed unto him against that day.

"First, then, as to *the object of Christian knowledge*. The Apostle does not say, I know **WHAT** I have believed, but **WHOM**; and yet there never was a man who knew so much of the *what* of divine truth as did Paul; no man knew better the incidents connected with the life of Christ; none knew better the grandeur and rank of the Saviour, the efficacy of His blood, and the sufficiency of His merit, the truth of His promise, the glory of His hope, than did Paul.

"It is he who speaks of our union, and our oneness with Jesus, and of His oneness with the believer, 'For,' says Paul, after alluding to the oneness existing between Adam, and Eve his wife, 'This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.' No writer ever penned such truth pertaining to the Lord Jesus Christ as did Paul. He declares, with living power, that we are 'justified by the blood of Christ;' and, again, that we are 'justified *freely* by his grace;' and no man had clearer light on the doctrine of peace with God than Paul. He says, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we *have* (not shall have when we get to heaven) but *we have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And no man knew better than Paul the glorious doctrine of the believer's sanctification. He says, 'Ye are sanctified *in* Christ Jesus;' and again, 'Who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' And no writer speaks more con-

fidently of the glorious hope of the church, when he says, 'Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our body of humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto his body of glory.'

"But the Apostle uses these mighty dogmas of divine truth—the 'what,' if I may so speak, as the footstool on which he steps, in order to get up to the mighty WHOM of all his knowledge. In other words, he knows and *loves the truth*; which endears to him the *Person* of Christ. He is saved by the blood, which brings him to the love of Jesus. And if you just think of it, the only way to come to love the '*whom*' is through the '*what*'—for instance, I love my child because of what he is to me; he studies my wishes, performs any office of affection he can; he obeys my word, guards my name, is careful of my reputation; and so, because of the 'what,' I love the '*whom*'—the person of my child. Now, with regard to the 'what' of divine truth, a mere *Antinomian* may profess the 'what,' and yet be destitute of the '*whom*;' or, in other words, he may have, dead and cold, a series of dogmas about Christ, and know nothing of His person, or His love. On the other hand, some German theologians now-a-days talk about a *Personal* Christ, as they call him, but Dr. Channing, the great leader of *Unitarians* in America, has written some of the most beautiful sermons about the holy life, and lovely Person of Christ, of His acts of grace and love, but he keeps clear of the '*what*;' never allows the doctrine of original

sin, or of eternal wrath, or of atonement and reconciliation through the blood.

“May God, my friends, give you to understand this subject in both its aspects, for you cannot love the ‘*whom*’ of Christ but through the medium of the ‘*what*’ of Christ. Oh! for a clear and distinct knowledge of *the truth*! May God forgive that army of men who have risen up in the present day, whose *what*, and whose *whom* concerning Christ and His salvation, form a mere speculation, who never go to the root of the matter regarding redemption by *the blood*, and peace through the same.

“In the second place, let us glance at the character of this knowledge. And first, I would remark, it is *definite*. Paul says, ‘I know *whom* I have believed’—that same Jesus who met me on the way going down to Damascus, and spake words of comfort and direction to me—the same divine Being I saw in the temple while in a trance, and on whom my eyes rested in wonder, when I was caught up into the third heaven, and heard words I cannot utter. ‘It is him (says Paul) I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’

“What mean the words, ‘*I have committed*?’ Tyndal translates it *depositum*. Paul had *the Gospel* committed to him a special trust—the mystery of the Church—its oneness with Christ, was a deposit, the Lord had given him. Paul was about to die, and the Church was far from knowing its privilege and destiny, ‘Yet,’ says Paul, ‘*He is able to keep, and to manifest in His own*

time, at that day, that privilege and that destiny. For then the church's Head, and the church's members will appear as *one*. The Bridegroom and the Bride—the Head and the members.

“Or Paul may have meant that the Lord would keep that which he himself had committed to Him. He had committed to Him his happiness, and in that day he would find it safe and final. His soul was in Divine keeping, according to that word, ‘keep through thine own name.’ To whom else could we commit it? If all the priests in Europe asked me to commit the keeping of my never-dying soul to them, I would not do it. It is too valuable for human keeping; its nature imperishable; eternal in its destiny, and unspeakably precious in the sight of God; for He gave the Son of His love to shed His blood for its redemption. And oh! awful thought, capable of hell. No, no. If at my dying moment all the popes and priests, all the pastors and ministers on earth, were to ask me to commit the keeping of my soul to them, I would say—nay. There is only *One* to whom I can commit it, even to HIM who is able, says Paul—to Him I have committed that which I value most. I may and must endure storm and trial, sorrow and bereavement, desertion and death, still, in the fullest confidence, I commit my happiness into His keeping, and I expect to find it there at that day, when all things shall be open and naked. Thus distinct is this knowledge, and thus definite.

“Further, I would remark, this knowledge is progressive; for, while with regard to our

rank and state before God, we can never be higher than we now are; for no man can be greater than a son of God, 'heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.' That is the very highest position any can occupy; but as to knowledge it has no finality; it will be ever on the increase, just as Paul prays, 'That I may know the love of Christ,' meaning that he might know *it more and more*. Yonder in Immanuel's land, where 'glory dwelleth'—

“ ‘ Knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.’

And down here 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which, like the dawn of a bright and beauteous summer's morn, shineth more and more unto the perfect day;' and that day, never declining, but is melting itself into the glorious meridian of the noon-day of heaven, and that meridian, the very place of the presence of the adorable Person of Christ.

“ Again: this knowledge *is transforming in its influence*.

“ We are often misunderstood with regard to this; for some say we do not preach a personal sanctification through Christ; yet we *do!* I will tell you what we do *not* preach—a personal growing *sanctification as our title to heaven*. If I want a title to heaven, I have it *in Christ*; but if I try, on the ground of my own goodness, to make myself fit for heaven; or, in other words, to sanctify myself, I might try it for a millennium, and not get it at the end; but, blessed be God, we have

it all in Jesus; for, to repeat Paul's experience, 'He is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption.' But we do preach that the knowledge the believer has of Christ produces its effect upon his life, upon his daily walk, and upon his whole character before God and man. If a man have Christ, he will show Him in his life, in his love, in his words, and in his actions. You know the influence of the natural sun, how it causes the flowers to bloom in rich and glowing blossoms, and how that every colour in earth and sky, and every *shade* of colour—the dark purple, the sweet blue, and the virgin white—are formed from his rays, are reflections of his beaming hues.

“So, beloved friends, in the Christian's life and character, everything beautiful comes from Christ. It is the reflection of His rays, the effect of the knowledge of Him; Christ photographed in the heart and in the life.

“Oh! what a changed man was Paul after he came to know Jesus. Before that period, a murderer of the Saints; afterwards, ready to lay down his life for their sakes! Before, hating the name of Jesus; afterwards, ready to suffer death for it! Before, a man of zeal against the truth; afterwards, full of boldness for the excellency of its knowledge! Before, the means of bringing many to martyrdom; afterwards, we behold, for the sake of Christ, his own martyrdom.

“Lastly, I would dwell upon *the assurance of this knowledge*. Paul says, 'I KNOW whom I have believed, and AM PERSUADED that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto

him against that day. Blessed knowledge! Divine persuasion! A few days ago, a friend asked dear Captain Boyd, 'Do you know that you are a Christian?' He answered, 'I *know* that I have Christ, and I know that my sins are all forgiven.' That is just a rehearsal of Paul's experience. Some men count this rashness; they call it presumption; if so, let them charge it home upon Paul. He is one of the first, and one of the greatest presumers.

"But men never call any other knowledge *presumption*. If you ask a merchant how he stands—if he has twenty shillings in the pound, he consults his books, and tells you he knows he is solvent. Is that knowledge presumption? Again, if you ask a man how he gets on in his profession, and he tells you *well*, is it presumption of him to say so? Or, if I ask a student does he succeed in his education, is it presumption in him to answer in the affirmative? And when a man knows that he is right before God, right with Christ, is it, can it be, dare any call it, presumption? No. Such an one can say, 'I KNOW whom I have believed, and am PERSUADED that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' He knows that he is saved because God says it. He who cannot lie hath declared that '*he that believeth shall be saved.*' Knowledge, like light, is its own evidence. And he who possesses it knows it.

"Now, every one hearing me either knows salvation, or does not; either is happy in that knowledge, or is not. This is a subject capable

of a close home inquiry. Let me ask, then, Do *you know* that you have Christ, and that your sins are forgiven? Have you Christ as your Saviour? Tell me have you peace? Can you say *now* are we—*now ARE* we the sons of God? Can you cry, Abba, Father? Can you say, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with my spirit, that I am a child of God?' Have you the Spirit of adoption? If not, it is high time to awake out of sleep. O sinner! you are even *now* breasting eternity, and you do not know where you are going—like a ship out on the trackless ocean, borne on the raging billow, without a chart, drifting before the storm, carried along—along—along, till some day she is dashed and broken upon the terrific rocks.

"You say you do not know where you are going; let me tell you that our great object in these services is to seek to lead you to a true consciousness of real condition for eternity. God knows we could weep over the unconverted. We would do anything to awaken them! for how precious is life, how vast eternity! The last act of the gallant Captain Boyd was to venture his own life when, standing on the wreck-strewn-shore, he saw the yawning billow come heaving on and on; and there! on the top of that yawning billow, gasped a fellow-creature for life; the brave Captain grasped his hand, and put him on his feet, saying, 'Ah! dear fellow, *life is sweet,*' when lo! the treacherous sea wheeled its death-wave round the rocks, which, coming in at his own back, carried him off, with six of his brave men, to the silent

land, to be seen no more. I see you weeping : well, let us weep for the brave ! It is fitting we should. Let us all weep ! Let us weep for the good and the brave ! But may not the Lord have said to that mortal sea, ' Bring him home.' Better to die in saving than in destroying life. Oh ! if a man can thus bravely, expose his life to save his fellow-creature from temporal death, what attitude, what sacrifice, what tears, what tenderness, what beseechings would we not use—what would we not do, to bring even one sinner to the knowledge of Jesus ? And if temporal life is sweet, believe me, eternal life is far sweeter ! for there you have rest and peace in the knowledge of Jesus. Have you come here to-day, hoping to be saved ? and as you have listened to the truth, has fair and beautiful hope been unfolding her wings, and gently bearing and leading you on ? Ah ! where does not hope come ? I said the last act of Captain Boyd was to save another ; but I am told of an act after that he had gone, with a mountain of sea up over him, down in the depths he was trying to get off his coat ; there he was in the attitude of hope, believing that if he got off the coat he could yet swim to safety.

“ Ah ! where does not hope come ? It comes in, and smooths the lonely brow of Paul the aged—so that he can say, ' I know in whom I have believed.' ”

“ It comes to the pining slave, groaning under the weight of his chains, and says, ' Thou shalt be a free man in heaven.' ”

“ It comes to the dying Christian, and says,

‘Leave thy fatherless and widow. I will be a Father to the fatherless, and the Husband to the widow.’

“It comes to the dying mariner as he breasts the stormy billows of death, and says, ‘hope, hope!’

“Where does not hope come? I have often seen her in this Hall; in the tear trickling gently down the eye of the penitent; in the smile lighting the face of despair; in the awakened joy of the backslider—hope comes in with gay elastic tread, and whispers, ‘If thou wilt only believe thou shalt be saved; if you only confess your sins; if you only look to the Saviour; if you only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.’ Yes, poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, thou shalt be saved. But there is one place where hope never puts her foot—it is hell. There is no hope in hell; no seeking to breast the waves again for life. No drawing the sword from its scabbard, to try and cut a way back through sin to life. No. Hope never enters hell. There dwells the sullen blackness of despair. There is no hope in the region of the damned. But you are not there yet!

“Oh! may my God awaken you in time before eternity comes! when there will be no hope—no hope—*none*. May my God awaken you *now*. May my God save you *now*; for there is redemption and salvation for the vilest in the blood of the Lamb. Come to Him *now*—

‘The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may you, though vile as he,
Wash *all* your sins away.’

“ Abraham had his *altar* where he enjoyed
divine communion. He had also his tent, which
told that he was a pilgrim. Thus is it, too,
with us—

I walk as one who knows that he is treading
 A stranger soil ;
As one round whom the world is spreading
 Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday deliver'd
 From a sharp chain ;
Who trembles lest the bonds so newly sever'd
 Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
 Ungential air ;
For whom as wiles the tempter still is wreathing
 The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
 For sin is near ;
But looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
 In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward ;
 Its spell is gone :
My course is now right upward and right onward,
 To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing
 In gloom away :
Speed thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing,
 Thou star of day !

For thee, its God, its King, the long-rejected,
 Earth groans and cries ;
For thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected,
 Thy bride still sighs.

TIMES OF LOVE.

O TIMES of love are these on earth!—
 Times which *betray* their heavenly birth!—
 They come, dear Lord, so constant, free,
 Fresh from a fulness all in Thee.

Glad times of love! a *Saviour's* love
 Streams from the land where seraphs rove—
 Streams which in heaven regale the blest,
 And give the sons of want their rest.

Such times of love!—*Thy* love—*Thine own!*
 O love untraceable!—unknown!
 Thy love which angels constant praise—
 Which we shall "*know*" through endless days.

O times of triumph and of love!
 Of joy and gladness from above!
 Times when a thousand sinners own
 That *now* this love is all their own.

Blest times of love!—Thy people's love!—
 A love which many grateful prove;
 It softly glides, and sweet controls,
 Where'er may meet some kindred souls.

I (though this wilderness I rove)
 A trophy am of this dear love;
 And from His saints, one knows not why,
 I constant have a large supply.

If ever heaven be felt on earth,
 It is at such a time as this,
 When all these streams of highest birth
 Combine to give so calm a bliss.

I would *my* love in measure show,
 And all the joy of praise would know;
 And sing to Him from whence it came,
 And *loving*, LOVE yet more again.