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# GATHERED GRAIN.

EDITED BY E. A. H.















# GATHERED GRAIN.



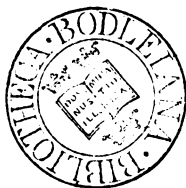
*The proceeds arising from the sale of this book will be devoted to  
the East London Mission.*





# GATHERED GRAIN.

EDITED BY E. A. H.



PSA. CXXVI., 5, 6.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY. HE THAT GOETH  
FORTH AND WEEPETH, BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL  
DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING  
BRINGING HIS SHEAVES  
WITH HIM.

London:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.,  
9, PATERNOSTER ROW.







## PREFACE.

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IN sending forth this little work, I would return very warm thanks to those authors who have kindly permitted me to use their writings. Several of the pieces in this Volume have never previously appeared in print.

I take this opportunity of apologising to any authors to whom, through inability to ascertain their address, or otherwise, I have not had the opportunity of applying for their permission.

Perhaps a word or two may be needed to explain the object of this book. It is twofold.

First—It endeavours to show how really alike in different ages, and in all the various sections of the Church universal throughout the world, God's people think on fundamental truths. "One Body, many members;" "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit,"—for they "are all *one* in Christ Jesus."

Many of the extracts are the thoughts of those who have long since gone to swell the ranks of the Church triumphant, while not a few are those of the Church still militant here below.

Secondly—It aims to be a book of *general usefulness*; awakening the careless; leading the anxious to the Blood of



Sprinkling ; comforting those who are in affliction ; inducing Christians to strive after a higher standard of Christian life, and to live up to their privileges, "in all things growing up into Him, which is the Head, even Christ ;" and to encourage them to work for their absent Lord, from whom even a cup of cold water given from love to Him shall not lose its reward.

It also touches slightly upon children, from their baptism to death ; and essays to direct attention to this much overlooked and neglected portion of the Lord's vineyard, where much valuable fruit might be garnered in to His praise, who thus commissioned the forgiven Peter—"Feed My lambs."

In the hands of the Lord of the Harvest I leave it, trusting that He will bless whatever is His own therein, and pardon what is only man's ; for He has said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thou thine hand ;" "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days ;" "Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

E. A. H.

LONDON, *July 20th*, 1871.





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# The Word of God.











## THE WORD OF GOD.



The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

*Ephes. vi. 17.*

---

The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. *2 Tim. iii. 15.*

---

### THE FULNESS OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible has God for its Author, salvation for its end, and truth without any admixture of error for its author. It is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.

*Locke.*

---

There is often as much in the *silence* of Scripture, as in its utterances.

*Unknown.*

---

Have you a heart that *loves* God's Word? If not, you cannot understand it. The Bible differs from every other book. Every other book can be compassed by reading, by study, by intellect merely. *The Bible cannot.* It can only be understood by the loving heart. Its wondrous depths are revealed only to *love*. The intellect may skim the surface, and may admire or condemn, but the *knowledge* of that Word can only be had by the loving heart. Love makes us search. Love gives us



wondrous light. The heart that loves has a sight of its own—the gift of the Holy Ghost. It sees marvellous things there. It cannot cavil. It cannot see the discrepancies. The sunshine of Heaven so pervades every part, that every apparent discrepancy is lost sight of in the light of glory which surrounds it. Passages it has read hundreds of times over are suddenly filled with new meaning. A passage of mere history, or of genealogy, that to the natural eye is commonplace, rises before the soul with a fulness of meaning and a radiance of glory it never possessed before. All deep things are hidden. Everything of value in the intellectual, or moral, or scientific world, has had to be searched out—to be brought out to light from the deep. The Bible is the same. Christ is hidden. The Christian is a hidden man; his joys hidden; his peace hidden; His hopes are hidden. So the Bible is a hidden book; its truths must be searched out. Its glories shine on the loving, earnest, prayerful soul. When these are seen, all the wonders of the natural world pale before them.

Oh! call not the Word obsolete or antiquated. Love it; get your heart into it; search it out; there is that in it which will yield the mightiest intellect-matter for thought, wonder, and delight, for hours and hours together. But if you have not the loving heart, we marvel not at your rationalism. We wonder not that the discrepancies and mistakes are so large before the mind. But go as a little child to it; go with the Spirit of God in your heart, and with the love of Christ there too; go from prayer. That book will then be to you what no other book has ever been, or ever can be. You will then clasp it to your bosom as one of the choicest treasures of Heaven.

*F. Whitfield.*

---

Set not thy watch by the town clock—(the way of the world)—but by the dial of Scripture, because that never faileth of going by the Sun of Righteousness.

*Swinnock.*



## ON STUDYING THE SCRIPTURES.

Do the Scriptures really promote thy communion with God, and, on that account, are they daily more thy study and thy delight? Never think of hearing or reading them without praying for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that they may be the means of keeping up thy fellowship with thy Father in Jesus. For this end they were revealed, and if this end be not answered, they profit thee nothing. Make it, then, thy constant practice, *before* hearing, to pray for a spiritual appetite, that as new-born babes desire milk, so thou mayest hunger and thirst for the good Word of Life; *in* hearing, beg of God that thou mayest feed upon the Word and digest it, and thine inward man may be nourished up in the Word of faith and of good doctrine; *after* hearing, pray for a sanctified memory to treasure up for use what thou hast learnt, that, as occasion shall serve, it may be realised and brought into practice, thy life and conversation being cast into the mould of the Word. With the same dependence on the Divine Teacher, read as well as hear the Scriptures. Meditate on them, expecting to find them able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus, and, as thy faith in Him increases, able to bring in richer experience of thy Father's love in Him.

*Romaine.*

---

The *study* of God's Word may be concentrated, deep, constant, like searching for a vein of gold; and *memory* may marvellously retain and bring forth what *study* has discovered. But *meditation* is not the discovery of more or of new things, but a calm sitting down with God to *enrich itself* with what study has discovered, and *feeding with Him* upon the stores which memory has laid up.

*Unknown.*

---

The Bible is a stream where alike the elephant may swim, and the lamb may wade.

*Gregory the Great.*



## THE BIBLE THE CHRISTIAN'S BULWARK.

The Christian faith has been, and is still, very fiercely and obstinately attacked. How many efforts have been and are still made ; how many books, serious or frivolous, able or silly, have been and are spread incessantly, in order to destroy it in men's minds ! Where has this redoubtable struggle been supported with the greatest energy and success ? and where has Christian faith been best defended ? There, where the reading of the Sacred Books is a general and assiduous part of public worship ; there, where it takes place in the interior of families, and in solitary meditation. It is the Bible, the Bible itself, which combats and triumphs most efficaciously in the war between incredulity and belief.

*Guizot.*

---

Jesus must keep the memory of His great deliverance fresh in His true child's heart. Ever and anon He must reproduce, in vivid outline before our eyes, the entrance to the place of woe, if He would send us still onwards as soul-gatherers. He must, at short intervals, be taking us aside to have the very letters of His imperishable written Word burnt into our hearts by the fires of His pardoning, heart-searching love. He has magnified His Word above all His name. He held aloft no other banner in the wilderness, on the mountain-top, on the temple pinnacle, fighting in His Father's name and ours, till the devil was foiled. He conquered Satan with the Old Testament Scripture, and, having honoured it to the uttermost, He bound up with it, for us, the New, as the Testament of His living, His dying, and His risen love. Let us steep our souls daily in it, before we go forth to meet the adversary. Let us present our hearts like a blank sheet to receive the impress of *the whole Word*. Let us not keep by favourite portions, but allow the Divine Spirit to write the ten commandments, the doctrines, the precepts, the promises, the prophecies, upon our memories, our understandings, our affections, our inmost souls.



Satan knows the value of a whole Bible. He gains something if he can make us cast any part of it into the shade. He cheats us somewhat if he can make us give precedence to any part. He is trying this in the Church, to subdivide her divisions. He is doing it unhindered in the world, and while it speculates, it perishes. Let us keep guard around our Tree of Life with its everlasting roots ; its Jewish stem, its Christian flowers ; and eat of all the refreshing fruits it bears till our warfare ends. Satan is sending up his hosts in varied garb, and by how many names, to shake the faith of Britain in the written Word. He knows that each converted man, be he peasant, philosopher, or peer, finds on the spot where he finds Jesus, *such a mass* of internal evidence of the Bible's truth as will enable him to convince many others also. And so the enemy will draw attention elsewhere. He will attack the Scripture ; he will unbind it, sever book from book in value and authority. The Old and the New Testament must be parted. The geologist must go forth with his hammer, the antiquary with his lore, to see how many stones can be shaken off the Rock on which the Faith has stood. And will not Rome come up over all the land to offer refuge and sanctuary to those who would escape from the responsibility of judging? Satan stands—all but visibly—saying in the ear of her whose ships have carried the Bible in myriads through the world, YEA, HATH GOD SAID? Will there not be silence in Heaven to hear her answer?

The enemy is everywhere ; his time is short. He could not, perhaps, say now to Jesus, "Art thou come to torment us *before the time?*" His time is running out ; his desires will multiply. Do we not hear them again erecting the cross on which Christianity, like her Head of old, shall yet be publicly dishonoured and slain? The veil is not yet withdrawn for us to see the manner of her martyrdom. Surely the kiss of betrayal is being given, for every error of the most opposite kind is set forth in the name of Christ, spangled over with gold-dust stolen from the King's treasury.



The Christ that answereth by fire let Him be Christ. If all men claim Him as their own, let us cling to the Christ under whose arrows the people fall, at whose touch old hearts change to new. Let us cling to Him who does but breathe on the sick soul and it is healed ; who leaves behind Him everywhere the gift of the Holy Ghost, the permanent Purifier and Renewer of the heart.

*M. F. Barbour.*

---

Oh ! if a single story of the Bible had been wanting, that want would have involved some earnest spirit in obscurity. If a Psalm had been unrecorded, some human heart would have longed for an exponent of its emotions. If a promise had been unwritten, some mourning soul would have wanted consolation.

*Sortain.*

---

Tried promises are precious promises.

---

This Book, this Holy Book, on every line  
 Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,  
 On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love  
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
 And signature of God Almighty stamp'd  
 From first to last ; this ray of sacred light—  
 This lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
 Mercy took down, and in the night of time  
 Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow ;  
 And evermore beseeching men with tears  
 And earnest sighs to read, believe, and live.

*Pollok.*

---

The Scriptures teach us the *best way of living*, the *noblest way of suffering*, and the *most comfortable way of dying*.

*Flavel.*

---

There is no book upon which we can rest in a dying moment but the Bible.

*Selden.*



Jesus said, Search the Scriptures, for they testify of me.

*John v. 39.*

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for *doctrine*, for *reproof*, for *correction*, for *instruction in righteousness*; that the man of God may be *perfect*, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

*2 Tim. iii 16, 17.*

It is a melancholy symptom of the prevalence of religious *apathy* in our day, that we so rarely meet with men who take pleasure in studying either the Scripture as a *whole*, or the prophecies in particular.

Learn from Isaiah to value Christ above all. Let Jeremiah with his oft-repeated cry, *Repent*, be to thee a wise preacher of repentance. Let Ezekiel, who describes God as a fire, humble thy stubbornness and self-righteousness. Let Daniel open up to thee a prospect of those events which shall occur in the kingdom of God on earth, from its establishment to its final and universal triumph. Learn from Jonah how deceitful and wicked thine own heart is. Let Joel rouse thee, and make thee abandon all luxury and sinful ease. Let Amos warn thee against security and ease, and let Hosea rouse thee up to renewed faithfulness. From Micah learn what is a peculiarly rare virtue in our day—that of swimming against the current public opinion. Learn from Nahum how irresistible is the storm of God's wrath when it once begins to blow. Let Habakkuk be our example of the blessedness of waiting for the Lord amidst evil days. Let Zephaniah and Obadiah recommend a confident trust in the final result of the Divine dispensations. Let Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi show thee how those should diligently labour to build up the city and temple of God, especially in such times as the present. And rest assured, O reader, that the more thou studieth the prophecies with such feelings as these, the more abundant and more precious will be the treasures which thou wilt find in their perusal, and the more surely will they lead thee to Christ.

*Barth.*



## THE PSALMS.

The Psalms are a cluster of jewels, made up of the gold of doctrine, the pearls of comfort, and the gems of prayer. They are a field of promises, a paradise of fruits and heavenly delights, a sea wherein tempest-tossed souls find pearls of consolation. They are the flower and quintessence of Scripture ; a mirror of Divine grace, representing the countenance of God in Christ ; the anatomy of a heavenly soul, delineating most accurately its exercises and affections, its joys and sorrows, its perplexities and temptations, with their proper remedy. They are an emblem of the Christian, almost all of them beginning with prayer, and ending with praise ; with a cry of sorrow out of the depths, and ending with a song of joy upon the heights.

---

---

*Patrick Wellwood.*

## THE BIBLE A MIRACLE.

The Bible itself is an astonishing and standing miracle. Written fragment by fragment, through the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society, and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free ; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing ; history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representations, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer ; in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious but most difficult ; its authors are not found, like other men, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

---

---

*Macglagan.*

Study the Bible, if thou wouldst be wise.

*Lever Lines.*

---

---

Whatever you hold, have God's Word for it.





**Life.**











## LIFE.



Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. *James iv. 14.*

---

Our life is a passage to Eternity; it ought to be a meditation of Eternity, and a preparation for Eternity. *J. Mason.*

---

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying. *Jeremy Taylor.*

---

'Think nothing little which connects itself with Eternity. *Unknown.*

---

Unless I see something beyond the grave worth dying for, there is nothing on this side worth living for. *Unknown.*

---

Be assured you will feel far happier *in this world* even, by making religion your chief business and study, than by all the



pleasures and gaieties which your young heart may now be probably longing after. I tell you candidly and seriously, that I would part with *every* earthly pleasure *for life*, for *one hour's* communion with Jesus every day. *Hedley Vicars.*

---

Earth will forsake—Oh! happy to have given  
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!  
*F. Hemans.*

---

Lose not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day; learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask Himself the way; the world is a false copy, and a deceitful guide to follow.—  
1 *John* ii. 15; *Rom.* xii. 2. *Unknown.*

---

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for Him, come to Him, and rest you on Christ, the Son of God. I sought Him, and I found in Him all I can wish or want.—*Matt.* xi. 28–30. *Unknown.*

---

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast!”  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Behold! I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!”



I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream ;  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 " I am this dark world's Light,  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

*H. Bonar.*

---

The end of life is to be like unto God ; and the soul following  
 God, will be like unto Him, He being the beginning, middle,  
 and end of all things.

*Socrates.*

---

Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for  
 ever.

*Shorter Catechism.*

---

Upward steals the life of man,  
 As the sunshine from the wall ;  
 From the wall into the sky ;  
 From the roof along the spire.  
 Ah ! the souls of them that die,  
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher !

*Longfellow.*

---

Then only live we, when we live to God.

*Lever Lines.*

---

We should be looking at earth from Heaven, instead of  
 looking at Heaven from the earth.

*Lady Powerscourt.*



Whatever stress some lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is  
but a weak and slender plant to trust our all upon.

*Sterne.*

A *Christless* death-bed is earth's saddest scene.

*Lever Lines.*

Time will be priceless, ere we come to die.

*Lever Lines.*

Art thou *prepared*, should Christ return to-night?

*Lever Lines.*

There is no anchorage for the soul but Christ.

*Lever Lines.*

"MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

Feel'st thou disquiet, care, unrest,  
Scarce knowing why so sad thou art?  
In God alone can man find rest :  
Give Him thy heart.

Deem'st thou thy bosom's secret woes,  
Peculiar from all else apart?  
Thy case He intimately knows :  
Give Him thy heart.

Oft does the painful thought arise,  
That slighted, misconceived thou art?  
God knows thee, loves, will not despise :  
Give Him thy heart.

Sail'st thou alone o'er life's rough sea,  
Without a friend, a home, a chart?  
Thy friend, guide, haven, God will be :  
Give Him thy heart.







Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate ?  
Will thy sun stand still on his way ?  
Both hasten on ; and thy spirit's fate  
Rests on the point of life's little date :  
    Then live while 'tis called to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sybil's page,  
As they lessen, in value rise :  
Oh ! rouse thee and live ! nor deem man's age  
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,  
    But in days that are truly wise.

*Unknown.*







# Christianity.











## CHRISTIANITY.



What is Christianity? It is the Life of God in the soul ; it is the Peace of God in the conscience. *J. Cumming.*

---

False religion, or, at least, imperfect religion, is like moonlight : you are principally occupied in regarding the light itself. But in true and complete religion, as in sunlight, although you are contemplating the many objects which surround you, they are all beheld and revealed to you bathed in the glory of the sun. *"Random Truths."*

---

Christianity has not only a circumference, it has a centre. It has not only a system, but a person. It has not only a redemption, but a Redeemer. What a difference between casting ourselves on a system, however beautiful, and on a tender, loving, compassionate Saviour ! What a difference between a system of divine principles, and a throbbing bosom on which we may lean, and feel every burden lightened, every pressure relieved, every sorrow softened ! This is what man needs. This is what he will need above everything, when the hour of sorrow, or the hour of death, draws near. Oh ! what



are systems *then*, however beautiful, in comparison with the calm consciousness that the arm of Omnipotent Love is thrown around us ! They are all but as the small dust of the balance—the foam, the dust, the shadow, the air ! *F. Whitfield.*

---

Christianity is an everlasting loadstar, that beams the brighter in the heavens, the darker here on earth grows the night around it. *Carlyle.*

---

#### EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

Oh ! the wonders it will accomplish. It wipes guilt from the conscience, rolls the world out of the heart, and darkness from the mind. It will brighten the most gloomy scene, smooth the most rugged path, and cheer the most despairing mind. It will put honey into the bitterest cup, and health into the most diseased soul. It will give hope to the heart, health to the face, oil to the head, light to the eye, strength to the hand, and swiftness to the foot. It will make life pleasant, labour sweet, and death triumphant. It gives faith to the fearful, courage to the timid, and strength to the weak. It robs the grave of its terrors, and death of its sting. It subdues sin, severs from self, makes faith strong, love active, hope lively, and zeal invincible. It gives sonship for slavery, robes for rags, makes the Cross light, and reproach pleasant ; it will transform a dungeon into a palace, and make the fires of martyrdom as refreshing as the cool breeze of summer. It snaps legal bonds, loosens the soul, clarifies the mind, purifies the affections, and often lifts the saint to the very gates of Heaven. No man can deserve it ; money cannot buy it, or good deeds procure it ; grace reigns here ! *Balforn.*





**Christ All and in all.**











## CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.



### CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*.

1 Tim. i. 15.

Remember—Jesus *for us* is all our righteousness before a holy God, and Jesus *in us* is all our strength in an ungodly world.

McCheyne.

"I *am* nothing," is my plea, Saviour, when I cry to Thee ;  
Naked, helpless, in distress, not one claim to righteousness.  
"I *have* nothing," saving sin, wrath without and guilt within.  
"Fit for nothing, saving hell ;" never fit with Thee to dwell.  
"*Is* there nothing" I can plead, in this state of awful need ?  
*Jesus*, at *Thy Cross* I fall : Thee I take, my "All in all !"  
"All in all," Thy Blood my plea, Thy Righteousness to cover  
me ;

Pardon, peace, eternal bliss : what is needed more than this ?

"I *am* nothing," yet to me "*everything*" is offered free.

Lord, before Thy Throne I fall, owning Jesus "All in all."

Unknown.



## WHAT JESUS IS "ABLE" TO DO.

ABLE to make all grace abound toward you ; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work. *2 Cor. ix. 8.*

---

ABLE to succour them that are tempted. *Heb. ii. 18.*

---

ABLE to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. *Jude 24.*

---

ABLE also to save them TO THE UTTERMOST that come unto God by him. *Heb. vii. 25.*

---

What he has promised, ABLE also to perform. *Rom. iv. 21.*

---

ABLE to make you stand. *Rom. xiv. 4.*

---

ABLE to keep that which I have committed unto him. *2 Tim. i. 12.*

---

ABLE to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. *Acts xx. 32.*

---

ABLE to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. *Ephes. iii. 20.*

---

ABLE to subdue all things unto himself. *Phil. iii. 21.*

---

*Believe ye that I am able to do this ?* *Matt. ix. 28.*



An old writer asks why Christ is called so often the "*Lamb* of God," and not the *ox* or the *ram* of God? The reply is, Because these were not offered "every day," whereas the *lamb* was a daily offering, and therefore better fitted to proclaim Christ's Blood as always ready for use. *A. A. Bonar.*

---

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Watcher, who watchest by the bed of pain,  
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train,  
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake ;  
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break ;  
In thy loneliest hours there's a Helper nigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,  
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand ;  
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,  
Casements are sparkling,—but not for thee ;  
There is One who can tell of a Home on high,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret, bending low,  
A dart in thy breast, that the world may not know,  
Striving the favour of God to win,—  
Asking His pardon for days of sin ;  
Press on, press on, with thy earnest cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sits in the churchyard lone,  
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,  
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,  
Planting the myrtle, the rose instead—  
Look up, look up, with thy tearful eye,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."



Fading one, with the hectic streak,  
 With thy vein of fire, and thy burning cheek,  
 Fear'st thou to tread the darken'd vale,  
 Look unto One who can never fail,  
 He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy sigh,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

---

Christ is no Indefinite Being at an immeasurable distance from us, but near as a Father to His child, as a pitying Friend to the object of His care. Speak not of unfitness; He Himself gives the fitness. He that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all of one, for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

*H. Varley.*

---

Christ came not down to help us, but to save. *Lever Lines.*

---

#### CHRIST MADE ONE WITH MAN.

God sent forth His only Son into the world, and laid upon Him the sins of all men, saying, "Be Thou Peter, that denier; Paul, that persecutor, blasphemer, and cruel oppressor; David, that adulterer; that sinner which ate the apple in Paradise; that thief which hanged upon the cross; and briefly, be Thou the person which hath committed the sins of all men.

*Luther.*

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#### CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE.

*If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins.*

*1 John ii. 1, 2.*

Our great Intercessor is in Heaven, "walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks;" loving to note *all* the wants and weaknesses, the necessities and distresses of every Church and *every* member of His Church. What He said of old to



Peter, He says to every trembling believer: “*I have* prayed, and *am* praying for thee, that thy faith fail not!” “For *thee*!” We must not merge the interest which Jesus has in each separate member of His family, in His intercession for the Church in general. While He lets down His censer, and receives into it, for presentation on the golden altar, the prayers of the vast aggregate; while, as the true High Priest, He enters the holiest of all with the names of His spiritual Israel on His breastplate—carrying the burden of their hourly needs to the foot of the mercy-seat; yet still He pleads *as if the case of* EACH stood separate and alone! He remembers *thee*, dejected mourner, as if there were no other heart but thine to be healed, and no other tears but thine to be dried. His own words, speaking of believers, not collectively but individually, are these: “I will confess *his* name before my Father and his angels.” “*Who* touched me?” was His interrogation once on earth, as His discriminating love was conscious of some special contact amid the press of the multitude. “*Somebody* hath touched me!” If we can say, in the language of Paul’s appropriating faith, “He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*,” we can add, He pleads for *me*, and hears *me*! He hears this very heart of *mine*, with all its weaknesses, and infirmities, and sins, before His Father’s throne. He has engraven each stone of His Zion on the “palms of his hands,” and its “walls are continually before him!”

*Macduff.*

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Christ’s prayers for His saints are all heard in Heaven; but the return of them is reserved to be enclosed in the answer God sends to their own prayers.

*Unknown.*

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#### THE INTERCESSOR.

*John xvii.*

Father, I bring this worthless child to Thee,  
To claim thy pardon once; yet once again—  
Receive him at My hands—for he is Mine.



He is a worthless child ; he owns his guilt.  
Look not on him—he cannot bear Thy glance :  
Look Thou on *Me* ; his vileness I will hide.  
He pleads not for himself—he dares not plead :  
*His cause is Mine—I am his Advocate.*  
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him,  
By all the sorrows graven on My soul,  
By every wound I bear, *I claim it due,*  
Father Divine ! *I cannot have him lost ;*  
He is a worthless soul, but *he is Mine.*  
Sin hath destroyed him : sin hath died in Me !  
Death hath pursued him : I have conquered Death ;  
Satan hath bound him : Satan is My slave.  
My Father ! hear him now—not him but Me.  
I would not have him *lost* for all the worlds  
Thou for Thy glory hast ordained and made,  
Because he is a poor and contrite child,  
And all—his every hope—on Me reclines.  
I know My children, and I know him Mine :  
By all the tears he weeps upon My bosom,  
By his full heart that beateth against Mine :  
I know him by his sighings and his prayers,  
By his deep trusting love which clings to Me.  
I could not bear to see him cast away,  
Weak as he is, the weakest of My flock—  
The one that grieves Me most, that loves Me least :  
*I measure not My love by his returns ;*  
And though the stripes I send to speed him home,  
Drive him, upon the instant, from My breast,  
Still *he is Mine.* I drew him from the world.  
He has no right, no home but in *My love.*  
Though earth and hell against his soul conspire,  
I shield him—keep him—*save him—we are one !*  
  
O sinner ! what an Advocate hast thou !  
Methinks I see Him lead the culprit in,



Poor, sorrowing, shamed, all tremulous with fear,  
 Prostrate behind his Lord, weak, self-condemned,  
 Clad with his Saviour's spotless righteousness,  
 Himself to hide ; and hear the Father's words :  
*My Son ! his cause is Thine, and Thine is Mine :*  
*Take up Thy poor lost one. HE IS FORGIVEN.*

*Rom. viii. 34.*

*E. Birrell.*

### JESUS OUR ADVOCATE.

Advocacy is not a mere ministry of persuasion, working on the placability and fond facility of an angry, but weak potentate ; an offended, but infirm and indulgent parent. It is his submitting to God the Father as the righteous Governor such a service and satisfaction as may warrant, in words of strictest law and justice, the exercise of mercy towards His guilty but penitent children—having every just demand and outstanding claim met, and all relating to our right standing adjusted, not by any compromise or subterfuge, but on terms, and according to the principles, of perfect righteousness. Such an Advocate is Jesus Christ for us in the high court of Heaven. Such, also, in the capacity, as it were, of Chamber-Counsel, He is with us in our closet to listen to all we have to say, to all our confessions and complaints ; our enumeration of grievances ; our unbosoming of ourselves of all our anxieties and all our griefs. He is still “Jesus Christ the Righteous,” patient and pitiful as He bends His ear to our wildest cry, or our faintest whisper ; yet still righteous, not dallying delicately with our sin or our sorrow : not sparing us, but probing us to the quick, giving us no relief till the whole matter is searched into, spread out, and fairly and justly met.

*Unknown.*

### CHRIST OUR HIGH PRIEST.

*Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our pro-*



*fession. For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.* Heb. iv. 14, 15.

He who has passed through the heavens, and is now at the right hand of the Majesty on High, is our *Great High Priest*. It is JESUS whom we know to be thus personally at the goal of our utmost hope, and there *for us*. Faithfulness and mercy have already been affirmed of Him. (Heb. ii. 17.) It is in connection with the greatness of His person that the reality of His sympathy is here disclosed, for succour is the want most keenly felt by the afflicted soul. And power of redress is mated now with perfect sympathy for the sufferer's relief. He has a three-fold greatness. 1st. In comparison with our helplessness, for whom in grace He acts. 2nd. In prevailing in opposition to all that is against us. 3rd. And here, *especially*, His intrinsic glory is thus contrasted with the feebleness of the perishable priests, who could not save.

There is not an inward sorrow which the sore-pressed heart of a believer may contain, in which Jesus does not claim a share. *Sin* is in us the root of all distress. Divine compassion fills, in the Redeemer's breast, the place of human sin. In the reality of human weakness, He has proved in every point the tempter's malice, and defied his power. For He knew no sin. Yet He understands temptation perfectly. Nothing can surprise Him in the confessions of His people, for He knows, with thorough knowledge, all that is in man. Nothing can be told Him, in the difficult disburdening of the heart's peculiar secret, which lies beyond the effectual ministry of His grace. In the greatness of His mercy He excels the measure of the sinner's utmost need. In the faithfulness of His affection He preserves inviolate the secret of the trusted grief. It is for His *brethren* that He acts with God. And as "One that sticketh closer than a brother," He maintains their cause *in righteousness* by virtue of His own prevailing name.

*A. Pridham.*



Not rite or ritual, but Christ alone. *Lever Lines.*

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Christ is our Altar, Sacrifice, and Priest. *Lever Lines.*

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Christ and His people are the only priests. *Lever Lines.*

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### JESUS, OUR PRIEST, AS SON OF MAN.

What rest, what peace, what comfort unutterable there is in this! "We have a great 'High Priest,' in all points tempted like as we are, *yet without sin.*" This is just what we feel we want, and it is all we can possibly need. How amazing the *perfection* of the provision God has made for us!

Jesus, at the right hand of the Father, is yet present with all His brethren and sisters here. His human nature is at the right hand of God upon the Throne—a Lamb as it had been slain. But His Divine nature is unlimited, fills all worlds, and is present in every disciple's dwelling. His Divine nature thus brings in continual information to His human heart of everything that is going on in the hearts and history of His people, so that His human heart beats towards us just as if He were sitting by our side.

Having "eyes as a flame of fire," to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, nothing can intervene to dim His sight of the thousand secret sources of anguish which daily make our hearts to ache. There is not a pang that rends our hearts, which in *all* its bitterness, and all its agonising keenness, its causes, its ramifications, and its coming results, is not *completely known* to Jesus. Nor is it merely knowledge. It is not a *stranger*, nor an *unconcerned spectator* that we have to do with:

"His heart o'erflows with tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love,  
Touched with a sympathy within;  
He knows our feeble frame,  
He knows what sore temptations are,  
For He has felt the same."—*Watts.*



He can "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," for He was "in all points tempted like as we are." He can *really sympathise*, for He really *shares* our griefs. "In all *their* afflictions *he* was afflicted." (Isa. lxiii. 9.) "Surely he hath *borne our griefs*, and *carried* our sorrows." (Isa. liii. 4.) "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. viii. 17.)

A. L. Newton.

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### CHRIST OUR SUFFICIENCY.

"*Our sufficiency is of God.*"—2 Cor. iii. 5.

Let us think of this, whenever we are cast down on account of our weakness, or the difficulties we meet with in our way. We are weak, but Jesus is strong, and His strength is made perfect in our weakness. He has given us His word that He will work in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure. He speaks and it is done. The word of the Lord knows no obstacles or difficulties ; all things must obey Him. When he sent Moses to Pharaoh, He said, "Certainly I will be with thee:" and the Lord's presence was his strength. He acts just so with us : His fulness is our sufficiency ; it is opened to us in Jesus, and we receive from it according to our wants, weakness, and faith. "Through God," said David, "I shall do valiantly." "I can do all things," said Paul, "through Christ strengthening me." Look not, then, at your own emptiness or weakness, but look at what God is to His people, and what He has promised to give them, and sing, "*Our sufficiency is of God.*" "God is our refuge and strength;" and "as our day so shall our strength be." "His grace is sufficient for us; his strength is perfected in our weakness."

J. Smith.

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It is impossible that a man can be a Christian without having Christ ; and if he has Christ, he has at the same time all that is in Christ. That which gives peace to our conscience



is the fact that by faith our sins no more belong to us, but to Christ, on whom God has laid them all, and that besides, as Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God has given it. Christ lays His hand upon us and we are cured. He throws His mantle over us and we are covered ; for He is the Saviour of glory, blessed for ever.

*Luther.*

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If the weakest saint is only leaning on the Lord, he is stronger than all the powers of Satan, because the Lord is with him.

*Unknown.*

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“CHRIST OUR STRENGTH.”

Many there are who watch and pray for holy hearts, yet find no growth, no lasting strength. And there are those who could with sorrow tell, that after earnest, hearty prayer to God in Jesus' name, for rescue from some dreaded sin, they have risen from their knees only to fall a grievous fall. The sincerity of their desires could not be questioned. Then was Jesus unfaithful? Had He deserted them? Never. He had let them fall to show them that their way was not all right with Him. But Jesus was, as ever, full of grace ; and surely, at last, did they find again the Father's bosom, through the ever-efficacious Blood.

Here was the cause of their failure. When they prayed for escape to Jesus, they were not prepared to rest solely on His name, on His Divine virtue, to save them from the dreaded snare ; for all along they were thinking that some efforts of their own must be added to the virtue which they expected should come forth from the Lord. So on rising from prayer they were still alone ; for Jesus will be *all* to us, or nothing ; He claims all the responsibility, and all the glory. They had not faith in Jesus to be *assured* of His unfailing, all-conquering help ; because they had not yet been taught by the Holy Ghost that Christ was made unto them Sanctification. They had not yet the faith which would enable them to say humbly,



yet with joyful confidence, "If I strive against this sin of myself, I fall ; so I will look to Jesus only to undertake for me ; for He is my Refuge, and through His blessed name I secure all His Spirit's power for my deliverance." This faith they had not ; and, lacking this faith, they fell. For the words of Jesus are, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye *shall have them*." Now the warrant for steadfastly believing that for the simple asking we shall ever receive this all-conquering help when needed, lies in the fact of God having made Jesus our Sanctification ; and He can never go from that which He has undertaken.

There are many, too, holding these mistaken views, whose experience, though not so bitter as that last-mentioned, is not the less disheartening. They had begun their course with joy in Jesus as their Righteousness ; but not seeing Him also as their Strength, they soon became painfully conscious of the unevenness of their walk. The strong hand was outstretched to lead them on, but they saw it not. Having begun in the Spirit, they have been ignorantly endeavouring to be made perfect by the flesh. So leanness has come unto their souls. Having secured the right Foundation, they are raising upon it wood, hay, stubble ; and are already disquieted with doubts for their building, in the day when it shall be tried by fire. Nevertheless, knowing no better way, they still go on ; now somewhat cheered by hope, which soon again gives place to disappointment. And so, perhaps, at last they think to be content with little grace and knowledge, scarcely venturing beyond the A B C of Christianity.

Reader, it may be that your spiritual life has thus been unsettled ; your soul still struggling on, still hoping in the name of Jesus ; yet sadly lacking comfort. You may know, indeed, that strength alone can come from God. But after finding scarcely any answer to your prayers, you think that your faith must be too weak ; or that you have failed of gaining strength, for want of greater earnestness, or owing to the too great evil of your heart. But has it not been from ignorance of Jesus,



from never having seen Him in His greater fullness, as offered to you in God's Word? So that your faith is unproductive; *the object* upon which it rests being to your sight imperfect. The weakest faith—faith as a grain of mustard seed—which rests upon a complete, an all-sufficient, soul-strengthening Saviour (known as such), is mightier than the faith which, boasting much, yet rests upon a Saviour little known. Oh, that we may *know* whom we have believed!

“*Christ our Strength.*”

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Weak Jacob and his strong God are too strong for all the world.

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*Leighton.*

Our Father has determined that Christ shall be all, and we nothing. When we have been washing with nitre and soap, He plunges us in the ditch; when we seem to be getting on a little better than usual, He turns us upside down. This is hard work, and while the process is going on we think it must be for destruction, for we appear to grow worse and worse. But in truth it is for salvation, to show ourselves to ourselves, to bring us to forsake ourselves, and to give us Christ instead of ourselves. Therefore, be not cast down at the Lord's ways towards you, for if we are anything or have anything, Jesus cannot be everything, and if He be not everything He is nothing. He must be *all* for holiness and happiness, for justification and sanctification, for acceptable appearing before God, and suitable walking before men. Do we want good works? We are “created” unto them in Him. Do we desire the “fruits of righteousness?” We are filled with them by union with Him. In short, our Father has “blessed us with all spiritual blessings in him;” and the reason we do not enjoy them more, is because we seek them in ourselves.

*Ruth Bryan.*



## THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

*In all their afflictions he was afflicted.—Isa. lxiii. 9.*

## THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

There are few things in which we exhibit more failure than in maintaining vigorous communion with the perfect manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence it is that we suffer so much from vacancy, barrenness, restlessness, and wandering. Did we but enter, with a more artless faith, into the truth that there is a real Man at the right hand of the Majesty in the Heavens, one whose sympathy is perfect, whose love is fathomless, whose power is omnipotent, whose wisdom is infinite, whose resources are exhaustless, whose riches are unsearchable, whose ear is open to our every need, whose heart is full of unspeakable love and tenderness towards us—how much more happy and elevated we should be, and how much more independent of creature streams, through what channels soever they may flow! There is nothing the heart can crave which we have not in Jesus. Does it long for genuine sympathy? Where can it find it, save in Him who could mingle His tears with those of the bereaved sisters of Bethany? Does it desire the enjoyment of sincere affection? It can only find it in that heart which told forth its love in drops of blood. Does it seek the protection of real power? It has but to look to Him who made the world. Does it feel the need of unerring wisdom to guide? Let it betake itself to Him who is wisdom personified, and “who of God is made unto us wisdom.” In one word, we have all in Christ. The Divine mind and the Divine affections have found a perfect object in “the man Christ Jesus;” and, surely, if there is that in the person of Christ which can perfectly satisfy God, there is that which ought to satisfy us, and which will satisfy us in proportion as, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, we walk in communion with God.

*C. H. Macintosh.*



“TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.”

When wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only Heart, a broken Heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of Blood,  
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,  
His Hand that brings relief,  
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,  
Unseal that cleansing tide ;  
We have no shelter from our sin,  
But in Thy wounded side.

*C. F. Alexander.*

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The sympathy of Jesus is alone exalted, pure, infinite, removed from all taint of selfishness. He has Himself passed through every experience of woe. There are no depths of sorrow or anguish into which I can be plunged, but His everlasting arms are lower still. He has been called the “Great Nerve of His Church, over which the afflictions, and oppressions, and sufferings of His people continually pass.” Child of sorrow, a human heart beats on the Throne ! and He bears *thy* name written on that heart. He cares for thee as if no other claimed His regard. As the Great High Priest He walketh in the midst of the Temple lamps (His golden



candlesticks), plenishing them, at times, with oil ; trimming them, if needs be, at others, but *all* in order that they may burn with a steadier and purer lustre. *Macduff.*

#### DIVINE SYMPATHY.

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
 To bring in prayer to Thee ;  
 There is no anxious care too slight  
 To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road,  
 Wilt share each small distress ;  
 The Love which bore the greater load,  
 Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe  
 But meets Thy ear Divine ;  
 And every cross grows light beneath  
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
 The heart would overflow,  
 But for that Love which died for sin,  
 That Love which wept with woe.

*Thos. Davis.*

#### THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

Where is Christ now? He is at the right hand of God ; He bears our names upon His heart, and there is no sorrow that we can have, but He bears it. O blessed truth ! There are little things in some of our sorrows which we could not tell to any earthly being around us ; nay, I have sometimes thought, that if one of those heavenly beings, who once lived on earth, were to come to us, we could not tell them. *And yet we can tell God.* Blessed be God, Christ is as much our Saviour when our hands are hanging down as when they are lifted up,



though it is to our shame that they are so often hanging down. I want a Saviour for low frames as well as for high frames ; and in Jesus I have such a Saviour. Oh ! beloved, Jesus is all that the soul can want to make it glad. He is the "Man of sorrows," and there is not a sorrow that you can have, but His grace is sufficient for it ; He Himself enters into it, and will soon lift you out of it, and above it, and make you sing the louder for it, through eternity. *T. H. Evans.*

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O LORD, THOU KNOWEST !

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest ;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confest.  
I come before Thee at Thy gracious Word,  
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest, Lord.  
Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed,  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.  
Thou knowest all the present—each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear !  
All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone !  
Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness,  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,  
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last ;  
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford  
To tread that path, but this—*Thou* KNOWEST, Lord !



Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing,  
 As *man* our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;  
 On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
 Oh, Saviour ! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved !  
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,  
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :  
 Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne  
 To follow on to know as I am known !

*Unknown.*

God regards not the triumph and pride of man, but wherever there is a heart big with sorrow, or a lip quivering with agony, or a penitential sigh, the heart of Jehovah is open ; He marks it down in the registry of His memory ; He puts our prayers, like rose-leaves, between the pages of His Book of Remembrance, and when the Volume is opened at last, there shall be a precious fragrance springing up therefrom.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

If the Lord careth for thee, be thyself at rest, for why shouldst thou care, and He care too ?

*Leighton.*

Soul, commit thy care to Me ;  
 'Tis My care to care for thee :  
 Carest thou ? then care not I ;  
 Therefore in Me hidden lie ;  
 Learn in Me thyself to sink,  
 On thyself forbear to think.

*From the German.*



I know thy sorrow—see thy daily grief;  
I count thy sufferings, and do send relief.  
Who loves the cross, and Him who on it died,  
In every cloud sees Jesus by His side.

*Unknown.*

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### THE SUSTAINING PRESENCE OF JESUS.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

*Psalm lv. 22.*

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Lorsque nous ne regardons qu'à Dieu seul, nous nous  
déchargeons sur lui de tout notre fardeau, et il nous soutiendra.

*Monod.*

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Christ bears the heavy end of every cross He lays upon  
His people.

*Rutherford.*

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Child of My love ! Lean hard,  
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.  
I know thy burden, child ! I shaped it—  
Poised it in Mine own hand—made no proportion  
Of its weight to thine unaided strength ;  
For even as I laid it on, I said,  
“ I shall be near, and while she leans on Me  
This burden shall be Mine not hers,  
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms  
Of Mine own love ! ” There lay it down, nor fear  
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds  
The government of worlds. Yet closer come !  
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy care  
So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.  
Thou lovest Me ! I know it. Doubt not, then,  
But—loving me—*lean hard.*

*Unknown.*



## THE BURDEN-BEARER.

What if your way is rough and your sky dark,—still stay yourself on God's everlasting Word. Fresh trials will bring with them fresh strength. New difficulties will bring with them fresh grace to help you. Carry every cross to the Lord. Lay every burden at His feet. He will give you strength to bear it. He sees every perplexity that encircles you. His eye follows you in all your troubles. There is no phase in your history that is not marked out and ordered for you by His love. He will not leave you to struggle alone, but will give you needful and seasonable help. And you shall see that it has been so. When you have passed through the cloud, God's ordering loving-kindness will be reflected in every step. We do not see these things at the time. But when the cloud has passed over, then we see the rays of love that were shining behind it. So shall it be with you. You shall see the rainbow of covenant mercy spanning each dark cloud. You will wonder and rejoice, and bless His name for it. Then trust that precious Saviour. Hold on your way with confidence in His word. Let every cross carry you to Christ, and then the strength of Christ shall carry you safely through every cross. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

But have you not much to be thankful for, notwithstanding your many trials? Take a glance at the Lord's dealings with you, and say, desponding child of God, if the Lord has sent you *one* trial, how many blessings has He sent you? If He has removed one mercy, how many more has He not showered down? How much more bitter that *one* trial might have been, than it is! How many little circumstances have transpired to take away the sting! How many sunbeams have darted through the thick thunder-cloud! Then, look around, and compare your case with others. See how different it might have been with you. How many who love and serve the Lord, much more faithfully than you do, are in the deepest of sorrow? Look at the past and present. See the many



mercies that are dotted in your path, instead of the thorns and trials that have been allotted to others, and but for the Lord's mercy might have been appointed to you. Oh ! place your crosses and your blessings side by side, and see how the one outnumber the other. Why is not your tongue full of praises ? Why are you not magnifying the Lord for His goodness ? Why that disconsolate look, and that inward disposition to repine and murmur ? Oh, banish it for ever, and let those around hear you saying, "See what the Lord has done for *me*." Place a mercy opposite every cross, and raise your Ebenezer on each one. Then, think of your spiritual mercies ! Think of the Lord's love to you in His dear Son ! Think how He has brought you out of darkness into light, while others are left to garner up the bitter fruits of sin ! Why were *you* chosen, and others left behind ? Why were you loved with such loving-kindness, and others left to go on in the broad road to destruction ? Should not this awaken new praises from your lips ? Should not this fill every vacant niche in your heart with adoring gratitude ? Should not this make you bear lovingly and cheerfully every cross your precious Lord may lay upon you ? Oh, then, banish repining, fretfulness, and discontent ! Let them have no place in your heart, but thanksgiving, praise, and cheerful resignation to all that the Lord may send you.

*F. Whitfield.*

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N'oublions pas que si d'une main Dieu nous impose la croix,  
de l'autre il en soutient le poids.

*Unknown.*

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Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ; for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

*Isaiah xli. 10.*



All unseen, the Master walketh  
By the toiling servant's side ;  
Comfortable words He talketh,  
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
Rends thy heart to Him unknown ;  
He to-day and He to-morrow  
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,  
Long endurance wins the crown ;  
When the evening shadows lengthen,  
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

*Thomas Mackellar.*

The people of God may well rejoice in their sufferings, for Christ has borne the brunt of them all. He hath made our burden light, and though He hath not freed the people of God from sufferings, yet He hath made their sufferings to become easy. As with a man carrying a great tree on his back ; and you may see little children to bear up the small twigs of the tree ; but, alas ! there is no weight in them, the weight of the whole burden lies on the man's shoulders. So it is with Christians—Christ carries the load, the weight of all their afflictions ; they do but bear the little end, the small twigs of it, and therefore the Apostle excellently calls his affliction light.

*John Hart, 1670.*

#### LIFE'S BALM.

"God over all !" How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe upon its mother's breast ! No rebuff there ! Ah ! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait His time instead of demanding our own imperative "now !" Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking ! Be the sky dark or cloudy, could we only trust ! Ah ! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious



tear choke down, many a despairing, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" ere we can learn that sweet tranquil lesson,—  
"God over all!"

*Unknown.*

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O holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,  
Help us throughout life's changing scene,  
By faith to lean on Thee.

Bless'd with this fellowship Divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine ;  
For as the branches to the vine,  
We only cling to Thee.

Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here we have found a place of rest ;  
As exiles still, though not unblest,  
Because we rest on Thee.

Without a murmur we dismiss  
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,  
Our joy, our consolation, this—  
Each hour to rest on Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still can we cling to Thee.

Though oft we seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy Voice of Love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, "Still rest on Me !"

Though faith and hope are often tried,  
We ask not, need not, aught beside,  
*So safe, so calm, so satisfied,*  
The soul that *rests* on Thee !



They fear not Satan, nor the grave,  
 They know Thee near, and strong to save ;  
 With Thee all danger they can brave,  
     Because they cling to Thee !

Bless'd is our lot, whate'er befall,  
 Who can affright, or who appal ?  
 Since as our Strength, our Rock, our All,  
     Jesus, we *rest* on Thee !

*C. Elliott.*

God's people do not go into trouble with a "May be God will be with me," but with an assured promise, "I am with thee."

*Unknown.*

When gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain :  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do,  
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Deceived by those I prized too well,  
 He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
 At once denied, betrayed, or fled,  
 By those who shared His daily bread.



If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For Thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O ! when I have safely pass'd,  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died !  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away !

*R. Grant.*

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#### CHRIST THE REFINER.

Affliction may be the fire, but Christ is the Refiner. .  
Whatever instrument may cause the nerves to agonise and the heart to grieve, the Lord Himself holds it. The tool may be malignity, but the worker is love. We may be in the hand of our enemy, but the enemy himself is in the hand of God. That which aims to destroy, is used as the unconscious medium of serving the purpose of that which designs to bless.

He is *present* all through the operation of the trial. As much as the act of refining silver implies the presence of the refiner, the affliction of a Christian implies the presence of Christ. The process could not be carried on without Him. When I enter the chamber of such a patient, besides the mortal companion, my faith sees " One like unto the Son of man."

God is in Christ, and Christ is in this room. There He is !



There, by the side of His afflicted disciple, He sits as a Refiner and Purifier of silver. There He is—"a very present help in time of trouble." *Very* present; closer than close, nearer than near; making him who is sorely tried a wonder to himself and a wonder to me. When he comes into the light of the living again, he will look back again upon this day's experience with surprise, and say, "I never could have lived through it if Christ had not been with me." There He is, to comfort with assurances of Divine sympathy. No visible friend, however loving, who sits by that poor man, holding his hot hand, or fanning his fevered brow, can even faintly understand the gentle tenderness of the unseen Saviour's heart, for it is infinite. The querulousness, the doubt, the infirmity of that poor child of mortality "might wear out his mother," but it will not tire Jesus. Jesus has already suffered life for him, suffered death for him, suffered for him beyond our power of conception, and He will not leave him now. There He is, ready to take him into His confidence, to tell him secrets, and to make hidden meanings sparkle out from lines in his Bible that before seemed blank and unappealing. Like a refiner by the crucible,—overseeing that the fire be not too fierce or too slack, the trial not too long or too short; marking every change, ruling every particular, that nothing shall be left to chance, nothing to forgetfulness; ready to stop the works in a moment, when the right moment comes; only waiting to see the scum float away, the flickering wave of vapour go out, and his own face mirrored in the clear translucent liquid silver: so into the troubled heart does Jesus look, and by it wait with the patience of infinite love, until His own reflected image in it shows that the process is complete, and that the trouble for a time may cease.

*C. Stanford.*

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The burden's heavy, but the back is broad,  
The glorious Saviour is the Mighty God.

*Erskine.*



*Alone* I bear as best I can my doom.

Nay, not alone ! My God forsakes me not,

His Father's heart has ne'er its truth forgot ;

His eye and hand still for His child must care :

When man no help can find, then comes His hour,

When human strength is spent He shows His power,

When hid His presence seems, behold ! our God is there !

*Andreas Gryphius, 17th Century.*

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By the Infinite Presence and Omniscience of the God-Man, He is felt in the believer's heart in its trials, and griefs, and anguish as humanly present—present as the very flesh and blood of the harassed and perplexed sufferer, and bearing with him his burdens ; and this is the zest of the consolation amid the severest endurance, that He deprived it of its sting, and the sufferer is led with thankfulness to testify, that ere what he feels has come to him, the ever-blessed Jesus, the Brother born for adversity, has extracted what no power of patience could have endured in tranquillity. When hanging on the cross, He saw through the remotest depths of future time ; and He saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied, for the knowledge of this, that He was then and there extracting the poison from all suffering and all agony, that His people, until He should come again in His glory, would be appointed to endure in the place of their pilgrimage. Now, whenever sharp pangs rack your feeble frame, may your experience be that there is no bitterness in them ; *that* Jesus has taken away ; and He is in you effecting what He died for—the patient endurance of your common Father's will ; and to whisper from your heart's depths the mystery (although the ear only which, as one with you, He has given you, can hear it), as each successive agony drops, so to speak, from the cup His Father has mingled, “ This is only a varied expression of His invariable love ! ”

*Robert Story.*



Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial ; put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed ; we have not recourse to His love, and therefore we know it not.

*Rutherford.*

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When we are at the lowest, His help is nearest.

*J. Milne.*

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### CHRIST PRECIOUS TO HIS PEOPLE.

*Unto you which believe he is precious.—1 Peter ii. 7.*

*He is altogether lovely.—Canticles v. 16.*

Christ is a rare jewel, but men know not His value ; a sun which ever shines, but men perceive not His brightness, nor walk in His light. He is a garden full of sweets, a hive full of honey, a sun without a spot, a star ever bright, a fountain ever full, a brook which ever flows, a rose which ever blooms, a foundation which never yields, a guide who never errs, a friend who never forsakes. No mind can fully grasp His glory ; His beauty, His worth, His importance, no tongue can fully declare. He is the source of all good, the fountain of every excellence, the mirror of perfection, the light of heaven, the wonder of earth, time's masterpiece, and eternity's glory, the sum of bliss, the way of life, and life's fair way. "He is altogether lovely," says the saint ; a morning without clouds, a day without night, a rose without a thorn ; His lips drop like the honeycomb, His eyes beam tenderness, His heart gushes love. The Christian is fed by His hands, carried in His heart, supported by His arm, nursed in His bosom, guided by His eye, instructed by His lips, warmed by His love ; His wounds are his life, His smile the light of his path, the health of his soul, his rest and heaven below.

*Balfern.*

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I am better acquainted with Jesus than with any friend I have on earth.

*Hewitson.*



JESU.

Jesu is in my heart, His sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there : but th' other week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame,  
 Ev'n all to pieces, which I went to seek :  
 And first I found the corner where was I—  
 After where ES, and next where U was graved.  
 When I had got these parcels, instantly  
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived,  
 That to my broken heart He was "I ease you,"  
 And to my whole is Jesu.

*George Herbert.*


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Oh! the power and the joy of being nothing, having nothing, and knowing nothing but a glorified Christ up there in heaven ; and of being "careful for nothing" but the honour of His sweet name down here on earth.

*Unknown.*


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The saving light of faith is a beam from the Sun of Righteousness Himself, that He sends into the soul, by which he makes it discern His incomparable beauties, and by that sight alienates it from all those lusts and desires, which do then appear to be what indeed they are, vileness and filthiness itself ; making the soul wonder at itself, how it could love such trash so long, and fully resolve now on the choice of Jesus Christ, "the chief among ten thousand" (Cant. v. 10) ; yea, "the fairest of the children of men" (Ps. xlv. 2) ; for that He is withal the only begotten Son of God, "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person" (Heb. i. 3). The soul once acquainted with Him, can with disdain turn off all the base solicitations and importunities of sin, and command them away that had formerly command over it, though they plead former familiarities, and the interest they once had in the heart of the Christian before it was



enlightened and renewed. He can well tell them, after his sight of Christ, that it is true, while he knew no better pleasures than they were, he thought them lovely and pleasing, but that one glance of the face of Jesus Christ hath turned them all into exceeding blackness and deformity ; that as soon as ever Christ appeared to him, they straightway lost all their credit and esteem in his heart, and have lost it for ever ; they need never look to recover it any more. *Leighton.*

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More than Christ I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you. I am sure that the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not the half of what we love when we love Him.

*Rutherford.*

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“Jesus” is a name of comforting sinners when they call upon Him, therefore I say, “Jesus, be my Jesus.”

*Anselm.*

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*Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee.—Canticles i. 3.*

This name Jesus is compared unto oil poured forth. Oil being kept close, it sendeth not forth such an odoriferous savour as it doth being poured out ; and oil hath these properties—it suppleth, it cherisheth, it enlighteneth, it maketh look cheerfully, it will be ever above ; so doth this name of Jesus, it suppleth the hardness of our hearts, it cherisheth the weakness of our faith, it enlighteneth the darkness of our soul, dispersing the foggy mists of discomfort, and it maketh man look with a cheerful countenance towards the Throne of grace ; it is above all names. Last of all, it is not only compared to an ointment, but to an ointment “poured out ;” as if before, mercy came from God by drops, but since this name was given, mercy is poured out in abundance. *Christopher Sutton.*



O Jesus make Thyself to me  
A living, bright Reality ;  
More present to Faith's vision keen,  
Than any outward object seen ;  
More dear, more intimately nigh,  
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

*Unknown.*

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I try to lay up all my good things in Christ, and then a little  
of the creature goes a great way with me. *Rutherford.*

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This name Jesus is honey in the mouth ; harmony in the ear ;  
melody in the heart. *Bernard.*

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### THE CONSTRAINING LOVE OF JESUS.

The love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge,  
that if one died for all, then were all dead ; and that He died for  
all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto them-  
selves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.

*2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

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Once I said, "Oh, Master, tell me  
How eternal life to gain ;  
What shall fit me for Thy favour,  
How Thy kingdom to attain ?"  
"Come," He said, "thy rich possessions  
Leave, and thou shalt fitted be,  
For the kingdom of My Father ;  
Take thy cross and follow Me."

Then I turned me full of sorrow,  
Counting up life's precious store,  
For I knew not all the idols  
Cherished in my heart before.



But the Saviour looked upon me,  
And He loved me—oh, how well !  
Love awoke new life within me,  
Light upon my spirit fell.

Oh, my Lord ! Thy smile was favour,  
Though on my cold heart it shone.  
And Thy love *is* life eternal ;  
So my empty heart was won.  
Now how mean earth's fair possessions,  
And her golden treasures dim !  
Jesus Christ hath smiled upon me !  
I have turned and followed Him.

*Anna Shipton.*

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Nothing sooner melts the heart than a beam from the Sun of Righteousness ; nothing sooner sends a man out with Peter to weep bitterly, than a love-look from Christ his Lord. One smile of His countenance on a sinful soul not hardened, not asleep, is enough to make it weep rivers of tears, because it has transgressed His laws.

*Henry Hickman.*

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#### “THE SON OF GOD LOVED ‘ME.’”

Disciple of Christ, the Saviour loves *you*, loves you individually, loves you as though He loved no other. Just as the sun, which pours its light on all, but seems to shine for you alone ; thus Jesus, who loves all alike who love Him, so concentrates His whole heart upon you, so shed His precious blood for you so wears your name upon His breastplate before the Throne as though the eyes of His love rested upon no other being in the universe but you. Oh, claim your personal interest in His love ! nor pause until, with deep humility of mind, yet with the unfaltering accent of faith, you exclaim, “Christ loves *me* !”

*Oct. Winslow.*



## THE TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Spirit beat  
 Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast ;  
 And by them we find rest in our unrest,  
 And heart-deep in salt tears do yet entreat  
 God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.  
 The first is, "*Jesus wept*," whereon is prest  
 Full many a sobbing face that drops its best  
 And sweetest waters on the record sweet :  
 And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned,  
 "*Looked upon Peter*." Oh ! to render plain,  
 By help of having loved a little, and mourned  
 That look of Sovereign love and Sovereign grace,  
 Which He who could not sin, yet suffered,  
 Turned on him who could *reject*, but not sustain !

E. B. Browning.

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"I came, I saw, I conquered," may be inscribed by the  
 Saviour on every monument of grace. "*I came* to the sinner ;  
*I looked* upon him ; and, with a look of omnipotent love, *I con-*  
*quered*."

Toplady.

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## JESUS ONLY.

## JESUS.

When Jesus is present, all is well, and nothing seems difficult ; but when He is absent everything is hard.

When Jesus speaks not inwardly to us, all other comfort is nothing worth ; but if He speak but one word, we feel great consolation.

Happy hour ! when He calleth from tears to spiritual joy.

To be without Jesus is a grievous hell ; and to be with Him  
 a sweet paradise.

Thomas à Kempis.

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Jesus *lends* us all lesser things, but He *gives* us Himself.

Unknown.



The Light of Heaven is the Face of Jesus.  
 The Joy of Heaven is the Presence of Jesus.  
 The Melody of Heaven is the Name of Jesus.  
 The Harmony of Heaven is the Praise of Jesus.  
 The Theme of Heaven is the Work of Jesus.  
 The Employment of Heaven is the Service of Jesus.  
 The Fulness of Heaven is JESUS HIMSELF.

*Unknown.*

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I have proved my own strength to be perfect weakness, my own wisdom consummate folly, and my own righteousness filthy rags. What a mercy, then, to be stripped of all, and have Christ for wisdom, Christ for righteousness, Christ for purity, Christ for strength, Christ for power, Christ for beauty, Christ for holiness, Christ for acceptance above, Christ for our daily walk, Christ for our daily work, Christ for rest, Christ for food, Christ for medicine ; yea, to know nothing among men or before God, but Jesus crucified and glorified !

*Ruth Bryan.*

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All things for Jesus, and Jesus for Himself ; for Him, and in Him, let all be alike unto thee.

*Christopher Sutton.*

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Man's only *strength* is to be strong in Christ. *Lever Lines.*

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Man's only glory radiates from Christ. *Lever Lines.*

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My glory is to hide myself in Christ. *Lever Lines.*

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Let me please Christ, whomever I displease.

*Lever Lines.*

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If Christ be with me, anywhere is Heaven. *Lever Lines.*





# The Atonement.











## THE ATONEMENT.



### WITH REGARD TO THE SALVATION OF SINNERS.

Now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested ; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe : for there is no difference : for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus : whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare His righteousness ; that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

*Rom. iii. 21-26.*

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Man's religion begins by enjoining worship ; God's by preparing the worshipper.

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See that your worship stands inseparably connected with the work of the Cross. See that CHRIST is *the ground*, CHRIST the *material*, and the HOLY GHOST the *power* of your worship.

*C. H. Macintosh.*



O my Saviour, while others weary themselves with discussing  
Thy personal reign upon earth for a thousand years, let it be  
the whole bent and study of my soul to make sure of *my*  
personal reign with Thee in heaven to all eternity !

*Bishop Hall.*

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The recognition of sin is the beginning of salvation.

*Luther.*

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Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
JESUS ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power.  
He is ABLE,  
He is WILLING : doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify.  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
WITHOUT *money*  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not *conscience* make you linger,  
Nor of *fitness* fondly dream ;  
*All* the fitness *He* requireth  
Is to FEEL YOUR NEED of *Him* :  
This He gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the Fall ;  
*If you tarry till you're better,*  
You will never come at all :  
*Not* the righteous,  
SINNERS Jesus came to call.



Agonising in the garden,  
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;  
 On the bloody tree behold Him :  
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,  
*" It is finished ! "*  
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' Incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of His Blood,  
 Venture on Him, venture wholly ;  
 Let no other trust intrude.

NONE *but* JESUS  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

*Hart.*

A whole-hearted sinner can have nothing to do with a  
 broken-hearted Saviour.

*Unknown.*

One of the best prayers ever offered is that which Christ  
 Himself hallowed and set apart for our observation : " God be  
 merciful to me, a sinner ! " There is no title, no " for ever and  
 ever, Amen," to it. It is only the *heart broken out of the man.*

*Beecher.*

#### THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

" The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all  
 sin." It is that Blood which *Justifies*. (Rom. v. 9.) It is that  
 Blood which *Sanctifies*. (Heb. ix. 13.) It is that Blood which  
*Glorifies*. (Rev. i. 5, 6.) It is that Blood which calls forth the  
 Alleluias of Heaven. (Rev. v. 11, 12.)

*Marsh.*

Man fell : God sent Jesus.

*J. Gregory.*



There is no sin man has ever been guilty of, however enormous in magnitude, or however painful in remembrance, but the Blood of Christ can cleanse away. *James.*

#### SINNERS WELCOME TO CHRIST.

Remember, there is no man so far off, that the Arm of Christ cannot reach him ; there is no man so sinful that the Blood of Christ cannot cleanse him ; there is no man so hardened that the Spirit of God cannot soften his hard heart.

*Krause.*

#### JUSTIFICATION.

We are justified :—*Freely*, by grace. (Rom. iii. 2.) *Meritoriously*, by Christ. (Rom. v. 19.) *Instrumentally*, by faith. (Rom. v. 1.) *Evidentially*, by good works. (Jas. ii. 26.) *Marsh.*

We may look at Justification in four ways :—

First : A person is justified by God immediately on his believing in Christ. His faith is reckoned for righteousness.

Secondly : A person is justified by the Blood of Christ : “being justified by his blood.” (Rom. v. 9.) For Christ was delivered because of our offences, and in His death answered to God for them, bearing all the condemnation due to them ; and He was raised again, because of the complete justification which was accomplished for sinners by His death.

Thirdly : A person is justified, or proved righteous, by the obedience of Christ ; that is, by His obedience in death. As it was one act of disobedience that ruined us, so is it this one act of obedience that justifies us.

Fourthly : A person is justified *in* Christ. He is made the righteousness of God in Him ; that is, he is made righteous



enough for God's own presence, and for God's own glory, being raised to the perfect standard of God's requirements ; so that HE may be satisfied, and take delight in the saved sinner, in union with Christ risen. Christ is the righteousness of the redeemed.

Now, all these four aspects of justification are combined in the salvation of every guilty sinner, who, without any works of his own, trusts simply and wholly in the Lord Jesus.

H. W. Soltau.

### JUSTIFICATION.

Justification is a showing or proving to be just, or conformable to law or right. It is vindication. To justify is to prove *just*, to prove *right*, to *vindicate*. It is *not* to MAKE just or right. It is important to observe this, when we deal with the words, "justify," or "justification," in Scripture.

But now comes the question, How can a sinner, an ungodly, an unrighteous, an unjust person, be shown or proved to be just or righteous? None but God could answer this, until He was pleased to reveal it to mankind. It was a mystery into which, it appears from Scripture, the angels themselves desired to look. To God be praise, that now we can answer without hesitancy. The Gospel has declared the blessed truth : God can be just and good, God can stand forth as the great God of righteousness, and yet justify the ungodly ; justify the unjust ; declare and prove the *unrighteous* to be *righteous*. We will try to obtain a clear insight into this fact, as it is given in Holy Scripture. For this we must first call to remembrance the old truth of man's depravity, his state "*by nature*" as "*a child of wrath, DEAD in trespasses and sins.*" (Eph. ii. ; Rom. iii.) It is very hard, really to receive this truth. Pride, which has its seat in the heart of every man, resists it strongly. To take the ground which is thus presented, the ground of *actual depravity*, yea, *death in sin*, and *powerlessness concerning good*, is an act which every natural man resists. The thought of being saved



as a poor, helpless, ruined sinner, is too much. But *it is a truth*, whether we *receive* it or *reject* it, that every man born into this world is in an absolutely ruined state, so that there is neither power, nor ground for hope, nor root of any virtue acceptable to God, abiding in him: but that, as our Saviour taught, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This point established, the wisdom of God is ready to reveal its wondrous plan. Stripped of every ground of hope from ourselves, we are in a position to receive the needed strength from another. The fact of *sin's remission* is now welcome. Its reception casts out fear. But let it be remarked, it does no more. It only *takes away*, it does *not give*. God charged our entire burden of sin and guilt to the account of Jesus Christ, who bore it *all*, in His own body on the tree. God there "made Him *to be sin* for us," and laid on Him, therefore, the penalty. The entire curse of the broken law was sustained by Him. "He was *made a curse* for us." And the full power of the curse did He endure, for God made "His soul an offering for sin," and "He poured out His *soul* unto death." Now the point arrived at here is not *life*, but *death*. Only *death*. It is the point of the completed penalty. It is *not* the point of *life*. The Cross of Jesus spake nothing about *life*; its entire word and work were about *death*. By death, the death of Christ, my Substitute, it set me free: free from the possibility of any further demand at the hand of justice. My old, carnal, wicked nature stands before God as *dead* in the death of Jesus Christ, who died in its stead upon the cross.

Now, then, we will go further. The absence of charge concerning guilt, through the fact ~~that~~ the guilty person has been punished, does not give any right whatever whereby a claim should be made for honour or reward. There is no merit whatever in having endured the punishment due to one's crime; but the position is altogether *negative*. It is simply that no crime being reckoned, therefore no punishment is possible. But here is the first point of justification. "He



that is dead is freed (or justified) from sin," declared free from charge concerning it. So we read in Rom. vi. 7, where you find the word "*justified*" in the marginal reading, instead of "*freed*." The reason is obvious. He who by death for sin, is freed *from* sin, is justified from it. But he merits nothing. Let us keep, then, in mind this point, and hold it firmly, for it is a very precious truth. The completion of the work upon the cross settled the entire question of our sin, by clearing it away, so that no charge of sin could thenceforth be preferred against a believer. Here was the ground of justification concerning all charge of iniquity. But *nothing more*.

Now, although, so far as the death of Jesus carries us, we merit nothing, *yet* if He who bears the sword of Justice shall be disposed to show us favour, to treat us with kindness, to bestow freely upon us riches, honour, power, or whatsoever, Justice cannot interfere. The Ruler is quite free to do so. It is lawful for Him to do what He will with His own, to whomsoever He will He may give it, if unpurged guilt do not hinder. *Higher justification*, so to speak, is the justification which refers to *positive* righteousness, whereby not only we are freed from condemnation, but whereby we are made meet for everlasting glory; we are then led to the love of God, who sent Jesus Christ to die for sinners, and by His death, to save them from death, would not leave them at this point of simple salvation. He would not let them just abide as people *dead* before Him. He would give them *life*, and *blessing*, and *light*, and *endless glory*. How should it be done? He would raise the Lord, the Substitute, from the grave, in the manhood, and give Him life and glory for His Church. He would quicken Him, not for His own sake, for He who was the express image of His Father's person did not need it, but for the Church's sake. He would give to every member of the Church a new created life *in the life* of the quickened Jesus. An act of simple creation, prompted only by *love*, and rendered possible through the Blood, whereby the Church, that precious hidden "treasure," yea, the entire "field," the world in which it lay, was purchased,



as it were, from the hand of Justice, that the Lord of All might give eternal life to those once lost and ruined by iniquity, *nor* give them *life* alone, but life with richest blessing, light, and glory, glory in the highest, glory with the Lord, who died and rose again. How should this be? The Word of God declares the manner. The provision of Christ *the Life*, was the provision of Christ *the Righteousness*, and of necessity, *that* righteousness must find its seat in highest glory. The Scripture testimony upon this is *wonderful*. See, for example, 2 Cor. v. 21: "God hath made *Him* to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God *in Him*." We must observe these words with care: "That we might be made, might *become* the righteousness of God." A wonderful expression! and an expression containing a truth to which the Old Testament prophets bore clear witness, an expression, therefore, not to be pared down, but taken as it stands—"the righteousness of God;" "God's righteousness," whatever that may be. Clearly, it is the righteousness which is manifested in Christ, for the passage declares that we are made this righteousness "*in Him*." We must observe, this is not a case of *imputed* righteousness. It is *not* Christ's obedience to the law imputed to us, reckoned to our account. No, not so; but it is that of our being *in Him*, in union with Him; members of His body, one with Him in His life, and in His position as Christ; and so, as He is "the Lord Jehovah our Righteousness," we have become "the righteousness of God in Him;" that is, being in Him, He being our Life and our Righteousness, we are, as to righteousness, precisely what He is. "Righteous even as He is righteous," as we read in 1 John iii., and "unto and upon" us, and all who believe, is the righteousness of God, that righteousness which was manifested in Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person.

Now, if our position in Christ be so that the Word of justification prove us righteous in a *positive righteousness* of such amazing excellence, what think we will be the glory? In Him



as to Righteousness, in Him as to glory. Thus we see that the justification of the Church is twofold. There is a justification, if we may so speak, concerning *negative* righteousness ; I mean concerning the absence of all charge of *unrighteousness*, by reason of the fact that the wages of unrighteousness has been endured by the substitution of Christ for us. And also there is a justification concerning *positive* righteousness ; I mean the righteousness of God, which is unto and upon every believer in Jesus, which every one who "is in" Jesus Christ is "made" the power ; the fact of which righteousness unto us being Jesus Christ Himself, the Lord our Righteousness.

J. G. Gregory.

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#### JUSTIFICATION.

Since the Head and the members are viewed in the same position of infinite favour and acceptance before God, it is perfectly evident that all the members stand in one acceptance, in one salvation, in one life, in one righteousness.

There are no degrees in justification. The babe in Christ stands in the same justification as the saint of fifty years' experience. The one is in Christ, and so is the other ; and this, as it is the only ground of life, so it is the only ground of justification. There are not two kinds of life, neither are there two kinds of justification. No doubt there are various measures of the enjoyment of it ; various degrees in the knowledge of its fulness and extent ; various degrees in the ability to exhibit its power upon the heart and life ; and these things are frequently confounded with the justification itself, which, as being Divine, is necessarily eternal, absolute, unvarying, entirely unaffected by the fluctuation of human feeling and experience.

But, further, there is no such thing as progressive justification. The believer is not more justified to-day than he was yesterday ; nor will he be more justified to-morrow than he is to-day ; yea, a soul who is "in Christ Jesus" is as completely justified as if he were before the Throne. He is "*complete* in



Christ." He is "as" Christ. He is, on Christ's own authority, "clean every whit." (John xiii. 10.) What more could he be, at this side of the glory? He may, and—if he walks in the Spirit—will, make progress in the sense and enjoyment of this glorious reality; but, as to the thing itself, the moment he, by the power of the Holy Ghost, believed the Gospel, he passed from a positive state of unrighteousness and condemnation into a positive state of righteousness and acceptance. All this is based upon the Divine perfectness of Christ's work; just as, in the case of the burnt-offering, the worshipper's acceptance was based upon the acceptableness of his offering. It was not a question of what he was, but simply of what the sacrifice was, "*It shall be accepted for him, to make atonement for him.*"

C. H. Macintosh.

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#### JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

*Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.—Rom. v. 1.*

The position, power, and nature of faith are often mistaken, and much trouble is the consequence. Who has not read or heard expressions such as these: "Men are not accounted righteous for their *works*, but on account of their *faith*;" "because they *believe*," and so forth. Thus faith is only put forth as a choice work, and the natural heart is well pleased, seeing it is required "to do some great thing" called *faith*, in order to get righteousness imputed, and to obtain *reward thereof*, as a reward to self. There is no more merit in faith than there is in charity, nor so much, for "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the *greatest* of these is *charity*." Dear friends, never run the risk of shipwreck on the false rock called "Faith." If you think to get safely by trusting to *faith*, you will be fearfully deceived. There is only *One* true Rock of safety; there is only one Saviour; there is only one ground of righteousness or peace, and that is *Christ*. If you allow yourselves to stand upon your own faith, if you build on that, if you rest content because you think or feel that



your faith is good, and right, and sound, and firm, and fruitful, you will fall in a little while. Your faith will never stand either against the world, the flesh, or the devil, as a foundation for your souls. No ; it must be *Christ Jesus*, who having done everything which God required for your salvation, has ascended on high, to appear before the Father, as your Life, your Righteousness, your Holiness, and your Completeness in everything. Nothing but *Jesus Christ*.

Then of what *use* is faith? and how can we be said to be *justified* by it? We reply, without faith salvation is impossible. The fact of Christ having done the entire work of atonement and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, requires to be *received* by those for whom the work was done. It must be applied, and appropriated, and that individually. Would not one suppose so even naturally? At any rate the Word of God declares it; and God therein presents Himself to men as offering the benefit thereof, with all other blessings and privileges which are in Christ, to all believers, but to no others, saying, "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Now we cannot see with our *eyes* the precious benefits of our Lord's atonement. We cannot take them with the outstretched hand of our mortal flesh. The only way by which we can accept and appropriate them, if they must needs be appropriated, and God says they must, is that of *faith*, or *belief*, or *trust*. Now, dwell on this a little further: God tells men in His Word about the wonderful salvation Christ has wrought for them, and He just asks them to *believe* Him. He sends them *the Gospel*, the good news of the remission of sins, and His own righteousness provided for them in Jesus Christ; and He only invites them to receive His Word *as truth*; to *trust Him* about it; He proclaims eternal rest, forgiveness, glory, for every sinner who will *take Him at His word about it*. How precious the simplicity! O brethren, then there is salvation for whosoever of you *will*. Salvation *now*; salvation *here*. But observe again, God does not *compel* you to be saved. It would not be reasonable were you to



expect Him to do so, it would at once negative all judgment. He will have you *trust* Him. He will have you *believe* Him. He will have you *take Him at His word*. Or, if we must use the expression, which, although it means *the same*, so many people find a difficulty in understanding, He will have *faith* from you. Surely this is very reasonable! So, then, we see faith is necessary (albeit He who demands it first gives it), and how by faith we lay hold of, we accept, we take, with the *mind* and with the *heart* what we cannot take with the hand, even the salvation of Jesus Christ.

Yes, the fact of His righteous satisfaction of the demands of justice, and Himself our Righteousness, and all the blessings which are the Church's portion in Him; we take, we appropriate all by faith. And thus, by the instrumentality of faith, by faith as an instrument whereby we lay hold, we are justified. Not, let me repeat, *for* our faith, but *by* our faith. We lay hold of justification, we appropriate the declaration and evidence of our righteousness, which is, indeed, nothing more nor less than the risen and ascended Jesus, by faith, by belief, by trust.

Suppose faith, belief, trust, or whatever it be called, be *very weak*. Oh, there is such a thing as being "faithful in weakness, although weak in faith." Suppose a man should feel burdened with anxiety, because he thinks he has no faith, no trust, no belief. "Whence cometh this," asked the judicious Hooker (supposing such a case), "but from a secret love and liking which he *has* of those things that are believed? No man can love things which in his opinion *are not*; and if he think those things to be, which he shows that he loves when he *desires* to believe them; then it must needs be, that by *desiring* to believe, he proves himself a *true believer*, for *without faith* no man thinketh that things believed *are*. Which argument" (he adds) "all the subtlety of infernal powers will never be able to dissolve."

Oh, what a cause for gratitude it is that the Bible has never said that *strong* faith shall have the righteousness of God more perfectly than *weak* faith; the *father* in Christ more thoroughly



than the *babe* in Christ. Nay, but rather if a man can only lay hold of Jesus Christ, be it with the VERY FEEBLEST *heart desire*, he, being a believer, is *saved*; saved in the perfectly justified estate of him who has Jesus Christ, the Righteous, for his Righteousness, and Jesus Christ, the glorified Lord and eternal Life, for his position; justified and saved is he *in Jesus*; not because of any excellence or virtue about his faith, but because *by* faith he has laid hold upon Him who is the sinner's Righteousness and Salvation. "CHRIST IS ALL."

J. G. Gregory.

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Many anxious souls strive for a length of time to TRY and believe, instead of ceasing from doing, and simply receiving as true what God says about His Son. No wonder that at times such persons feel on the very verge of despair, and, in some instances, life almost becomes a burden. The mind reels under the load, and if relief does not come speedily, lunacy follows, and all this through *trying* to believe; working themselves up into a state of sorrow for sin, of grief for their guilt, and then hoping to find satisfaction in their own hearts, in their tears, or their prayers, or their feelings, instead of in what Christ has done for them. "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

A pious sailor was once heard explaining the nature of *faith* to a shipmate of his. Among other things he said: "Mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good. It is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there is still the *old score*, and how are you to get over that? It is not anything *you* have done or can do, it is taking hold of what *Jesus did for you*. It is forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the 'waves and billows go over' Him on Calvary." This is believing, and believing is nothing else. "God so loved the



world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

The faith that brings peace and joy to the soul is *just taking what God says in His Word about His Son to be true*; simply *trusting* in it, and *believing* it. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." (John iii. 18.)

*"Faith, and What it Does."*

WHAT IS NEEDFUL FOR COMING TO CHRIST.

Such preparation as the hungry needs,  
Who comes to ask the bread on which he feeds;  
Such preparation as befits his claim,  
Who comes to ask a covering for his shame;  
Hungry and naked—this is all the plea;  
All the desert is helpless misery.

He died for *sinner*s—if we come not thus,  
Whate'er we claim, He did not die for us;  
He died for sinners; this my only plea,  
I am the chief; then wherefore not for me?  
Lord, in the dust before Thy cross I fall!  
Lord, I have nothing! Thou must give me all!

*Unknown.*

In seeking some recommendation in yourselves to come to God, you are dishonouring His *justice* in thinking you have anything fit for its acceptance; dishonouring His *grace*, in thinking He cannot love and save freely; and dishonouring His Son's *Blood* in thinking it cannot cleanse from all iniquity and make a full atonement.

*J. Milne.*



What is it to believe the Gospel? It is simply and solely the acceptance of Christ's finished work by a hell-deserving sinner. Out of this flows sorrow for sin, all joy and peace in believing. Not believing from peace, but peace from believing; not waiting to feel first *before* you believe, but believing *first*, then feeling happy as the result; not waiting first till you are better; that you will never be. But JUST AS YOU ARE; consciously the vilest of the vile, the greatest sinner outside of hell, accepting freely a FINISHED salvation, *your* salvation, fully and for ever accomplished by the Lord Jesus on the cross.

*F. Whitfield.*

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The Prince of Life, the Lord of Glory, did not come from Heaven to save little sinners, but *chief* sinners, *lost* sinners, *helpless* sinners, the *vilest* sinners. He did not come to cleanse from only moderate guilt, but sins red as scarlet and crimson; yea, sins black as hell does His Blood take away. Oh, dishonour Him not by saying you are too bad, or your case too hard! There are now before the Throne, and on their way to it, those as bad, as hard, as unlikely as ever you can be. What can resist Omnipotence? He who died for sinners has an omnipotent arm to pluck them from the burning, and bring them up from the pit, however low they may be sunk in the mire.

Come, my friend, take courage; hate sin and loathe it as much as you will, but never magnify it above the efficacy of the merits of the death and blood of Jesus. Forget not how great will be His glory in our salvation, in bringing those who were so very far off "nigh by the blood" of His cross.

*Ruth Bryan.*

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Jesus loves to magnify the value of the Blood He shed so freely for you. It cost Him much to pour it forth for you. It costs Him only joy to apply it to you now.

Whether does the physician look with most satisfaction, on



the patient who has been cured of a trifling ailment, or on that other who, when he was called in, had just been given over to death, and now walks forth in health? The greater cure the Blood of Jesus works for you, the more will He rejoice over it. From first to last the cure is the same. *Whatsoever* sin plagues you, *whatsoever* sore is open, *whatsoever* backsliding you mourn over, the Blood of Christ, applied by the Holy Spirit, cleanses and heals. Make proof of this sovereign, instantaneous cure.

“*The Soul-Gatherer.*”

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There are two precious words to be found in the mouth of Christ.

“*Whosoever* will, let him take of the water of the fountain of life freely.” (Rev. xxii. 17.)

“*Whatsoever* ye shall ask in My name, that will I do.” (John xiv. 13.)

“*Whosoever*” is on the *outside* of the gate, and lets in all who choose.

“*Whatsoever*” is on the *inside*, and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and the treasury of grace.

“*Whosoever*” makes salvation *free*!

“*Whatsoever* makes it *full*!

*Unknown.*

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Faith is the very outgoing of heart and soul upon the person and work, blood and righteousness of Jehovah Jesus, and that under a deep sense of unworthiness, guiltiness, and hell deserving. Unbelief would put these things as obstacles and barriers in the way, but faith will not have it so, seeing such richness and efficacy in the blood and obedience of Him who is mighty to save, that it says, “Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.”

I want not only a Saviour full of grace, and truth, and love to those who believe in Him, but also a Saviour full of power to those who long to believe and cannot.



Faith is one of Christ's precious gifts ; He puts it into the heart, and sweetly manifests Himself as the object of it, so that the helpless soul, which is fearing it may perish for want of faith, finds itself made a believer, and wonderingly cries, " My Lord and my God ! " Its mountain of guilt is thus removed out of the way, being cast into the red sea of a Saviour's blood. It is no longer of doubtful mind, but, by the faith of the Son of God, can say, He loved me, and gave Himself for me. These are some of the wondrous works of Him who is " mighty to save."

You say you have no power to believe. If you had you would not be a fit subject for this Glorious One, for it is "to the faint He gives power, and to those who have no might it is that He increases strength."

*Ruth Bryan.*

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#### HOW TO BE SAVED.

A young man once said to me, " I want to know what I must do to be saved ? " I reminded him of Dr. Watts' verse :

" A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all."

He said, " Sir, I cannot fall." " Oh," said I, " you do not understand me. I do not mean a fall which wants any strength in you ; I mean a fall caused by the absence of all strength." It is to tumble down into Christ's arms because you cannot stand upright. Faint into the arms of Christ ; that is faith. Just give up doing, give up depending upon anything that you are, or do, or ever hope to be, and depend upon the complete merits, and finished work, and precious blood of Jesus Christ. If you do this you are saved. Anything of your own doing spoils it all. You must not have a jot or a tittle of your own ; you must give up relying upon your prayers, your



tears, your baptism, your repentance, and even your faith itself. Your reliance is to be on nothing but that which is in Christ Jesus. Those dear hands, those blessed feet, are ensigns of His love ; look to them. That bleeding, martyred, murdered person is the grand display of the heart of the ever-blessed God ; look to it. Look to the Saviour's pangs, griefs, and groans. These are punishments for human sin. This is God's wrath spending itself on Christ, instead of spending itself on the believer. Believe in Jesus, and it is certain that He thus suffered for you. Trust in Him to save you, and you are saved. God grant you the privilege of faith, and the boon of salvation !

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*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A weak faith cannot do much, but it can embrace a whole Christ.

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*J. Milne.*

“I CAME NOT TO CALL THE ‘RIGHTEOUS’ BUT ‘SINNERS.’”

Life was once to me like summer,  
With its glitter and its smile ;  
I, as thoughtless as the insect,  
Trifled through the little while.  
All was buoyant life within me,  
All was jubilant around ;  
Need of Jesus then I felt not,  
So I sought Him not, nor found.

But the summer soon was ended,  
And the gloomy winter came ;  
All my blooming joys were withered—  
Into griefs of every name.  
Still, I hoped the change of season  
Would bring summer round again ;  
But, instead, the gloom grew blacker,  
And I sought my Saviour then.



Yes, I sought with cries and weeping,  
But no answer was returned ;  
Echo flung me back my 'plainings,  
'Twas as if my cry was spurned.  
Sore distressed at the silence,  
I with fervour did entreat :  
Still the ear could catch no answer,  
Save the heart's distracted beat.

Well I knew 'twas but through Jesus  
That the sinner comes to God ;  
But with *what* we come to Jesus !  
Ah ! 'twas *there* I missed the road :  
I was bringing Him *obedience*,  
When I should have brought but *sin*,  
So my knocking, though half-frantic,  
No admittance thus could win.

Then I studied to know better—  
What already well I knew ;  
And the good things that I practised,  
Better still I strove to do :  
Yet the deeper grew the darkness,  
And the silence grew more dread,  
So I owned my case was hopeless,  
And my soul among the dead.

Then I cast me, self-despairing,  
On the Saviour's boundless grace :  
Not a hope had I of blessing,  
If He met not such a case.  
And I felt that need so urgent  
Scarce on earth could ever be :  
So I begged for one so ruined,  
Mercy instant, mercy free.



*Then, at once* the peace of pardon  
 Did my sinking soul restore,  
 And the love sprang up spontaneous,  
 Which I could not force before.  
 When I took the place of *sinner*,  
 And at *mercy's* footstool lay,  
 Jesus took His place as Saviour,  
 And *at once* put sin away.

Ah ! 'tis ruinous to cover  
 Filthy sores with rags more foul :  
 Let us strip them bare before Him,  
 That His grace may make us whole.  
*He delights* in showing mercy  
 To a soul that *owns* its sin ;  
 But the soul that thinks of *earning*,  
 Not a smile shall ever win.

*Unknown.*

If I had a thousand souls black as hell I would trust them  
 all to the love, blood, and righteousness of Emmanuel, yea,  
 trust them to His honour too, for He says, " Him that cometh  
 to Me, I will in no wise cast out." If but the most weak or  
 wicked that ever came were to be rejected, what would He do  
 unto His great name, " faithful and true ? " *Ruth Bryan.*

The Lord takes none up but the forsaken ; makes none  
 healthy but the sick ; gives sight to none but the blind ; makes  
 none alive but the dead ; sanctifies none but sinners ; and  
 gives wisdom to none but the foolish. *Luther.*

Forgiveness of sin is *free* ; it costs the sinner nothing ; it is  
*full*, it extends to *all* sin ; it is *sure* and *final*, never to be  
 recalled or annulled. *Flavel.*



## THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

We shall only ascertain the value of the soul when we shall be fully able to estimate the worth of a Saviour.

*Legh Richmond.*

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## THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

The Cross was *real*. Oh, never let any mist hang before that ! Whatever else my soul does not see, let me ever see the Crucified ! Whatever else becomes a phantasy, a myth, an imagination, may that Living, and Dying, and Crucified Saviour, be actual and real to my heart ! For there is only comfort to me in proportion as that is real.

Yes ; sin *was* laid on Jesus. God made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all. Sin was chastised in Jesus. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." He was crucified, dead, and buried. But what matters about "dead and buried ?" Yes, it matters, because it makes the Crucified so real. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

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## SOUL DELIVERANCE.

"Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it out of the pit of corruption." The words "delivered it" are not in the original ; and the passage may be read : "Thou hast loved my soul *from* the pit of corruption ; Thou hast loved my soul *when* it was in the pit of corruption ; and Thou hast loved it *out of* the pit of corruption ; not merely taken it out, and redeemed it out, but *loved it out.*"

*Matthew Henry.*

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Let us consider those amazing works wrought by our Lord God *for* us. What works of pity, love, and care ! what works of wisdom, condescension, suffering ! Man fell, and God sent Jesus : the one, the only begotten Son of His eternal love, "God of God." He sent Him to take sin upon His sinlessness ; sent Him that He might account Him charged with



all the sin of fallen man : sent Him that *He*, not those who deserved it, might endure the curse, the punishment, the death, the fulness of the wrath.

What a lesson about God, Jehovah-God ! How merciful, nay, but how *just* ! It was the *justice* of God which made it necessary that He should send Jesus Christ to be substitute in curse and death for fallen man. For this, O look upon the display of marvellous compassion in the humiliation of the Lord. We see Him “despised and rejected,” betrayed, beaten, insulted, crucified, forsaken by God, expiring, lying a corpse in the grave, and we learn the lesson—God is *just*.

He could not be a Saviour at the expense of His justice. His name is *Jehovah*, and He could not change an attribute ; unless justice could be satisfied, not a sinner could be saved. O that every man and woman here present could see this truth, and perceive moreover that God, the *just* God, is a *Saviour* also ; a Saviour of sinners, a Saviour of the ungodly ; a Saviour of the *lost*. Yes, dear reader, God as He has revealed Himself in Christ, is a Saviour, a full, an absolute Saviour of the very worst of sinful men.

Who is that man of sin, of deep, of bitter, of enduring, of persistent sin, who will come, who will *only* come and take salvation at the hand of God, the salvation once for all wrought out by Christ ? It is for him now. *God offers it*, it remains only for *him* to *take* it, and rejoice because of it. What ! *as he is* ? A sinner, *such a sinner as he is* ? Exactly so. *Such a sinner as he is*. The *worst*. The *vilest*. God in Christ receiveth, accepteth, and saveth sinners, be they *who they may*, who come to Jesus. The worse they *are*, the *more* they want Jesus Christ, and the more they want *Salvation*, and it is *FOR THEM*. Let us not be deceived. There is only one title which a man can have to Christ. And what think you that *that* is ? It is not *prayer* ; nor *repentance* ; nor *amendment of life* ; nor endeavours to be *pious*, or *good*, or *charitable*. No ; the one only title to Christ's salvation is *Sin*. If you are a *sinner* and want to be *forgiven* and *saved*, your claim is received



as just and right ; you may come at once to God, looking upon the work which Jesus did for you on the cross ; for the Bible tells you, or rather God tells you—that *that* work consisted of bearing the entire charge and burden of all your guilt, whatever it may be, and putting it away by suffering, once for all, the entire punishment which was due to you on account of it ; and that therefore there is forgiveness, acceptance, and glory too, for your soul, the moment you will accept Christ Jesus for your atonement, life, and righteousness at the hand of God.

Instead, then, of *sin* holding you back *from* God, it is the very thing that should drive you *to* God, who is “a just God and a Saviour.” “The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” To get rid of it, *itself*, its *guilt*, and its *power*, is what you want. And there is *perfect freedom*, for it is *ALL in Christ*. To receive *Him*, the living Jesus who was crucified, by faith, is to receive at one grasp *COMPLETENESS* for ever in the sight of Him who is all-wise to discern, and all-righteous, either to condemn or acquit.

*J. G. Gregory.*

I have been sweetly seeing how the needy sinner suits the Saviour : for what would He do with His fulness of grace if He had not these dependents to receive it ? and what should we do, who cannot call one mite our own, if we had not such a Saviour, full of grace and love to bestow it ? We should not match together half so well if we were not so needy and helpless, and we cannot put more honour upon Him, than by living upon His royal bounty. He is the covenant Head, in which all covenant blessings are treasured up for the covenant children, who are always to be poor as poverty in themselves, but are freely welcome to all this store of which the Holy Spirit is the ordained medium of communication.

*Ruth Bryan.*

Faith asks no questions—How can these things be ? It stays not to inquire—Am I elected ? Am I worthy ?—but, Am I a poor, needy, perishing sinner ?

*Unknown.*



The more God opens your eyes, the more you will feel that you are *lost in yourself*. This is your disease. Now for the remedy.

Look to Christ ; for the glorious Son of God so loved lost souls, that He took on Him a body, and died for us—bore our curse, and obeyed the law in our place. Look to Him and live. You need no preparation, you need no endeavours, you need no duties, you need no strivings, you only need to look and live. (Observe John xvii. 3.)

The way to *be saved* is to know God's heart, and the heart of Jesus. *To be awakened* you need to know your own heart. Look in it at your own heart, if you wish to know your *lost* condition. See the pollution that is there—forgetfulness of God, deadness, insensibility to His love. If you are judged as you are in yourself, you will be lost.

*To be saved* you need to know the heart of God and of Christ. The four Gospels are a narrative of the heart of Christ. They show His compassion for sinners, and His glorious work in their stead. If you only knew that heart as it is, you would lay your weary head with John on His bosom. Do not take up your time so much with studying your own heart as with studying *Christ's heart*.

*For one look at yourself, take ten looks at CHRIST!* (See Romans xv. 13.) You are looking for peace *in striving*, or peace in *duties*, or peace in *reforming* your mind ; but ah ! look at His Word. “The God of peace fill you with all joy and *peace in believing*.” All your peace is to be found in believing *God's Word* about His Son. If for a moment you forget your own case altogether, and meditate on the glorious way of Salvation by *Christ for us*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace ? Keep that peace, it is joy in believing. Look as straight to Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.

You fear that your convictions of sin have not been deep enough. This is no reason for keeping away from Christ. You will never get a truly broken heart till you are really *in Christ*. (See Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26.) Observe the order :



First, God sprinkles clean water upon the soul. This represents our being washed in the blood of Christ. *Then*, He gives "a new heart also." *Thirdly*, He gives a piercing remembrance of past sins. (Look at Romans v. 19.) "By the sin of Adam many were made sinners." We had no hand in Adam's sin, and yet the guilt of it comes upon us. In the same way, "By the obedience of Christ many are made righteous."

Christ is the glorious One who stood for many. His perfect government is sufficient to cover you. You had no hand in His obedience,—yet, in that perfect obedience you may stand before God righteous. This is all my covering in the sight of a holy God. I feel infinitely ungodly *in myself*, and yet, when I stand *in Christ alone*, I feel that God sees no sin in me, and loves me freely. The same righteousness is free to you. It will be as white and clean on your soul as on mine. Only consent to stand in Christ, and not in your poor self.

*McCheyne.*

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"I DO NOT FEEL THAT I AM SAVED."

This is a very common form of unbelief, and is much encouraged by believers, who have peace and joy in Christ, asking the anxious about their feelings, instead of only directing them to trust in the Lord Jesus. Suppose that Moses, when he had lifted up the serpent of brass on the pole, had gone to the bitten Israelites, and asked them what they *felt*, instead of directing them to look at that brazen serpent, what would have been the result? They would have perished, and the lifting up of the serpent on the pole would have been of no avail.

In like manner, the convicted sinner is not to be asked, and ought not to ask himself, "What do I feel?" but he should turn his thoughts at once upon what God declares that Christ has done; viz., that He has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, that He has been lifted up on the Cross, that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have everlasting life.



If I owe a debt, and a friend pays it, and brings me the receipt, I do not *feel* that it is paid, but I *know* it is. I believe my friend's word, and I see the receipt. I am *sure* it is paid, because my friend would not deceive me, and would not forge a receipt ; and this certainty that the debt is paid removes all that feeling of uncertainty and fear which before occupied me, and I am at rest, and am not afraid of being thrown into prison for my debt. I am not afraid of meeting my creditor : full payment has been made.

So, reader, turn your eye upon Christ on the Cross, and ask the question, Were my sins laid on Him there? Is His precious Blood the payment in full for all my grievous debts to God? Do I believe that His death is enough? that God is satisfied with that? and that nothing more is needed? If once you are assured that the Lord Jesus, God's blessed Son, was given by God Himself, even unto death, in order that full payment and satisfaction might be made in that death for your innumerable sins, *then* you will have the feeling of rest and peace that you desire : for if you believe that all is settled in Christ's death, you cannot have a feeling of doubt or uncertainty. If the debt is paid it is paid.

The reason why you do not feel the peace you would wish is, that you do not entirely believe the debt is paid. Trust God about it, and peace and rest are your portion. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We are not justified by *feeling*, but justified by faith ; and being thus justified, or accounted righteous before God, because we believe in Christ, we cannot but have peace with God as the result.

*"The Soul and its Difficulties."*

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Just as I am—without one plea  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come !



Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears, within, without—  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe—\*  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love, I own,  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove ;  
Here for a season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come !

C. Elliott.

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“ BUT I DO NOT LOVE GOD AS I OUGHT.”

Dear reader, let me ask you, if there be any one here below who loves God as he *ought* ? Is there any one who is self-satisfied as to the extent of his love for God ? Does God

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\* Jesus said : “ Him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out.”—*John* vi. 37.



expect us to love Him *before* He saves us? or, does He save us first, and then expect us to love Him *because* He has saved us?

Once a gentleman asked his friend, "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes; but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell you the truth, I feel I do not love God." "No more did I," replied the other, "but God loved me."

It is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me. My love to God is as nothing. It is not as large as a drop in comparison with the mighty ocean. God's love to me is vast, unbounded, measureless. The gift of His only begotten Son is the proof that He loves me, and how much He loves me. If I can tell the value of Christ, if I can estimate the mighty power, wisdom, beauty, love, and perfection of Him who is God's fellow; the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person; then I can say how much God loves me.

Cease, therefore, from doubting His love, because you find your own so meagre, and poor, and short; and if you desire to love Him more, contemplate more and more His love for you, by searching more and more into His unspeakable gift, His blessed Son; and then you will love Him, because He has *first* loved you. (1 John iv. 19.) A person sometimes says, "I am trying to love God." This is an entire mistake. Love will never spring up through effort. It must be kindled in the soul by the assurance of God's wondrous love to us, and by gazing on the beauty and loveliness of His blessed Son.

H. W. Soltau.

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Though the mariner sees not the polestar, yet the needle of the compass which points to it, tells him which way he sails. Thus the heart which is touched with the loadstone of Divine Love, trembling with godly fear, and yet still looking towards God by fixed believing, points at the Love of election, and tells the soul that its course is heavenward, towards the haven of eternal rest. He that loves may be sure he was loved first;



and he that chooses God for his delight and portion, may conclude confidently that God hath chosen him to be one of those that shall enjoy Him, and be happy in Him for ever ; for that our love and electing of Him is but the return and re-percussion of the beams of His love shining upon us.

*Leighton.*

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“THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.”

The work of grace in some persons is scarcely discernible. Their faith is so weak ; their knowledge is so small ; their love is so feeble ; their reserve is so great. They cannot open their minds to any one ; they are held in perpetual bondage. Yet they are the Lord's. They have light enough to see the emptiness of the world, the vileness of sin, and the value of Christ. They long for the enjoyment of His love, and desire above all things an interest in Him. They cannot say they love Him, yet they heartily desire to do so. They have many fears and few joys. They say they do not pray, and yet they could not live without going to the Throne of Grace. In their esteem nothing is to be compared with union to Christ, no people are so happy as the Lord's people, and they feel that they would give a world to be like them. It is with such “the day of small things,” but there are the things which accompany salvation. There is the acorn from which the oak will grow ; there is the dawn which will introduce the perfect day. Beloved, do not despise the day of small things ; God does not—Jesus does not—you should not.

*J. Smith.*

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REALIZATION.

Blessed, solid, eternal truth ! Christ suffered for sins. I have gotten sins. Christ died, “the just for the unjust.” I am unjust. Wherefore, the death of Christ appropriates itself to me, as fully, as immediately, and as divinely as though I were the only sinner upon earth. It is not a question of my



appropriation, realization, or experience. Many souls harass themselves about this. How often has one heard such language as the following : " Oh ! I believe that Christ died for sinners, but I cannot *realize* that *my* sins are forgiven. I cannot apply, I cannot appropriate, I do not experience the benefit of Christ's death." All this is self, and not Christ ; it is feeling, and not Scripture. If we search from cover to cover of the blessed volume, we shall not find a syllable about being saved by realization, experience, or appropriation. The Gospel applies itself to all who are on the ground of being lost. Christ died for sinners ; that is just what I am ; wherefore He died for me. How do I know this ? Is it because I feel it ? By no means. How then ? By the Word of God. " Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures ; He was buried and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.) Thus it is all " according to the Scriptures." If it were according to our feelings, we should be in a deplorable way, for our feelings are hardly the same for the length of a day ; but the Scriptures are ever the same. " For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven." " Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name."

No doubt, it is a very happy thing to realize, to feel, and to experience ; but, if we put these things in the place of Christ, we shall neither have them nor the Christ that yields them. If I am occupied with Christ I shall realize ; but if I put my realization in place of Christ, I shall have neither the one nor the other.

*C. H. Macintosh.*

#### ROM. VIII. 9.

Can you say, " Christ is made unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption ? " What think you of Christ ? Is His Blood precious ? Does His righteousness give you peace ? Does His grace subdue your sins ? Do you in sorrow travel to His sympathy, in weakness take hold of His strength, in perplexity seek His counsel, in



all your steps acknowledge and wait for Him? Is Christ thus all in all to you? Then you have the Spirit of Christ. This we venture to state for your encouragement. You may resort to Christ, and there may be no sensible apprehension, no realizing touch, no manifested presence; yet, if your heart goes out after Jesus, and your spirit travels alone to Him, praying for His sympathy, panting for His grace, thirsting for His love, and you are led to say, "Lord, the desire of my heart is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee; I seem not to see Thee, to touch Thee, to apprehend Thee, yet I come, and I find a heaven in coming; and for ten thousand worlds I dare not, I could not stay away;" then, dear reader, you have the Spirit of Christ, and are Christ's.

*Unknown.*

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"MY BELOVED IS MINE."

This is faith—a complete, unhesitating embracing of Christ as my righteousness—my strength—my all. A common mistake is, that this clear conviction that Christ is mine, is an attainment far on in the Divine life, and that it springs from evidences to be seen in the heart. When I see myself a new creature, Christ on the throne of my heart, love to the brethren, &c., it is often thought that I may then begin to say, "My Beloved is mine." But the moment Jesus reveals Himself, the soul may cry out, "My Beloved is mine." So saith Thomas. (John xx. 27, 28.) The moment Jesus came in and revealed His wounds, Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God." He did not look to see if he was believing, or if the graces of love and humility were reigning; but all he saw and thought of was Jesus, and Him crucified and risen. I suppose it is almost impossible to explain what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person who has been healed, he could hardly tell you.

As far as the Lord has given me light in this matter, and looking at what my own heart does in like circumstances, I do



not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus than just believing what God says of His Son to be true. I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, "Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith*? no touching the hem of His garment?" I quite grant there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from "*believing the record.*"

*McCheyne.*

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Many sincere and well-intentioned persons pass their whole lives in bondage. They imagine that repentance and faith are some difficult attainments, which are first to be realized, and that *then* God will love them and look on them in mercy. But who shall tell them that *their repentance and faith* are sufficient for this desired end?

"How much must a man repent that God may be gracious to him?" was once asked of our great moralist, Dr. Johnson. "Err on the safe side," was his reply; "better repent too much than too little." Such counsel only misleads. Understand, beloved reader, *you cannot repent at all* till you know that God loves you, *not as a penitent*, but *as a sinner*—that the Cross is the expression of that love; and that through the Blood of that Cross, which has met all the demands of God's righteousness, you have free access to God as a Father. Such goodness—if you will believe it—will melt your heart, and teach you to repent indeed. It will be the joy of your life, and will make your service one of glorious liberty. It will sustain your heart in the solemn hour of death. And when death is past, it will remain your all-satisfying portion for ever.

*W. Tait.*

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#### CHRIST OUR PEACE.

Now in Christ Jesus ye who were sometimes far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ. For *He is our PEACE*, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of



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I saw that I was alone in the room.  
No noise or sign of life was to be seen.  
But then I heard the door open with a creak.  
A new and living presence was there.

Then in that vast solitude I saw a light  
sprinkled all over with the softest of lights  
until I awoke, and never without more  
along the following path.



not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus than just believing what God says of His Son to be true. I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, "Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith*? no touching the hem of His garment?" I quite grant there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from "*believing the record.*"

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partition between us; having abolished in His flesh the enmity,  
. . . for to make in Himself of twain one new man, so  
making peace; and that He might reconcile both unto God in  
one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby.

*Ephes. ii. 13-16.*

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I thought upon my sins, and I was sad,  
My soul was troubled sore, and filled with pain;  
But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,  
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,  
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;  
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw  
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,  
Sitting as Judge upon the great white throne;  
My soul was overwhelmed; then Jesus showed  
His gracious face, and all my dread was gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemned to die,  
Then terror seized my heart, and dark despair;  
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,  
I saw the Cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,  
No hope of safe return there seemed to be;  
But then I heard that Jesus was the Way,  
A new and living Way prepared for me.

Then in that Way, so free, so safe, so sure,  
Sprinkled all over with reconciling Blood,  
Will I abide, and never wander more,  
Walking along in fellowship with God.

*H. Bonar.*



Woe to that religion which teacheth even the best saint to doubt of his salvation while he liveth! Hath Christ said "*Believe*," and shall man say "*Doubt?*" This is a rack and strappado to the conscience, for he that doubteth of his salvation doubteth of God's love, and he that doubteth God's love cannot heartily love Him again. If this love be wanting, it is not possible to have true peace. *Thos. Adams.*

### THE ATONEMENT—

WITH REGARD TO ITS POWER ON THE CHRISTIAN WALK.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. *1 John i. 8, 9.*

Those who have strong grace have generally strong corruptions. *Unknown.*

We learn in the history of David that the most eminent saints, on this side the grave, are not beyond the reach of the weakest temptation and the commission of the foulest crimes. *Unknown.*

Every believer in Jesus Christ is the possessor of eternal life, and is an heir of everlasting glory. But, be it never so true that the believer in Jesus Christ stands in Him for ever, meet and fit for glory, having life, righteousness, and holiness in Jesus which no power of the flesh or Satan can destroy, yet every believer is a *sinner*; and sometimes he is in bitter error, nay, involved in bitter sin. What then? My dear friends, let us understand the Christian's position. The real



Christian *hates* sin. Hatred of sin is, so to speak, an attribute of his new nature. So is love to God, and Jesus, and the brethren. By reason of the flesh he may be entangled in wickedness. Nay, he may be in dimness for a time, as to perception concerning Christian walk, but so surely as he *is* a Christian, born of the Spirit of God, having a spirit within him in union with Jesus Christ, which "cannot sin because it is born of God," so surely as soon as the sin or error is detected, godly sorrow working repentance unto salvation therefore, will be awakened, and the child of God will return. Satan may bring the cloud, but by grace the Sun will burst through it. What then? Let the believer in Jesus Christ *always* keep his eye upon his walk and conversation. Let him, so to speak, keep self-examination always at work, as the habit of life. Not by any means through the medium of a set of questions printed or written to be *gone through*. You will *never*, NEVER get to the reality of the matter by these things. But with the eye fixed on the *life* of Jesus, on His *love*, on the position of high standing and heavenly privilege you have in Him; with the heart habitually lifted up in prayer,—ah! *living* in prayer, *walking* in prayer, communing with God. So, when sin is detected lurking in the mind, exhibiting itself in word or deed—ah, then! what saith the Scriptures? (See 1 Cor. xi. 31.) "If we would judge ourselves we should not be judged. But," the passage continues, "when we (we believers) are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world."

What does this mean? Believers, when you discover sin in yourselves, don't keep it hidden; don't conceal it; nay, but bring it out. Let it stand at the judgment-seat of your own heart. Discern it; declare its guilt; call to mind its penalty; even *death*. Behold your soul worthy of death because of it, *but for Christ*. Then look back to the Cross, see your soul's *death* there, all past for ever, death with Jesus. Enter into the power, not only of the death, but of the resurrection too, as Paul did: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live."



See the Life ; “it is Christ, not I;” not the old “I” which was crucified, dead, and buried with Jesus, but the new “I,” the new creation, risen with the risen Lord ; and go your way rejoicing. “Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.”

Thus, let a man examine and judge himself, and he shall not be judged of the Lord. But let believers bear in mind what the Apostle further says : “But when we (we believers) are judged, we are chastened of the Lord.” *Chastened!* Oh ! precious truth, this is all the judgment which befalls or shall befall God’s children—*Chastisement*. “We are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.”

*J. G. Gregory.*

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Daily resort to the Fountain of Blood is necessary to maintain our peace. In many things we offend all, while we are in the flesh ; and we must be always coming again to Calvary, always looking again to Jesus. To have guilt between our conscience and the Blood of Christ is misery ; to have the Blood of Christ between guilt and our conscience is perfect peace. Faith is a miracle-working acknowledgment of our weakness and of God’s power. Whatever we need, whether peace of conscience or any other blessing, we have only to cast faith’s look on Christ, and the needed blessing is ours. A sight of Christ’s empty grave wipes away the believer’s tears.

*Hewitson.*

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#### SIN MIXED UP IN EACH ACT.

I cannot pray but I sin ; I cannot hear or read a sermon but I sin ; I cannot give an alms, or receive the Sacrament, but I sin ; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins, but my confessions are still aggravations of them ; my repentance needs to be repented of ; my tears want washing, and the very washing of my tears needs still to be washed over again with the Blood of my Redeemer.

*Bishop Beveridge.*



## JESUS THE SINNER'S SUBSTITUTE.

Sure I am, brethren, that the full faith of Christ crucified is required by our spiritual wants. In those dark hours when man is made to repossess the iniquities of his youth, when the arrows of the Almighty rankle in his soul, a miserable comforter would he prove who should preach only the example set forth by Christ ; for that example the sinner has not followed. In vain would he be told that the Cross is a declaration of unconditional mercy ; for conscience, knowing full well that the wages of sin is death, and convinced that the wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all unrighteousness, would give the lie at once to such a mutilated Gospel. Let me hear, when on the bed of death, that Christ died in the stead of sinners, of whom I am the chief ; that He was forsaken of God during those fearful agonies, because He had taken my place ; that on His cross He paid the penalty of my guilt. Let me hear, too, that His Blood cleanseth from all sin, and that I may now appear before the bar of God, not as pardoned only, but as "holy and without blame." Let me realise the great mystery of the reciprocal substitution of Christ and the believer ; or rather their perfect unity, He in them, they in Him, which He has expressly taught ; and let me believe that as I was *in effect* crucified on Calvary, He doth *in effect* stand before the Throne in my person ; mine the sin, His the penalty ; His the shame, mine the glory ; His the thorns, mine the crown ; His the merits, mine the reward. Verily, Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my Righteousness.

*Dr. Jeune.*

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Deal much and closely with the fulness of grace that is in Jesus. All this grace in Christ is for the sanctification of the believer. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell," for the necessities of His people ; and what necessities so great and urgent as those which spring from *indwelling sin* !



Take the corruption, whatever be its nature, directly and simply to Jesus ; the very act of taking it to Him weakens its power, yea, it is half the victory. The blessed state of mind, the holy impulse that leads thee to thy closet—there to fall prostrate before the Lord in lowliness of spirit, brokenness of heart, and humble confession of sin, with the hand of faith on the head of Jesus, the atoning Sacrifice—is a mighty achievement of the indwelling Spirit over the power of indwelling sin.

Learn to take the guilt as it comes, and the corruption as it rises, *directly* and *simply* to Jesus. Suffer not the guilt of sin to remain long upon the conscience. The moment there is the slightest consciousness of a wound received, take it to the Blood of Christ. The moment a mist dims the eye of faith, so that thou canst not see clearly the smile of thy Father's countenance, take it that instant to the Blood of Atonement. Let there be no distance between God and thy soul. *Sin separates*. But sin immediately confessed, mourned over, and forsaken, brings God and the soul together in sweet, close, and holy fellowship. Oh ! the oneness of God and the believer in the sin-pardoning Christ ! Who can know it ? He only who has experienced it.

*Octavius Winslow.*

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#### BACKSLIDING.

A conscience awakened and exercised by the Holy Spirit is an absolute and indispensable condition of companionship with Jesus. We cannot walk with God, and at the same time have sin on the conscience : it must be confessed. Unconfessed sin deadens the conscience, and renders a close walk with God impossible. How many complain of coldness in prayer, of deadness in spiritual things, and of slowness in the spiritual life, the secret cause of which is often unconfessed sin !

Sins forgotten or unconfessed lie festering in the dark, and have estranged the soul from the happy enjoyment of God's presence. We feel an unaccountable earthliness. We seem as if a moral palsy had come over our spiritual appetite towards



God ; and we wonder why it is so. Ah ! the walk has not been checked, the lips have not been guarded, the heart and thoughts have not been watched. There has been some crookedness ; conscience felt it perhaps at the moment ; but it was not confessed, and now it has escaped the memory, and added another layer on the earthly crust of the heart ! Oh ! these are the secret steps by which the spiritual mind reaches that stage in its history when sin ceases to exercise the conscience, and when God allows it to become hardened !—these steps by which it comes at last to have only a “name to live while it is dead.” The outward profession is sound, while a canker is within, eating away its vitality. Oh, what a fearful process of spiritual declension may be going on in the soul, while there may be nothing outwardly to mark it, nothing that the keenest Christian discernment can detect, and known only to the heart itself !

Reader, solemnly, *solemnly* would I ask it, *Is* this *thy* state before God ? The steps by which thou hast arrived at this state may have been slow and imperceptible. Thou canst not trace them now. Sufficient it is, perhaps, that thou hast become less frequent in thy closet ; secret prayer is less prized and delighted in ; the Word of God has lost its keen edge, its sweet relish for thy soul ; conscience shrinks not from the touch of defilement as it once did ; and the hallowed engagements of the sanctuary, and the conversation of those who are heavenly-minded, have become insipid. Reader, *is* this thy state ? Oh, what has been the guilty cause ? What but crookedness of walk, watchfulness uncultivated, and sins unconfessed ? Oh, retrace quickly thy steps ! Go within thy closet, and there search out the hidden causes of thy decline ! Spread thy case before the Lord, and beseech Him to check thee in thy downward course. Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids, till the ear of thy Father which seeth in secret, has been made the depository of every crookedness, backsliding, and sin, and till the Blood of Sprinkling has cleansed every known and every secret defilement :



"So shall thy walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene thy frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads thee to the Lamb."

*F. Whitfield.*

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CONFESSION OF SIN.

I feel more sure than ever that the right thing is to take each sin, the moment the conscience feels it, to the Blood of Jesus, and there having it "once purged," to remember it "no more." I don't think of one Scriptural example in which a forgiven sin was charged upon the conscience by God ; and I suppose that the year's sins were never expected to be *again* brought to mind after the scapegoat had borne them away into the land of forgetfulness. Oh! for grace to plunge into the ocean of Divine forgiveness !

*A. L. Newton.*

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Live near to Christ, and go often to Him. I find, from long experience, that confession of sin is one of the most healthful exercises of the renewed soul—constant and immediate confession. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

If I feel a corruption in my heart, dishonouring as it must be to God, what am I to do? If I sit down to reason it away, I might as well attempt to create a world. Then what am I to do? Take it at once to Jesus ; tell Him all about it, and the faith that carried it to Jesus will overcome it in His name. Precious faith, wherewith we are to fight all our battles, and overcome in the name of Jehovah-Jesus !

I think if there is a verdant spot in this wilderness-world, it is where a poor believing sinner, with a contrite, broken heart, sits at the feet of Jesus. The sinner confessing, Jesus pardoning ; the Blood applied, and the conscience cleansed ; all guilt removed, and the redeemed of the Lord rising from his knees, rejoicing in the Lord his God.

*Mrs. Winslow.*



## HEB. X. 1-4.

This speaks powerfully to Christians, negatively, in showing them how infinitely they fall short of realising the perfection now made theirs in Christ. They too often go about groaning under the burden of their sins, as if they were no better off than the Israelites, who really *needed* fresh sacrifices for their cleansing. Why are *we* groaning under "the conscience of sin?" Why are we not rejoicing in the One sacrifice which *has* purified the worshippers? Ah, believer, you "*should* have" "no more conscience of sin:" as Owen says, "They should have no conscience agitating, tossing, disquieting, perplexing for sins." We should have peace; O let us look at the perfection of Christ's offering, till we have it instilled through and through our hearts. The imperfection of the sacrifices under the law involved their repetition, and their repetition involved the constant *bringing of sin to remembrance*. (Verse 3, 4.) "In those sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sin every year. *For* it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin." The calling of sin to remembrance is viewed as an indication that it is not taken away: nay, more, the reason is plainly given that it is remembered, *because* of the inability of the blood of animals to take it away. May we not infer from this that since the perfect sacrifice of Jesus *has* put it away, it is to be called to remembrance no more? This is an important question, and worthy of serious consideration, for it bears closely on the question of self-examination. Do not many set apart the last day of the year, or their birthdays, or some particular season, for the very purpose of recalling sins that are past? And do not the majority of Christians seek at night to recall the sins of the day? They mean well; but is there not a tendency to perpetuate under the Gospel, the imperfections of the Jewish law? Does it not tend to bondage? Should not sin be confessed, and pardon obtained, at the time it is committed?

A. L. Newton.



It is the *goodness* of God which still leadeth to repentance. Let every trembling backslider, whose eye may fall on these pages, know the unwearying love with which that God follows you, even when, sadder far than in the case of Elijah, you can tell of weeks, and months, and years of guilty alienation. He finds you in the deep slumber of spiritual indifference under your juniper-tree; some miserable, false, delusive, worldly shelter which you have deliberately preferred to the "shadow of the Almighty."

How righteously might He have left you as a mark for the poisoned arrows of the tempter, and to have slept the sleep of death! But He sent his angel of mercy—some solemn providence, shall we say—that with angel touch awoke you, and with angel whisper bade you "arise!" The warning voice was heard; but the warning was but for a moment. The old drowsiness supervened; you were locked, as ever, in the dream of spiritual callousness and unconcern. Has He abandoned you to your fate? Has He given His angel the commission, "Let him alone; let him sleep on now, and take the final rest of despair." Nay, that angel of the Lord, whether wearing the bright shining wings of prosperity, or the sable wings of sorrow, has come, like the messenger sent to Elijah, the second time, and "touched" you; assured you of the loving interest your God has in your restoration; addressed the monitory word, reminding you of the solemn journey before you, but pointing you to the blessed Gospel-provision He has made, if you will only awake and rise! Yes, "believe, only believe" in the reality of God's compassion and tenderness towards the erring; that no father ever loved his prodigal and desired his return more, than your Heavenly Father desires yours. The Divine Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine, that He may search out the one, truant, wandering sheep; and He goes after it "*until* He finds it."

*Macduff.*



## PEACE WITH GOD.

God would have His children at perfect ease in His presence. He would have them to know that Christ, as their Substitute, has met and paid every demand that was against them. He would have them in His presence without any mark of their former sin and shame—any trace of the “far country.” To have been washed in the fountain that God has “opened for sin and for uncleanness,” and yet imagine some sins still to remain, is to disparage Christ’s atoning Blood, which is God’s provision for the *blotting out* of sin. That Blood cleanses, not from some sins, but “from *all* sin.” If believers, therefore, have uneasiness about past sins, as though they were still imputed, they are undervaluing the perfectly finished work of Christ, and doubting God’s veracity. It is virtually saying, “I cannot give God credit for what He says. I cannot believe Christ has completely cancelled my debt. The redemption price, I fear, was not enough.” Oh! how slow are even Christians to believe what the Lord has spoken! They will believe a fellow-sinner, and yet the *very* “words of God” they cannot receive, because, indeed, they are so transcendently good and gracious—so worthy of Himself! This lingering unbelief dishonours God, and robs His people of much joy. How happy, on the contrary, is the simple child of faith! He renounces his own thoughts and receives God’s revealed thoughts. God tells him He is satisfied with the precious Blood of Christ—of the “Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,” as an atonement for sin. He humbly says, in the simplicity and confidence of a believing heart, “What God tells me must be true. Christ, my Surety, took my debt and paid it. He suffered the penalty of death which I deserved. Christ, my Substitute, took my sin and bore its curse. He died in my stead. This is God’s word to me. It is God that says it; I dare not disbelieve Him. What *He* says must be true. Christ has borne my sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 24), and has borne them away for ever. The question, then, between God as the Judge and me as a sinner, is settled, and I am at peace.” *Unknown.*



## SUBSTITUTION.

So absolutely did Christ take the believer's place on the cross—so entirely was He identified with him—so completely was all the believer's sin imputed to Him, there and then, that all question of the believer's liability—all thought of his guilt—all idea of his exposure to judgment and wrath, is eternally set aside. It was all settled on the cursed tree, between Divine Justice and the Spotless Victim. And now the believer is as absolutely identified with Christ, on the Throne, as Christ was identified with him on the tree. Justice has no charge to bring against the believer, because it has no charge to bring against Christ. Thus it stands for ever. If a charge could be preferred against the believer, it would be calling in question the reality of Christ's identification with him on the cross, and the perfection of Christ's work on his behalf. If, when the worshipper of old was on his way back, after having offered his sin-offering, any one had charged him with that special sin for which his sacrifice had bled, what would have been his reply? Just this: "The sin has been rolled away by the blood of the victim, and Jehovah has pronounced the words, 'It shall be forgiven him.'" The victim had died instead of him; and he lived instead of the victim.

"He that hath the Son hath life;" and he that hath life, hath righteousness also. The two things are inseparable, because Christ is both the one and the other. If the judgment and death of Christ upon the cross were realities, then the life and righteousness of the believer are realities. If imputed sin was a reality to Christ, it is also a reality that the believer is "*made* the righteousness of God in Him." The one is as real as the other; for, if not, Christ would have died in vain. The true and irrefragable ground of peace is this—that the claims of God's justice have been perfectly met, as to sin. The death of Jesus has satisfied them all—satisfied them for ever. What is it that proves this to the satisfaction of the awakened conscience? The great fact of *Resurrection*. A *risen*



Christ declares the full deliverance of the believer—his perfect discharge from every possible demand. “He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.” (Rom. iv. 25.) For a Christian not to know that his sin is gone, and gone for ever, is to cast a slight upon the Blood of his Divine sin-offering. It is to deny that there has been the perfect presentation—the seven-fold sprinkling of the Blood before the Lord.

C. H. Macintosh.

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### THE TRUE GROUND OF PEACE.

We are constantly prone to look at something in ourselves as necessary to form the ground of peace. We are apt to regard the work of the Spirit *in* us, rather than the work of Christ *for* us, as the foundation of our peace. This is a mistake. We know that the operations of the Spirit of God have their proper place in Christianity; but His work is never set forth as that on which our peace depends.

The Holy Ghost did not make peace; but Christ did. The Holy Ghost is not said to be “our peace;” but Christ is. God did not send “preaching peace,” by the Holy Ghost, but by Christ Jesus. The Holy Ghost reveals Christ; He makes us to know, enjoy, and feed upon Christ. He bears witness to Christ, takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us. Without Him we can neither see, hear, know, feel, experience, enjoy, nor exhibit aught of Christ. Yet, the work of the Spirit is not the ground of peace, though He enables us to enjoy the peace.

God has found a ransom, and He reveals that ransom to us sinners, in order that we might *rest* therein, on the authority of His Word, and by the grace of the Holy Spirit. And albeit our thoughts and feelings must ever fall far short of the infinite preciousness of that ransom, yet, inasmuch as God tells us that He is perfectly satisfied about our sins, we may be satisfied also. Our conscience may well find settled rest, where God’s holiness finds rest. See the *simplicity* of the ground on which



your peace is to rest. God is well pleased in the finished work of Christ—"well pleased for His righteousness' sake." (Isa. xlii. 21.) This righteousness is not founded upon your feelings or experience, but upon the shed Blood of the Lamb of God; and hence your peace is not dependent upon your feelings or experience, but upon the same precious Blood, which is of changeless efficacy and changeless value in the judgment of God. W. Reid.

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ROM. VIII. 38, 39.

The Apostle refers to a love from which there is no separation. Of whose love does he speak? The believer's love to Christ? On the contrary, it is Christ's love to the believer. And this view of the subject makes all the difference in its influence upon our minds. What true satisfaction and real consolation—at least how small its measure!—can the believer derive from a contemplation of his love to Christ? It is true, when sensible of its glow, and conscious of its power, he cannot but rejoice in any evidence, the smallest, of the work of the Holy Ghost in his soul. Yet this is not the legitimate ground of his confidence, nor the proper source of his comfort. *It is Christ's love to him!* And this is just the truth the Christian mind needs for its repose. To whom did Paul originally address this Epistle? To the saints of the early and suffering age of the Christian Church. And this truth—Christ's love to His people—would be just the truth calculated to comfort, and strengthen, and animate them. 'To have declared that nothing should prevail to induce them to forsake Christ, would have been but poor consolation to individuals who had witnessed many a fearful apostacy from Christ in others, and who had often detected the working of the same principle in themselves. Calling to mind the strong asseveration of Peter, "Lord, though all should forsake thee, yet will not I;" and remembering how their Master was denied by one, and betrayed by another, and forsaken by all His disciples, their hearts



would fail them. But let the Apostle allure their minds from a contemplation of their love to Christ, to the contemplation of Christ's love to them, assuring them, upon the strongest grounds, that whatever sufferings they should endure, or by whatever temptations they should be assailed, nothing should prevail to sever them from their interest in the reality, sympathy, and constancy of that love,—and he has at once brought them to the most perfect repose. The affection, then, of which the Apostle speaks, is the love of God in Christ Jesus.

*Octavius Winslow.*

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#### ON THE LACK OF ASSURANCE.

God frequently permits the want of assurance, to make His children the more long after Heaven, where they shall see Him face to face, and be perfectly freed from all doubts and fears about God's love to them, and theirs to Him. Were our assurance uninterrupted, and were it such as to put us beyond all possibility of miscarrying, what need we so earnestly to pray that we may be dissolved, and be with Christ? How little would the difference be between earth and heaven; we should walk by sight rather than by faith. But because our assurance is at best but imperfect, and sometimes none at all, therefore do we groan earnestly that this earthly tabernacle may be dissolved, that so we may attain the end of our faith and hope—the salvation of our souls.

*H. Kirkman.*

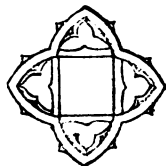
NOTE.—The above refers to the believer's *feelings*, which constantly vary, and are never to be depended upon. The only ground of peace and assurance lies in *Christ*, and not in ourselves at all; for "*he* is our Peace," and *we* "are complete in *him*." The salvation to be attained, is not salvation from eternal condemnation—that we have already as believers (John v. 24.); but it is really the *object* of our faith and hope—*Christ* the Salvation of God—which faith lays hold of and appropriates. (1 Peter i. 9.)



"THESE THINGS HAVE I SPOKEN UNTO YOU, THAT IN ME YE MIGHT HAVE PEACE."

The moment we begin to rest our peace on anything in ourselves, we lose it. And this is why so many of the saints have not *settled* peace. Nothing can be lasting that is not built on God alone.

How can you have settled peace? By not resting on anything, not even the Spirit's work within yourselves; but on what *Christ* has done entirely *without* you. Then you will know peace—conscious unworthiness, but yet peace. In *Christ* alone God sees that in which He can rest; and so it is with His saints. The more you see the nature of the evil which is within, as well as that which is without and around, the more you will find that what Jesus *is*, and what Jesus *did*, is the only ground at all on which you can rest. *Unknown.*





**The Christian Life, Walk,  
Training, and Service.**



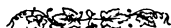








## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, WALK, TRAINING, & SERVICE.



### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

*Colos. iii. 1, 3, 4.*

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I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

*Gal. ii. 20.*

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It is on the *Resurrection* side—the Heavenly side of Christ's grave—that we now stand, and have life and peace.

*J. Smith.*

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Oh ! for a higher style of Christian life !

*Lever Lines.*

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So now, how weak soever I am in myself, yet in the confidence of this victorious resurrection of my Saviour, I dare boldly challenge and defy you, and all ye adverse powers ! Do the worst ye can to my soul ; in despite of you, it shall be



safe. Is it *sin* that threatens me? Behold! this resurrection of my Redeemer publishes my discharge. My Surety was arrested, and cast into the prison of His grave; had not the utmost farthing of my debts been paid, He could not have come forth. He *is* come forth; the sum is fully satisfied. What danger can there be of a discharged debt? Is it the *wrath* of God? Wherefore is that, but for *sin*? If my sin be defrayed, that quarrel is at an end; and if my Saviour suffered for me, how can I fear to suffer it in myself? That infinite Justice hates to be twice paid. He is risen, therefore He hath satisfied: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen." Is it *death* itself? So, my Saviour, that overcame death by dying, hath triumphed over it in His resurrection. How can I now fear a conquered enemy? What harm is there in the serpent, but for his sting? "The sting of death is sin;" that is pulled out by my powerful Redeemer, it cannot now hurt me: it may refresh me to carry this cool snake in my bosom. O then, my dear Saviour! I bless Thee for Thy death: but I bless Thee more for Thy resurrection. That was a work of wonderful humility, of infinite mercy; this was a work of infinite power; in that was human weakness, in this Divine omnipotence; in that Thou didst "die for our sins," in this Thou didst "rise again for our justification!"

*Bishop Hall.*

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As a wife is united to her husband, so faith unites the soul to Christ. All that Christ possesses becomes the property of the believing soul; all that the soul has becomes the property of Christ. Christ possesses all good, and eternal health; they become henceforth the property of the soul. The soul possesses all vices and all sins: they thenceforth become the property of Christ. It is then that a most happy change commences: Christ who is God and man, Christ who has never sinned, and whose holiness is invincible, Christ the omnipotent and eternal One, appropriates to Himself by His



wedding-ring, that is to say, by Faith, all the believer's sins ; these are swallowed up in Him, and abolished by Him, for there is no sin that can exist before His infinite Justice. Thus, by means of faith, the soul is delivered from all sins, and clothed with the eternal righteousness of her Husband, Jesus Christ. ("Return unto me, for I am married unto you, saith the Lord."—Jer. iii. 14.) Oh, happy union ! the rich, the noble, the holy Husband, Jesus Christ, takes in marriage this poor, guilty, despised wife, delivers her from all evil, and adorns her with all riches. Christ, the King and Priest, shares this honour and glory with all His people. The Christian is a king, and in consequence he possesses all things ; he is a priest, and therefore possesses God ; and it is *faith* and NOT works which brings him such honour. He is free from all things, above all things, faith giving him all things abundantly. Although the Christian be thus free, he becomes a voluntary servant, to deal with his brethren as God has dealt with himself by Jesus Christ. I wish, says he, to serve freely, joyfully, gratefully, a Father who has thus poured upon me all the abundance of His riches. I wish to become towards my neighbour like that which Christ has become to me. The love of God flows from faith ; from love there flows a life full of freedom, of charity, and of joy. Oh ! what a noble and elevated life is that of the Christian. By faith the believer is raised to God ; by love he descends to man, and yet he remains always in God. This is true liberty, as much as the heavens are infinitely raised above the earth. *Luther.*

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#### THE UNION OF BELIEVERS WITH JESUS.

The glory which thou gavest me I have given them ; that they may be one, even as we are one : I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one ; and that the world may know that thou hast loved them *as* thou hast loved me.

*John xvii. 22, 23.*



## THE "TOGETHERS" OF BELIEVERS WITH CHRIST.

*Crucified*—together with Christ: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ." (Gal. ii. 20.)

*Dead*—together with Him: "If we be dead with Christ." (Rom. vi. 8.; Colos. ii. 20.; 2 Tim. ii. 11.)

*Buried*—together with Him: "We are buried with him by baptism unto death." (Rom. vi. 4.; Colos. ii. 12.)

*Quickened*—together with Him: "You . . . hath he quickened together with him." (Colos. ii. 13.; Eph. ii. 5.)

*Risen*—together with Him: "God has raised us up together," and "If ye then be risen with Christ." (Eph. ii. 6.; Colos. iii. 1.)

*Planted*—together with Him: "We have been planted together." (Rom. vi. 5.)

*Live*—together with Him: "Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (Rom. vi. 8.; 1 Thes. v. 10.; 2 Tim. ii. 11.)

*Walk*—together with Him: "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." (Rev. iii. 4.)

*Sufferers*—together with Him: "If so be that we suffer with him." (Rom. viii. 17.)

*Workers*—together with Him: "We then—workers together with him." (1 Cor. iii. 9.; 2 Cor. vi. 1.)

*Heirs*—together with Him: "Joint-heirs with Christ." (Rom. viii. 17.)

*Sitting*—together with Him: "God hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." (Eph. ii. 6.; Rev. iii. 21.)

*Reign*—together with Him: "We shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.; Rev. xx. 6.)

*Glorified*—together with Christ: "We may also be glorified together." (Rom. viii. 17.)

That Christ and the sinner should be *one* and should share Heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?

*Rutherford.*



By faith we realise that our only life is Christ living in us ; and, ceasing from our own works, we suffer *Him* to work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. It is no longer truth *about* Him that fills our hearts, but it is *Himself*, the living, loving, glorious Christ, who has, in very deed made us His dwelling place, who reigns and rules within us, and subdues all things unto Himself. And, oh, what joy, and peace, and blessedness, and power must accompany a life thus hid with Christ in God ! Surely, here is the supply for all our needs—here is continual victory and triumph ; and to those who by faith have been enabled to enter here, there is truly no condemnation ; but the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in them, because they walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. To be *one with Christ* ! Oh, who can measure the height and depth of a love that could call us to so glorious a privilege ! Shall we then think lightly of it, or fail to apprehend its practical power ? Thank God, it is not only a judicial truth, but an actual one ; and we who are so vile, and weak, and miserable, may yet by faith realise it in our own experience, and may live daily and hourly in its mighty power.

Oh, for the faith of little children to trust Christ, to rest on Him, to lose ourselves in Him, to live only in Him ! Then shall our peace flow as a river, and the language of our hearts be continually, "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." (2 Cor. ii. 14.)

"The Way to be Holy."

As a man swimming in deep waters is never in danger of drowning so long as his head continueth above the water, so, though you swim in deep seas of dangerous temptations, yet you are sure and secure, because Christ Jesus our Head is still above all our troubles, and therefore able to draw His members to the shore of salvation without peril of salvation.

*R. Greenham, 1531-1591.*



## SANCTIFICATION.

"Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us sanctification." (1 Cor. i. 30.) "Ye *are* sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) "By one offering he *hath perfected for ever* them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.)

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The simple meaning of Sanctification involves the being *set apart* to a holy use. I think *in Jesus* we *are* perfectly justified, and perfectly sanctified from the first, but are momentarily needing the Spirit's work to apply and perfect both in us.

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A. L. Newton.

There is a prevailing thought that salvation is a gradual amendment, a process of sanctification ; so that, little by little, the once lost sinner is made meet for heaven : and this gradual improvement is attributed to the power of the Holy Spirit cleansing the soul, and making it more and more pure and holy.

But this is a mistake, to which evidently the Lord alludes, when speaking to Nicodemus (John iii.) ; for there He declares the simple and all-important truths—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." So that the flesh, or the corrupt nature which we inherit from our parents, remains the same evil, unchanged thing to the end of our existence on earth. No power of God is put forth to alter, amend, or improve it : for "the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, *neither indeed can be.*" It is like some wild, ferocious beast, which must be chained, but cannot be tamed ; like the Leviathan, in speaking of which to Job the Lord says, "Wilt thou play with him as with a bird ? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens ?"

No power can render the flesh subservient to the will of God. Neither is it to be trifled with ; but it must be kept under, and



brought into captivity, and watched against with incessant wakefulness, lest it break forth again and again with its unsubjected evil. It is *never* turned into spirit. It is never really improved or amended in the sight of God. On the other hand, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. As soon as a sinner believes in the Lord Jesus, he has everlasting life. He becomes a new creature, NOT by the *turning of the old* into new, but by the power of God *creating him anew* in Christ Jesus, after His own image. He is born again, God is his Father. The flesh, called also "the old man," remains unchanged; and he will feel its presence and power to the end of his sojourn below: but he may consider that he has put it off as an old garment, and that he has "put on the new man." Though conscious of the presence of sin, he may reckon that the body of sin has been destroyed, and that he has died to sin in the death of the Lord Jesus on the Cross.

As soon as he believes, he is sanctified, or made holy, through the offering of the body of Christ. He is "washed, sanctified, justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God." And that same offering of the body of Christ, by means of which he is sanctified, perfects him for ever; so that at once he is made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, without any further process or progress. He will, doubtless, become more and more *practically* holy in his ways and walk here below, through the help and power of the Holy Spirit, constantly applying the Word to his heart and conscience. But no attainment, however advanced in the ways of righteousness or holiness here, makes him fit for the glory of God: because his fitness for that glory was perfected as soon as he was delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

In proof of this, let the reader prayerfully meditate on these words of God: "By the which will (that is, of God) *we are sanctified*, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "By one offering he hath *perfected for ever* them that are sanctified." (Hebrews x. 10, 14, also 1 Cor. vi. 9, 11.)



"Giving thanks unto the Father, which *hath* made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light : *who hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son : in whom *we have* redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Colos. i. 12-14.)

Here, then, is the sufficient answer to the question, "How shall he be clean that is born of a woman?" He is clean every whit (John xiii. 10) as soon as he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ ; for then he is born again ; he *is* a new creature ; he *has* forgiveness of sins ; he *is* washed in the precious Blood, and *is* made meet for the inheritance of the holy ones in the presence of God.

" *The Soul and its Difficulties.*"

The first step towards the attaining the joy of *knowing* that the Lord's work *prosper*s in and with you is to *despair* of *self*. Give up all hopes that your own efforts, prayers, meditations. &c., can possibly be received by Jesus, as any aid to Him in the work of your daily sanctification and deliverance from the power of your in-dwelling sin.

Jesus, at the present moment, is in His wisdom, doubtless, sanctifying you by his Spirit ; but it may often be through bringing your own efforts to nought—efforts not made in *His Strength only*. Notwithstanding, brother Christian, He will lead you surely on, it may be in spite of yourself, and all unknown to yourself ; until He present you faultless before the Father's Presence with exceeding joy ; because you believe in His name.

Be assured, then, that of yourself you are nothing—lighter than vanity.

In our old nature dwells no good thing : and our new nature is powerless to act, except by faith in the Son of God. We, therefore, if we live not by faith in Him, have no in-dwelling and increasing strength, wisdom, or holiness, to bring us on one step in the heavenward ascent, converted though we be.



Jesus alone is our Sanctification, Wisdom, and Strength. And if by faith we thus receive Him, ever as we need His Strength, and seek deliverance from the power of evil, or grace to walk in the Lord's ways, quicker than the lightning's flash is it imparted to us.

*"Christ our Strength."*

God does dwell *in* His believing people, His dear children in Christ. *They* are "a habitation of God through the Spirit," both collectively and individually. And what does God carry on by His Spirit in the believer? A mighty work indeed. A work of constant growth. We must insist on this with care. The child of God is, as we know, in every respect *complete* in Christ from the first moment in which he came to Christ. For then he received *Christ* Himself, and *in* Christ, whatsoever Christ was made unto him of God; that is *perfectness for ever*.

But he has this just as a young child who is an heir has his inheritance. Being perfect in his fitness for *it*, but not perfect either in his fitness for its *management* or *enjoyment*. He never will be more of an heir than he *is*, but he will *know* much more about his *estate*, and what he must do, and what is expected of him concerning it. The estate is positively *his*, although trustees manage it at present on his behalf. He must be instructed, he must gain experience—his guardians will provide concerning these things. But whatever they do, they will not alter his position as the heir one tittle. They cannot make him more or less than an heir—they cannot deprive him of his heirship.

So with regard to God's children who are joint-heirs with Christ. They are *actually* heirs: actually *made meet* for the inheritance. Not made meet (be it remembered) *all but* progressive holiness or sanctification, or any other thing whatsoever. For GOD says—they are "*made MEET* to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light;" and they are so—this allows no question. *As* Christ is, so are they in this world,



*babes* in Christ although they may be. If Christians would remember that what the in-dwelling Spirit of God does, is not to *work out* in us a perfect holiness or sanctification, but to make a state of perfect holiness received in Christ by faith more and more *manifest*; to *reveal* it more and more, to *develop* it more and more in power against the flesh;—if, I say, Christians would remember this, they would find fewer difficulties in some of the most precious parts of the Word of God.

One must remember, too, that to “grow in grace” (or favour) is one thing; and for grace (or favour) to grow *in us*, is *another*. The command is “Grow *IN* grace.” This growth therein is by the power of God within us, working to will and to do of His good pleasure. He began the work *upon* us, and He carries it on *within* us. The Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ is our life, our strength; by Him we *all* grow up together unto Christ, unto the measure of the stature of His fulness. By Him we are *kept* from the power of evil, and the Evil One. By Him we are *taught* in the precious things of the divine life; *led* through varying experiences—*directed* under manifold trials and temptations, for so long a period as He sees to be fit concerning His glory, and our true advantage.

*Responsibility* concerning this growth in the spiritual life lies *upon us*; we are never free from this responsibility. Let us not forget *that*. But the *WHOLE power* against evil, the *whole power* for any step of advancement is of GOD.

J. G. Gregory.

### FAITH.

“Without faith it is impossible to please God.” (Heb. xi. 6.) “I live by the faith of the Son of God.” (Gal. ii. 20.) “We walk by faith, not by sight.” (2 Cor. v. 7.) “According to your faith be it unto you.” (Matt. ix. 29.) “Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” (Mark ix. 23.)



How hard a thing it is to exercise faith when we have most need of it ; and how sad a thing is it, that when we have most need of the Lord's presence and help, we should then especially grieve Him with our doubts, and fears, and distrusts. However, we have this to comfort us, that where the Lord sees faith in sincerity, He will pardon its infirmity.

*J. Mason, 1603-1694.*

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The Lord never makes us *fountains*, but only *channels*; and in proportion as we consent to *receive* ALL from Him, shall we *be used* by Him.

*Daniell.*

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Peter is walking upon the waters ! Two hands uphold him, the hand of Christ's power, the hand of his own faith ; neither of them would do it alone. The hand of Christ's power laid hold on him ; the hand of his faith laid hold on the power of Christ commanding. Had not Christ's hand been powerful, that faith had been in vain : had not that faith of his strongly fixed upon Christ, that power had not been effectual to his preservation. While we are here in this world, we walk upon the waters, still the same hands bear us up. If He let go His hold of us, we drown : if we let go our hold of Him, we sink and shriek as Peter did, who, when he saw the wind boisterous, was afraid, and beginning to sink cried, saying, " Lord save me ! "

*Bishop Hall.*

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#### TRUST LIGHTENS LOAD.

What an oppressive burden is taken off a Christian's shoulders by his privilege of leaving all consequences, while in the path of duty, to God ! He has done with, " How shall *I* bear this trouble ? " " How shall *I* remove this difficulty ? " " How shall *I* get through this deep water ? " but leaves himself in the hands of God.

*R. Cecil.*



## WHAT IS FAITH?

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *Heb. xi. 1.*

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Oh, Faith is not a mere belief  
That Thou canst aid in bitter grief;  
Oh, no! far greater blessings, Lord,  
Are promised in Thy gracious word.  
'Tis cleansing in Thy Blood each stain,  
And knowing pardon, peace again;  
'Tis deep remorse, yet grateful song;  
'Tis *utter weakness*, yet how strong!

'Tis living in thy blessed sight,  
Where'er I breathe, by day or night;  
'Tis drinking in Thy tender love,  
From all below and all above.  
'Tis calm assurance, "all is well!"  
Though *how* or *where* I cannot tell;  
'Tis hearkening, when *no* voice I hear;  
'Tis smiling, though I weep and fear.

'Tis *grasping* Thee, when all are gone;  
'Tis *viewing* Thee, when quite alone;  
'Tis pillowing on Thine *unseen* arm,  
Supported there, and free from harm.  
'Tis stepping *light*, though burthened sore;  
'Tis hating sin yet more and more;  
'Tis *fighting* hard, and yet at rest;  
'Tis *broken-hearted*, and yet blest.

'Tis loving with unuttered love,  
Though hard the heart, and slow to move,  
'Tis labouring, though 'tis all so small,  
I count it labouring not at all.



'Tis telling Thee my every thought ;  
 'Tis finding all I ever sought ;  
 'Tis treading on through life's *lone* walk,  
 In sweet companionship and talk.

'Tis hurrying to a glorious end ;  
 'Tis pressing towards my Bosom Friend,  
 'Tis meeting *Him*—come, Jesus, come !  
 'Tis folding tent, and reaching home.  
 My Father, I must wait on Thee  
 For Faith like this—'twas bought for me !  
 Beneath the Cross I seek, I claim  
 Such *living* Faith in Jesu's name. *Unknown.*

Faith puts her hand into God's, and lets Him lead her  
 safely where He will. *J. G. Gregory.*

#### FAITH AND WHAT IT DOES.

There are three things which Faith does, namely :—It purifies the heart. (Acts xv. 9.) It works by love. (Gal. v. 6.) It overcomes the world. (1 John v. 4.) It acts on the fountain-head of all my feelings and affections. It exerts its hallowed influence upon all my relationships and associations. And, finally, it renders me victorious over the circumstances and influences which surround me. *Unknown.*

That only is Faith, which makes us to love God, to do His will, and suffer His impositions, to trust His promises, to see through a cloud, to overcome the world, to stand in the day of trial, and be comforted in all our sorrows. *Jeremy Taylor.*

Faith knows there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust Him when it cannot trace Him. *Unknown.*



Belief, through the universe, must be an act of moral trust, so long as the finite shall be face to face with the Infinite. In no state can we expect to *know* everything. At best we can know but little. And it is not well to allow perplexities concerning what we do not know, to rob us of the rest and peace that may be derived from what we do know. *Robert Vaughan.*

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In all temptations and trials, believe that God the Father doth govern your temptations; that the Holy Spirit doth and will assist you; that Jesus Christ was tempted to overcome in you; that the saints on earth pray for you—this will uphold and stay you up though in the depth of troubles.

*R. Greenham, 1531-1591.*

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“ONLY BELIEVE !”

O heart most passionately beating,  
That cannot see through dark the light,  
That cannot catch and keep the fleeting  
And glowing gleams across the night;  
That cannot look up through the sorrow  
And understand the good to be—  
That cannot say, “Perhaps to-morrow  
May finish up the misery.”

O evil heart that will not hearken  
Unto a loving Father's voice,  
That bids thee, tho' the day may darken,  
To cease repining and rejoice—  
What, is it hard? I doubt it not;  
But He has softened everything,  
Has placed the rose in every lot—  
And tramples down the thorns that spring.



Will He not, when the work is done,  
Entwine the cross with garlands fair,  
And when the other shore is won  
Send angel-friends with loving care ?  
Then do not grieve, O foolish heart,  
But take the blessings gratefully,  
Bear bravely, thankfully thy part,  
And God will not pass over thee. *Anon.*

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## FAITH IN TRIFLES.

Perhaps, practically, there are few temptations more besetting, even to the renewed Christian, the sincere worshipper of God, than this—a secret lurking unbelief upon the subject of his prayers. In the great events of life, we all go with some degree of confidence to the Throne of Grace ; but how few are there, who, with equal faith and equal confidence, carry thither the *little* wants of every day and hour which passes over them ! *Blunt.*

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Great faith loves great difficulties, because things that are impossible with men are possible with God.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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Those who by faith see the invisible God make no account of present losses and crosses. *Rutherford.*

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It is blessed faith to believe upon the bare Word of God, but it is the strongest faith which rests upon His Word against sense and feeling. *Unknown.*

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God will certainly take care of you if you bear your whole weight on Him. He may not do it just in your way ; but He will do it. He cannot let one of your real interests perish, or be hurt. *Beecher.*



O Lord, how happy should we be  
 If we could cast our care on Thee,  
 If we from self could rest ;  
 And feel at heart that One above  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best !

How far from this our daily life,  
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden wild alarms ;  
 Oh, could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
 On Thine Almighty arms !

*Unknown.*

You are troubled because you do not understand how God is dealing with you. Perhaps if you did it would not so well answer His design. He is teaching you to trust Him further than you can see Him.

*W. Law, about 1725.*

Believe and fear not ! in the blackest cloud a sunbeam hides ;  
 and from the deepest pang some hidden mercy will thy God  
 declare !

*Montgomery.*

No cloud can overshadow a Christian but his faith may  
 discern a rainbow in it.

*Unknown.*

Give me the eye which can see God in all, and the hand  
 which can serve God in all, and the heart which can bless Him  
 for all.

*Lecker.*

Dost thou ask *when* comes His hour ?  
 Then when it shall aid thee best.  
 Trust His faithfulness and power,  
 Trust in Him and quiet rest.  
 Suffer on, and hope, and wait ;  
 Jesus never comes too late.

*Spitta.*



Faith is the angelic messenger between the soul and the Lord Jesus in glory. Let that angel be withdrawn, we can neither send up prayers nor receive the answers.

Faith is the telegraphic wire which links earth and heaven ; on which God's messages of love fly so fast, that before we call He answers, and when we are yet speaking He hears. But if that telegraphic wire be snapped, how can we receive the promises ?

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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We climb to Knowledge through the vale Belief.

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Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward ; if we look Godward Faith will not be staggered by inaccessible mountains, stretching across, and obstructing, apparently, our onward progress. "Go forward." is the Voice from heaven, and Faith, obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. "God with us" is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our struggle, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong Faith is, when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming Blood ! A good conscience, and then Faith will do all things ; for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all. We may say that it is most active, when it is most passive, and that it wearies least, when it does most work.

*Hewitson.*

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Faith, "the evidence of things not seen," preserves from the temptation of "things seen." It is a shield. It was thus with our Lord. I remember a remark of good Matthew Henry's with regard to our Lord's temptation. "When Satan showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and the glory of them," he says, "He did not show Him the *misery* that lay beneath." No, this he conceals, desiring to deceive by false appearances.

*J. W. Reeve.*



God looks down upon those with an eye of favour who sincerely look up to Him with an eye of faith.

*Matthew Henry.*

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#### SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

*Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, LOOKING UNTO JESUS, the author and finisher of our faith.—*  
*Heb. xii. 1, 2.*

A mistake common to many Christians, is the habit of looking for ever *within* for some evidence of their adoption, and finding there nothing satisfactory, they do not and cannot rejoice. Now, this is a serious defect. It is by not looking within ourselves, and directing the eye to *Christ*,—to what Christ is, and to what Christ does,—that can alone give us real consolation; and in proportion to our faith in Him we not only rejoice, but our evidences brighten, and the Spirit within, whose office it is to glorify Christ, bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God.

*M. Winslow.*

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Self-contemplation, as a general rule, is a power towards mischief. The only way to grow is to look out of oneself. A ship-master might as well look down into the hold of his ship for the north star, as a Christian look down into his own heart for the Sun of Righteousness. Out and beyond is the shining!

*Beecher.*

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I think you will find the greatest possible help in studying the character of *Christ*, not your own. Read the Gospels, to trace out—in every miracle, and word, and act, and touch, and in every step of the path He trod—what was His character, and how it developed itself; and I think, with the Spirit's help, you will forget *your* walk in thinking of *His*, and *your* emptiness in *His* fulness; and thus by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, you will be "changed into the same image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." I do think that Satan



hinders Christians more by discouraging them, with showing them their failures and perpetual shortcomings, and their sad want of conformity to Jesus, with all its sad results, than in any other way; and I cannot help feeling strongly, that in urging self-examination in the way so many good men do, they really aid the mischief. I like what McCheyne said: "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ;" only I would double and treble it, and almost say, "Never look at self at all."

I believe that it is when we are most occupied with *Christ* that we are most useful to others, however unconscious we may be of it, and however conscious (as, of course, we shall be more than ever) of our unlikeness to Him. I cannot find a single instance in which, either in the Gospels or Epistles, Christians are taught, by example or precept, to make a study of their own hearts. I cannot help thinking that inward experiences have far too much taken the place of the study of Christ, and of the character of God, and that this accounts in a great measure for the low and desponding state of so very many Christians. Do you not think the constant study of *His* character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring into our own? *A. L. Newton.*

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If a man is to find life, he must find it elsewhere than in a deceitful and sterile view of himself. *Vinet.*

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Good is self-knowledge, but Christ-knowledge best!

*Lever Lines.*

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#### HUMILITY.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." (James iv. 6.) "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." (Ps. cxxxviii. 6.) "Be clothed with HUMILITY." (1 Peter v. 5.)



All the saints, the higher they are in glory, so much the more humble are they in themselves, and the nearer and dearer to me.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop, than when we soar.

*Wordsworth.*

“THE MEEK SHALL INCREASE THEIR JOY IN THE LORD.”

I.

So spake the hoary thyme,  
Half-hidden in the grass ;  
I watch from morning prime  
Until my Lord shall pass.

How bright beneath the sun,  
How sweet within the glade,  
The flow'rets ope, each one  
Beloved by Him who made  
His flowers that live in light,  
His flowers that live in shade.

The primroses are pale,  
Yet fair ; the violet grows  
Beneath her leafy veil ;  
And be she pale, none knows,  
Or be she fair,—so sweet her soul that overflows.

But all my head is strew'd  
With ashes grey ; and bent  
Beneath the footfall rude,  
Steals forth my timid scent,  
Crush'd from a leaf that curls its wound to hide content.

Why should my Lord delight  
In me ? Behold how fair  
His garden is ! How bright  
His roses blowing there !  
His lilies are like queens, that know not toil nor care.



In white calm peace on high  
 Each rears a blossom'd rod ;  
 The gentian low doth lie,  
 Yet lifts from up the sod  
 An eye of steadfast blue, that looks up straight to God.

I wait my Lord to greet,  
 I can but love and sigh ;  
 I watch His eye to meet,  
 He can but pass me by ;  
 And if His hasty feet  
 Should crush me, it were sweet  
 Beneath His feet to die.

## II.

My Love, my Lord, has gone  
 Down to His garden fair,  
 To tell o'er His roses one by one,  
 And to gather lilies there.

*Now will I rise and sing  
 A song which I have made  
 Unto my Lord the King,  
 Nor will I be afraid  
 To ask Him of His flowers that spring  
 In sunshine and in shade.*

*" Oh, what are these roses bright,  
 That in Thy garland blow?  
 These roses red as blood,  
 These roses white as snow ? "*

" These blood-red roses grew  
 On a field with battle dyed ;  
 These snow-white roses strew  
 A path that is not wide ;  
 None seek that path, but they who seek  
 Him who was crucified."



*" Oh, what are these lilies tipp'd  
With fire, that sword-like gleam ?  
Oh, what are these lilies dipp'd  
As in the pale moonbeam,  
That quiver with a steadfast light,  
And shine as through a dream ? "*

" These fiery spirits pass'd  
From earth through sword and flame ;  
These quiet souls at last  
Through patience overcame ;  
These shine like stars on high, and these  
Have left no trace nor name ;  
I bind them in one wreath, because  
Their triumph was the same."

*" Oh, what are these flowers that wake  
So cheerful to the morn,  
All wet with tears of early dew ;  
And those that droop forlorn,  
With heavy drops of night drench'd through ?"—*

" These little flowers of cheerful hue  
Familiar by the wayside grew,  
And these among the corn.

" And these, that o'er a ruin wave  
Their crimson flag, in fight  
Were wounded sore, yet still are brave  
To greet the scent and sight ;  
And these I found upon a grave,  
All wet with drops of night.

" And some I have that will unfold  
When night is dusk and still,  
And some I have that keep their hold  
Upon the wind-swept hill ;



These shrink not from the summer heat,  
 They do not fear the cold,  
 And all of these I know for sweet,  
 For patient, and for bold."

"*Thou bearest flowers within Thy hand,  
 Thou wearest in Thy breast  
 A flower ; now tell me which of these  
 Thy flowers Thou lovest best ;  
 Which wilt Thou gather to Thy heart,  
 Beloved above the rest ?*"

"Should I not love My flowers,  
 My flowers that bloom and pine,  
 Unseen, unsought, unwatch'd for hours  
 By any eyes but Mine?

"Should I not love My flowers?  
 I love My lilies tall,  
 My marigolds with constant eyes,  
 Each flower that blows, each flower that dies  
 To Me, I love them all.

"I gather to a heavenly bower  
 My roses fair and sweet,  
*I hide within My breast the flower  
 That grows beside My feet."*      *Dora Greenwell.*

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God's sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.      *Leighton.*

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All heaven-bound travellers pass through Humble Gate.  
*Lever Lines.*



## THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

What is your difficulty, beloved friends? You hear of the higher Christian life, of apprehended union with Christ, of realised nearness to Him, of all the joy of being in close fellowship with Him, and you say: "Oh! *we can't* enter into that blessedness, we can't disentangle ourselves from the world, we can't give up *all* for Christ." The man of business says he has his family to provide for, and so he cannot take the stand required; and does not the Scripture say, "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel," and again, "Work while it is called to-day"? If sometimes, then, he has to go astray a little from God's Word, surely God will forgive him! So, too, sometimes we find even in the young Christian's case. He is deeply impressed with the necessity of a religious life, but then he is surrounded by worldly influences, and by worldly friends, and cannot walk consistently. "I must drink," he says, "a little of their cup. I must know a little of their matters; if I do not, it will mar my usefulness. I must not take so firm a stand."

Oh! young Christian, is it thus you speak? Nay, mark, directly your foot touches the water's edge, a pathway shall be made for you.

"But they will despise me for my weak intellect," you perhaps reply; "they will call me a fool and a madman. When I am a little older, and am recognised as a man of some experience, or as a thoughtful woman, then all will be so different; then I can be more decided."

Oh! dear friends, upon *whose* Life did you lay your hand when you accepted Jesus? and now is not your life hid with Christ in God? Is not your whole life called "Christ?" And will you dare to say that *any* of your duties are *too hard* for CHRIST?—for Christ! who made the elements of nature, from the tiny ant to the highest angel who sings His praises before the Throne of God! Will you *dare* to say that anything is too HARD for Him who made and sustains all principalities and



powers? Oh! do not so *dishonour* Him! You have your duty before you; *do it*. Let your feet but just touch the margin of the water, and you will see what God will do. God *will* make a way for you. "Them that honour me, I will honour, saith the Lord."

Hear Paul's testimony—"When I am weak, then am I strong;" for He saith, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "All things are yours." Death! life! ALL things! "for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!"

Can't you then perform the duty that lies before you? The goal is before you, and the Lord, glorious in His faithfulness, is with you, and nothing shall overcome you.

This is a solemn matter. Let me ask then, how shall it be with you, dear young Christians, you who have but lately come to Christ? Will you go on in a half-hearted way before God, or shall it be the solemn dedication of yourselves to His service?

Oh! think of His *love*! of what He *is* to us! of what He has done for us! Think of the coming glory! Of the blessedness for ever!

Is that *nothing*? Will you be content with being *just* saved, as you may, by just coming to Him as poor, needy sinners? Yea, if even you build upon the Foundation, wood, hay, and stubble, which shall be consumed, your souls *shall* be saved. Will you be content with that?

Oh! if you gaze upon His love to your souls, you *can't* be content with it. Jesus *so* loved you, that He *died* for you. God so loved you, that He gave His Son for you. You must be building gold and precious stones on the Foundation; you can't be content without. You can't be happy, even in the Lord Himself, without.

Do you want peace? more of God's grace? Then you must sanctify yourselves, consecrate, dedicate yourselves, and take your stand with clearness and boldness, and you shall enjoy the peace of Canaan, and God will be your portion, pointing you heavenward to the glories of that heavenly Rest which



remaineth, leading you to its excellencies through the strifes of your Canaan life, and declaring Himself your All in all when you arrive at home, safe for ever and ever.

*J. G. Gregory.*

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#### THE CHRISTIAN WALK WITH GOD.

Enoch walked with God : and he was not ; for God took him.

*Gen. v. 24.*

As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him : rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.

*Colos. ii. 6, 7.*

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Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

*Beecher.*

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Look more to Jesus. Walk closer to Jesus. Bring Jesus oftener into everything. Only thus will there be "much fruit," and the Father glorified. Only thus shall we be "made to become" true "fishers of men."

*F. Whitfield.*

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I will mention one thing which, if we always attended to it, would, I believe, be highly beneficial. "The disciples," we read, "returned to Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught." I think if we would every evening come to our Master's feet, and tell Him where we have been, what we have done, what we have said, and what were the motives by which we have been actuated, it would have a salutary effect upon our whole conduct. While reading over each day's page of life, with the consciousness that He was reading it with us, we should detect many errors and defects which would otherwise pass unnoticed.

*Payson.*



And evermore beside him on his way,  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,  
“Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?”

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,  
To make the scene more fair,  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John,  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on! *Longfellow.*

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WHEREFORE JESUS ALSO, THAT HE MIGHT SANCTIFY THE PEOPLE WITH HIS OWN BLOOD, SUFFERED WITHOUT THE GATE. LET US GO FORTH THEREFORE UNTO HIM WITHOUT THE CAMP, BEARING HIS REPROACH. FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY, BUT WE SEEK ONE TO COME. *Heb. xiii. 12-14.*

The command is to “GO FORTH.” This is a deeply solemn matter. It concerns us all, because we are all prone to slip away from communion with a living Christ, and sink into dead routine. Hence the practical power of the words, “Go forth therefore unto *him*.” It is not, go forth from one system to another, from one set of opinions to another, from one company of people to another. No, but go forth from everything that merits the appellation of a camp, “*to him*” who “suffered without the gate.” The Lord Jesus is as thoroughly outside the gate now, as He was when He suffered there eighteen centuries ago. What was it that put Him outside? “The religious world” of that day: and the religious world of that day is, in spirit and principle, the religious world of the present moment. The world is the world still. “There is nothing new under the sun.”



Christ and the world are *not* one. The world has covered itself with the cloak of Christianity ; but it is only in order that its hatred to Christ may work itself up into more deadly forms underneath. Let us not deceive ourselves. If we will walk with a rejected Christ, we must be a rejected people. If our Master "suffered *without* the gate," we cannot expect to reign *within* the gate. If we walk in His footsteps, whither will they lead us? Surely not to the high places of this godless, Christless world.

"His path, uncheered by earthly smiles,  
Led only to the cross."

He is a despised Christ, a rejected Christ, a Christ outside the camp. Oh! then, dear Christian reader, let us go forth to Him, bearing His reproach. Let us not bask in the sunshine of this world's favour, seeing it crucified, and still hates with an unmitigated hatred, the Beloved One to whom we owe our present and eternal all, and who loves us with a love which many waters cannot quench. Let us not, directly or indirectly, accredit that thing which calls itself by His sacred name, but, in reality, hates His person, hates His ways, hates His truth, hates the bare mention of His advent. Let us be faithful to an absent Lord. Let us live for Him who *died* for us. While our consciences repose in His Blood, let our heart's affections entwine themselves around His Person ; so that our separation from "this present evil world" may not be merely a matter of cold principle, but an affectionate separation, because the object of our affections is not here.

May the Lord deliver us from the influence of that concentrated, prudential selfishness, so common at the present time, which would not be without *religiousness*, but is the enemy of the Cross of Christ. What we want, in order to make a successful stand against this terrible form of evil, is not peculiar views, or special principles, or curious theories, or cold intellectual accuracy. We want a deep-toned devotedness to the Person of the Son of God, a whole hearted consecration of



ourselves—body, soul, and spirit—to His service; an earnest longing for His glorious advent. These are the special wants of the times in which you and I live. Will you not, then, join in uttering from the very depths of your heart, the cry, “O Lord, revive thy work!” “Accomplish the number of thine elect!” “Hasten thy kingdom!” “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!”

C. H. Macintosh.

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Blessed is he that understands how to love Jesus, and to despise himself for Jesu's sake. Keep close to Jesus, both in life and in death, and commit thyself unto His trust, who, when all others fail, can alone help thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

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Our boldness *for* God *before the world* must always be the result of individual dealing with Him in *secret*. Our victories over self, and sin, and the world, are always *first* fought where no eye sees but God's. If there be the mortification of secret lust or affection within, some will of our own bent in entire submission to God's, some tendency to levity subdued, some carnal desire, or unholy imagination checked and mortified, some evil habit aimed to be corrected, or self-denying cross, from which we had shrunk, cheerfully taken up for the sake of Christ; if this be the daily work going on within us, unseen and unnoticed by any but God Himself, then we may depend upon certain victory in our conflicts before the world, and realise a living God at our side. And all this secret discipline may go on in the routine of our daily duty. We need not withdraw from the eye of man, or from the necessary duties of life. Nay, these may be the instrumentality for carrying on that work. The circumstances and scenes of each day may be but the ladder by which the watchful soul may ascend into the presence of God, or draw down in secret that strength which will fortify the citadel within. When we speak of secret living before God, and being much alone with Him, let us not



leave behind a beautiful theory for the *mind* of the Christian merely to delight in. This is our theory reduced to practice, this is the secret living before God of which we speak—a daily, hourly, secret work within—a daily, hourly, ascending of the soul into God's presence, and thinking, speaking, and acting as with the eye of God upon us. Here is the spiritual battle-field of the soul, where, learning its weakness and danger, it may clothe itself with the armour of God, and be ready to stand in the presence of greater and mightier foes here, and only here. And if we have not these *secret* conflicts, well may we not have any *open* ones. The *outward* absence of conflict betrays the *inward* sleep of the soul. We pass through each day's life smoothly and easily, with passivity or indifference, because there is no *secret exercise* of the soul before God.

F. Whitfield.

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O send me forth, my Saviour ;  
O send me for Thy glory ;  
Regarding not the praise of man,  
And trampling on the fear of man,  
And fighting for Thy glory.

There is a man who often stands  
Between me and Thy glory ;  
His name is self ;  
My carnal self,  
Self-seeking self,  
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.

O mortify him, mortify him,  
Put him down, my Saviour ;  
Exalt Thyself alone. lift high  
The Banner of the Cross,  
And in its folds,  
Conceal Thy standard-bearer.



## LUKE V. 10.

Reader! have you followed, are you following Jesus as did these His first apostles? You are not called on, thank God, like them to follow Him in the spoiling of your goods, or in the relinquishment of your earthly homes. To be a follower of Christ does not require huge sacrifice—brilliant displays of heroic suffering. I believe that meek Saviour is most honoured by those who bear most meekly, what I might call, *little crosses*, who, not in the great battle-field of the world, but in the quiet of their own homesteads, exhibit the lovely, submissive, patient spirit of cross-bearing disciples.

Look back on your past life—look even back on a single year, and can you point to any one action in the course of it, in which you are conscious of having made some little denial of self, *because* you thought that denial would be pleasing to *Jesus*? Can you tell of some passion you subdued—some lust you mortified—some kindly deed you performed, because you believed your Saviour would be honoured, and you were thereby doing His will? Can you tell of some sore affliction to which you bowed in meek and lowly submission, manifesting in your trial, patience, and faith, and uncomplaining resignation, because you thought of an uncomplaining Saviour, and that your own cross was but as dust in the balance compared with His? Say, is not that following of the Lord self-rewarding, and self-recompensing? “If any man serve me,” says He, “let him follow me, and where I am there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.” Even if it be suffering and trial you are called to endure, what a privilege in this to “*follow Jesus!*” Yes! put the emphasis on these little words, “Follow me.” “They followed him!”

Suffering believer! is it no solace in the midst of trial to think that you are following in the very footsteps of a suffering Saviour? that you, a poor, guilty, worthless sinner, are faring no worse than your Lord and Master did—the stainless, spotless, sinless, and withal unrepining Lamb of God?



Follow Him fully—cast off every impediment, every lingering sin that would hamper you in His service. Go and show that thou followest Him by thy deeds. It was not by tarrying at their nets, or lingering on the shore, that the disciples manifested their resolve to cast in their lot with the homeless Christ of Galilee. They *did* it. Ah! religion is not contemplation, but action. Religion is not a thing of mopish sentimentalism, or demure looks, or set phrases. It is launching forth into the deep of our own and the world's great necessities. It is letting down the net for a draught; and then, in conjunction with this earnest work, rising up and following the example, the footsteps, the word, the will of Jesus. Arise, then, let us be going.

*Macduff.*

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Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; 'tis the highway to glory; but when you see Him in His own country at home, you will think you never saw Him before.

I exhort you in the Lord to go on in your journey to Heaven content with such fare by the way as Christ and His followers have had before you. The Lord hath not changed the way to us, for our ease, but will have us to follow our blessed Master.

*Rutherford, 1628-1661.*

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A Christian is a puzzle to himself. A moment's glow of ardent desire, and an hour's cold, chilly, worldly carnality set over against it. A ray of light from above by a scripture darting into his soul, and a long night of darkness, in which the individual sinks almost into a reckless carelessness, immediately succeeding it. An attempt to grasp a promise, immediately followed by a repulsive putting away of the very comforts God showers down in His Word. An abhorrence of sin, deeply rooted in his heart, and tempted almost every hour to some abominable indulgence through the devil's wiles. Warm with love to God, yet cold as ice in acts of devotion, and in hearing



His Word. Living upon Christ's body and blood by faith, yet wandering careless, almost like the worldling.

Such is the mystery of the Christian. What an obscurity! With evidences enough to satisfy ten thousand angels, and yet in the face of them all doubting whether the soul possesses one!

*Unknown.*

There are differences in the degrees of the age of Christ in us. Some Christians are but weak, young ones—lambs, babes, new-formed, and God knows it, and looks for no more from such than what agrees to their age. He is a compassionate Father, that doth not require the same power of gifts in a weak Christian, which He looks for in a strong.

*Nicholas Bifield. Died 1622.*

#### CHRISTIAN AMBITION.

I feel that there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardour!—*personal holiness*, and the *honour of Christ* in the *salvation of souls*.

*McCheyne.*

#### NAMES OF CHRISTIANS.

The Scripture gives four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation: *saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.

*Fuller.*

Though Divine truths are to be received equally from every minister alike, yet it must be acknowledged that there is something (we know not what to call it) of a far more acceptable reception of those who at first were the means of bringing us to God, than of others; like the opinion some have of physicians they love.

*Leighton.*



## CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved. In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

*Ephes. i. 3-7.*

## CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship is imperishable.

Bosom friends! will you let that friendship be stamped by the living Saviour with love for the lost? And if both of you are still among the lost, will you seek to walk hand in hand, seeking Jesus together? Will you have your friendship bound with ties that life's changes shall but rivet, and death only gild with glory? Try it on the basis of that promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Throw that love of yours—God's sweet gift, though barren still of good to any but yourselves—throw it as a plank across the gulf between you the living, and the dead world. Let him who pleads best under shade of the mercy-seat, lodge within the veil. Let him who can work near the pit's edge, and who feels that the devil's arrows glide off him on the Captain's shield,—let him linger among the lost, make errands among the perishing, with a heart of love and with a tongue of fire, saying, "Behold the Lamb!" Give those two glowing hearts to God, to be fired for the first time, or fired anew by love divine. Shall not your pillar of remembrance be built of living stones, which your hands have together carried off



Satan's ground? Do it with all your might. Do it as those who rescue the dying. Sacrifice something. The men who lift the wounded after bloody battles, will scarcely stop to pluck wild flowers growing near the slain. Your joys will be all in keeping with your work. You will never meet without united prayer, however brief, to press your suit. At length, even a look from that friend in passing, or the sight of his handwriting, will speak to you of Christ; and on the whole course of that friendship shall be read, in characters entire, "Holiness to the Lord."                      "*The Soul-Gatherer.*"

A King who has Himself prepared the kingdom, who by the love-tokens He distils on us day after day, viz., by His dispensations and His consolations, proves He has considered our frame, knows what will satisfy, even to enter into the joy of our Lord, who, having prepared a kingdom that *will satisfy*, is now preparing us for it,—in a word, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. Say, dear friend, have we not volumes to unfold respecting this King? Why, then, do we so often spend our time, while in company with our Father's children, talking on subjects we despise and consider trifles? Is it not because out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks? Alas! how grievously have I to accuse myself on this point; in nothing do I feel so dependent; and when I do speak, how many double, treble motives; how often seeking self instead of Jesus, proved by silence before those who dislike it; how often ashamed of Him; how often irritated when opposed; how often playing with the subject; how little feeling what I speak; how humbling: how astonished would you be did you know me! All the love of angels and saints put together could not have patience with me. He alone could "silent stand, and wait to show His love." Surely it is no hard demand that is required, only to loving subjects, and how gracious where He demands this! He does not call on us to love an unknown friend, but with His own pencil has drawn for us the object to be loved.

*Lady Powerscourt.*



The love of Christ in the heart of the believer is the cement that unites the Church together as one body—Christ the Head. The Spirit of Christ in me recognises and acknowledges His own likeness in another, and goes out to that Christian in holy love. This is the sweetest of all Christian fellowship. It is thus the Lord is preparing His Church on earth for the blessed place He has gone to prepare for her in Heaven. He is spiritually educating and training her for her glorious inheritance above.

*Mrs. Winslow.*

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Sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer the heart, and to be delivered with it.

*Bishop Selden.*

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Our communings ought to be often about departing and being with Christ, which is far better. It behoves us to familiarise our minds with the idea of union in spirit, notwithstanding separation in body. *That* is the true union, which does not depend on sense and sight, but lies in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Even a heathen sage could say, "Friendship is one soul in two bodies." How much more truly may saints say, "Christian friendship is one spirit in two souls!" That friendship never dies. How can it? It belongs to an undying life. It is not of the flesh; therefore the death of the flesh cannot affect it.

*Hugh Stowell.*

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Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be  
As more of Heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

*Keble.*

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#### THE SABBATH-DAY.

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not



doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words ; then shalt thou delight thyself in the *Lord*; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth.

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*Isa. lviii. 13, 14.*

Our Sabbaths are the landings on life's stairs. *Lever Lines.*

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The Lord's-day is the key-stone of the week. *Lever Lines.*

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#### SABBATHS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,  
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—  
 The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—  
 Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which  
 We climb to future ages—the lamps that light  
 Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,  
 Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers  
 As on he journeys in the narrow way,  
 Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours  
 Are waited for, as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,  
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—  
 Periods appointed to renew our trust—  
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth, pledges of joy—  
 Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story,  
 The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,  
 And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

*H. Vaughan, 1680.*

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The Sabbath is the savings'-bank of life. *Lever Lines.*



The day of the Lord which we keep as our Sabbath, is not only a remembrance of His resurrection past, but a type and figure of that eternal Sabbath which is to come. The alteration, in part, is thus ; they (the Jews) did celebrate their Sabbath with a remembrance of the creation, we of the resurrection ; they as a figure of grace, when they should rest from the servitude of sin, we as a figure of glory, when we shall rest from occasions of sinning.

*Augustine.*

### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

This do in remembrance of me.

*Luke xxii. 19.*

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

*1 Cor. xi. 26.*

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ ? For *we* being many *are* one bread, and one body : for we are all partakers of that one bread.

*1 Cor. x. 16, 17.*

Do not let us err. The *Communion* is not bread and wine : the bread and wine indeed form "the Lord's Supper," but the "*Communion*" is the fellowship of the members of the body of Christ who meet around the Table of the Lord. The partaking of the Holy Communion is the partaking of the blessings of the *fellowship of saints*. This is very evident in one of the prayers after the Lord's Supper has been received ; it says, "Humbly beseeching Thee, that all we who *are* (*are*, not *have been* receiving the bread and wine, but *are* now, habitually, as members of it, as saints) all we who *are* partakers of this Holy Communion (or fellowship, companionship, partnership, or brotherhood in Christ) may be fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction." So, "the Holy Communion" as we call it, is the gathering of holy people around the Table of the Lord, that they may eat bread and drink wine together, in remembrance of Him. It is, I doubt not, in this sense that the "Communion," or "Holy Communion," is always spoken



of in the Communion Service. Certainly the entire spirit and power of the service is lost, without this meaning of the "Communion" is kept in mind. Oh! would that Christians took the Book of God, and carefully observed more generally than they do what is the standing of the believer. Surely they would see, *then*, that except the Altar of consecration to the service of the Lord, in the daily walk and conversation in the world (as it were outside the camp), there is no need of any; no, nor of a Priest; because it is the simple truth in which we glory that Jesus Christ is All; that He has finished all that God requires of us concerning sin, for He has put it all away, and purged it from their consciences. Oh! it is because man will not see the work of Christ, will not accept the glorious truth that He has done all; that He has risen and ascended without sin, and ever liveth there above, presenting all the entire Church complete in Himself upon the Throne: it is because they will not let Him have the entire glory of a full, present, perfected salvation, that they talk of "priests," and "sacrifice," and "altar." But do not let us err, beloved.

What, then, is the Supper of our Lord? It is a simple meal of broken bread and of a cup of wine, to be partaken of in remembrance of Jesus Christ's death, until He come again. There is no mystery whatever about it except (which, I believe, is the intention of the word "mystery" in our Church Service) so far as the Lord's Supper is an emblem, an outward, visible sign, or figure, of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, upon which we are to feed every day and hour we live, for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls, as our bodies are strengthened and refreshed by bread and wine. If we keep close to this simple view of the matter, we are out of danger. But as soon as ever we place a foot upon the ground of sacramental mystery, or sacramental grace; as soon as ever we raise the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, or that of Baptism, above the level of mere simple, outward signs which we are commanded and privileged to use, for the keeping ever before our minds and hearts important truths concerning the



wonderful *completed* work of our Redemption, then we fall into danger. Oh, my young friends, keep to and rest satisfied with what your Bible plainly tells you, and resolutely determine, by God's grace, not to receive as His truth *one word beyond*. Remember, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, that the man of God may be *perfect*, thoroughly furnished unto *all* good works." J. G. Gregory.

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The sacrifice of Christ, because it has taken away sin, admits not of repetition. The Apostle reasons on this as a truth acknowledged by all. Sacrifices which are repeated, he says, bring sin to remembrance; a sacrifice which has put it away requires no repetition. What shall we say then to the Romish Mass? We are told that it is the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, and yet those who say so, *repeat it continually*. Only one thing can be said, viz., that it is an open testimony to the inefficacy of Christ's sacrifice. If there be any truth in this Apostolic argument, that Apostacy in her masses has been for ages proclaiming openly that the Blood of Christ is as valueless as the blood of a bull, and that the Body which was prepared by the Holy Ghost is as worthless as the body of a goat. From the inspired Word before us, I bring, in the name of God, this charge against her, and defy her whole priesthood to repel it. Let me affectionately caution you to avoid all approaches to that Apostacy. In this dangerous day such a caution is more than ever needful, for the approaches to it are gradual—we slide into her errors before we are aware. Take heed of calling the Lord's Table an ALTAR, and the Bread and Wine which are placed on it, a SACRIFICE, and God's ministers PRIESTS. For if that Table be indeed an Altar, if that Bread and Wine be indeed a Sacrifice, and if the officiating minister be indeed a Priest, there is *no* escaping, let us remember, from the dreadful consequence—*sin is not taken away*. To say that a sacrifice which admits of repetition, has taken it away, is to deny the inspired reasoning before us. Moreover if these things be true, it *never can* be *taken away*.



For there is no other sacrifice for sin than that which is thus repeated ; and a sacrifice which can be repeated is, according to this 10th of Hebrews—a valueless, profitless nothing.

*Tait's "Meditationes Hebraicae."*

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#### TOUCHING THE POSTURE AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The Feast indeed requires sitting, because it is a Feast ; but man's unpreparedness asks kneeling. He that comes to the Sacrament hath the confidence of a guest, and he that kneels confesseth himself an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other feasters ; but he that sits or lies, puts up to an apostle.

Contentiousness in a feast of charity is more scandal than any posture.

*George Herbert, 1652.*

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The intelligent celebration of the Lord's Supper must ever depend upon the recognition of its purely eucharistic or thanksgiving character. It is, very especially, a feast of thanksgiving—thanksgiving for an accomplished redemption. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ? (1 Cor. x. 16.) Hence, a soul bowed down under the heavy burden of sin cannot, with spiritual intelligence, eat the Lord's Supper, inasmuch as that feast is expressive of the complete removal of sin by the death of Christ. "Ye do shew forth the Lord's death till he come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

In the death of Christ faith sees the *end* of everthing that pertained to our old creation ; and, seeing that the Lord's Supper "shows forth" that death, it is to be viewed as the memento of the glorious fact that the believer's burden of sin was borne by One who put it away for ever. It declares that the chain of our sins, which once tied and bound us, has been eternally snapped by the death of Christ, and can never tie and bind us again. We meet round the Lord's Table in all



the joy of conquerors. We look back to the Cross, where the battle was fought and won; and we look forward to the glory, where we shall enter into the full and eternal results of the victory.

C. H. Macintosh.

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It is true, indeed, that "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." (1 John iii. 9.) But we must remember that "that which is born of the Spirit is *spirit*." (John iii. 6.) The flesh, "born of the flesh," remains *as it was*, sinful and sinning; it undergoes *no change whatever*. It must be "*crucified* with its affections and lusts." (Gal. v. 24.) Crucified, and kept nailed, as it were, to the cross, till the Lord shall call the spirit to Himself. This is all that can be done with it. Lust against the spirit, it *will*; conceive and strive to do evil, *it will*. So the man born of God is still a sinner. The atoning Blood, shed once for all, avails. It was written for God's people who "walk in the light as he is in the light," and "have fellowship one with another" in the crucified and risen Lord, that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and, therefore, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 7-10.)

Wherefore, the child of God has but to come before his Heavenly Father and tell Him all; spread out, as it were, his whole heart and life before Him; be clear and open-hearted in His sight, and the Blood once shed will prove enough; the believer may look back to Calvary, see *all* his sins borne there by his redeeming Lord, and meeting their full punishment in His death.

For such an one is the Lord's Table spread, and there may that believer find a ready welcome, who has sinned against the Saviour whom he loves, and whom, in the spirit of his mind, he would serve faithfully and with unwavering devotion.

"Whosoever will," because he loves the Saviour, "let him come."

J. G. Gregory.



“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here ;  
Nearer than ever still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon.  
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is  
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one ;  
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
No teaching can I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the Righteousness ;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood ;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;  
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,  
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,  
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;  
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear.



But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,  
And moving onward through the desert night ;  
It beckons, and I follow, for I know  
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet passing, points to the glad Feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

*H. Bonar.*

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We sometimes fear lest we have been deluding ourselves with the belief that we were better and safer than we ever have been, and mourn for the soul-refreshing views, the earnest purpose, the warm affections, of the days when we first believed in Christ.

No doubt, by the make of our being as we grow older, we grow less capable of emotion ; and our choice of Christ may be just as strong, and our religious convictions as deep, though they less frequently than once thrill the heart, and stir the depths of feeling. It would be wrong if any old believer thought that because he now no longer feels so deeply, perhaps on a Communion Sabbath, he is therefore falling away from the attainments of former years. It is only with him that the lamp of *all* feeling is burning lower, that the heart is less easily stirred ; but still the choice of Heaven may be as fixed, and the faith in Jesus as deep as ever. Do not vex and dishearten yourselves, my believing friends, in trying to awaken emotion which no longer comes. The still, subdued light of the autumn twilight is as beautiful in its season as the blaze of a summer day ; and the calm, thoughtful mood in which the old man covers his face, as he bends over the white cloth, befits as well the calm Feast of Remembrance as do the young believer's tears.

*" Counsel and Comfort," by A.K.H.B.*



## PRAYER.

Jesus said: All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. *Matt. xxi. 22.*

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. *Phil. iv. 6, 7.*

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Prayer is speaking to God from the heart. *Unknown.*

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Not many of us pray more than a few times in our lives! Do not start and frown, strict formalists, who, at the appointed season, never fail to go through your *form of prayer*. How often do you—do any of us—lift our thoughts so high that we consciously feel them in God's presence? How often are our thoughts pure enough to wing their way so far above sin and sense? We *trust* God hears us, as we think devout things upon our knees; or, at night, laying our heads down wearily, send up an aspiration to One in whom is no darkness at all; but we do not feel our spirits in contact with His glory. Yet this we *may* do; we may rise from our prayers, feeling that for awhile we have been out of the flesh; have sent, not our thoughts only, "winged messengers," to the Lord's Throne, but our very selves have lain at our Father's feet; have wrung hands without feeling them of flesh; have shed tears without feeling them hot on our cheeks. *Arles.*

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Fill up the void spaces of your time with prayer and meditation. Pray that you may pray. Waiting upon God continually will abate your unnecessary cares, and sweeten your necessary ones. God counts all the steps we take to the Throne of Grace, and all the minutes of our waiting.

The breath of prayer comes from the Life of Faith. Whatever you want, go to God by faith and prayer in the name of Christ, and never think His delays are denials. They that spend their days in prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort. *J. Mason.*



Faith takes hold of the strength and power of God, and looks to Him alone.

Oh, the blessings of importunate prayer !

Think of the wonderful condescension of God, to say to us, "*Command ye me.*" Will He withhold any good thing from us? You will perhaps reply, "Not if we walk uprightly." Well, if we have not, let us go and tell Him so. *Confession of sin* is one of the sweet, holy, and profitable exercises of the soul. It endears us to Christ, and endears Christ to us. It brings us into a broken-hearted, contrite communion with a loving, sympathising Saviour ; purifies the heart, and keeps the conscience tender and watchful.

M. Winslow.

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Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to Heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.

Ambrose.

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The Christian's armour will rust except it be furbished and scoured with the oil of prayer. What the key is to the watch, that prayer is to our graces ; it winds them up, and sets them a-going.

Gurnall.

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#### PRAYING IN CHRIST'S NAME.

When I ask a person to give me something for another person's sake, there is a plea indeed ; but when I ask *in the name* of such another person, if that person's name stand for anything, I must have it. I am clothed with the authority of him whose name I plead. He that asks in the name of Christ does, as it were, pray as Christ's mouth. He takes Christ to be praying for him. We would have more power in prayer if we had more *reality* of Christ in it.

C. H. Spurgeon.

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Look for the *answer* when thou pray'st to God.

Lever Lines.



## PRAYER.

Christ receives sighs in His censer for prayers; though others mock at groans, yet He that made them knows what they mean. The Spirit that made them knows what they mean. The Spirit first makes the sigh as an Intercessor, and then as God hears it; He is within praying, and without hearing. A dumb beggar gets an alms at Christ's gate, even by making signs. The Lord regards not the grammar of prayers, how men word it in prayer; nor the arithmetic of prayers, how often they pray; nor the rhetoric of prayer, how finely they pray; nor the music of prayer, what sweetness of tone men have in prayer; but the divinity of groans. There are sighs and groans which cannot be uttered.

*Francis Raworth, 1655.*

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More things are wrought by prayer,  
Than this world dreams of.

*Tennyson.*

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God will certainly take care of you if you bear your whole weight on Him. He may not do it just in your way; but He will do it. He cannot let one of your real interests perish or be hurt.

*Beecher.*

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Prayer is a living heart that speaks in a living ear, the ear of a living God.

Prayer is just the exploring eye and the believing hand selecting from the "unsearchable riches of Christ" the sweetest mercies and the costliest gifts.

*J. Hamilton.*

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If our doubts do not prevail so far as to make us leave off praying, our prayers will prevail so far as to make us leave off doubting.

*Henry Hickman, 1628-1691.*

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Prayer is a moving, a longing, and a desire of the spirit God-ward for that which it lacketh; as a sick man mourneth and sorroweth in the heart, longing for health.

*W. Tyndale.*



Lord, what a change within us, one short hour  
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make ;  
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
 What parchèd grounds refreshed as with a shower !  
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower,  
 We rise, and all the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
 We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others—that we are not always strong,  
 That we are ever overborne with care,  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
 And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee ?  
*R. C. Trench.*

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I have been looking out all the different meanings to the Hebrew words for prayer, and have found nearly thirty, each having some rather different meaning attached to it. One, for instance, signifies “a low whispering sound.” (See Isa. xxvi. 16 margin—“Secret speech.”) Another, “words set in order before God, like the showbread.” (As in Psa. liii., “In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.”) There is also “the pouring out of the soul like liquids;” and there is “the opening of the heart, like a cloud of incense expanding itself,” &c.; all showing, I think, most wonderfully the minuteness with which God has taught us how well He knows all our varied ways of approaching Him.

*A. L. Newton.*

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All who call on God in true faith, earnestly from the heart, will certainly be heard, and will receive what they asked and desired, although not in the same hour or measure, or even the very thing which they ask ; yet they will obtain something better, greater, and more glorious than they have dared to hope.

*Luther.*



## "OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

I saw a little child with trustful look,  
 Run to his father's knee, and gently say,  
 "Father, I thirst; give me to drink, I pray,  
 Some water from yon clear and sparkling brook."  
 The father brought a cup of milk and smiled :  
 "Drink this, 'tis better for thy thirst," he said;  
 "And if thou hungerest, lo, here is bread."  
 Ah! would methought, that like that little child,  
 We to our Father went in simple love ;  
 And though He give us not the very thing  
 That we had asked for, vainly fancying  
 That it was best, yet will He hear our prayer,  
 And pour a richer blessing from above ;  
 His grace our feet to guide ; His strength our cross to bear.

*A. H. Parry.*

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## IMPORTUNITY IN PRAYER.

"Though he will not give him because he is his friend, yet because of his *importunity* he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

This, as well as the parable of the unjust judge, teaches that importunate prayer will prevail, when nothing else can. A man may pray ten times, and be denied ; and yet, by praying ten times more, obtain the blessing. Had the Syro-Phoenician woman ceased, after making three applications to Christ, she would have gone away empty ; but by applying once more, she obtained all that she asked.

*Payson.*

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Prayer brings God into the heart, and keeps sin out.

*Unknown.*

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The more we speak *to* God, the more we shall be likely to speak of Him and for Him.

*Unknown.*



Prayer is the *nearest* approach to God, and the *highest* enjoyment of Him that we are capable of in this life.

There may be no form, no utterance of language ; it may be a tear, a sigh, a wish, a hope, a desire, a groan—but the whole Christian life is pervaded by the *spirit* of prayer.

The believer realises that no calamity is too great, no event too trivial, to be carried to the Throne of Grace, and laid before the Lord ; that he may detail his every sorrow in the ear of Divine sympathy, that he may repair with every difficulty, to Divine wisdom, and seek the supply of every want, out of the Divine resources, and this, not once, or for a short period at stated times, but at any moment—at every time of need. Whatever be the day of distress, it is a day for prayer. As there is no danger which is above the power of God, so there is no interest which is beneath His care. Therefore, the believer learns “to pray always,” or, as the Apostle tells us, “in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” The gate of access is ever open, and the winged prayer will, in an instant, bring the Saviour near, bring Him in all the intensity of His love, in all the fulness of His grace, in all the abundance of His strength, and in all the sweetness of his sympathy, and assurance of His death-destroying might, into the faint and failing heart.

“*The Throne of Grace.*”

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Prayer is an arrow ; if it be drawn up but a little it goes not far ; but if it be pulled up to the head it flies strongly, and pierces deep : if it be but dribbled forth of careless lips, it falls down at our feet ; the strength of our ejaculation sends it up into Heaven, and fetches down a blessing. The child hath escaped many a strife by his loud crying ; and the very unjust judge cannot endure the widow’s clamour.

*Bishop Hall.*

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Prayer is a key, which, being turned by the hand of faith, unlocks God’s treasures.

*Unknown.*



Wherever there is prayer God is present; nay, wherever there is prayer on the part of man, there is an immediate answer on the part of God, although that answer is not always instantly perceptible. The cry may go up from Egypt and the answer may come down at the back of the desert. Nay, God Himself may have come down to the very spot, and may be surveying the sorrow and sustaining the sufferer with a secret but powerful support; and yet, as there is no voice to break the silence, no visible glory to irradiate the gloom, the groaning may still go on, and for a time the suppliant may continue to exclaim, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

*J. Hamilton.*

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#### FAITH IN PRAYER.

You give yourself too much trouble about —. After you have prayed for him, as you have done, and committed him to God, should you not cease to feel anxious respecting him? The command "Be careful for *nothing*," is unlimited; and so is the expression, "casting *all* your care upon him." If we cast our burdens upon another, can they continue to press upon us? If we bring them away from the Throne of Grace with us, it is evident we do not leave them there. With respect to myself I have made this one test of my prayers. If, after committing anything to God, I can, like Hannah, come away and have my countenance no more sad, my heart no more pained or anxious, I look upon it as one proof that I prayed in faith; but if I bring away my burden, I conclude that faith was not in exercise.

*Payson.*

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#### HELP AND DELIVERANCE.

It is by earnest prayer, that in the fulness of His sympathy in the depth of His love, and in the strength of His all-sufficiency, the Saviour is brought near. The fervent breathings, the ardent longings, which ascend from a believer's heart, gather and accumulate in the upper skies; and, when most he

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needs Divine grace and strength, they descend in covenant blessings on his soul. *No real, believing prayer is ever lost*, even as the moisture exhaled from earth is never lost. That feeble desire, that faint breathing of the soul after God, shall never perish : it was, perhaps, so weak and tremulous, so mixed with fear and anxiety, so burdened with complaint and sin, that you could scarcely discern it to be real prayer, and yet, ascending from a heart inhabited by the Holy Spirit, it was accepted by God, and was presented by our great High Priest, with the "much incense" before the Throne. Around that Throne, these prayers are gathering like clustering angels, and although the "vision may tarry," yet, waiting in humble faith God's time, those prayers will come back, bringing *help* and *deliverance*. Oh, then, daily ask and plead for Divine strength ! When you experience a temptation, turn to the Lord for support ; when conscious of the rising of a rebellious temper, go to Him for strength against it, when the deceitful heart would turn you aside, ask of Him to lead you in the way everlasting. Take *all* your difficulties, *whatever* they may be : the daily life and conversation, the *little* circumstances of every hour, with all their perplexities whatever they are ; take them to your Father, unbosom them all to Him, lay them all before Him with perfect confidence and firm reliance on His promises, and you will find that the way to obtain confidence in regard to the greatest matter of the salvation of your soul, is to exercise confidence in small things. How can faith ever strengthen if you do not bring it to bear on your daily life ?—on your *little* disappointments, and troubles, and vexations : remembering that God has said that "all things shall work together for good to them that love him." Strive, always, to exercise an unlimited confidence in God. "Though prayer be the key that opens God's treasures, yet *faith* is the hand that turns the key, without which it will do no good." Amid all your difficulties and dangers be cheered by the thought that, "stronger is he that is with you, than all that can be against you."

*"The Throne of Grace."*



The Lord tells us to carry our cross, and cast our care.  
But we try to cast our cross, and carry our care.

*Unknown.*

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than  
words without a heart.

*Bunyan.*

God hears the heart, though without words ; but He never  
hears words without the heart.

*Hopkins.*

When the Lord is about to give a blessing, He first puts it  
into the heart of the individual to ask for that blessing, and  
when they have done it He then gives it.

*Unknown.*

Pray ; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner will come one day ;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

*Adelaide Proctor.*

Prayer does not always procure for us the thing we pray for,  
but then it procureth for us something better ; nor is prayer  
always granted at the time of its being offered up, but then it  
is sure to be granted at the right time.

*Clowes.*

All Jesu's delays to answer prayer,  
Are only to strengthen our faith.

*Unknown.*



Not only does the Saviour teach us that prayer is our preservation from temptation, He furnishes us also with a pattern of prayer, in His own supplication to Heaven: "Father, *if thou be willing*, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, *not my will, but thine, be done.*" The sum and substance of every prayer should be the will of God. The exercise of prayer can only be a blessing to our souls when our own will is entirely merged in the will of our Heavenly Father. If we only knew the truth, we should find that prayer is more connected with the discipline of the will than we generally imagine. Our will is not naturally in harmony with God's. The carrying out of our own will when bent on some desirable object, is what invariably characterises us. It becomes habitual to us. We carry it, more or less, as a habit into the presence of God. It must not be, however. Wilfulness is not a characteristic of one of God's children. He is but a child, and he must *know* it. The Father's will is best, the child must know no will but His. It must be crossed, however painful it may be. To subdue that will, to blend it with His, and to make us perfectly happy under the conviction that our own is not to be carried out, is the only true explanation of many an unanswered prayer, many a bitter cup still unremoved, and many a thorn still left rankling in the flesh. But when the heart has been brought into that state when it can, with happy, confiding trust, look up and say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" then will relief come. The thorn indeed may not be extracted, the cup may not be removed, but there will appear the strengthening angel from Heaven enabling us to bear it.

*F. Whitfield.*

### PRAYER.

"It is said," says Rutherford, speaking of the Saviour's delay in responding to the request of the Syro-Phœnician woman, "It is said, He *answered* not a word, but it is not said, He *heard* not a word. These two differ much. Christ often



heareth when He doth not answer. His not answering is an answer, and speaks thus: 'Pray on, go on and cry, for the Lord holdeth His door fast bolted—not to keep you out, but that you may knock and knock.'"

"God delays to answer prayer," says Archbishop Usher, "because He would have more of it. If the musicians come to play at our doors or windows, if we delight not in their music, we throw them out money presently that they may be gone. But if the music please us, we forbear to give them money, because we would keep them longer to enjoy their music. So the Lord loves and delights in the sweet words of His children, and therefore puts them off, and answers them not presently."

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Prayer is the bow, the promise is the arrow; faith is the hand which draws the bow, and sends the arrow with the heart's message to Heaven. The bow without the arrow is of little use, and the arrow without the bow is of little worth, and both without the strength of the hand to no purpose. Neither the promise without prayer, nor prayer without the promise, nor both without faith, avail the Christian anything.

*Salter.*

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When you send your prayers, be sure to direct them to the Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry.

*Matthew Henry.*

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Prayer is to tell God all we are, and all we have done, and all we want, with the simplicity of a little child, and, with the same simplicity, to expect a suitable answer. Prayer keeps believers dependent upon Christ, and in their right place. It brings them near to God; and that very nearness has a tendency to keep them; and that nearness again, has a tendency to keep them humble.

*J. W. Reeve.*



## THE SPIRIT'S INTERCESSION.

The Spirit itself also maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. *Rom. viii. 26.*

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Christian! when words are too weak to express half the craving desires or deep emotions of the soul, when thoughts arise, too big for utterance, or when, under some crushing trial, or the secret consciousness of in-dwelling sin, the lips utter not a word, then the Holy Spirit interprets the thought, and reads the language of desire. God, who searcheth the heart, understands the mind of the Spirit; and so, the scarcely breathed sigh, the ardent desire for Jesus, the longing for divine conformity, the silent heaving and aspiration of the heart, find acceptance with the High and Holy One. Unintelligible and meaningless to us, they have a sense and a language clear to Him who inspired them. They are not lost; God marks—God receives them all, and lays up the memory of them among His choicest treasures.

Despond and despair not, then, trembling soul, because, at times, thou kneelest at the Throne of Grace, full of all spiritual desire, and yearning for more grace, and yet art dumb from the very want of words to speak thy desire. It is for thy comfort and encouragement such words as these are sent: "The Spirit itself also maketh intercession for thee with groanings which cannot be uttered." Oh, hang not back, because of conscious, felt unworthiness. If *only* the *worthy* might approach with the hope of being heard, who would venture to draw near? Unworthy thou art to ask anything either for thyself or for others. Yet, thou art urged and invited to come "with lowly boldness." The Spirit is ready to help thine infirmities, to teach thee what to pray for, and how to pray as you ought. Oh! it is this which renders man inexcusable, it is this which makes salvation possible, and condemnation just. Man *may have* the Spirit's influence; it is promised in answer



to human supplication, it is even suspended on the breath of prayer ; and, if they will but seek for its outpouring, there is not one heart—one soul, that may not be of those who enjoy the abiding presence of the Comforter. He will abide and dwell in their hearts. There will He reside, in intimate and familiar converse with their spirits, guiding them in all their sorrows, strengthening them in all their weaknesses, and sealing and binding the comforts of God upon their souls. All His blessed influences will be directed to cherishing and feeding the flame that burns upon the altar of their spiritual life, to keep away all that would desecrate and pollute that holy Temple. “Having begun a good work in them, He will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.” Having laid the first stone of that spiritual Temple, He will continue to add stone to stone, till it become “a building in the Heavens.”

*“The Throne of Grace.”*

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Prayer, the Church's banquet, angels' age,  
God's breath in man returning to His birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding earth and heaven.  
Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six days' world transposing in an hour,  
A kind of tune, while all things hear and fear.  
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,  
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,  
Heaven in ordinary, man well-drest,  
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise,  
Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,  
The land of spices, something understood.

*George Herbert.*

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A family without prayer is like a house without a roof—it has no protection. *Jay.*



## PRAYER.

The *Spirit of Prayer* is the Spirit of Power. *Prayer* MOVES the HAND and the HEART that MOVE the UNIVERSE. "Let me go," said God to Jacob: "Let me go," as if He could not go unless He was let go. "Let me alone," said God to Moses, as if God could not do what He wanted to do so long as Moses held Him fast in prayer.

What a wondrous power is the power of prayer! I come, a poor sinner, to the full fountain of my God! the Holy Spirit in me breathes the petition. The Holy Son of God, my High Priest before the Throne, presents my petition, and it comes into my Father's ear, and into my Father's heart; and although it may not be answered just now, it is laid up on the registry of One who never forgets to be answered in due time. *Prayer* is POWER, my friends! PRAYER is POWER!

*M. Rainsford.*

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Make noontide prayer the key-stone of the day.

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Prayer links man's weakness to Omnipotence.

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## MEDITATION.

My meditation of him shall be sweet.

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*Psa. civ. 34.*

In regard to *meditation*, forgive me if I say I think you are in bondage about it. My idea of it is this, that it is a thing one cannot set oneself to as a prescribed duty; nor do I think it is enjoined upon us as such in Scripture. It is not within the reach of the newly converted soul; but belongs to those who, in studying the precious Word of Life, begin to see such beauties, and such heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths in Divine wonders, that, as they read, they are con-



strained to pause, to wonder, to adore, to get breathing-time in which to admire the intensity of the mysteries of Divine Revelation. Thus St. Paul seemed to give vent to his meditations in Rom. xi. 33, or in Rom. vii. 24, 25, on a quite different subject. Old writers dwell upon it till they put it almost in the place of a Saviour, just as more modern ones write of other parts of Christian experience. Cant. v. 10-16 is the sublimest meditation I know of, and it came out of the overflowings of a full heart, and not out of one that set about to meditate because meditation was "sweet" and profitable. I think the way to arrive at meditation is to read the words and revealed thoughts of God, till you can't help it. Your own thoughts become so full of it that you meditate almost unconsciously.

*A. L. Newton.*

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### THE CHRISTIAN WALK FOR GOD BEFORE THE WORLD.

He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked. 1 *John* ii. 6.

Because Christ also suffered, leaving us as an example, that we should follow in his steps. 1 *Peter* ii. 21.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—  
*Matt.* v. 16.

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It is more to the honour of a Christian soldier by faith to overcome the world, than by a monastic vow to retreat from it: and more for the honour of Christ to serve Him in a city, than to serve Him in a cell. *Matthew Henry.*

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Christians should ever remember that they are the epistles of Christ, known and read of all men, and that no word or action of theirs is too insignificant to bring either honour or reproach on His most precious name. *Unknown.*



Believers have the credit of religion entrusted to them to maintain.

*Unknown.*

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### THE WARFARE.

We must fight—First, in the Presence of Jesus. Second, in the Strength of Jesus. Third, with the Weapons of Jesus.

*Mrs. Daniell.*

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### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The practical life of the Christian comprehends three distinct elements—working, fighting, and suffering. We have to do the will of God in our business—this is working. We have to oppose our bosom sin, and to resist temptation—this is fighting. We have, finally, to endure with cheerfulness and submission whatever cross the Lord Jesus pleases to lay upon us—this is suffering. The Christian life is summed up in these three things—to work devoutly, to fight manfully, and to suffer patiently. The humblest duties of daily life are to be regarded by us as the work given us by God to do for Him; all the lawful and necessary pursuits of the world are so many departments of God's great harvest-field, in which he has called Christians to go forth and labour for Him. Strive at all periods, whether of work or of refreshment, to realise His presence, and the great end for which you are or ought to be living.

*Goulburn.*

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Why should I, who shall see God, and see Him as He is—no despised man in weeds of sorrow, but a King in His beauty—care for the fear and favour of the great ones and beautiful ones of the earth? And shall I who am the son of the King of kings, and heir-apparent to a crown of glory, to “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away,” care for worldly distinctions or earthly preferments, or aught appertaining to the rebel and corrupt vice-sovereignities



of this earth? Thus it is to the believer, embodying to himself that future reign of glory which awaiteth him, seeketh earnestly to be possessed of it in the good time and pleasure of the Lord, and in faith thereof is content to pass all unnoticed, all despised and trodden on, through the valley of humiliation and sorrow, which his Lord walked in before him. One present possession only he desireth, the righteousness of that kingdom, which is its earnest and the seal of admission to glory.

*Edward Irving.*

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#### CONSISTENCY.

We must be prepared to *take a stand* FIRMLY for Christ. It is not an easy thing to be a consistent Christian, to live a Christ-like life, seeking God's glory always. But God's grace is sufficient for us—those who rest upon *His* strength will not be overthrown.

*J. G. Gregory.*

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Let us, dear friend, among those we *live*, every day, hour, moment, walk as children of light. Oh! what difficult preaching is this! Let us drink in largely *every* morning of the unction of the spirit, which the busy bee (*not the wasp*) knows how to sip from the garden of the Lord; that through the day we may breathe out the atmosphere of Heaven all around. We have a *right* to wear a sweeter smile than even angels wear; and since suffering displays the riches of our inheritance, may we not bless Him, if our lot should be among the exercised in soul?

*Lady Powerscourt.*

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In the school of the world (this painted world), how much is there of what is called "policy," double-dealing! accomplishing its end by tortuous means; outward artificial polish, often only a cloak for baseness and selfishness! in the daily interchange of business, one seeking to over-reach the other by wily arts, sacrificing principle for temporal advantage. There is nothing so derogatory to religion as aught allied to such a



spirit among Christ's people, any such blots on the "living epistles." "Ye are the light of the world." The world is a quick observer. It is sharp to detect inconsistencies, slow to forget them. The Christian has been likened to an *anagram*, you ought to be able to read him up and down, every way! Be all reality, no counterfeit. Do not pass current for coin what is base alloy. Let transparent honour and sincerity regulate all your dealings; despise all meanness; avoid the sinister motive, the underhand dealing; aim at that unswerving love of truth that would scorn to stoop to base compliances and unworthy equivocations; live more under the power of the purifying and ennobling influences of the Gospel. Take its golden rule as the matchless directory for the daily transactions of life. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them." *"The Mind of Jesus."*

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Consistency presents Christianity in her fairest attitude, in all her lovely proportions of figure and correct symmetry of feature. Consistency is the beautiful result of all the qualities and graces of a truly religious mind united and brought into action, each individually right, all relatively associated. Where the character is consistent, prejudice cannot ridicule, nor infidelity sneer.

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*Hannah More.*

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works," &c. It is important to keep in mind that *practical* godliness which commends itself to those around as something valuable and desirable *even in the sight of men*, the passage clearly speaking of "works" which men would see, and call "good." Not Bible classes and conference meetings, for these men ridicule, but the faithful, patient, loving fulfilment of home duties, and social duties, the strict integrity, the cheerful liberality, the service well performed, the temper bridled—these, and such as these, bring a testimony which men can appreciate, such a light shining forth as to bring much glory to our Father in Heaven.

*Mrs. Pennefather.*



We must bring the torch so near to the eyes of the blind, that, if they cannot behold its light, they may at least *feel* its warmth.

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*Unknown.*

The Christian should be luminous with Christ.

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#### THE BREASTPLATE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

God's purpose in respect to His children is holiness. He has "chosen them in Christ before the foundation of the world that they should be holy and without blame before Him in love." He has "predestinated them to be conformed to the image of the Son of God." Jesus "gave himself for them that he might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;" and "they are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in them." Now, the power of holiness is seen in resisting evil, in whatever form it may present itself. The three great principles which Satan uses are "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life;" and so, whether sin be profitable, pleasurable, or fashionable, it is still sin in all its malignity, and therefore it must be resisted. It is a very important thing for you all to look into your own hearts with regard to these particulars. Profitable sin entangles many, pleasurable sin perhaps entangles more, fashionable sin perhaps most of all—most of all, because it is so common—most of all, because "I only do as others do; I don't wish to be singular, to make myself an object of remark; I only do as others." Is not this the way in which they all perished beneath the waters of the flood? They only did as others did in rejecting the preaching of Noah. Is not this the way in which the multitude will perish at the last—the many that go on in the Broadway to destruction? They only do as others do. That is exactly what they should not do. Abraham, the father of the faithful, did not do as others did: his life stood out singular and



remarkable from the herd by which he was surrounded, and so of all the saints of God. And we must remember, that where God calls us to stand out distinct and separate, it is not for us to urge the objections of singularity. Holiness, real Christianity, is ever singular. The saints are always remarkable, if, that is to say, they have the courage and manliness to develop their character, and show that they love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are willing to be anything if only they may honour and glorify His great Name. Now, the reality of the breastplate is, that Christ has an inward authority over the heart. His government is set up in the soul. This fact will enable you to resist any proposals which are dishonouring to Him, and to glory in resisting for His sake, inasmuch as you are fighting His battle. But remember, you will never do this except the principle within you is love. You may do it as a matter of constraint, but God will detect the hollowness. What the Lord loves is not grudging, but willing service, a service in which the heart is the mainspring, and in which the affections are exercised.

J. W. Reeve.

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#### CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE WORLD.

“Underneath are the everlasting arms.” The Work—like the life which renders the work possible—is not yours but God’s; and God in Christ, and Christ in God, and Both in you, and you in Both, is all sufficiency for all things.

You will need great *determination* (which some will call *unkind* and silly obstinacy), and great *wisdom* (which will not bear its right name before the world). To confess Christ everywhere and before all, will not be easy, yet not “too hard for *the LORD*.” “Wait on the Lord” for your opportunities, and in His name, the new name which is *yours* because you are united to Him (Rom. vii., Eph. v.), use them as they are presented to your hand. Don’t trouble the world about *religion*, but let it learn from you by the *life* first, and the *word* secondly, about CHRIST!



*Cost what it may*, do not by any worldly compliancy, or any yielding to *expediency*, bring *Him* into dishonour, or lower the dignity of His cause. You may, you probably will have to "glorify God in the fires," but He has said, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."

J. G. Gregory.

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The glory of God must be a silver thread, to run through all our actions.

Unknown.

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Try to stop short when you are yielding to a fault, and check yourself for the love you bear to the Lord Jesus. And ought we not all to pray every night that the good Lord would rub out of the minds and souls of others, the effects of all our blunders, since we make them in all we do?

M. F. Barbour.

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Engage in no pursuit in which you cannot look up to God and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

Unknown.

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### THREE SHORT RULES.

Two or three plain rules I find of wonderful service in deciding all difficult cases.

1. To *do* nothing, of which I *doubt* in any degree, the *lawfulness*.

2. To consider *everything* as *unlawful*, which *indisposes* one for *prayer*, and *interrupts* communion with God.

3. NEVER to go into *any* company, business, or situation, in which I cannot CONSCIENTIOUSLY *ask*, and EXPECT the *Divine Presence*.

By the help of these three rules I settle all my doubts in a trice, and find that many things I have hitherto indulged in are, if not utterly unlawful, at least inexpedient, and I can renounce them all without many sighs.

Payson.



We are often puzzled and startled by the conduct of those in whose piety we thought we might place undoubting confidence, and whom we should have pointed out as Christian examples to others. Upon some occasions they exhibit such appearance of conformity to the world, as would lead us to imagine they belonged to it.

How desirable, therefore, that we should deal faithfully with ourselves, and see that Christian principles pervade our hearts, and form and fashion our whole lives ! Let us cherish a tender conscience. Let us remember whatever unfits us for religious duties ; whatever cools the fervour of our devotions ; whatever indisposes us to read our Bible, or to engage in prayer ; whatever we could not engage in with a perfectly clear conscience ; wherever the thought of a suffering Saviour or a holy God—of the hour of death, or of the day of judgment—falls like a cold shadow on our enjoyment ; the pleasures which we cannot thank God for, and on which we cannot ask His blessing, these are not for us.

Let us never go where we cannot ask God to go with us. Let us never be found where we cannot act as Christ would have us act. Let us pass each day as pilgrims consciously on the way to their heavenly inheritance. Let us press after closer communion with Jesus. Let the love of God reign in our hearts ; and thus we shall be kept from a thousand snares, and become possessed of a peace and joy to which the worldling is a stranger.

*Unknown.*

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Never dare to go where you have reason to question whether God will go with you. A Christian should never willingly be seen where there is no room for his Saviour.

*Unknown.*

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There is no comfort in being an undecided Christian, and Christ Himself has declared that such a character is hateful to Him.

*M. J. Graham.*



Satan puts before you some way that is doubtful. You *see* no wrong in it, and yet you are not quite sure. Oh! by the value you set on your immortal soul, by the glory of your Saviour, by the dying bed towards which you are hastening, by all that is dear, all that is solemn in heaven or earth, give not the doubt the benefit! Fling everything away that is not *quite* clear, quite what you can carry to God in prayer, and ask His blessing on. It may entail a cross, perhaps a bitter cross; but after the cross, will come God's floodtide of secret joy, that will be more to you than a thousand secret crosses.

*Whitfield.*

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How are we to wean our thoughts from the world? I know no other answer but that which the Scripture gives. (1 John iv. 4; v. 4, 5.) A believing view of Jesus must make the world look dark and insignificant; and whenever we begin to love it too much, we have only to apply to Him, who has said to us, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" and His mighty power shall be put forth to enable us to overcome it also. I used to make many resolutions against a worldly spirit, and try many ways to break myself of it, and these resolutions were repeatedly broken; but now, I have but one way,—I try to take my heart to Jesus, believing that the victory is already mine for His sake. *M. J. Graham.*

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The exercise of righteousness amongst friends and relatives requires no little courage.

We must remember that influence is always going forth from us. We cannot stop it. We are always teaching good or evil. People are always forming opinions of us—always drawing conclusions from us; and is it not important that we should give forth that which may be a blessing to them, and not an injury? And how can this be, but as it is the going forth of holiness and righteousness? How will a man do most good? By being most like Christ; not by scolding, and finding fault



with others, but by a holy, loving, self-denying life, which commends the Gospel by the gentleness, and meekness, and forbearance, and sweetness to which it has formed his own character ; an influence which never trifles with sin, but which never forbids the cheerfulness of peace ; which ever encourages that which is right, and ever discourages that which is wrong ; which has the courage to speak the truth, when called upon to do so, like a Christian ; and the love and the pitifulness to do so with the tenderness of a fellow-sinner ; remembering himself, lest he also be tempted ; remembering that, as a sinner, he stands upon the same platform as the lowest, although, as a saint of God, he may sit with the highest in the very heavenlies in Christ Jesus ; which, like Paul, " is set for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel," and which is ready to " be all things to all men, if by any means he may save some ;" to be anything, and to do anything if only he may do good ; and good is never done in evil ways. Therefore, my brethren, if you would *do* good, strive to *be* good. The way to do good is to set the Lord before you, to hide yourself in Him, to rest your soul's salvation entirely upon His blood and righteousness ; to endeavour to entertain Him only in your heart, as you would a most cherished guest ; to remember that He is " a friend that loveth at all times, a brother born for adversity," to stand by you, to help you, to carry you through all the discipline of time, and land you in the glories of eternity, which He has purchased for you by His own Blood.

*J. W. Reeve.*

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Young believers ! bear this well in mind : nay, you *will* ; you *must*, if indeed you are believers, for then you have the mind of Christ. You are to be, and to appear as truly, fully, and manifestly Christ's people, God's children, heirs of heaven, in the workshop, the servants' hall, the place of business, the dining or drawing-room, as in the church or in the privacy of your own chamber. You must be *the Christian*, whatever your position or rank in life, wherever you *are*, and whatever you *do*.



It may be hard to take Christ with you to all places. But oh ! you may not, you *dare* not slight the fellowship. If you *cannot* take Christ with you, if you cannot hold communion with Him—and you cannot where the world holds sway, unless your positive *duty* enforces your presence—there and then you *can*. IF, I say, you cannot take Christ with you in fellowship ; if you cannot hold communion with Him ; if there be an unfitness ; if Christ would appear “out of place” there ; young Christians, it is no place for you. Your light cannot shine *there*. You will offend your Heavenly Father if you are found there.

Moreover, this duty of consistency touches all the conduct of the daily life. Christians are responsible as such, concerning temper, speech, the conversation of the lips, and strict truthfulness. None could lay any sin to the charge of Christ. No sun descended on His wrath. In word and deed He pleased God, and gave no opportunity for man to blame Him. So saith the Scripture in addressing those who profess His name : “Be ye followers of God as dear children ; and walk in love, as Christ also loved us, and gave himself for us.”

Dear young friends ! don't be *afraid* to speak for Jesus. Don't be afraid to tell others what the Lord has done for your souls. Avoid religious controversy. Be by no means ready to talk *about* religion ; but be always ready to converse directly about Jesus and His love, Jesus and His salvation, Jesus as He is to your own soul, so that you may honour Him.

J. G. Gregory.

#### WHY SPEAK YE NOT OF JESUS?

Ye are speaking of the Sovereign,  
 Ye are speaking of the State,  
 Of the battle, of the warrior,  
 Of the good and of the great :  
*Why speak ye not of JESUS?*



## GATHERED GRAIN.

Ye are speaking of the sunshine,  
Ye are speaking of the rain,  
Of your flocks and pleasant pastures,  
And of the golden grain :  
*Why* speak ye not of JESUS ?

Ye are speaking of your children,  
Of kindly hearth and home,  
Of loving and beloved ones  
Who far away must roam :  
*Why* speak ye not of JESUS ?

HE hath kingly orb and sceptre,  
HE hath a royal sway,  
And a priceless wreath of victory  
That fadeth not away :  
*Why* speak ye not of JESUS ?

HE is the Sun of Righteousness,  
HE sends the Spirit's rain,  
And lovingly HE leadeth  
To the pasture and the plain :  
*Why* speak ye not of JESUS ?

HIS love is love abiding,  
Which never can decay ;  
Though home and heart be lonely,  
HE will not turn away :  
Then speak to me of JESUS !

Ye are speaking of the Kingdom,  
Ye are speaking clear and calm,  
Of the home of many mansions,  
Of harp, and song, and palm :  
But *do* ye speak of JESUS ?



Ye are speaking to the sinner,  
Ye tell him of his loss,  
Ye do not shrink from bearing  
The SAVIOUR'S taunted cross :  
Yet do ye speak of JESUS ?

Are ye speaking by the SPIRIT,  
In glance, and thought, and word,  
And by the quiet wisdom  
Which cometh from the Lord ?  
Thus speak to me of JESUS.

Now listen, O my brothers !  
And listen, sisters mine,  
Go on and scatter freely  
Each seed of truth Divine :  
And *ever* speak of JESUS.

But go, remembering daily  
To *live* in blessed strife ;  
You'll speak of HIM most surely,  
By *likeness* to HIS LIFE :  
Thus truly speak of JESUS.

*Unknown..*

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It is not merely thy lips, Christian, but thy life, which is to be the lamp. It is thy general character and conduct which are to edify thy brother and glorify God. He intends that all thy thoughts, words, and works should silently testify that thou art born of God, and that the peace of God dwells in thy heart. Then it is that thou throwest around thee that gracious radiance which the Saviour means when He bids thee let thy light shine before men ; then it is that thou preachest the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation, more effectually than can be done by thy words. And remember that those spiritual lights have the purest radiance which are the least conscious of their own brightness ; and that those divine flowers diffuse the sweetest fragrance which make the least display. *Krummacher.*



## A WORD TO CHRISTIANS.

"Were I a religionist," writes a gifted and noted unbeliever, "did I truly, firmly, *consistently* believe, as millions say they do, that the knowledge and practice of religion in this life influences destiny in another—the Spirit of Truth be my witness, religion should be to me *everything*."

"I would cast aside earthly enjoyments as dross, earthly cares as follies, and earthly thoughts and feelings as less than vanity. Religion should be my first waking thought, and my last image when sleep sunk me in unconsciousness. I would labour in *her* cause alone. I would not labour for the meat that perisheth, nor for treasure on earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but only for a crown of glory in heavenly regions, where treasures and happiness are alike beyond the reach of time and chance. I would take thought for the morrow of eternity alone. I would esteem one soul gained to heaven worth a life of suffering. There should be neither worldly prudence nor calculating circumspection in my engrossing zeal. Earthly consequences should never stay my hand nor seal my lips. I would speak to the imagination, awaken the feelings, stir up the passions, arouse the fancy. Earth, its joys and its griefs, should occupy no moments of my thoughts; for these are but the affairs of a portion of eternity so small that no language can express its comparatively infinite littleness.

"I would strive to look but on eternity, and on the immortal souls around me soon to be everlastingly miserable, or everlastingly happy. I would deem all who thought only of this world, merely seeking to increase temporal happiness, and labouring to obtain temporal goods,—I would deem all such pure madmen. I would go forth to the world and preach to it, in season and out of season, and my text should be, '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*'"

Christian reader! should not such language, and from such a



quarter, awaken us from our selfish slothfulness, and fire our souls with holy zeal? Are we really believers, or do we deceive ourselves? Can we calmly look around and see multitudes on "*the broad road that leadeth to destruction*," and never put forth a hand to arrest them; never utter a word of affectionate entreaty or remonstrance? Have we no bowels of compassion? no heart to pity the perishing? Verily, we are not clear of blood-guiltiness in this matter. Our inconsistency is awful! Whilst Rome was burning Nero was fiddling; but we, whilst we behold numbers around us going down to eternal damnation, may I not say, with more guilty heartlessness, are amusing ourselves with some trifle—it may be innocent in itself, but having no connection with the eternal interests of others.

Oh! let us humble ourselves before the Lord, as with our faces in the dust. Let us cry to Him for mercy for our sins of omission. Let the time past suffice. Henceforth let us be men of one purpose, one idea. Let us cast aside every stumbling-block, and go forth in the name of the Lord, seeking by prayer, as did the men of faith in other days, to bring the omnipotence of God to bear upon those who are "dead in trespasses and sins."

The first thing every day, let us look to the Lord for guidance and strength to do something for Him—something for perishing sinners. And let us NEVER *lose a fitting opportunity of speaking for JESUS*. How often has a word spoken in fear and trembling, but with the tenderness and earnestness of love, been blessed to the salvation of a soul!

Reader! may many such be *your* crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

*Unknown.*

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The Word of God affords us two valuable rules for all our actions, and if we could set them always before our eyes, I believe we should seldom be at a loss as to the conduct we ought to pursue: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, *do ALL to the GLORY OF GOD*. And whatso-



ever ye do, in word or deed, *do ALL in the name* of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Let us then always ask ourselves, before we set about any study, or employment, or enter into any company, "Am I doing this to the glory of God? Is it my sole, or at least my principal motive? Can I 'do it in the name of the Lord Jesus?' Can I boldly say—it is such an action as He would approve of? And can I look up, all the time I am doing it, for His sanction and blessing?" If you can answer this question satisfactorily, the action, whatever it be, *must* be right, and there can be no danger respecting the performance of it. If, on the contrary, your mind recoils from even asking such a question, be assured that there is something wrong in it, and that you would do well to give it up. It is a hard lesson to our carnal hearts, but one which the love of Jesus can make easy to us; that, from the moment we take refuge at the Cross of Jesus, and are "washed from our sins in his blood"—from that happy moment we are no longer our own, and must make it our one business to "glorify God in our body and spirit, which are God's."

Thus far, I think, it must be right to go into worldly company, in the discharge of relative duties *not plainly inconsistent with the Word of God*; or to avail ourselves of any providential opportunities for Christian usefulness. Let us, however, be careful, that our own spiritual state is not affected by it, for we can never be required to enter into anything to the hurt of our own souls. But, on the other hand, I think, if we really love Christ, this occasional mixing with worldly company will be rather a sacrifice than a pleasure to us.

I am sure you would not choose that your Lord should come for you, while engaged in worldly amusements, nor would you feel that He found you watching; nor would you be ready to "open *immediately*;" but would rather seek time to collect your scattered thoughts, and trim your wasted lamp.

M. J. Graham.



Pardon bewrays itself. It *must out*. Each fresh sense of it seeks some outlet in praise. All that comes down from the throne betrays the God-like stamp it bears. That unbroken calm which holds between Jehovah and your soul, will spread itself. That infinite distance—spanned in one sense, though left in another sense, between your God and you,—down which no anger can ever pass again,—across which no thunder of wrath can roll, nor threatening even faintly echo,—*peace with God*, built up, finished, eternal, *CANNOT be enjoyed alone*. “Worthy is the Lamb!” is not adequate praise, uttered in the closet in the ear of God. To sit still, and *praise* Him only in a world like this, is to be unlike the Lord Jesus. You must go nowhere without sending forth the savour of His name. You must go to His house, to minister there before Him. Christ is there to heal. The people should come, not to listen to you, but to transact with your Master. The bonds that oppress the dead among them are cold, heavy, hard, like chains of ice. HE *shines*, and they vanish—melt—are not.

“*The Soul-Gatherer.*”

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#### CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Let us bear in mind that every holy service of unostentatious love exercises a hallowed influence on those around us. We may not be conscious of such. But, if Christians indeed, the sphere in which we move will, like the Bethany home, be redolent with the ointment perfume. A holy life is a silent witness for Jesus—an incense-cloud from the heart-altar, breathing odours and sweet spices, of which the world cannot fail to take knowledge. Yes! were we to seek for a beautiful allegorical representation of pure and undefiled religion, we should find it in this loveliest of inspired pictures. Mary—all silent and submissive at the feet of her Lord—only permitting her love to be disclosed by the holy perfume which, unknown to herself, revealed to others the reality and intensity of her love. True religion is quiet, unobtrusive, seeking the shade—its ever-befitting attitude at the feet of Jesus—looking to Him



as all in all Yet, though retiring, it *must* and *will* manifest its living and influential power. The heart broken at the Cross, like Mary's broken box, begins from that hour to give forth the hallowed perfume of faith, and love, and obedience, and every kindred grace. Not a fitful and vacillating love and service, but *ever* emitting the fragrance of holiness, till the little world of home influence around us is filled with the odour of the ointment.

*Macduff.*

Who can tell where the influence of a holy, prayerful life may end? When we have turned to dust, and the place that knew us once knows us no more, our "works follow us," and we may live in the lives of thousands! Christian, you never know how your life may *tell* when you have passed away. Oh! let it speak for God! let it be written on generations to come. "Live so as to be missed." Live for God, and that life can never die! It *will* tell, you know not how, throughout eternity.

*F. Whitfield.*

If we have, indeed, been made to "sit in heavenly places," with a risen Saviour, and taught to "set our affections on things above," we shall inquire, not "How far may I *conform* to the world," but "How far may I be *separate* from it without neglecting the social work which God has given me to do?" It is a dangerous thing to speculate how nearly one may approach to the edge of a precipice without peril of destruction. We cannot take fire into our bosoms and expect not to be burned. We cannot approach pollution without having our garments sullied. Besides, if our ears have been open to distinguish, however faintly, the echoes of the song they sing in glory, we shall care little for other music. It is not so much that we *dare* not mingle with the world, as that we *would* not. We love the narrow way, strait and painful though it be, better than the broad, with all its offered charms. We have lost our relish for such pleasures. We are satisfied with the joys which Jesus gives, and we need no other. What have we to do with



anything which would obscure our sight of the "hope set before us," on which we desire that our hearts should be entirely fixed? Are we not strangers and pilgrims? Do we not profess to seek a "better country, that is, a heavenly?" And why should we entangle ourselves with that which will only hinder us in our progress? Why should we suffer a weight on our wheels? Rather let this be our answer to all who would persuade us to loiter by the way, "I cannot tarry, for I am journeying." "Life: its Duties and Discipline."

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Oh! that it may be evident that you have *all* taken up your position "among those that are sanctified." I know it will involve a cross, and a *heavy* one; but strength will be given: it will need a firm, resolute, abiding, both in watchfulness and prayer: but God will be at hand: and if the burden at times be great, the contest sharp, the pathway rugged,—there need be no fear. The Lord will go before, and be the rereward too. He who with the drawn sword went before His people in the ancient days is the *self-same*. His word, His power, His love the same. And them that honour Him, He will honour. Forget not then; we are called to *be saints*: such is our high standing in Christ our Holiness. We are called to *be saints*; and the lives which pertain to saintship we are called upon to lead. So will our God be glorified, and day by day, from glory to glory, He will lead us onward, being meet for the inheritance, to the height of glory which awaits us in the co-heirship of His Son whom he has made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

J. G. Gregory.

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## THE CHRISTIAN TRAINING.

Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now have I kept thy word.

*Psa. cxix. 69.*

It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

*Psa. cxix. 71.*



Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. He chasteneth us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. *Heb. xii. 6, 10, 11.*

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Build your nest upon no tree here in the enemy's country ; for God hath appointed the forest unto Death, and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end that we may flee, and mount up and build our hopes upon the rock where death and judgment cannot come !

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*Rutherford.*

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Has it never occurred to us when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the eyes of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

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*Jean Paul.*

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The angel troubled the waters, which then cured those who stept in ; it is also Christ's manner to trouble our souls first, and then to come with healing in His wings. *Sibbes.*

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Tears often prove the telescope by which men see far into heaven.

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*Beecher.*

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It needs our hearts be weaned from earth,  
It needs that they be driven  
By loss of every earthly stay,  
To seek our joys in heaven.

Yes, we must follow in the path  
Our Lord and Saviour trod,  
We must not find a resting-place,  
Where He we love had none.

*C. Fry.*



## TRAINING.

Yes, billow after billow—see they come  
Faster and rougher, as yon little boat  
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes  
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,  
As if borne backward by the struggling tide ;  
Yet mounting billow after billow, wave  
On wave o'er-riding, tempest-toss'd and shattered.  
Still it nears the haven evermore.  
“ Poor mariner ! art not thou sadly weary ? ”  
“ Nay, brother, rest is sweeter after toil.”  
“ Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight  
Of nothing but the wintry waters ? ” “ True,  
But then my polestar, constant and serene,  
Above the changing waters, changes not.”  
“ But what if clouds as often veil the sky ? ”  
“ Oh, then an unseen hand hath ever ta'en  
The rudder from my feeble hands the while ;  
And I cling to it.” “ Answer me once more,  
Mariner, what thinkst thou when the waters beat  
Thy frail boat backward from the longed for harbour ? ”  
“ O brother, though innumerable waves  
Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home,  
*I know that they are numbered* ; not one less  
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will ;  
For One who knows what tempests are to weather,  
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,  
*He* bids these waters swell. In His good time  
The *last* rough wave, shall bear me on its bosom,  
Into the haven of eternal peace.  
No billows after ! They *are* numbered, brother.”  
O gentle mariner, steer on, steer on ;  
My tears shall flow for thee, but they are tears  
In which Faith strives with grief, and overcomes.

*Unknown.*



Men think God is destroying them because He is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert-pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunelessly, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.

*Beecher.*

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A great sorrow recasts a soul ; it either draws it nearer to the Friend whose intimacy must elevate it ; or drives it into the far cold space of rebellion and despair. When the stripes of affliction are dealt to those whom God has called into His great school of work for souls, it is manifestly to give them new faculty in their calling. They needed to see deeper down into their own hearts, and thus into the hearts of others. Oh ! how many a sorrow of the poor may we have striven to comfort, while their experiences told them that we stood outside it ! But the great leveller Death, has admitted us now into an inner circle of fellowship with the human family "born unto trouble." True human loneliness is only found in living apart from God and His work. It has been said that the "infinite ocean of human woes makes every idle moment in a Christian's life, guilt before God."

*"Life Work."*

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If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wished might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes prone to sin,  
And in Thy own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the Cross we bear,  
As air we breathe, as light we see ;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

*A. L. Waring.*



Trouble is often the lever in God's hand to raise us up to Heaven.

*Unknown.*

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad with exceeding joy.

*1 Peter iv. 12, 13.*

It was in a chariot of fire, Elijah was taken to heaven. Is it not in a similar chariot, in a figurative sense, He takes many of His people still? He brings them, as he did Elijah to the brink of Jordan; keeps them for years hovering amid the rough, rugged glens and gorges of trial; and seats them in a flaming equipage; reins in the fiery horses, until *in the fire*, they are refined and purified as gold, and fitted for their radiant crowns! Many are making it their life-long effort to mount some worldly chariot—the chariot of riches, or the chariot of flame. God often appoints far other for His loved ones. It is the *Chariot of Fire!* He whispers in their ears as they enter it, "Through much tribulation ye shall enter the kingdom." Oh, how many can bless Him with their dying lips for *that* chariot! and can say, on retrospect of years on years, it may be of burning trial, "But for that chariot of fire, and those horses of fire, we should never have reached the throne and crown," and whose eternal ascription, as they cast that crown at the feet of a Redeeming Saviour, is this, "*We are saved, yet so as by fire!*" If God from time to time may be taking some of us out amid Jordan valleys, to witness glorious departures, let us bless His name as we see the chariots ascending, that humbler saints far than Elijah are still left in the Church to strengthen the faith of the beholders; to magnify the power of sovereign grace, and to cast down upon mourning survivors a priceless mantle of Christian faith and love and triumph.

*Macduff.*



## SORROW'S MISSION.

If sorrow came not near us, and the love  
 Which wisdom working sorrow best imparts,  
 Found never time of entrance to our hearts,  
 If we had won already a safe shore,  
 Or if our changes were already o'er,  
 Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,  
 Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,  
 Where there shall be no sorrow any more.—  
 Therefore we will not be unwise to ask  
 This, nor secure exemption from our share  
 Of mortal sufferings, and life's drearier task—  
 Not this,—but grace our portion so to bear,  
 That we may rest, when grief and pain are over,  
 “With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover!”

*R. C. Trench.*

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When God is about to enrich men with heavenly blessings,  
 He has often to take away from them engrossing earthly  
 possessions.

*Unknown.*

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Afflictions are God's hired labourers, to break the clods, and  
 plough the land.

*Unknown.*

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Many pray to be made “men in Christ Jesus,” and think in  
 some miraculous way it will be given to them; but God says,  
 “I will try my child, and see if he is sincere,” and so He lays  
 a burden upon him, and says, “Now stand up under it,” and  
 says, “Where are now thy resources?” If the ambitious ore  
 dreads the furnace, the forge, the anvil, the rasp, and the file,  
 it should never desire to be made a sword. Man is the iron,  
 and God is the smith, and we are always either in the forge  
 or on the anvil. God is shaping us for higher things.

*Beecher.*



The gold of the sanctuary must be tried before it is accepted, and is thrown into the fire, not because it is of no value, but because it is so precious.

*Lady Powerscourt.*

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I believe those who are most purified will reflect the Refiner's Image the most brightly. The finer and more exquisite features of the Christian character are brought out only in protracted purification by fire. The soul is safe for eternity, if there have been but the believing look to Jesus ; but the development of the graces of the Spirit have not had time to exercise. There must be trial, ere we can exercise "patience," and irritating circumstances to call forth "long suffering." It is really a privilege, for it is not intended for reprobate silver, but only for choice gold ; and if we were not choice gold, we should not have been put in there.

*A. L. Newton.*

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Sanctified afflictions are the Lord's peculiar mercies to those whom He loves.

*Unknown.*

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Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

*Matthew Henry.*

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When faith is strong and full grown, we read in Scripture that "*the Lord*" tries it ; as if the work must now come under the Master's own hand, to test and to prove that faith which He has Himself given.

Immunity from trial is by no means a sign that God is quite satisfied and pleased with our walk. Very often it is just the contrary. The Lord sees our faith to be so weak and puny, it is not worth trying, and He knows that it would fail under the trial. It is frequently when the soul is in the *closest* communion with God, that the Lord sees fit to try it most severely.

The greater the trial the greater the honour, because the stronger the faith that is God's gift.



God knows the particular trial which is most suited to each of His children. What would be a severe trial to one, would probably be scarcely felt by another. God knows what we require. He knows exactly the effect it will have upon us, and He weighs and measures out every grain in due proportion to our respective needs and requirements and powers of endurance.

Whenever a fresh trial comes upon us, let us think, The Lord is now going to reveal Himself to me in a new character. This trial time is the exact moment in which I may look out for and expect a fresh revelation of Himself. *S. A. Blackwood.*

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Faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire, before it can safely be depended on. *Hart.*

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#### THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air, the music lies unheard ;  
 In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen ;  
 To wake the beauty and the music, needs  
 The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,  
 Let not the music that is in us die ;  
 Great Sculptor, *hew* and *polish* us ; nor let  
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as Thou wilt ;  
 Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marr'd :  
 Complete Thy purpose, that we may become  
 Thy perfect Image, O our God and Lord.

*H. Bonar.*

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The file is rough, and its application harrowing to the soul ;  
 but all the more bright and lustrous will be the diamond, when,  
 at length thoroughly polished, it shines forth in the royal  
 crown of Immanuel. *Hewitson.*



Affliction is a sign of *preciousness*. You never try that which is unquestionably worthless. Do you cast a *stone* into the crucible? Do you winnow *chaff*? Do you prune a *bramble*? Do you plough a *rock*? Do you put a *cinder* to the friction of a lapidary's wheel? It would only be a waste of something that is "precious in the sight of the Lord." Satan is never tried, sin is never tried. The Refiner never expends His skill and love in trying what "is evil, and only evil continually." While He is subjecting dross to the high heat of adversity, it is only because, mixed with it, He detects a Divine particle which cost the sacrifice on Calvary, which transcends the worth of worlds, and which is destined to shine for ever. When, therefore, a resistless Hand draws my life through a medium that seems almost like death to me; when trouble wrings from my heart the sharp cry of consternation; when I am tempted to doubt my Saviour; when I ask the question, "If I am His, why am I thus?" I know that the reply of the soul to itself will be, "I am thus, because I am His. Patience! patience! He tries me because He loves me, and is leading me 'through fire and through water,' only that I may be most surely led at last into 'a wealthy place.'"

C. Stanford.

Your Heavenly Father never thought this world's painted glory a gift worthy of you, and therefore He hath taken out the best thing it had in your sight, that He might Himself fill the heart He had wounded with Himself.

Evans.

### GOD IN ALL.

Consider you have what God allots you; what His Providence allows you. Your crosses and comforts are mixed by His hands. It is the will of God that thou shouldst be thus and thus. If you had fewer comforts and more crosses, you ought to be thankful, for do you know what you have deserved?



"It is of the Lord's mercy that you are not consumed." Whatever comes, take it as from the hand of God. Assure yourself that without His permission and direction it could not come.

What though God deny thee the earthly jewel, if He gives thee the heavenly crown? If thou hast no portion here, thou shalt have a kingdom hereafter; and God is thy portion here, and so long thou shalt not want any good thing. Creature comforts at the best, are only delightful, not satisfying; pleasant, not gainful.

*J. Mason, 1603-1694.*

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The Lord loves His children too well to lay upon them the weight of a feather, without an absolute necessity.

*M. Winslow.*

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You may feel assured that Jesus will not impose upon you one needless burden; He will not exact more than he knows your strength will bear; He will ask no Peter to come to Him on the water, unless He impart at the same time strength and support on the unstable wave; He will not demand of you the endurance of providences, and trials, and temptations you are unable to cope with; He will not ask you to draw water if the well is too deep, or withdraw the stone if it is too heavy. But neither, at the same time will He admit as an impossibility that which, as a free and responsible agent, it is in your power to avert. He will not regard as your misfortune what is your crime. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

*Macduff.*

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The Blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin, is chiefly applied by the Spirit of God through the ministry of sorrow. Already sorrow has blessed us more than we are commonly aware. Proud as we now are, what should we have been if pride had never been mortified? Worldly as we now are, what should we have been if nothing had interposed to wean us from the world?

*C. Stanford.*



## "I HOLD STILL."

Pain's furnace now within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles at the fiery glow :  
And yet I whisper, "As God will !"  
And, in the hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,  
On the hard anvil, minded so,  
Into His own fair shape to beat it  
With His great hammer, blow on blow,  
And yet I whisper, "As God will !"  
And, at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,  
The sparks fly off at every blow ;  
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,  
And lets it cool and makes it glow :  
And yet I whisper, "As God will !"  
And, in His mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow  
Thus only longer-lived would be ;  
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,  
When God has done His work in me :  
So I say trusting, "As God will !"  
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,  
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,  
And all His heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a Master-hand :  
So I say praying, "As God will !"  
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

*From the German.*



## THE LEAF AND THE STONE.

Within this leaf to every eye  
 So little worth, doth hidden lie—  
 Most rare and subtle fragrancý.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?  
 Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find  
 Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare  
 Of shape or lustre, patient care  
 Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay  
 With file and flint to clear away  
 The film which hides its fires from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart:  
 It must be crushed by pain and smart,  
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
 Ere it will shine a jewel meet  
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. Wilberforce.

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Affliction is a *medium of purification*. The dust, the stones, the grains of sand which fire finds in the silver, it will not leave there. More than a mere detective agent, it is also a purifier, working mightily, until at length it works out from the true metal the base corrosive elements. Like this does pain act upon a soul. Not, however, by its own inherent force. The glorified Mediator, infinitely stored with the Holy Spirit for the purposes of His mediatorial work, does, by that Spirit alone, give Divine efficiency to the trials of His people, making them



His instrument, first to detect the foreign quality, next to expel it. He will *detect* it; that self-discovery, leading to self-despair, may compel you to look out of yourself for the only righteousness that can inspire courage for facing the "great White Throne." He will *expel* it. No man may carry a particle of it into Heaven with him. All whom Jesus justifies He sanctifies; and I think the sanctifying agency is chiefly operative through trial. Sorrow is certain to come after sin, that heavenly joy may come after sorrow. You are allowing some levity to frivolise your life; expect some sorrow to make you live in earnest. You are allowing some idol to take Christ's place in your heart; expect some bewildering flash to shiver it and leave your heart in ruins. You are allowing the world to master you; the material is shutting out the spiritual, and man hides God; expect some dread visitation to darken your day, and to turn your garden of social delight into a wilderness, that, each intervening object being thrown down, the soul may see Him who is invisible, and become sensible to the music of His "still small voice." You are wandering from Christ. Back! back to Him at once; for if you wander on, and fall into some alarming sin, sure as He loves you, He will fetch you home by the violence of some dread angel, whose scathing hand will leave a brand upon you till your dying day. Saved you will be, yet as by fire; and we may almost say, though you reach the world of the blest at last, you will reach it as Dante, in his imaginary travels, reached heaven—through hell.

*"Affliction: or, the Refiner Watching the Crucible."*

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#### GLORIFYING JESUS IN THE FIRES.

"What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" is a rebuke which has many applications. This hour—the darkest thou mayst be called to pass through below—the greatest opportunity to glorify Me, wilt thou pass it in the sorrow of the world, or watch with Me?

*"The Way Home."*



God will not suffer His children to continue wandering astray, wasting their energies, and squandering their best affections on the things that perish. His restraining hand will be outstretched, to rescue them from temptation, and to draw them back from the verge of the precipice. He will permit trouble to come upon them ; trial after trial, till they are brought again to feel that "life is earnest," and should be devoted to the glory of God ; that intercourse and contact with the world can only be safe and right so long as there is carried into it *supreme* love to God, a *higher* place for heavenly than for earthly things in the heart, a *more earnest desire* to live *for* Christ and *in* Christ, than *for* the world and the things of the world. The Saviour has Himself declared *where* alone the Christian can be safe : "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." If such truths as these are brought into the heart, when the hour of trouble and calamity has been made to touch and open it, when the voice of God is heard (as it was *not* amid the din and turmoil of the world), who shall say that the appointment is severe, when it is declared "We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom?" . . .

It is, when trouble and distress come upon us, that we flee to the Rock for the shelter ; and realising our insecurity and weakness, place our trust and confidence in the Lord. It is amid sorrow and trial that *trust* in God is chiefly exercised. It is a grace which grows on the clefts of a broken heart, and from the depths of human anguish issues the voice of its consolation. What avail the smile upon the lips, and the light in the heart, when all is fair and smooth ? The triumph of the child of God is, to smile when the world frowns, and keep the light in the heart undimmed by the sorrows which surround the outward path ; to say with the afflicted patriarch, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Christian ! if trouble has come upon you, put your *trust* in God, seek to glorify Him even "in the fires." Be assured that He has seen it to be *needful* for your well-being to lead you for



a while in the path of tribulation. Oh, question not, for a moment, His love and faithfulness toward you. Only place your confidence in Him, and He will not allow the trouble, be it what it may, to go beyond what you are able to endure. God is trying your faith, your love, your dependence upon Himself; seeing whether you can *trust* Him beyond the range of your spiritual vision; and when His purpose is accomplished He will remove the trouble, gladden your heart, and cause you to sing of His faithfulness and truth.

Trouble is permitted in order *to lead the Christian, not only to trust in the Lord, but to call upon Him for deliverance.* Alas, how many repair to other sources in the vain hope to obtain relief! how many attempt to escape from trouble by some futile expedient of their own! and how many stand at a distance from God, refusing to hearken to His voice, and therefore deriving no real spiritual benefit from their affliction! Others there are who do not recognise His hand in their day of tribulation. They dwell solely upon the trouble, the sorrow, the disappointment, and never raise their thoughts beyond it. They view it in all its distressing bearings, ponder upon every secondary cause which led to it, dwell upon all its sorrowful effects, and think how greatly such an event, if it had occurred, would have mitigated it, how surely such a line of conduct would have prevented it, how much less they would have suffered, if there had been but one little circumstance in their calamity, different from what it was. No wonder that, in so doing, they miss the blessing which they might otherwise have reaped.

Christian! be it yours to recognise and to acknowledge, in your every trouble, a *Father's* hand, and to hear in it, a *Father's* voice. *That* loss of worldly substance—it was from Him. *That* withering disappointment, the wreck of a fond hope—it was from Him. *That* protracted sickness, that wasting disease,—it was from Him. But all was intended for your good, to bring you to realise your own helplessness and His strength—to lead you to the Throne of Grace, to revive within you the spirit of



earnest and importunate supplication, and to draw forth from the depths of your troubled heart, like fervent utterances to those of the Psalmist, “Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name’s sake, for thy righteousness’ sake bring my soul out of trouble.”

*"The Throne of Grace."*

Is the cross heavy? doth thy sorrow tire?

**Never fear ;**

**When the Refiner's gold is in the fire,**

He is near:

Whom the Lord chasteneth most, He loveth best.

**Harming never.**

By Golgotha the way to Heavenly Rest,

Passeth ever !

*From the German.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

If thou bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be. If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a new burden, and increasest thy load, and yet, notwithstanding, thou must bear it.

If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that, perhaps, a heavier one.

Thou art deceived if thou seek any other thing than to suffer tribulations ; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and signed on every side with crosses. And the higher a person hath advanced in the Spirit, so much the heavier crosses he oftentimes findeth ; because the grief of his banishment increases with his love to God.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

*Thomas à Kempis.*

David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when it was dipped in the ink of affliction. *Hart.*

*Hart.*



Tribulation cannot separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord ; but the love of God will, in the end, separate you from tribulation, bring you out of it, and give you fulness of joy.

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*Hewitson.*

Corn is cleansed with wind, and the soul with chastenings.

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*George Herbert.*

### THE BETTER WILL.

To have each day the thing I wish,  
Lord, that seems best to me ;  
But *not* to have the thing I wish,  
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,  
" Lord, Let Thy will be done ; "  
'Tis hard to say, " My will is Thine,  
And Thine is mine alone."

Most truly, then, Thy will is done,  
When mine, O Lord, is cross'd ;  
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,  
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,  
In things or great or small,  
Let each minutest part be done,  
That Thou mayst still be all.

In all the little things of life,  
Thyself, Lord, may I see,  
In little, and in great alike  
Reveal Thyself to me.

So shall my undivided life  
To Thee, my God, be given ;  
And all this earthly course below  
Be one dear path to Heaven.

*H. Bonar.*



The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bare ; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Christ and His Cross are not separable in this life, but they part at Heaven's door, for there is no room for crosses in Heaven. Sorrow and the saints are not married together, but even were it so, Heaven will make a divorce. *Rutherford.*

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It is ordained of old, that the cross of trouble should be engraven on every vessel of mercy, as the royal mark whereby the King's vessels of honour are distinguished.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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Christ in the heart and a cross on the shoulders, demonstrates a true Christian.

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Daily trials are just little crosses which Christ bids us take up, and which we should bear patiently for His sake.

*Unknown.*

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You have been wretched ; yet  
The silver shower, whose reckless burden weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root. *Wordsworth.*

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God sends afflictions, as so many artificers, to make the crown more massive and more bright. They "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) They are all at work about a good man's cross while they make him smart. They prepare him, through grace, for heaven, and make it more grateful to him when he comes to possess it. Every stroke doth more beautify the crown.

*Unknown.*



He led me through the wilderness  
A long and lonely way ;  
He soothed me with His tenderness,  
And fed me day by day.

Oh ! better far the wilderness  
And desert way to me ;  
If, wandering in its loneliness,  
I should be nearer Thee.

*" The Dove on the Cross."*

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Trial is a lattice through which Jesus often looks with much tenderness at His redeemed ones. He looked through the pillar of fire and cloud to trouble His enemies, and hinder their flight ; but He was in the fire and cloud to preserve and guide His people safely through the deep, so that not even a little one was left behind. Was it not wonderful that the same cloud, which was light to Israel, was darkness to the foe ? and the same water which was as wells of salvation to one, was death and destruction to the other ? So it is with bodily afflictions and providential trials ; to the worldling they are always destroyers of his best enjoyments ; to the child of God they are often the very high road to them. *Ruth Bryan.*

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The vessels of mercy are seasoned with affliction, and then the wine of glory is poured in. *Unknown.*

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If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged ; they are fatted for destruction, thou art dieted for health.

*Fuller.*

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Support under trouble is a more glorious manifestation of the presence of God, than deliverance from it. *Unknown.*



Is not this the way in which Jesus deals with His people? He visits them often by some precious love-tokens, some special manifestations of His grace and presence before the hour of trial. So that when the hour *does* come, they may not be altogether prostrated or overwhelmed with 'it. Like Elijah of old, they have their miraculous food provided before they encounter the sterile desert. When they come to speak of their crushed hearts, they have their solaces to tell of too. Their language is, "I will sing of *mercy* and of *judgment* !

Let the home of your hearts be often open to the visits of Jesus in the day of brightness ; and *then*, when the hour of sorrow and trial unexpectedly arises, you will know where to find your Lord, where to send your prayer-message for Him to come to your relief. *Macduff.*

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#### THE HEAVENLY SCULPTOR.

Shrink not from suffering. Each dear blow,  
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,  
Is but a messenger to show  
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock,  
Loud the relentless hammer rings ;  
And from the rude, unshapen block,  
At length, imprisoned beauty springs.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone,  
And waitest till the arm of strife  
Shall make its crucifixion known,  
And smite and carve thee into life.

The Heavenly Sculptor works on *thee*,  
*Be patient.* Soon His arm of might,  
Shall from thy prison's darkness free  
And change thee to a form of light.

*Upham.*



The more the diamond is cut, the more it sparkles; the heavier the cross is, the heavier is the saint's crown.

*Unknown.*

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"Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for him." In Hebrew, "Be silent to God, and let him mould thee." Keep still, and He will mould thee to the right shape.

*Luther.*

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*Nervousness* reminds thee where thy strength is. Jacob's thigh must be out of joint, that he may know he overcomes not in the flesh but in the Lord. Nervousness is frequently made the furnace for purification, and the imparting of the Spirit of Christ. *It is a severe discipline.* Oh, what agony of mind tried souls thus pass through! Oh, what trial, what are afflictions, compared to this heart-gloom, this failure of the animal spirits!

*Unknown.*

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#### THE CHRISTIAN UNDER DEPRESSION.

Be not, as one is apt to be, depressed *because* of your depression; I mean by reproaching yourself with it. I believe the Christian's appointment is not to be happy always, but to be peacefully content to be otherwise, when it pleases God. It is well, by Heaven's grace, to make up our mind to accept as unseen good, what seems evil; to submit to idleness when God lays us aside, as a proof that He has nothing for us to do; and to joylessness as an evidence that enjoyment would do us harm.

Do not reproach yourself for sadness and ingratitude; what you feel is the result of physical exhaustion, the after misery of too much anxiety and exertion. Treat it as such, and not as moral, far less spiritual defection. It is a hard matter, when we know ourselves, to believe that anybody can love us long; and as day by day we find out that we are nothing of all the great things we have thought ourselves, there is an involuntary



apprehension that others will find it out too, and cease to care for us. Happily, there is no fear of this from Him whose love is best, for He knew all at first.

Whenever the spirits are depressed by outward circumstances, the nerves shattered by disease, or the enjoyment of spiritual things overclouded, Satan, who knows his opportunity too well to miss it, comes in to disturb what he cannot destroy. "Too wicked, too wicked to be safe." Recollect who it was that said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Give the same answer, and his power is gone. A perpetuity of joy and peace is the hard-won victory (if ever it be attained on earth) of many hard-fought battles and vanquished enemies; aye, and many wounds received; and battles lost.

*C. Fry.*

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Depression in illness—the mind being acted on by the body—at such times, whatever we may feel, the believer is just as safe as when asleep, and the very sorrow we feel at our inability to pray, etc.; is actually communion with God, it is the Spirit working in our hearts.

*Dallas.*

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I can sink into Christ, though I cannot rise to Him.

*A. L. Newton.*

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Divine consolations are then nearest to us when human assistances are farthest from us.

*Cave.*

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When we are at the lowest, His help is nearest.

*J. Milne.*

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It is my comfort to know that the darkest cloud is fringed with the brightness of covenant love.

*Unknown.*



The grating file is not more necessary to the polish of metals, than are trials for the brightening of grace in the Christian's soul.

*Unknown.*

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#### SUFFERING—A GIFT.

It is your earnest and constant prayer, is it not, that Jesus might be glorified in you, and that you might shine in His crown? Will you not, then, look on the manifold troubles and temptations which He sends, as an answer to your prayers, and that they, through the power of the Holy Ghost strengthening and increasing your faith, may enable you to glorify Him in time and in eternity?

The desire of your heart ascends in prayer to Heaven; Jesus listens to it; and then, is it not as if we could see Him going into His treasury, and considering what He could best give you in answer to it? He looks at one thing after another—health, wealth, fame, honour—but rejects them all as unsuitable. Then He sees this heavy trial, and looks at it again and again—weighs and measures it—thinks exactly how you could feel and suffer from it. Not a pang, not a sigh, not a tear is undetected. From the first crushing of life's blighted hopes and joys, to the long-protracted weariness that weighs down your spirit, all is known and understood. Yet still He sends it, sends it not in anger or in wrath—Oh! no! but as the very best gift He could bestow upon you now; the gift that would draw you closest to Himself; the gift that would enable you the most fully to enter into "the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love that passeth knowledge;" that would be the means of enabling you best to reflect brightly your Saviour's Image here, and most to bring Him praise, and honour, and glory hereafter.

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*Christian Treasury.*

God will not work with tools which He has not first polished, and He knows better than you how much of this polishing you require.

*H. Bowman.*



When God means to make a man useful in the world, He generally sends him first through the fire. He puts him into the forge and on to the anvil, and often He chastens most whom He loves best.

*Beecher.*

The Church is God's jewellery—His working-house, where His jewels are polished for His palace; and those He especially esteems and means to make most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.

*Leighton.*

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“NOT YET.”

Not yet thou knowest what I do,  
Oh feeble child of earth,  
Whose life is but to angel view  
The morning of thy birth;  
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,  
The wild bee's honey cell,  
Have lessons of My love and power  
Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold  
The little thou dost scan;  
And how much less canst thou unfold  
My universal plan,  
Where all thy mind can grasp of space  
Is but a grain of sand:—  
The time thy boldest thought can trace  
One ripple on the strand.

Not yet thou knowest what I do  
In this wild warring world,  
Whose prince doth still triumphant view  
Confusion's flag unfurled;  
Nor how each proud and daring thought  
Is subject to My will,  
Each strong and secret purpose brought  
My counsel to fulfil.



Not yet thou knowest what I do  
    Within thine own weak breast—  
To mould thee to My image true,  
    And fit thee for thy rest  
But yield thee to My loving skill ;  
    The veiled work of grace,  
From day to day progressing still,  
    It is not thine to trace.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid  
    Each passing hour entwine  
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,  
    In one great love-design ;  
Nor how I lead thee through the night,  
    By many a various way,  
Still upward to unclouded light,  
    And onward to the day.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,  
    Fast clinging to My hand ;  
Content to feel My love and might,  
    Nor yet to understand.  
A little while thy course pursue,  
    Till grace to glory grow ;  
Then what I am and what I do,  
    Hereafter thou shalt know.      *F. Havergal.*

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Affliction is a *preparative for service*. The young Christian, in the beautiful enthusiasm of his early love, and little suspecting the subtle presence of meaner motives, often longs and prays for power to do something great in the world in the service of his Master. He would like to be a great evangelist, or a great teacher, or a great worker, or, in some beneficent way, a great ruler over other men's minds. Most likely he has not counted the cost. So it was with the two sons of Zebedee. They went one day to Jesus, and prayed that they might sit



the one on His right hand, and the other on His left, in His kingdom. But they knew not what they asked. In praying for a share in the glories of His Throne, they were unconsciously praying for a share in the agonies of His Cross. When the ore in the fable was asking Jupiter that it might be fashioned into a sword, it was asking to be made acquainted with the furnace and the forge, the sifting stream, and the shattering hammer-stroke. It was needful for the file to bite, and the brazier to burn ; it would have to be melted and remelted before it could be tempered into delicate temper and strength, and made meet for service in battle. The same thing is true of the ore that we would speak of now :

“ Heated hot with burning fears,  
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered by the stroke of doom,  
To shape and use.”

This is the ordeal through which must pass that which is destined to be “ a polished shaft ” in the hands of our King. Powers of great usefulness can be educated in no other way. Powers of endurance are unknown where there has been nothing to endure, Powers of rule belong alone to those who have learned to rule by learning to obey. The power of teaching is the special faculty of men who have themselves undergone stern discipline. The power of sympathy is educated in the school of sorrow. Leaders whose souls have never been crucified, and whose plans have never had a failure, are apt to be at best but pitiless exactors of righteousness, mere engines for doing duty ; iron men, who never melt into compassion ; rough men, who knock down weakness, and to whom the fine offices of consolation are all mysteries. No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness ; most of the Epistles were written from a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. The greatest poets have “ learnt in suffering what they taught in song.” In bonds Bunyan



lived the allegory that he afterwards indited, and we may thank Bedford Gaol for the "Pilgrim's Progress." All the foremost worthies of our world, all the spiritual heroes of our race, have been men of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Take comfort, afflicted Christian, you have often prayed to be made of some service in the world before you die, and now the answer to that prayer has come. God tries you, because in some way He is about to use you, for your history will furnish no exception to the rule that when God is about to make pre-eminent use of a man, He puts him in the fire.

*C. Stanford.*

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The seed must die, before the corn appears  
 Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears ;—  
 Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,  
 Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.  
 The grain is crushed before the bread is made,  
 And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.  
 Oh ! be content to die, to be laid low,  
 And to be crushed, and to be broken so ;  
 If thou upon God's Table mayst be bread,  
 Life-giving food to souls an-hungered.

*R. C. Trench.*

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Crosses and sufferings fit good men for special service in  
 God's vineyard.

*Unknown.*

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Christ's witnesses must be purged at home. Inward domestic trials, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, fit us for outward public work.

*Unknown.*

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Trials make the promise sweet,  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to His feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

*Cowper.*



Temptations are the tools by which the Father of Spirits doth more and more carve, form, and fashion His precious saints into the similitude and likeness of His dear Son.

*Unknown.*

#### CHASTISEMENT.

Sometimes we need a little discipline; and it is quite certain that our Father never sends it to His children unless they do need it. We are not to mistake this for the *punishment* of sin. He who punished Christ in fulness for our sins once, is *Just*, and therefore cannot punish believers for those sins again. This would be *unjust*. But wherever His saved people, His children, require chastisement to bring them nearer to Himself,—or a season of quiet retirement from their ordinary round of work and recreation,—or a help towards a clearer view of themselves, more power for self-inquiry, more undisturbed thoughts of the fulness of Jesus,—then He takes them *aside*, puts His hand upon them, and deals with them according to the necessity of their case.

Hebrews xii. tells us much about this. The whole chapter is worth a very careful analytical study. It is often very hard to “lay aside *every* weight”—and to look from beneath a cloud “unto Jesus” taking knowledge as to how *He* walked and pleased God in the midst of heaviest troubles—who bare our *infirmities*, and whose sufficiency is ours also. . . . (Isa. xliii. 2) “When thou *passest* through the waters,” etc. “*Passest*!” this word says nothing about speed, or otherwise—we may *pass* quickly or slowly. But the verse says, “When thou *WALKEST* through the fire thou shalt not be burned,” etc. You see the inference: when you go through the *lesser* and *lighter* afflictions—likened to “*water*” and “*rivers*”—the word is “*passest*.” But when through the *greater* and *heavier* afflictions—likened to *fire*! the word is “*WALKEST*!” as if God would say—“Take your leisure there. If I will support you in the *lighter* trials, *much more* will I in the



HEAVIER!" Another passage is from 2 Cor. xiii. 4. "We also are weak IN HIM." Oh, then, what care we about our weakness! IN HIM is everlasting protection, for HE is everlasting strength. The *weakest* child, if in the impregnable fortress, is quite safe, let the cannons roar all around. "Casting (then) all your care on him," you may praise Him for His great goodness in the hour of suffering, "for he careth for you."

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*J. G. Gregory.*

"IT IS I."

Lord, it is Thou, and I can walk  
Upon this heaving sea,  
Firm in a vexed, unquiet way,  
Because I come to Thee.  
If Thou art all I hope to gain,  
And all I fear to miss,  
There is a highway for my heart  
Through rougher seas than this.  
And step by step on even ground,  
My trembling foot shall fall,  
Led by Thy calm, inviting voice,  
Thou Lord and Heir of all.  
The very thing I cannot bear,  
And have not power to do,  
I hail the grace that could prepare  
For me to carry through.  
These waters would not hold me up  
If Thou wert not my end;  
But whom Thou callest to Thyself,  
Even winds and waves defend.  
Our very perils shut us in  
To Thy supporting care;  
We venture on the awful deep,  
And find our courage there.

*A. L. Waring.*



Thou oughtest not to be dejected, or to despair, but at God's will to stand steadily, and whatever comes upon thee, to endure it for the glory of Jesus Christ, for after winter follows summer; after night the day returneth; and after a tempest a great calm.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

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Some murmur when their sky is clear,  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of blight appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of the night. *R. C. Trench.*

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In looking back to every event of my life, since I have known something of God, I find that there never has been anything on which I very much depended, but God has straightway removed or embittered that thing, or in some way made it useless to me, till I returned to place my whole dependence in Him. But let us not accuse our dearest Lord of acting unkindly towards us in sending these disappointments; for He only takes away other help and props, to make room for Himself; He loves us too well to suffer any rival in our affections.

*M. J. Graham.*

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“LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.”

Whatever passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,  
Causing that brighter world to disappear,  
Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear;  
This is our world, our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress or devotion's air.

*Unknown.*



## THE CROSS OF CHRIST:

If at any time you feel disposed to say, "It is enough," and that you can bear the burden of life no longer, do as Elijah did, flee into the silence of solitude, and sit under—not the juniper-tree—but under that tree whereon the incarnate Son of God was made a curse for you. Here your soul will assuredly find refreshment, from Christ's acceptable offering to God. He is "a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest, a shadow from the heat, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Whether it be true or not which is related of the juniper-tree, that no serpent ventures near it, we can say this in a better sense of that "tree of life," under which we are encouraged to take refuge. Here the viper of discontent will not fasten on you, nor the "old serpent" inject the poison of murmuring against God into your soul. At the sight of the Cross you will no longer think of complaining of the greatness of your sufferings, for here you behold sufferings, in comparison of which yours must be accounted "a light affliction, which is but for a moment." Here the Righteous One suffers for you, the Just for the unjust. In the view of the Cross you will soon forget your distresses; for the love of God in Christ Jesus, to you a poor sinner, will absorb all your thoughts. Under the Cross you are prevented from supposing that some strange thing is happening unto you; "the disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord;" and as the kingdom has been bestowed upon the Head, so will it also be upon the members. At the foot of the Cross you are preserved from impatience; for you can but rejoice exceedingly, that what you are enduring is only a temporal suffering, and not the curse which fell so dreadfully on your Surety. At the foot of the Cross, your grief will soon be lost in that joy and peace of God, which drops from the Tree of Life into the ground of your heart, and the foretaste you will here obtain of Heaven will sweeten the troubles of this life as with the breath of the morning, and



before you are aware, will bring over you, as over Elijah, the feelings of a heavenly repose; yea, the Cross itself will be transformed into such a medium between heaven and earth, that the most comforting thoughts shall descend into your soul, and the most grateful thoughts shall ascend from your soul to Heaven, like those angels of God seen in a vision on the plain at Bethel by the solitary and benighted patriarch Jacob.

*Krummacher.*

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I did Thee wrong, my God,  
I wrong'd Thy truth and love;  
I fretted at the rod,  
Against Thy power I strove.  
Come nearer, nearer still;  
Let not Thy light depart;  
Bend, break this stubborn will;  
Dissolve this iron heart.  
Less wayward let me be,  
More pliable and mild;  
In glad simplicity,  
More like a truthful child.  
Less, less of self each day,  
And more, my God, of Thee;  
Oh, keep me in the way,  
However rough it be.  
Less of the flesh each day,  
Less of the world and sin;  
More of Thy Son, I pray,  
More of Thyself within.  
More moulded to Thy will,  
Lord, let Thy servant be;  
Higher and higher still,  
More and still more like Thee!

*H. Bonar.*



To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted by us as it should be. How heavenly a thing to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music! It is little this world can take from me, and as little it can give me.

*Rutherford.*

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SUFFERING.

God appoints to you the path of suffering as the way in which He will be glorified by you. It was Christ's own vocation, and He constitutes it yours. St. Paul prayed earnestly for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, and the answer he *expected* was its removal. It was the natural and direct answer; but the Lord had a better answer—not so direct—nay, circuitous in its time and manner; but it was altogether a higher discipline, a discipline belonging to His highest school: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." It said, "Suffer on; think no evil of the refusal of your petitions; accept your sufferings as the field in which you must glorify Me." Then welcome was the thorn in the flesh, and dear was the arena of conflict, and bright the victory that was vouchsafed—the Saviour's aid. Fourteen years he kept untold the secret of the promise, and the inward grace which enabled him to glory in his infirmities, and at last came to that height, viz.; an earnest expectation and hope that God should be glorified in his body, by sickness or health, by life or death. If I were asked who were the happiest of the Lord's children, the afflicted or the unafflicted, I should say, without hesitation, the afflicted; because God is a Father, and the tenderest looks, the sweetest smiles, the most watchful care of a father are always the portion of the child who is sick and suffering above the rest. Has He not said, "In all their affliction he was afflicted"?

I am sure it is an easier path to glorify God in much activity than in much suffering, and if He appoints to us the more arduous path, shall we say that our life is useless, and, like Jonah or Elijah, be unwilling that it should be prolonged?



"She hath done what she could" is no mean praise ; and I am confident that many a sick room, many a silent and unknown sufferer, will contribute largely to the praise of the ransomed ones ; and though the praise be in a minor key, it will give the finest contrast and the most thrilling harmony, as combined with the general anthem. God shall be admired in His suffering ones, and His hidden ones, whom He has "allured into the wilderness to speak comfortably to them."

*H. V. Elliott.*

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There is a secret in the ways of God,  
With His own children, which none others know,  
That sweetens all He does ; and if such peace  
While under His afflicting hand we find,  
What will it be to see Him as He is,  
And, past the reach of all that now disturbs  
The tranquil soul's repose, to contemplate  
In retrospect unclouded, all the means  
By which His wisdom has prepared His saints  
For the vast weight of glory which remains?  
Come then affliction, if my Father bids,  
And be my frowning friend. A friend that frowns  
Is better than a smiling enemy.  
We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,  
Though they the present prospect blacken round,  
And shade the beauties of the opening year,  
That by their stores enriched, the earth may yield  
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop. *Swaine.*

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We should lay it down as a truth never to be for one moment called in question or lost sight of, that every trial, however little it may be, or however great, however irritating its character, or heavy its pressure, is sent from our Heavenly Father, and sent by Him not in anger, but in love.

*Unknown.*



Are we ready to say, "I could have borne anything but this"? Then remember the greatest approbation God can give us, is to heat us in the furnace to the utmost. Little furnaces are for little faith; and is not trial valuable, even to earthly affection? Do we not seize every opportunity to give proof to expressions of love? Oh, let us count the cost when we say we believe! It is a word of deep meaning in the dictionary of God. Paul's belief was ready to *do*, but what was the answer? "Thou shalt see what great things thou shalt *suffer* for my name's sake." It has been so from the beginning. We would not be without that trial of which all the Church have been partakers. We would not that He should be so indifferent to our love as never to question us about it, or desire an evidence of it. Does He not ponder each? He takes all into consideration. What would be felt in one would not in another. Nevertheless, while it *must* be felt, He pledges His faithfulness that with each temptation He will make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it. He will *never* try us above what we are able to bear. Though it may seem that we are shut up on every side, He knows *how* to deliver!

Enemies that surround wonder! To them it is a secret. Often they wish to worry the Lord's little flock, but every attempt is baffled; they cannot find out the believer's peace. Some strive with cutting words, as with a sword, to wound; but He hides in His pavilion from the strife of tongues. Words aimed at him pass him by, reach the upper sky, pierce the Shepherd, who receives each into His bosom; *to be answered for*. "Saul, Saul," cried Jesus from heaven, "why persecutest thou me? I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye."

*Lady Powerscourt.*

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Out of the knottiest timber God can make vessels of mercy for service in the high palace of glory.

*Rutherford.*



God has called you to suffer ; and you go like Abraham, not knowing whither you go ; like Israel going down into the Red Sea, every step is strange to you. Still, be of good cheer, God marks your every step. He that loves you with an infinite, unchanging love, is leading you by His Spirit and Providence ; *He knows* every stone, every thorn, in your path. Jesus knows your way ; Jesus is afflicted in all your afflictions, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee." One child of God was heard to say that if it were God's will that she should remain in trials for a thousand years, she could not but delight in His will. But this is not asked of us ; we are only called to *suffer awhile.*

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*McCheyne.*

Though there are times when we have no sensible feeling of enjoyment, yet, if really hanging upon Christ, there must be safety. The more simple faith is, the less will it be shaken by the removal of comfortable feelings or apparent absence of effects and fruits ; and I humbly believe the Lord is pleased at times to let us feel the lack of these things, to discover to us that we were taking somewhat of our satisfaction from the fruits of faith, instead of wholly from the object of faith. Well may it be said to us, "Herein thou hast done foolishly." For since all the fruits of righteousness are in Christ Jesus, the more we would abound in them the more we must have to do with Him by faith, and be the more cleared from everything else. This clearing process, as effected by the Lord, is very painful to us. But it is good to be emptied, and thereby prove whether Christ is all our salvation and all our desire. Though this trial should convince us that our eye is not single, we need not fear, but, however humbling, be thankful for the discovery, and make use of it as a plea to the Lord to go forward, even though further abasement should follow. We must abide the fire, and be more anxious for purification than for relief from pain. For what is the perfection of refining? Not only to have the gold pure, but for the refiner to see himself in it ; and you know, for one face to be fully seen in another, more than



brightness is needed to reflect it, there must be a direct position of feature to feature, and the least turning aside to another object will prevent the full development of the countenance. So you see, when the fire has produced the intended effect, the subject of it is not to be taken up with the purity produced, but rather to be absorbed with Him who managed the process, and, beholding Him with open face, be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

*Ruth Bryan.*

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The Lord's people are often low and desponding ; they do not live up to their privileges ; the things of time make too deep an impression, because they do not sufficiently realise eternal things.

*Unknown.*

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We have had trials of sickness ; but the Lord often tries the faith of His saints, that they may try His faithfulness in the fulfilment of His promise. He is ever with them in all their troubles, and in all their concerns. When we depart from Him He chastens, but does not lose sight of us, no, not for an instant. His glory is closely connected with all we say or do. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Oh, how should this keep us watchful, lest we grieve this blessed Inmate !

*Mrs. Winslow.*

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God has a work to accomplish *in* you first ; then He will work *for* you, in removing trial or bestowing joy. Or it may be that He designs you for some service, some ministry, which, as yet, you cannot see, and do not understand. Those who are not called to any special work need less careful training ; but with His chosen instruments God takes greater pains. Either on earth or in heaven some appointed mission awaits you ; and will you murmur at the training which fits you to fulfil it to His glory ?

*Hetty Bowman.*



Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, and He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper ; this amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

*Burke.*

Our Father deals with His children in a way essentially different from that which the world might expect. Dear as they are to Him, nay, just because they are so dear, He does not always, nor indeed often, prosper them in outward things. Sometimes when they really begin to turn to Him, and to serve Him, it is *then* that they are most signally tried. He

“Calls for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And says, Go spend them in the vale of tears.”

*Bolton.*

The Lord hath promised to make all things work together for good to those that love Him and are called after His purpose ; and if all things, then their very sins and corruptions are included in the royal promise. Oftentimes when gifts and graces have puffed up believers, a grievous fall shall serve to make them know their place, to drive them nearer to Christ, to make them more dependent on His strength, to keep them more watchful for the future, to cause them to pity and sympathise with others in the like situation, and to make them sing louder to the praise of free, sovereign, restoring grace through all ages of eternity. No thanks to sin if the Lord over-rule it for the good of His people. It is still the abominable thing which His soul hateth.

*Unknown.*

Troubles are blessings, when they lead to Christ.

*Lever Lines.*



God works by contraries. His usual way of dealing with His people is to lead them through weakness to strength; through ignorance to wisdom; through distress to safety; through trouble to peace; through the law to Christ; through sin and corruption to holiness; through darkness to light; through doubts and fears to assurance; through desertion to comfort; through the gates of hell to the joys of heaven.

*Unknown.*

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One of the hardest lessons which the children of God have to learn by the seeming rejection and refusal of their requests, is the wisdom and the love of God, in thus apparently thwarting their wishes and desires, and crushing hopes which they fondly cherish. Hard it is to find out the wisdom of such apparent hindrances, how we are apt to be put forward and upward, by being put back and cast down; encouraged, by being rebuked; prospered, by being baffled. "He that would kill must first overcome," and the truth of this has been practically dug out by trials that broke sleep, through many a hard fortune in every Christian's experience. It needs wakeful watchers, spiritual eyesight, to read that riddle of life; how defeat helps progress, how a compulsory standing still speeds on, how humiliation exalts, how putting a cross upon the shoulders lightens the burden of the race. But Christ has solved the wonder in His own cross, and in virtue of their union with Him, believers are enabled to do so likewise. They discover that, standing still at the right time, for the right purpose, in the right way, is the surest advance; that waiting on God enables them to surmount obstacles too great for their own feeble powers, and that the failure of their own favourite plans has often proved the richest success of the soul. Let the pressure of trouble drive them down from their own giddy heights of pride and self-confidence, and they will come upon the primary foundation, and grow strong out of the Rock. Grief after grief brings us to joy; broken in spirit we are made whole; humbled, we are exalted; often defeated, we yet gain



the victory ; and our progress heavenward is hastened by the very things which we imagine would certainly retard it. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "In six and in seven troubles," the believer is tried, but in six and in seven troubles, the believer is strengthened ; and the various changes and trials of time, the apparent non-fulfilment of God's promises, are all intended to work together for his good, that he may be driven from man to God, from earth to heaven, from broken cisterns to the true Fountain, that he may be brought to feel "what is there *here* to trust in? where is the arm on which I can lean? whither can I go for succour? I have found everything earthly, unstable, changing, evanescent. In Thee, O God, and in Thee alone, can there be no change. Thy Word is truth ; great is Thy faithfulness, therefore to Thee I fly for refuge, comfort, strength, holiness, and peace." *"The Throne of Grace."*

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"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

- "Himself hath done it all." Oh, how those words  
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought !
- "Himself hath done it ;" He who loves me best,  
He, who my soul with His own blood hath bought.
- "Himself hath done it." Can it then be aught  
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love ?  
Not *one* unneeded sorrow will He send  
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.
- "Himself hath done it." Yes, although severe  
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know  
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.
- "Himself hath done it." O no arm but His  
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's heavy lot ;  
But while I know He's doing all things well,  
My heart His loving-kindness questions not.



“Himself hath done it.” He who’s searched me through  
 Sees how I cleave to earth’s ensnaring ties ;  
 And so He breaks each reed on which my soul  
 Too much for happiness and joy relies.

“Himself hath done it.” He would have me see  
 What broken cisterns human friends *must* prove,  
 That I may turn and quench my burning thirst  
 At His own Fount of *ever-living* love.

“Himself hath done it.” Then I fain would say,  
 “Thy will in all things evermore be done ;”  
 E’en though that will remove whom best I love,  
 While Jesus lives, I cannot be alone.

“Himself hath done it.” Precious, precious words !  
 “Himself !” my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 Whose faithfulness no variation knows,  
 Who having loved me, *loves me to the end.*

And when, in His eternal presence blest,  
 I at His feet, my crown immortal cast,  
 I’ll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,  
 “Himself hath done it” *all* from first to last.

*Unknown.*

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The hope of salvation supports the soul in the greatest afflictions. The Christian’s patience is, as it were, his back on which he bears his burdens, and some afflictions are so heavy that he needs a broad one to carry them well. But if hope lay not the pillow of the promise between his back and his burden, the least cross will prove unsupportable. Therefore it is called the “patience of hope.”

*Gurnall.*

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I often wonder that a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what God is preparing for him.

*Unknown.*



THE DEALINGS OF GOD, OR THE DIVINE LOVE IN BRINGING  
THE SOUL TO A STATE OF ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.

'Twas my purpose on a day, to embark and sail away.  
As I climbed the vessel's side, Love was sporting in the tide ;  
"Come," He said, "ascend—make haste ; launch into the  
boundless waste."

Many mariners were there, having each his separate care,  
They, that row'd us, held their eyes fix'd upon the starry skies ;  
Others steer'd or turned the sails to receive the shifting gales.  
Love, with power divine supplied, suddenly my courage tried ;  
In a moment it was night, ships and skies were out of sight :  
On the briny wave I lay, floating rushes all my stay.  
Did I with resentment burn at this unexpected turn ?  
Did I wish myself on shore, never to forsake it more ?  
No. "My soul," I cried, "be still ; if I must be lost, I will."  
Next He hastened to convey both my frail supports away ;  
Seized my rushes, bade the waves yawn into a thousand graves.  
Down I went, and sank as lead ; ocean closing o'er my head.  
Still, however, life was safe ; and I saw Him turn and laugh ;  
"Friend," He cried, "adieu ! lie low, while the wintry storms  
shall blow ;

When the spring has calm'd the main, you shall rise and float  
again."

Soon I saw Him with dismay, spread His wings and soar away ;  
Now I mark His rapid flight ; now He leaves my aching sight ;  
He has gone whom I adore, 'tis in vain to seek Him more.  
How I trembled then and fear'd, when my Love had dis-  
appeared !

"Wilt Thou leave me thus?" I cried, "whelm'd beneath the  
rolling tide?"

Vain attempt to reach His ear ! Love was gone and would not  
hear.

"Ah ! return and love me still ; see me subject to Thy will,  
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace, only let me see Thy  
face !



Evil I have none to fear ; all is good, if Thou art near."  
 Yet He leaves me—cruel fate ! leaves me in my lost estate ;  
 Have I sinn'd ? O say wherein ? Tell me, and forgive my sin !  
 King and Lord, whom I adore, shall I see Thy face no more ?  
 Be not angry. I resign henceforth all my will to Thine,  
 I consent that Thou depart, though Thine absence breaks my  
 heart.

Go then, and for ever, too : all is right that Thou wilt do."  
 This was just what Love intended ; He was now no more  
 offended ;

Soon as I became a child, Love return'd to me and smiled.  
 Never strife shall more betide 'twixt the Bridegroom and His  
 Bride.

*Madame Guyon.*

#### LUKE v. 5.

What a blessed formula for us ! This path of mine is dark, mysterious, perplexing ; *nevertheless*, at *Thy* word I will go forward. This trial of mine is cutting, sore for flesh and blood to bear. It is hard to breathe through a broken heart, "Thy will be done !" But, *nevertheless*, at *Thy* word I will say, "Even so, Father !" This besetting habit, or infirmity, or sin of mine is difficult to crucify. It has become part of myself, a second nature ; to be severed from it would be like the cutting off of a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye. *Nevertheless*, at *Thy* word, I will lay aside every weight ; this idol I will utterly abolish. This righteousness of mine it is hard to renounce ; all these virtues, and amiabilities, and natural graces, it is hard to believe that they dare not in any way be mixed up in the matter of my salvation ; that I am to receive all from first to last, as the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, *nevertheless*, at *Thy* word, I will count all but loss for the excellency of His knowledge.

*Macduff.*

God's way, though sometimes strange, is always best.

*Lever Lines.*



A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does ; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other joy ; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs ; and in the end, when God shall lift the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colours were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colours. *Beecher.*

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Blessed God ! Thou hast often taught us lessons in the shade we should never have learned in the sunshine.

*Unknown.*

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PSALM XLII. 7, 8.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away ;  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,  
In weakness and distress :  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less.  
Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathising hearts  
For my deliverance care,  
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,  
Art teaching me to bear—  
By the sweet voice of thankful song,  
And calm, confiding prayer.



Thy Love has many a lighted path,  
No outward eye can trace,  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,  
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,  
Whom the world does not see,  
What hand should pluck me from the flood,  
That casts my soul on Thee?  
Who would not suffer pain like mine,  
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength  
With passive trust I stay,  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,  
Though silent anguish show  
The love that in their hours of sleep  
Unthanked may come and go;  
And blessed are the ears that hear,  
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn in Thee,  
Though patient suffering teach  
The secret of enduring strength,  
And praise too deep for speech—  
*Peace* that no pressure from without,  
No strife within can reach.

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No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
 How blest soe'er it be—  
 Yet may the chastened child be glad  
 His Father's face to see ;  
 And oh, it is not hard to bear  
 What must be borne in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,  
 In Thy own bosom laid,  
 The trial of a soul redeemed,  
 For Thy rejoicing made.  
 Well may the heart in patience rest—  
 That none can make afraid.

\* \* \* \*

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
 With peaceful heart will say—  
 "Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
 No waves can take away ;  
 And let the storm that speeds me home  
 Deal with me as it may." *A. L. Waring.*

Ye are prepared for the building of God the Father ; and ye are raised up on high by the instrument of Jesus Christ, which is the cross ; and ye are drawn by the rope, which is the Holy Spirit ; and your pulling is your faith ; and your love is the way which leadeth up on high to God. *Ignatius.*

The lesson of his own weakness and Christ's sufficiency is frequently brought home to the believer. By painful and pressing trials—by reverses and misfortunes—by humiliating defeats in the conflict against temptation, is he reminded that "in him dwelleth no good thing ;"—that his own strength is



weakness—his own wisdom, folly. He is driven away from self—from all confidence in the flesh, to Him who alone can guide and sustain him. He is rendered more suspicious of inward pride, and, therefore, more earnest in prayer. And this is the secret of all Christian progress—more earnest in prayer, for supplies of grace, and such supplies of grace will ever be found sufficient. Yes, Christian, although in your daily course you seem to struggle in your duty, and though nothing seems to go on satisfactorily, be assured of this, so long as you are really looking to Christ, and relying upon Him—so long is He working in you by His Spirit, and, however difficult may be your tasks, you will make progress. You perhaps may never perceive it—you may not appear to make a step in advance—but be not discouraged. Remember, “All the promises of God in Christ are Yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God ;” and these promises are yours.

Suffering Christian ! take comfort, and, painful as your trials may be, still come to the Throne of Grace, and humbly claim the fulfilment of those promises, which are yours in Christ Jesus. You will not be sent empty away, but will assuredly receive “grace sufficient” for you. Such has ever been the experience of God’s children. Faith has achieved its grandest conquests on straitened fields. God leads His people to Himself through ways they know not. He sets before them, sometimes in His deepest love, larger and harder tasks. He beckons them on to steeper heights—with sharper rocks, where they must climb with pain and difficulty. He calls them on and upward, with His own animating voice, to some more splendid, because more grievous sacrifices ; but, even when the gloom of darkness seems to have enwrapt them in its folds, they are reminded that “all the promises of God in Christ are Yea and Amen,”—that these promises are theirs, in virtue of their union with Christ. A hand of love is outstretched, and with Jesus by their side, they advance more rapidly and with firmer step, towards their heavenly home. On the heads of some of His children, God sets special sufferings as crowns



of honour—as signs of what great things He has yet in reserve for them, because He will make these crosses, ladders of light whereby they shall ascend nearer to Himself.

“*The Throne of Grace.*”

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How blest to all Thy followers, Lord, the road  
 By which Thou lead'st them on ; yet oft how strange !  
 But Thou in all dost seek our highest good ;  
 For Truth were Truth no longer, could'st Thou change.  
 Though crooked seem the paths, yet are they straight,  
 By which Thou draw'st Thy children up to Thee :  
 And passing wonders by the way they see,  
 And learn at last to own Thee wise and good.

*Unknown.*

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Our God seeks our profit chiefly in these days of training. Let us manfully try to be of one mind with Him, and follow up His choice for us. Those things by which we have suffered most have helped us fastest on.

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“THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.”

How disproportioned is the sowing to the reaping—a few baskets full of seed—many waggons groaning beneath the rich sheaves of harvest. This may be a type of the disproportion between life's sorrowful sowing and heaven's joyful reaping-time. Yet, while comparatively sorrows are light, sensibly they may be very heavy ; we call the seed-basket light compared to the harvest-burden, yet it might be a wearisome load to the man who carried it. The glory of our Bible is—while it tells truths of eternity which should take away much of the bitterness of time's sorrows, it owns so fully and so tenderly how bitter the sorrows are. It calls them “not joyous—but grievous ;” it contains prayers for the *oppressed*, the *overwhelmed* ; it tells of One afflicted in all our afflictions. Surely the Bible meets every want of our hearts. He who detailed it knows us ; we need not fear to trust Him.

*Unknown.*



Afflictions are for our benefit. We pray that God would take such a course with us as may do our souls good ; when God is afflicting us, He is hearing our prayers ; He doth it for our profit, not that afflictions do in themselves profit us, but as God's Spirit works with them. For as the waters of Bethesda could not give health of themselves, unless the angel descended and stirred the waters, so the waters of affliction are not in themselves healing, till God's Spirit co-operates and sanctifies them to us.

*Thomas Watson, 1666.*

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“IT IS I ; BE NOT AFRAID.”

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
Above the tempest, soft and clear,  
What still small accents meet mine ear !

“'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;  
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;  
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light :  
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;  
That storm has all been spent on Me :  
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“This bitter cup, I drank it first ;  
To thee, it is no draught accurst ;  
The Hand that gives it thee is pierced :  
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“*Mine* eyes are watching by thy bed ;  
*Mine* arms are underneath thy head ;  
*My* blessing is around thee shed :  
'Tis I ; be not afraid.”



When on the other side, thy feet  
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet :  
    " 'Tis I ; be not afraid."

From out the dazzling majesty,  
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,  
Saying, " Belovèd, lov'st thou Me?  
'Twas not in vain I died for thee :  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid."      *Mrs. Charles.*

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The broken-hearted must look at their sorrows by the light of that Love which " spared not *his only Son*." Will He smite the objects of it too heavily? Will He forbear to smite them heavily when their final good requires it? How majestic are His goings when He thus enters the soul in the chariot of His awful providence ! The exterior of the chariot is rough and terrible, but it is paved with love to His stricken child. At the first, God's terrible dealings take us aside alone with Himself. The words and sympathy, and even the writings, of our fellow-men lose much of their power. The soul lies in its anguish as if at the base of a great steep, not scaleable from the side of nature, and with no sensible support of any kind but what comes from the everlasting arms.

What light and power does the Lord then put into His promises ! He makes the mourner to acknowledge that there is no blank in the house or bosom, which His word cannot fill. It grows as it finds root and soil. It has treasures laid up for the dark and cloudy day, treasures which cannot be reached except through the avenue of tribulation. We are suddenly overtaken by an affliction at once stunning, dark, and varied in its aspect. We submit in silence, " dumb because thou didst it ;" but the Bible speaks to us, " He is the Rock, his way is perfect ; for all his ways are judgment ; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." Where is the



dealing of His providence which that declaration may not make straight, clear, and even radiant to our view? It is not to be expected that these dispensations will be divested of perplexity or severity; but no doubt or mistrust regarding them will linger in our hearts. We shall be able to say sincerely, "His work is perfect though I am blind; His work is perfect, and I shall see it yet; and this trial which is crushing me to the dust, and which none around me can comprehend, shall one day be illuminated with glory before my eyes, and in each of its results, bear the minutest inspection." It is thus that the soul is led one step further than submission, praising Jehovah for all that He has done. "They went through the flood on foot; *there* did we rejoice in him."

*"The Way Home."*

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If thou dost set thyself to that thou oughtest, namely, to suffering and to death, it will quickly be better with thee, and thou shalt find peace.

Know for certain that thou oughtest to lead a dying life. And the more any man dieth to himself, so much the more doth he begin to live unto God.

Nothing is more acceptable to God, nothing more wholesome to thee in this world, than to suffer cheerfully for Christ. And if thou couldst choose, thou oughtest rather to wish to suffer adversities for Christ, than to be refreshed with many consolations; because thou wouldst thus be more like unto Christ, and more conformable to all the saints.

If there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation, than suffering, surely Christ would have showed it by word and example. For both the disciples that followed Him, and also all who desire to follow Him, He plainly exhorteth to the bearing of the Cross, and saith, "If any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me."

*Thomas à Kempis.*



## "THE CROWN OF THORNS."

Take it meekly, wear it gladly ;  
Holy ensign of our faith ;  
Doth the exile wander sadly,  
Freed from danger and from death ?  
As his glance he homeward turns,  
Little weeps he o'er the thorns.

Sing then loudly, ransom'd spirit,  
Let the captives hear thee sing ;  
Thou the promise shalt inherit,  
Wand'ring child of Canaan's King !  
Think of Him, then bending down,  
Take thy cross and wear thy crown.

Thou art lonely—He was lonely ;  
Dost thou at thy lot repine ?  
Thou thy burden bearest only,  
But He bore His grief and thine.  
Yea, *for thee* that crown was worn,  
'Twas *thy sin* that wove the thorn.

Track His footsteps, thou shalt borrow  
Light, that loneliest life endears ;  
Glory gilds the crown of sorrow,  
Wash'd with blood and bright with tears.  
*Not unseen* His loved ones mourn,  
*Known to Christ is every thorn.*

Dost thou murmur, dost thou ponder,  
*Why* this path He bade thee tread ?  
He who reigns in glory yonder  
Had not where to lay His head.  
Though thy pathway seemeth dim,  
Yet it leads to Heaven—and Him.



O my soul, with cords we bound Him !  
Till upon the cross He died ;  
With the thorny chaplet crown'd Him,  
And that crown He sanctified.  
Welcome, then, the thorns that He  
Wore on earth so long for thee.

Is it meet a homeless stranger  
Rest within that land should gain,  
Free from sorrow, free from danger,  
Where his Lord and King was slain ?  
Not a badge His brow adorns,  
Brighter than the crown of thorns.

Take it meekly, Christ hath bless'd it ;  
If thy weary heart should fail,  
On the Rock of Ages rest it,  
Gates of hell shall not prevail.  
Shrink not, though the world may scorn,  
*CHRIST hath numbered every thorn.*

Take it gladly, for upon thee  
Angels look with joyful eyes ;  
From that kingdom Jesus won thee,—  
Hark ! they whisper as they rise,  
“ Joy ! behold a soul new-born,  
Who the thorny crown hath worn.”

*Every tear the Saviour numbered,*  
*Every woe the Saviour weighed ;*  
Nor His love nor care hath slumber'd,  
Since He placed it on thine head.  
Soul, by tribulation driven,  
Enter thou the gates of heaven.



O my soul! do thou surrender  
Sorrow's chaplet to His care ;  
For I know His love so tender,  
Not *one* thorn too much is there.  
Let each wound a whisper be,  
"Take thy cross and follow Me."

Lo ! I take it : on my weakness  
Look Thou, Lord, in pity down ;  
Teach me of Thine holy meekness,  
Fit me here to wear the crown.  
Thou wilt leave me not forlorn,  
Thou hast balm for every thorn.

When it press my brow the sorest,  
When the bitter cup I sip,  
Let me feel the crown Thou worest  
Gives the sweetest fellowship.  
Nor would I shun it if I could,  
Sprinkled thus with Jesus' blood.

Teach me, Lord, the hands that wove it,  
*Wove it not without Thy will ;*  
Bless it, Lord, and I shall love it ;  
Through the thorns I see Thee still :  
*Thou in grief art ever nigh,*  
I will wear it patiently. *Unknown.*

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Sorrows are like a cloud which, though black when they are just passing over us, when they *are* overpast become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the horizon.

Let your sorrows, when they rise and swell, be like the waves of the Sound, when they at night flash forth their glories of phosphorescent light—or like clouds that reflect the sunlight glorified. *Beecher.*



The grace of God is as necessary to create a right temper in a Christian on the breaking of a china plate, as on the death of an only son.

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*J. Newton.*

No pain, no palm ; no thorn, no throne ; no gall, no glory ;  
no cross, no crown.

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*Wm. Penn.*

Do not wonder at occasional castings down. The Bible would not be so full of "Comfort ye's" and "Fear not's," if God's dearest did not need it.

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*J. Milne.*

He shall deliver thee in six troubles : yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. . . . Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue.

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*Job v. 19, 21.*

Oh, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee ; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men ! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man ; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

*Psa. xxxi. 19, 20.*

The word we render "pride," means "rough, proud, untractable, vexatious in temper and action, which are in life like rugged knobs in a road," being the same word as in Isa xl. 4, "rough places, or rugged, difficult to pass ; a chain of mountains." Does not this give a marvellous fulness of meaning to that precious promise—"Thou wilt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man,"—from those who are ever vexing one's temper, whenever one meets them ; by the rugged knobs which they lay in our way, so very difficult to pass ? I feel certain you will enter into the comfort of a promise like this. Just to feel, when the trial is pressing hard upon me, that now is the moment when God is hiding me in the secret of His presence ! Oh, it is inexpressible relief !

*A. L. Newton.*



When all means fail, God is as well able to work as when  
they abound. *Power.*

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God, who feeds the ravens, will not starve His doves.  
*Charnock.*

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#### SILENCE UNDER TRIALS.

When words and acts, untrue, unkind—

Against thy life, like arrows fly,

Receive them with a patient mind—

Seek no revenge, make no reply.

O holy Silence ! 'Tis the shield,

More strong than warrior's trusted mail,

A hidden strength, a might conceal'd,

Which worldly shafts in vain assail.

He who is silent in his cause,

Has left that cause to heavenly arms ;

And Heaven's eternal aid and laws

Are swift to ward the threatening harms.

God is our great protecting Power—

*Be still !* The great Defender moves :

He watches well the dangerous hour,

Nor fails to save the child He loves. *Upham.*

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I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year, to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole *at once*. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would *only* take the burden appointed for us each day ; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

*J. Newton.*



I think the *greatness* of trials is to be estimated rather by the impression they make upon our spirits, than by their outward appearance. The smallest will be too heavy for us if we are left to grapple with it in our own strength, or rather weakness; and if the Lord is pleased to put forth His power in us, He can make the heaviest light. A lively impression of His love, or of His sufferings for us, or of His glories within the veil, accompanied with a due sense of the misery from which we are redeemed; these thoughts will enable us not only to be submissive, but even joyful in tribulations. When faith is in exercise, though the flesh will have its feelings, the spirit will triumph over them. But it is needful we should know that we have no sufficiency in ourselves, and in order to know it we must feel it; and therefore the Lord sometimes withdraws His sensible influence, and then the buzzing of a fly will be an overmatch for our patience. At other times He will show us what He can do in us, and for us: then we can adopt the apostle's words and say, "I can do or suffer all things through Christ strengthening me. He has said, My grace is sufficient for thee." It is observable that the children of God seldom disappoint our expectations under great trials; if they show a wrongness of spirit, it is usually in little incidents that we are ready to wonder at them. For which, two reasons may be principally assigned. When great trials are in view, we run simply and immediately to our all-sufficient Friend, feel our dependence, and cry in good earnest for help; but if the occasion seems small, we are too apt secretly to lean to our own wisdom and strength, as if, in such slight matters, we could make shift without Him. Therefore in these we often fail.

*J. Newton.*

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Toute grande poésie est un arc-en-ciel formé des larmes que nous arrachent nos misères actuelles, et des rayons de gloire qui nous rappellent nos hautes origines.

*Pressensé.*



A tear, dropped in the silence of a sick-chamber, often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpet or bells.

*Beecher.*

Afflictions are often the black foils in which God doth set the jewels of His children's graces, to make them shine the brighter.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

#### LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A dewdrop falling on a wild sea-wave,  
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"  
But in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Into a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;  
And happy now, the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;  
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;  
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

*R. C. Trench.*

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Each day upon its wings  
Its allotted burden brings;  
Load it not beside with sorrow,  
Which belongeth to the morrow.  
Strength is promised, strength is given,  
When the heart by God is riven;  
But fore-date the day of woe,  
And alone thou bear'st the blow.

*Unknown.*

God doth not willingly afflict any of His children. They always stand in absolute need at that very time of that very affliction He sends. It could not be laid aside, nor delayed longer, nor altered for another, without hurt to their souls.

*Charles of Bala.*



A Christian's experience is like a rainbow, made up of drops of the grief of earth, and beams of the bliss of heaven.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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When the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in Thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at Thy feet.

*Unknown.*

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Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat  
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,  
Yea, till the mill the grain in pieces tear,  
The richness of the flour will scarce appear,  
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,  
Because like wheat in straw, they have not yet  
That value which in threshing they may get ;  
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections  
Have threshed out of us all our vain affections ;  
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us  
Are by the sacred Spirit winnowed from us ;  
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,  
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,  
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,  
And leave the soul uncovered ; nay, yet more,  
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,  
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire ;  
But then we shall ; and that is my desire.

*George Wither.*

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God sometimes seems to sleep, and to forget His poor children that cry unto Him ; but He is preparing the fuller mercies for them.

*Gurnall.*



## TRIBULATION.

We all know in a general way that the word "tribulation," which occurs not seldom in Scripture, and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish ; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin "tribulum ;" which was the threshing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks ; and "tribulatio," in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image, for the setting forth of a higher truth ; and sorrow, and distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true—their chaff from their wheat—therefore he called these sorrows and trials "tribulations"—threshings, that is, of the inner, spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. This deeper religious use of the word "tribulation" was unknown to classical, that is, to heathen antiquity, and belongs exclusively to the Christian writers, and the fact that the same deepening and elevating use of the word recurs in a multitude of others, and many of them far more signal instances, is one well deserving to be followed up.

*R. C. Trench.*

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I find that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience ; but in prosperity, conscience is a pope, that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts.

*Rutherford.*

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I find no better way of losing myself and my sorrows, than by getting absorbed in Him who has borne them, and no surer way of sinking under them than by poring over them.

*Ruth Bryan.*



There is nothing more striking, did we carefully observe it, than God's wise and appropriate adaptation of His dealings to the peculiar state, circumstances, and necessities of His people. He knows the journey that is before each of them, He knows what storm, in leaving the harbour, the vessel will encounter, and as the best of commentators (M. Henry) says, "He that appointeth what the voyage shall be, will victual the ship accordingly." Reader, take no thought, no over-anxious, fretting, disquieting thought for the future. God will lead you by '*the* right way.' If the journey be great, the strength needed will be vouchsafed. 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy day, so shall thy strength be.'

*Macduff.*

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Oh ! how will recompense His smile,  
The trials of this "little while !" *Unknown.*

---

*God* placed us here,—our tasks were marked by His Almighty hand ;

A fount of living waters springs in earth's most desert land ;  
'Twas love that turned the cup aside thy eager lips had quaff'd,  
'Twas wisdom saw, though fair to thee, the poison in the draught.

He healed the wound, in mercy dealt to save thee endless pain,  
And tenderly the Hand of Love hath raised thee up again :  
How many a day of health and joy the thankless heart receives,  
Mourning o'er what God takes away, not heeding what He gives.

What though the clouds with darkness veil the gläd sun from  
thy sight,  
And weary hearts will sometimes faint, and winds the blossoms  
blight ;  
Yet know we not in cloud, in storm, we own a Saviour's care,  
And though the tempest gather round, that God is everywhere?

*Unknown.*



Our Heavenly Father sometimes sees good, in the treatment of His spiritual children, to let great trials and great weaknesses meet together ; to lay on crosses when we appear most unfit to bear them ; to permit wave to follow wave in such quick and terrible succession, that the eye of faith grows dim, and even the undying flame of the Christian's lamp is flickering in the socket. If such a season visit you, remember there is One to whom even this case is no new case,—One upon whom this cross was laid when He was weak even to faintness, and yet of whom we are told, "He went forth bearing his cross." He cannot, then, although now in heaven, ever forget that hour on earth ; and never does He see a weak and fainting sufferer, upon whom fresh trials and fresh crosses are laid, without calling to mind that heavy cross, that toilsome journey to Mount Calvary, without stretching forth a hand to help and succour him. How merciful it is of our Heavenly Father that there is not that sorrow in life, that peculiar state of trial, that bitterness of anguish, from which the believer can look upward to the Throne of Grace without beholding one beside that Throne to whom that sorrow, trial, bitterness, are all experimentally known.

*Blunt.*

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They who fear the Lord may be quite sure that whatever is not practicable is not necessary. He could have overruled every difficulty in your way, had He seen it expedient ; but He is pleased to show you, that you depend not upon men, but upon Himself, and that notwithstanding your connections may exclude you from some advantages in point of outward means, He who has begun a good work in you, is able to carry it on, in defiance of all seeming hindrances, and make all things (even those which have the most unfavourable appearances) work together for your good.

A sure effect of His grace, is a desire and longing for Gospel ordinances ; and when they are afforded, they cannot be neglected without loss. But the Lord sees many souls who are



dear to Him, and whom He is training up in a growing meet-ness for His kingdom, who are by His providence so situated, that it is not in their power to attend Gospel preaching ; and perhaps they have seldom either Christian minister or Christian friend to assist or comfort them. Such a situation is a state of trial ; but Jesus is all sufficient, and He is always near. They cannot be debarred from His Word of grace, which is everywhere at hand ; nor from His Throne of grace ; for they who feel their need of Him, are always at the foot of it. All is holy ground to them, for the Lord is there. *J. Newton.*

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God has the same knowledge, inspection, and care of every one, as if there was but one. *Unknown.*

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#### PATIENCE.

The derivation of words, especially of those which inculcate any Christian or moral duty, is not only interesting and curious to an inquiring mind, but also throws considerable light on their meaning and force. Take, for example, the word "patience." It is derived from a Latin word "patientia," which has for its root "patior," which signifies "to suffer." Hence the word "passion," in its first sense, means "suffering." So a sick person is called "a patient," which we fear, in many cases, is a misnomer. The Greek word which is used in the New Testament to signify "patience" is derived from a verb, the literal meaning of which is to "remain under," or to sustain any load which oppresses either the mind or the body, or both. By the union of these two derivations, we arrive at a correct definition of the word "patience," viz., to bear affliction with firmness and without murmuring, in an entire and quiet submission to the will of God. *Robert Grant.*



The trial of your faith worketh patience.

*James i. 3.*

### THE RESOLVE.

"Now for a swifter race," was the resolve of one over whose path sorrow was beginning to darken heavily. "Now for a busier and more active life," was the utterance of another, as he rose from his knees, after pouring out the bitterness of his grief into the ear of God. *"The Morning of Joy."*

### MEEK AND REVERENT SUBMISSION.

Let infidels and ignorants who think they suffer by chance, repine at their adversities, and be dejected with their afflictions : for me, who know that I have a Father in heaven full of mercy and compassion, whose Providence hath measured out to a scruple the due proportions of my sorrows, counting my sighs, and reserving the tears which He wrings from me in His bottle,—why do I not patiently lie down and put my mouth in the dust, meekly submitting to His holy pleasure, and blessing the Hand from which I smart? *Bishop Hall.*

"Thy will, not mine, but O, if it might be,"

So say we ever, longing for our will,  
Half resignation—"Lord, we kneel to Thee,

And we implore, but this *one* wish fulfil,  
Thou knowest best. Thou knowest all things, Lord,  
Thou canst read all these wishes, longings, prayers,  
This we believe, according to Thy Word ;

Saviour, we cast on Thee, our sins and cares,  
And Thou wilt bear them all, and bear each heart

Thy will has broken, though a loving will  
And merciful. We understand in part,—

Only in part—for much is hidden still,



And will be hidden while this life wears on.

O happy those who on Thy will depend  
And rest content! O Christ, Redeemer, Son,  
Lead Thy poor, erring children to the end.  
Forsake us not, we have no help but Thee.

Should'st Thou but turn an instant, we should fall;  
Guide and uphold this weak humanity,  
Human-Divine, for Thou canst feel for all.  
'Thy will be done on earth.' This earth of Thine,  
As in Thy heaven,"—so Thy children cry—  
"Those whom Thou gavest me, for all Thine are mine—"  
To this we trust—Thine for eternity. *Anon.*

---

Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces,—to sit where He places us; to be what He would have us to be; and this as long as He pleases. If we have done all that lies on us, we should fall quietly into the hands of God, and cease our wishing. *Unknown.*

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Oh! be my will so swallowed up in Thine,  
That I may do *Thy* will in doing *mine*.

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*Hannah More.*

A broken will is the secret of happiness—provided Jesus, who broke it for you, dwell in your heart. *M. F. Barbour.*

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Oh! si vous saviez ce qu'il y a de paix dans la douleur acceptée.

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*Madame Guyon.*

What peace follows, when the lacerated soul is at length able to surrender itself with a subdued and unruffled heart, into the arms of everlasting love, saying, "*Undertake for me!*"  
*Lady Powerscourt.*



## GATHERED GRAIN.

O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will,  
                                           I will lie still—  
 I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,  
                                           And break the charm,  
 Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,  
                                           In perfect rest. *Keble.*

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## RESIGNATION.

Carlyle says, "One may *lose happiness*, and find instead blessedness;" but I take this as applying to nothing outside of the peace of God—that is, saintly blessedness, or the comfort of entire faith and hope of the sanctified Christian. It comes always from the casting of the soul upon God after a great sorrow has swept over it and left it desolate—desolate as to earthly hopes I mean; for no soul is utterly desolate which clings fast to the border of Christ's seamless robe—that robe which covers all human nakedness. *Unknown.*

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God's proceedings are always to be acquiesced in, but cannot always be accounted for. *Matthew Henry.*

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## THE PILGRIM'S PATH.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. *Psa. xxxii. 8.*

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Is this the way, my Father?  
                                           'Tis, my child,  
 Thou must pass through the tangled dreary wild,  
 If thou would'st reach the city undefiled,  
                                           Thy peaceful home above.



My Father, it is dark !  
Child, take my hand,  
Cling close to Me ; I'll lead thee through the land,  
Trust My all-seeing care : for thou shalt stand,  
'Midst glory bright above'

My footsteps seem to slide !  
Child, only raise  
Thine eyes to Me, then in these slipp'ry ways  
I'll hold thy goings up, and thou shalt praise  
Me for each step above.

Oh Father, I am weary !  
Child, lean thy head  
Upon My breast ; it was My love that spread  
Thy rugged path !—hope on, till I have said,  
Rest, rest for aye above.

*Unknown.*

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### THE CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers ; but in singleness of heart, fearing God : and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men : for ye serve the Lord Christ.

*Col. iii. 22-24.*

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We must work while it is day ; but work not *for* life, that is too hard work for us, that is impossible ; but *from* life we shall work, and then it will not be in vain in the Lord. *Marsh.*

---

A true faith in Christ Jesus will not suffer us to be *idle*. No ; it is an active, lively, restless principle ; it fills the heart so that it cannot be easy till it is doing something for Jesus Christ.

*George Whitefield.*



Shall I grudge to spend my life for Him, who did not grudge  
to shed His life-blood for me ? *Beveridge.*

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We owe Christ an eternity of love. *Unknown.*

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“ALL THIS I DID FOR THEE—WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?”

I gave My life for *thee*,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave My life for thee ;  
What hast *thou* given for *Me*?

I spent long years for *thee*,  
In weariness and woe,  
That an eternity  
Of joy *thou* mightest know.  
I spent long years for *thee* ;  
Hast *thou* spent one for *Me*?

My Father's house of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for *thee* ;  
Hast *thou* left aught for *Me*?

I suffered much for *thee*,  
More than thy tongue may tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue *thee* from hell.  
I suffered much for *thee* ;  
What dost thou *bear* for *Me*?



And I have brought to *thee*,  
 Down from My home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love.  
 Great gifts I brought to *thee*;  
 What hast *thou* brought to *Me*?

O let thy life be given,  
 Thy years for Me be spent,  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent.  
 Give thou *thyself* to Me,  
 And I will welcome thee. *Unknown.*

It is not the work we do on earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive. “Thou, God, seest me.” *Unknown.*

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so ; for by the will the act was dictated. *Seneca.*

God takes men's hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, where they have not power to fulfil it ; but He never took the deed instead of the will. *Baxter.*

Whatever you do for Christ, put your whole soul into it.  
*C. H. Spurgeon.*

It is false humility which makes us say, “I can never do any good,”—for the meaner the instrument, the more is the glory of God displayed in doing good with it, and as it is all God's doing, and not ours, we have no reason to be proud of it, but rather to be abased at the sight of our own unfitness.

*M. J. Graham.*



Responsibilities always follow upon being used by the Lord. Don't be troubled because you cannot speak for Jesus as *you* would. His strength is made perfect in your *weakness*. When you think you speak *well* for Him, you may find He does not own it at all. When you think you speak in *utter weakness*, you may find much fruit. Communion with God about all your work for Him is the real power. From the knees to the work, and from the work to the knees, ensures fruit in God's time and way.

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*J. G. Gregory.*

God fits His instruments for His work.

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*Unknown.*

What God inclines His people to, He enables them to fulfil, and when finished He accepts. Works undertaken for God in faith, with an eye to God's glory, shall be established. We may be always sure of success when we give up our will to God's will.

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*Unknown.*

The Lord will not bless us in those things wherein we have any contest with Himself. Satan cares not where we run, if we are not on a specific errand for the Lord Jesus. He listens delighted to the eloquence that saves no one. He will lift the latch for you at each door in your district, if you will go in and only speak of books, and men, and sermons, and health. He does not fear your wringing some religious remarks out of your own dry heart. It is the *power of the HOLY GHOST* he dreads. If you hold not the hem of a *present* Saviour's garment in the one hand, reaching out the other for a hold of a needy sinner's hand, crying in heart to the Spirit of Love to make them meet, no harm is done in that house to the cause of the enemy. One more powerless mention of the Saviour, one failure more to record—that is all.

But the more struggle you have had to get out the word you long to say, if it makes you think well, and pray to say it in the right way, the more likely it will be that Jesus will bless it.



“Oh, that the friend I love were with the great Physician that is now making sad hearts rejoice, and wicked men good, and sins of a long life to be blotted out for ever ; for He would recover him !” Does your heart never say so ?

Will not God, who has brought a perishing one within your reach, who has provided the place, the opportunity, the willing ear, open up *His* way for you to speak of His own love ? Might we not all become so *identified* with Him we serve, so *consecrated* to Him, that speaking were less needed ? might we not all be so *one* with Himself, as that the very presence of His people should speak for their Lord ?

Five minutes—*prayed* for, *watched* for, and *not let slip* when found—is long enough to tell a friend, a fellow-workman, or a stranger, about his danger, and immediate salvation through the Blood of the Lamb. Few words are needed when the heart is full. They will not often give offence, if the love that prompts them gushes up from the heart’s depths, and is very modestly spoken.

The soul-gatherer’s eye must rest on Jesus—*never lower*. The word which goes most directly home, may sometimes awaken *opposition only*. God seldom makes use of one means only to bless a soul. Follow that man with a prayer. He has gone far from you ; he has not gone from God. Follow him with prayer—at his work, in the railway-carriage, on the ship-deck, at the mess, in the dance, on a sick-bed, on a death-bed, God can meet him.

“*If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not ; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it ? and he that keepeth the soul, doth not he know it ? and shall he not render to every man according to his works ?*

“*The Soul-Gatherer.*”

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The world is nothing less than a great stranding wreck ; men are perishing, and the great duty of the hour is to seek to



snatch men from going down to death. See in every unsaved soul an object of pity, and a subject for earnest work. Get them to Christ. By all means and every means rest not till they are saved.

*Henry Varley.*

WHERE IS THY BROTHER ?

Run, for his feet are nearing  
The deathful river's brink !  
Haste, ere his hand is lifted  
The poisoned cup to drink !

He sees no thickening darkness,  
Hears not the Jordan's swell—  
Sees but Life's gilded chalice,  
And dreams that all is well.

O voiceless, silent Christian !  
A WORD that soul may save !  
*Run ! SPEAK !* if thou would'st snatch it  
From Sin's eternal grave !

Tell how the Saviour sought *thee* !  
And snatched thee back from death !  
*Speak*—tho' the words drop weakly  
From faltering lips and breath !

Haste—for the shadows lengthen,  
The night is drawing on :  
A SOUL waits to be RESCUED !  
A *star* waits for *thy crown* !

*Unknown.*

How wonderful that God should have *need* of our *emptiness* !  
But so it is, for He would fill the empty vessel with His own  
fulness. We cannot realise our emptiness too much when  
engaged about soul-gathering. It must be ALL the Lord, ALL  
Christ, ALL in the Holy Ghost. Thus God will be *honoured* in  
winning souls for Christ by us.

*J. G. Gregory.*



If God is pleased to convert a soul without using you, He may honour you by employing you to comfort him after conversion. Conviction may be wrought by the Holy Spirit without means, but in the full decision, in the laying hold on Christ, He may give you occupation ; *somewhere or other God will use you* ; only be you a vessel fit for the Master's use, and you will not be long out of service. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

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When God calls His children to such services as shall unavoidably deprive them of the ordinary means of help and supply, then God is engaged to give extraordinary support, and His people may expect it accordingly. *Unknown.*

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God's assistance in any duty is a good token of God's acceptance of it. *Unknown.*

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Mark the fact ; the Lord uses instruments that are remarkable for their weakness. *J. G. Gregory.*

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#### "ONE TRACT."

A poor pedlar, a humble but zealous Christian, stopped at the house of a rich man, and tremblingly knocked at the door. The master himself came and purchased a tract, called the "Bruised Reed," by Dr. Tibbs. He threw it carelessly aside, and thought no more of it ; but the Lord had destined it to an important end. That small despised tract the rich man's son saw and read, and by the Holy Spirit's power it became to him the means of saving grace ; that son was the celebrated Richard Baxter, who wrote the "Saint's Rest." But the conversion of one soul does not end here ; that soul is much concerned for the souls of others, and seeks to know what the Lord would have him to do, and in a variety of ways his influence spreads.



Baxter is dead ; but he has left us his "Saint's Rest," which was the means of converting Dr. Doddridge. That holy man died, but the mantle fell upon others ; the influence did not fail, for he left us his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and that conveyed the flame to that holy politician and zealous Christian, Wilberforce. He also died ; but his influence was not extinguished, for his "Practical View of Christianity," communicated Divine light to Legh Richmond, who now lives in his "Dairyman's Daughter," and other works, to convey comfort, perhaps conviction, to many hearts. All this had its rise in "ONE SMALL TRACT."

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SOUL, ARISE !

*The night cometh, when no man can work.—John ix. 4.*

Soul, arise ! night's shade descending  
Even now obscures the day,  
Fast Life's priceless hours are spending,  
Christian to thy work away !  
Soldier, pledged beneath My banner  
All My foes to meet in war,  
Pause not, till the loud Hosanna  
Hails My coming from afar.

Dwell not on the memories thronging  
Of the Past with all its pain :  
Cherish not a weary longing  
For the Rest that shall remain.  
Mourn not with a dreary spirit  
For the faithful gone to rest ;  
They My promises inherit,  
They with Me in light are blest.

Hear the trumpet-tongue of duty,  
Stay not for to-morrow's sun ;  
Ere thine eyes behold My beauty,  
Much remaineth to be done.



In Life's stormy battle ever  
Bear My name aloft in fight ;  
Thee from Me no foes can sever ;  
Scorn the wrong and work the right.

Life to some is dark and dreary,  
Shifting scenes of toil and woe :  
'Tis thy task to teach the weary  
Of a rest which all may know.  
Children of a common Father,  
Aid the trouble-smitten poor ;  
Bear their burdens all the rather  
That in them I seek thy door.

Guide the wanderer in his blindness,  
Bid the lost of pardon hear ;  
Let no words but those of kindness  
Fall upon thy brother's ear.  
Lowly o'er the dying bending,  
Cheer him in the closing strife,  
With the Hope from Heaven descending,  
Of the new and better life.

As the mourner's tears are flowing  
O'er the soul-abandoned clay,  
Point him to the Lord bestowing  
Peace that none can take away.  
There are woes which wait *thy* healing,  
Wounds which *thou* alone canst bind :  
Hidden griefs which need unsealing,  
Lost ones whom I bid *thee* find.

Keep thy lamp at midnight burning,  
Lay not thou thine armour down ;  
Thou shalt wear, at my returning,  
Priestly robe and kingly crown.



Heed not though the world upbraid thee,  
 I endured its scoffs alone ;  
 I am ever near to aid thee,  
 I confess thee for Mine own.

Pilgrim ! though the road be dreary,  
 It shall end in radiant light ;  
 Be not of the pathway weary, .  
 Thou shalt walk with Me in white.  
 Soon will dawn a day immortal,  
 Thou shalt share my victor-throne,  
 And at Heaven's eternal portal  
 For thy cross receive a crown.

*Isabella Bird.*

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Each man in his home, in his warehouse, in the world,  
 ought to be a missionary ; and if you are Christians, it is im-  
 possible that you can hide it ; its irrepressible beams will  
 break out at a thousand crevices, even if you try to hide it ;  
 you are the children of God and of Christ, He has transformed  
 you into His own glorious image and likeness.

*Cumming.*

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O Sun in glory ! wilt Thou stronger shine,  
 And wake us, warm us all to speak of Thee.  
 For though we may not have the wings to soar,  
 And dwell in Thy full sunshine, while we stay  
 In this lost winter world—yet teach us how  
 To whisper of Thy *Love* among the sleepers,  
 That they may know Thou for them *too* dost shine,  
 And never, never may the lost  
 Within the prison-house have cause to breathe  
 A curse upon our name (while we are bless'd),  
 Because we let them pass away *unwarned*,  
 And through false fear dared not to SPEAK FOR THEE.

*Unknown.*



## WORDS.

Reader! watch your words; oh, let them be like your Saviour's in the storm—calming, quieting words; holy, purifying words! Words are power. Use that power for God. Words are little things, but they lead to mighty issues. A kind look is a little thing, but it may fall like a sunbeam on a sad heart, and chase its sadness away. A kind word is a small thing, but it may brighten the spirit and revive the hope of some poor, desponding soul about to give up in despair before the conflicts and trials of life. Oh, *use your words for Jesus!* Be a calmer of life's tumults, a softener of life's sorrows by your words and looks. These things are the seeds of life, and some day or other they will bear fruit and rise up to bless you. God make you watchful over these powers for good or evil that hang on every breath to every one around you.

*F. Whitfield.*

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Is there any one living near you that can say, "No one ever spoke to me of my salvation"? You talk about the weather, and the crops, and births, accidents, and deaths; do you ever speak to any one of JESUS? Do you ever affectionately tell any to flee from the wrath to come? If not, is it kind? is it faithful? is it honest to your Christian profession? does it accord with your prayers? can you consistently pray for a revival of religion? can you have any compassion for souls, or any love for Christ? Never let any one die in your neighbourhood, or even live there long, and be able to say, "No one ever spoke to me of my salvation." A tear, a sigh, a kind word, a pressure of the hand of Christian sympathy, a verse of the Bible, a page of pious reading, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, may save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

It is the fact of *responsibility* that makes existence so solemn a thing.

*Christian Treasury.*



Describe the unseen Lord to the blind guest at your side,  
just as simply and naturally as you would tell a stranger how  
kind your husband is, and how happy your children make you.  
All forced, all stiff mention of Him ceases when He is *near*.  
Ask Him that each friend who comes in may bring or get His  
blessing. *"The Soul-Gatherer."*

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Let something every day be done for Christ.

*Lever Lines.*

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If we love Jesus, we should serve Him too.

*Lever Lines.*

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Have always some good, Christ-like work in hand.

*Lever Lines.*

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Work *for* God, *with* God, and thou shalt succeed.

*Lever Lines.*

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There is not a single moment in the day, nor a single action  
of daily life, provided it be a lawful one, in which we may not  
serve God. *S. A. Blackwood.*

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Did our God and King, Jesus Himself, the "great Captain  
of our salvation," spare no toil, fatigue, anguish, or bodily suf-  
fering, even unto death, to obtain forgiveness of our sins?  
And shall not we, towards whom this infinite love and com-  
passion have been shown, be constrained to do *something* for  
Jesus in return, nor care if our path of duty should prove a  
rough and thorny one; for He cleared a way through the  
briars *first*, and we but follow in the Saviour's footsteps.

*Hedley Vicars.*

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They also serve, who only stand and wait.

*Milton.*



“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly work to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side :  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.



And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee :  
More careful not to serve Thee *much*,  
But to *please* Thee *perfectly*.

There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"  
Which makes Thy children "free ;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty. *A. L. Waring.*

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And now let me tell you that I had no thought of inciting you to start off and do "some great thing" for Jesus. In the first place, *we* are very bad judges of what "great things" are. In our shortsightedness we often call that *little*, which when seen by its results, we find was, even in our estimation, *great*.

Then, again, an action is great or little according to the motive which actuates it ; in fact, we shall be sorely puzzled and make great mistakes if we classify our several duties under these two heads. No, our best plan is, just to take up each duty as it arises, and fulfil it to the best of our power, and with our fullest energy, casting ourselves at the same time on the strength of Jesus, without thinking whether it is great or little, but desiring only to do it so as to please Him ; this motive ennobles the humblest sphere.

But I know it is not easy to do this, so much of self creeps in, and there is so much to keep us thinking of the duties



themselves, and so many worries attending them, all which hide Jesus from us, unless He gives grace constantly to recollect His presence, and seek His aid. May God give you grace for all your need, and specially may He teach you to depend more on the help of the Spirit, and less on human friends and teachers.

Anon.

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The strong man's strength to toil for Christ,  
The fervent preacher's skill,  
I sometimes wish—but *better far*  
    *To be just what God will.*  
I know not how this languid life  
    May life's vast ends fulfil ;  
*He* knows ; and that life is not lost  
    That answers well His will.  
No service *in itself* is small,  
    None great, though earth it fill ;  
But that is *small* that seeks its own,  
    And *great* that seeks God's will.  
Then hold my hand, most gracious Lord !  
    Guide all my goings still ;  
And let this be my life's *one* aim,  
    To do or bear Thy will.

Unknown.

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Some people imagine that they are not serving God unless they are visiting the sick, or engaged in some outward service ; whereas the highest of all service is adoration in the soul. Perhaps God gets more glory by a single adoring look of some poor believer on a sick-bed, than from the outward labours of a whole day. You have your work to do for Christ *just where you are*. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much the servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for God *where you are*.

McCheyne.



Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him ; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

*James v. 19, 20.*

Jesus calls some of you to Sunday-school teaching, some of you to street-preaching, some to take a little room and speak to a dozen or so. He wants some of you to use your drawing-rooms for Bible-classes. And if you use the drawing-room, then use the parlours and the kitchen too.

Jesus Christ says, "Bring all to Me ;" and if He is real to you, you will begin to do so at once. May God grant that in really doing what He bids you, a real blessing may come to your souls. If you *realise* Christ, you will also see Him looking at you. It is a great thing in service to do it as *under the eye of Christ*.

If we realised Christ, we should have greater *joy*, from the fact of *His joy in us*. He is pleased with the little works of His people ; it is enough that they are done for Him. Little men, if they are dignified, despise little things that are done to please them ; but great men have been found who, when a child had gone out of the way to find them a flower, have stooped to smile, and thought it no condescension, but were pleased at what was done. The great God, the great Jesus, accepts our works, however feeble.

An old Puritan says, "Our works may be cracked and broken, but sometimes persons will receive cracked sixpences, and treasure them, and count them precious, because love prompted the gift, and so does Jesus accept the works of His people, because they are given to Him out of love."

When you work, still say to Jesus, "Abide with me." There is no place where He will not go with you ; or if there be, you must not go there yourself. Only go where Jesus will go. Take the *real* Jesus always with you, and this year will be a very happy and blessed one to your souls.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*



## WORK FOR CHRIST.

Oh ! it is indeed sweet to lay ourselves out in the service of our covenant God in Christ ! I am certain none can regret the time, or health, or life so spent. Each one, in our different spheres, must spend it differently ; but if laid out honestly "to the Lord," it shall assuredly be abundantly repaid to us, in time as well as hereafter. For instance, you can no longer visit the poor and read to them ; God demands a different service from you now. But still He finds you work of some kind or other to do every day. You can say a word for Him in a letter ; or, as opportunity offers, you can speak to the servants ; or you can talk of Him, and tell out what you learn of Him to your sisters or visitors. It is often extremely difficult to feel inclined for this oneself, and perhaps even more so to have courage to introduce it with others ; but, I do believe that all those difficulties vanish and fade away in proportion as "the love of Christ constraineth us," to live henceforth not to ourselves but to Him. They are wonderfully cleared away for us, too, by prayer, spreading them out before God, as Hezekiah did his letter from Sennacherib. He can, and often does, I am sure, open ways for us to speak and act for Him, when we may or may not look out for them, provided only we ask Him to teach us what He will have us to do. Only tell Him you wish Him to employ you, and He will soon give you the opportunity.

*A. L. Newton.*

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The highest benefactor, and the truest philosopher, is he who instrumentally saves a soul from death. To plant a single gem in the Saviour's crown ; to heighten, by one songster, the hallelujahs of the Lamb ; to occupy a solitary mansion in the Father's house with a ransomed tenant, oh ! it were worth the suffering of a life !

*Octavius Winslow.*

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They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

*Daniel xii. 3.*



## THE SERVICE OF PATIENCE.

*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? . . . I will shew him how great things he must suffer.—Acts ix. 6, 16.*

“ O grant me, Lord, the fervent love  
That cannot choose but serve ;  
Help me with burning zeal for Thee,  
To task each strained nerve,  
Nor ever from my happy toil  
A single moment swerve.”

Thus prayed a youthful, loving heart.  
His gracious Saviour smil'd :  
“ Wouldst thou thus singly serve My will ?  
I grant thy wish, my child ;  
A path I have laid out for thee,  
With choicest service fill'd.”

He laid His hand upon the youth,  
And gently touched his brain—  
At once his nerves were all unstrung,  
His body filled with pain ;  
While the dull heart could scarcely force  
Its blood through sluggish vein.

“ Now, lay thee down upon this bed,  
To lie for weary years ;  
No strength to toil, nor mind to think,  
Nor friend to dry thy tears ;  
And I will send thee one by one,  
Each ill that nature fears.

“ But fear thou nought ; the more thy griefs,  
Thy joys shall sweeter be ;  
The less of comforts earth affords,  
The more thou'lt find in Me ;  
And as I strip earth's all away,  
Mine all I'll give to Thee.



“ And this shall be thy happy work,  
To sing My joyous praise ;  
And still, when plunged in deeper depths,  
A louder song to raise,  
Till men, astonished, learn from thee  
The triumphs of My grace.

“ And I will make thy service blest  
To many a weary soul,  
Who thus shall learn how sweetly I  
Can broken hearts console ;  
And shall be helped their loads of grief  
Upon My love to roll.

“ Nor think thy life mis-spent, although  
In feebleness 'tis pass'd ;  
Thy weakness shall My mighty power  
More clearly manifest :  
And when I faithful service crown,  
I'll crown thine such at last.”

The youth brush'd off the starting tear,  
And hush'd the rising sigh ;  
Then laid him on his lowly couch,  
To sing there till he die.

For faith and love can make a heaven  
E'en now beneath the sky.

*Unknown.*

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Teach in faith, teach lovingly, patiently, and prayerfully, and  
you *will* win souls to Jesus, and for Jesus.

*L. B. A.*

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#### PRAYER AND WORK.

A minister observing a poor man on the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, remarked, “ Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones.” “ Perhaps, master, *you do not work on your knees,*” was the reply.



## THE HARVEST-HOME.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil  
A goodly host they come,  
And sounds of music are in the air—  
'Tis the song of the Harvest-Home.  
The weariness and the weeping—  
The darkness has all pass'd by,  
And a glorious Sun has risen—  
The Sun of Eternity !

We've seen those faces in days of yore,  
When the dust was on their brow,  
And the scalding tear upon their cheek :  
Let us look at the labourers now !  
We think of the life-long sorrow,  
And the wilderness days of care ;  
We try to trace the tear-drops,  
But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chasten'd joy  
Lit up with sunlight hues,  
Like morning flowers most beautiful,  
When wet with midnight dews.  
There are depths of earnest meaning  
In each true and trustful gaze,  
Telling of wondrous lessons  
Learnt in their pilgrim days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss,  
That shall never again remove,  
All the faith and hope of journeying years,  
Gather'd up in that look of love.  
The long-waiting days are over ;  
They've received their wages now ;  
For they've gazed upon their Master,  
And His name is on their brow.



They've seen the safely-garnered sheaves,  
And the song has been passing sweet,  
Which welcomed the last in-coming one,  
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.  
Oh ! well does His heart remember,  
As those notes of praise sweep by,  
The yearning, plaintive music  
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does *He* know each chequered tale—  
As He looks on the joyous band—  
All the lights and shadows that crossed their path,  
In the distant pilgrim-land ;  
The heart's unspoken anguish,  
The bitter sighs and tears,  
The long, long hours of watching,  
The changeful hopes and fears !

*One* hath climbed the rugged mountain-side ;  
'Twas a bleak and wintry day ;  
The tempest hath scattered his precious seed,  
And he wept as he turned away.  
But a stranger-hand had watered  
That seed on a distant shore,  
And the labourers now are meeting,  
Who never had met before.

And *one*—he had toiled amid burning sands,  
When the scorching sun was high :  
He had grasped the plough with a fevered hand,  
And then laid him down to die ;  
But another, and yet another,  
Had filled that deserted field,  
Nor vainly the seed they scattered,  
Where a brother's care had tilled.



Some with eager steps went boldly forth,  
Broad-casting o'er the land :  
Some watered the scarcely-budding blade,  
With a tender, gentle hand.  
There's *one*—her young life was blighted  
By the withering touch of woe ;  
Her days were sad and weary,  
And she never went forth to sow ;

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain,  
The fervent, pleading prayer ;  
She looks on many a radiant brow,  
And she reads the answers there !  
Yes ! sowers and reapers are meeting ;  
A rejoicing host they come !  
Will you join the echoing chorus ?—  
'Tis the song of the Harvest-Home !

*Unknown.*

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If we are prepared to shine, God will find the candlestick ;  
if we are prepared to work, God will find us something to do.  
Only be ready and willing for anything.

*J. Milne.*

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The best way of winning souls, is, *not* by trying to get people's love and confidence for ourselves, but, trying to lead them to give their love and confidence to Christ ; trying, not to get them to attach themselves to us, but, to lead them to attach themselves to Christ ; trying, *not* to get them to think well of us, but, putting ourselves out of sight, to lead them to think Christ the chiefest among ten thousand. This seems a round-about way, but it is the true way, for the souls we bring to the Lord become ours by a tender and everlasting bond.

*J. Milne.*



We may be sure that our great Master will always put before us *enough* to do—enough for our strength—enough for our soul's good—enough for His glory ; though perhaps not enough to satisfy a morbid mind, mistaking the meaning of duty ; not understanding the meaning of privilege ; vexed, deceived, over-driven by the devil.

We must not measure our capacity by that of other people. God has distributed to every man severally as He will. We may not be adapted for the scenes in which they play so prominent a part, and that, with great success ; we may not be called upon to take part in such scenes at all. The great point is for us to see what *God* would have us do, and what capacity He has given us, and to act accordingly—to act as to God, and in His sight, and not with a view to man's opinion—to His praising us for doing, or His blaming for leaving undone. That work is best done which is done to God—that work will always have weakness and decay in it, which is done to man.

God divideth to every man severally as He will. To one He grants success in one form ; to another, in another form. We may be as successful as others, though we don't know it ; for success is not always surface results, or exploits wrought in the full blaze of day. He who tarries by the stuff, is often one with him who goes out into the field. There is little to be seen in the way of progress in simple resistance of evil ; in acquisition of influence, in enabling struggling truths, or charities, or people merely to keep their ground ; but *God* counts this progress and success, so far at least as we are concerned.

If we have no vines fruiting, at any rate we have some flowering ; and if not flowering, they are at least breaking ; and there is a prospect of bunches in due time.

We, it may be, are earnestly set on the conversion of some one soul, the words we speak are thrown away, but they alight upon another, and a soul is won. God will never waste, misdirect, or turn to unsuitable times, places, or purposes, the energies which are placed in humble faith unreservedly at His disposal. What is waste in our eyes, is often the most re-



productive expenditure in His ; and in that thought we may safely rest. We may be sure that some seed is being dropped, which will develop by-and-bye ; and we must leave the developing-time to God. He is the Lord of the harvest, as well as of the workmen who sow the seed.

It is *God's* field that we have been working in ; it is *God's* harvest that is to grow ; it is *God's* seed that has been sown ; and therefore what place is there for "*I*" at all, seeing that I am only a labourer, and He is the Lord ? If I have done my service to Him, all the rest I must leave with Him, to arrange how and when He will.

Perhaps we set our work too absolutely to ourselves ; it may be that we did not seek God's direction in it ; or, at any rate, that we did not hold ourselves unreservedly at His disposal, and He would teach us that we are to go hither and thither, or it may be to tarry and be still, just as He wills. We were well-intentioned, but we were mistaken, and this is God's way of teaching us. Sometimes a child of God has to lie down and be in pain, when he had planned a day's active work ; or when he meant to go and see such and such persons, he was diverted from them to others of whom he never thought : the time he had marked out for study is turned to business, and so on ; until at the day's end, he says, "I have done nothing at all." His mind is dwelling upon his original design, and probably with regard to that, he has not done much ; but if he was diverted not by lightness in himself, but by Providential interpositions, he has accomplished his Heavenly Father's will, and shall have His blessing. Let us remember that where there are manifest Divine hindrances or diversions, God is always planning something better than what we had designed. He never plans, save with reference to His own glory, and we may be sure that He will take care of that. Let us take heed lest in being self-opinionated and unbending, we be carrying out, not the Lord's will, but our own ; and so prove hinderers, when we would have been helpers. Just as if *He* did not know what kind of work would glorify Him most, as if He did not know



what we were best fitted for. This must surely be very offensive to God ; and can we wonder if it hinder a blessing in such work as we do undertake. *We may rest assured that true success will always be found in the path of God's appointing.* God sees what work requires to be done, and who are the fittest instruments for its accomplishment. Let us leave Him to order ; let us look for results how and where He will.

There is great irritation sometimes because we have been disturbed in the *day's* work. Not because our work looked at generally, and as a whole, has been hindered ; but because we have been disturbed in accomplishing what we had allotted to ourselves for the day. Let us always consider *our day's work* to be what God in His providence appoints or permits ; and that thought will give us peace. Of the interferences God is well aware ; He knows how much of our time and strength they take up, how much of them have gone to make up, not perhaps our intended day's work, but a real day's work nevertheless. Let us be content with our gracious Father's knowledge, and be at peace. We may rest assured that all the paths of providential ordering are full of blessing ; why, then, should we fret ourselves, if only we be in the paths and places which God marks out ? We may not be where we wish to be ; but we are where it is best for us to be ; and we have opportunities of glorifying God in the way which He Himself points out.

If only we have grace to recognise the independent action of God, and calmness and self-renunciation, and humility enough to stand by and let Him work, we shall often find wonderfully accomplished that which we had laboured at, and yet without any apparent success. But let us not be discouraged ; we have not toiled all night and caught nothing ; our work has not been in vain in the Lord. If we have been working under God's direction, we may be sure that in His providence our energies were needed *up to* the point at which we were told to stand aside ; we were "workers together with God ;" He used



us for what we were fitted to do ; and only laid us aside, when the work came to a stage which either required other instruments, or else that He should act alone.

God's work for us in the year as a year, or even in a week as a week, is by no means necessarily His work for us in a day as a day. He may interpose days of bodily weakness, or of other occupations, or of permitted hindrances and temptation, if He will. Now, then, O my soul, why art thou so chafed and vexed about this day's poor results? Hast thou been willing to be used, but the body has been weak, so as to be a hindrance more than usual ; He who made thy body, knoweth that it is but dust ; and the weakness was permitted, if not actually sent by Him. Hast thou been diverted to lines of thought, different from those which thou hadst marked out? have hindrances come from quarters which thou didst not expect? and yet, wert thou only wishful to live the day as God put it before thee? Then, be thy honesty thy witness, and what came from God will bring a blessing from God. If we reflect, and are irritated because we have not been doing God's work for the day, then let us humble ourselves, and we shall be forgiven ; but if we do think and feel that our interruptions or our weaknesses were providential, then let us bow ourselves to our Father's good pleasure, and be at peace again. If I have been much crossed in my work during the day, diverted from it, or been able to accomplish but little in it,—is it not possible that this is a providential dealing with my will? We may have an unsanctified will, just as much in God's work as in any other. We need quite as much discipline in spiritual as in temporal things ; we must wait upon God, not only as to what He would have done, but as to the way in which He would have it done—the pauses in His work—our relationship to it—so that we may be willing to go slowly as well as fast ; to pause as well as to go on ; to turn to one part of it as well as to another. God has an eye not only to the work He appoints to His people, but also to their dispositions in it : He will not have work done at the price of injury to their souls. They may be so blinded as



not to be prepared for this ; but He wills it not ; if injury come, it is their own fault. When we are irritated at not having got through enough in a day, we shall often find, on calm examination, and looking at the matter in every light, that the irritation proceeds from an unsanctified will ; we were, in point of fact, making the work our own, instead of God's ; we were making ourselves the proprietors of the vineyard, and not labourers therein. Many a saint of God has had good cause to bless Him, for making him pause to take breath from time to time, for drawing him into harmony with the true spirit of the work, by making him will God's will, and nothing more, as well as nothing less.

Above all, we must ever work in a right view of the character of God. A mistake here is fundamental, and will set us altogether astray. Satan's promptings, and our own wayward hearts, often tempt us to look on God with nothing but an eye of legal bondage ; substituting slavery for service, and a grinding task-master for a Heavenly Father. The service of God is perfect freedom, and should be performed in the calm energy of a peaceful spirit. None the less powerful will it be, because in it is found judgment and discernment ; none the less quickly will it be performed, because we have learned to pause when God would have us do so ; none the less testifying will it be before men, because we are set free from all bondage to the opinion of man. Simply placing ourselves at God's disposal, we shall, in virtue of this self-surrender, be kept from the fatal energies of self-will, and having God in all our thoughts, we shall find Him in all our works also. And God will be with us, and in due season bring forth our work into the light ; and, being right work, and rightly done, we shall be found to have glorified Him, and He will reward us ; and in due season, all trials past, both from within and without, we shall hear that gracious Voice—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*"The Labyrinth of the Soul."*



I believe that there are times when God sends us forth, as it were, from immediate communion with Himself, on some errand of duty which He sees to be more for our good and His glory. *We* may not always be able to see clearly that it is a service *for Him*. He may not send us directly to "his brethren," to deliver the message which His own lips have taught; but the common duties which He appoints us are as much an offering of love in His sight, and may be even more so, when, in the spirit of patience and sacrifice, they are done "as unto the Lord."

*Hetty Bowman.*

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"It is better for me to die than to live." So spoke Jonah in his impatience and weariness. Ah, we talk of "being resigned to death," but we forget that it is sometimes more difficult to be resigned to life. To die, to be free from sin for ever, no cloud between us and Him we love, no weight of earth to hinder our rejoicing service, no sorrow to dim our eyes with tears, there is nothing *here* to shrink from. To depart and be with Christ, to awake after His likeness and be satisfied, would not this indeed be "far better"? But to live, to take our life from God's hand day by day, just as it comes, and be *content* with it,—here is the struggle. Here is the "faith and patience of the saints," for which they need so constantly the presence and grace of their unseen Lord.

"But I have nothing left to live for!" Have you not? Ah, I know well how this feeling will sometimes assert itself, in spite of all better thoughts and reasonings, settling down like a frost upon the fresh springs of life and interest. The days come and go, but they have nothing new to bring or take. Each has to be lived through, and that is the utmost that can be said of any. Yet is there no tiny drop of love left anywhere, though the full cup of it is broken? If not, we may fear it is our own fault. Few have to complain of the want of it, except the unloving, for, in this, our receiving is in exact proportion to our giving. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to



you again." And even if only the love of a little child is left to us, it is *something* to live for.

"But I am of no use!" Are you not? Then you ought to be. No use! Oh, shame upon the words: for either you know they are not true, or, if they are, then bird and flower are nobler far than you, for they *have* their work in God's world, and are doing it for Him, while you—you for whom He died, are not worth His blessed sunshine. No use! Then ask God to make you of use. Ask Him to give you the lowly heart, which will not hide its own talent, because it is but one; the willing, watching heart, which will see its work, and do it when it sees; work whether in the vineyard or by the wayside or by the home-hearth, or even in the quiet room of sickness; still work for Him; still laid at His feet in prayer and faith; still owned by Him in love. And it is a blessed thing to be used by Christ in blessing; blessed to be "put into his ministry," even though in a lowly place. Perhaps it is for this that we have received from Him the baptism of tears. Perhaps it is for this that He has withered our gourd. He knew that so long as we could rest idly beneath its pleasant shelter, we should have no thought of the work that was waiting to be done. But now, from the void in home and heart, it does not seem so difficult to go forth to the waste places where the wanderers are to be gathered in. It may well be that the Great Shepherd Himself will meet us there; and we know how His hand can "bind up that which is torn" as well as "bring again that which was driven away." So that in the joy of His presence we shall be content to wait patiently till the eventide, thinking gladly of rest, but not wearying for it; while yet there are sad hearts whom we may comfort as Christ has comforted us; while yet the gate stands open to the heavenly fold, and there are some we may invite to enter. For if one thing could break the fulness of that peace which awaits us, it would be the thought that we had not done enough while yet the working time remained. Earth has service for Jesus which even heaven may not share.      "*Thoughts for Workers and Sufferers.*"



With regard to the two-fold work of the pastorate : some ministers are gifted and appointed, as it were, by the Lord to the express work of winning souls to Him ; others to the distinct work of edifying and building up the converted. This is also applicable to Christians, as *individual* witnesses and labourers for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

*J. Milne.*

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Most of us in these days are called, not to any one great act of heroism or self-sacrifice, but Christ calls us to a life of active daily duty, and in such a life we may best glorify Him. But, oh, how difficult to lead such a life ! To carry out the humble duties of each day with cheerfulness and contentment, to keep up the warmth of our piety amidst the cold and deadening cares and occupations of the world, to do everything as for God, and to have a high and holy end before us, even in our lowliest toils ; this, as has been well said, needs a faith as strong as that of the man who dies with the song of martyrdom on his lips. Truly it is a great thing to love Christ so dearly, as to be ready to *die* for Him ; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross and to *live* for Him.

Let it be your earnest endeavour to be a peace-maker in your family. Whenever anything goes wrong, throw in, if possible, a healing, soothing word. And the quiet, gentle, Christian spirit which you are enabled to show, will be sure to have its influence on all about you. Try to win over every member of your family to the Lord's side. Try by gentle means to lead them into the same pleasant path, into which you, by God's mercy, have been brought. It is far better to attract them by the holiness and blamelessness of your conduct, and to draw them with the silken cord of love, than to try and force them by warmth of argument, and by condemning them for what, perhaps, they do not yet see to be wrong.

*Bishop Oxenden.*



There will probably be two great subjects of surprise to God's people in heaven ; one, how much, and the other how little, they have done—"much," when they thought it was little ; and "little," when they thought it was much. *P. B. Power.*

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Nor deem, who to high bliss aspire,  
Must win their way through blood and fire.  
The writhings of a wounded heart  
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.  
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,  
In desolation unrepining,  
Without a hope on earth to find  
A mirror in an answering mind,  
Meek souls there are, who little dream  
Their *daily* strife an angel's theme,  
Or that the rod they take so calm,  
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

*Keble.*

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God will make use of what we write for His honour—in some way we little think of—to the comfort, reproof, or instruction of His children. A believer's good on earth is to be found not in the fruit of labour, but in the labour itself ; a daily employment for his own spirit. There is nothing better for a man than that he should make his soul enjoy the good of his labour. It is the gift of God to a righteous man, that, leaving his work in his Master's hands as one of those things for which a time and purpose shall be found in God's providence, he rejoices in his present occupation. At the time of the restitution of all things, it will be seen that thy labour under the curse, though it brought thee no apparent profit at the time, has not been a lost thing ; it has accomplished God's purpose and done its appointed work. *Unknown.*



Oh, if you could see the value of the golden moments now, as you will see them as you stand at the rim of the grave and look back, how earnest would be your work !

*Legh Richmond.*

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Some work to do I craved, my God, for Thee—  
Lowly work as befits unworthy me.  
Was my prayer heard? methought the careless air  
Dispersed it, but I found something to *bear*.  
And Thou didst whisper, Lord, this was *Thy will*,  
And that my work for Thee was to *sit still*  
And bear Thy rod. My God, I bow to Thee.  
This be my work, and Thou my company.

*E. D. Crosse.*

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#### OUR VOCATION.

How solemn a truth we express, naming our work in this world our "vocation," or, which is the same in homelier Anglo-Saxon, our "calling." What a calming, elevating, ennobling view of the tasks appointed us in this world, this word gives us. We did not come to our work by accident ; we did not choose it for ourselves ; but, under much which may wear the appearance of accident and self-choosing, came to it by God's leading and appointment. How will this consideration help us to appreciate justly the dignity of our work, though it were far humbler work, even in the eyes of men, than that of any of us here present ! What an assistance in calming unsettled thoughts and desires, such as would make us wish to be something else than that which we are ! What a source of confidence, when we are tempted to lose heart, and to doubt whether we shall carry through our work with any blessing or profit to ourselves or to others ! It is our "vocation," not our choosing but our "calling ;" and He who "called" us to it, will, if only we will ask Him, fit us for it, and strengthen us in it.

*R. C. Trench.*



## MY MISSION.

“What is it?” asked a youth, on whom the light of genius shone ;

Who had a form of strength, and health, and vigour for his own ;

Who had a power to move and guide the intellects of men—

A mighty influence o’er all who came within his ken : .

“Work,” was the answer, “with thy might ! thy God requires of thee

That all thy powers, at His command, shall ever ready be.”

“What is it?” asked a fragile girl ; and o’er her eyes there stole

A thick’ning mist, that seemed to shut the light out from her soul ;

And all her life was marked by hours of agonising pain,

And none were near to soothe and cheer, and bring the smile again :

“To suffer !” was the answer ; and she calmly took the cup,  
And from a chast’ning Father’s hand, drank all its bitters up.

“What is it?” asked another ; and he seemed to have a life  
Of waiting for the answer—his was not the battle’s strife ;  
He was not called to labour, nor to suffer, as are some :  
Calmly and tranquilly his years would pass away or come.  
He only had to *live*, and meet the *little* ills of time,  
With patience and contentment try to make *his* life sublime.

“My mission?” ’tis to do whate’er my Heav’nly Father sends ;  
To fulfil the present duty, with the present strength He lends :  
It may not be just what *I* wish ; but then, since He knows best,

Oh ! let me strive to do His will, and leave with Him the rest ;

Assured that if He gives a life of labour, or of pain,

So it be sanctified by Him—I cannot live in vain.

*Unknown.*



In Christ's eternal kingdom, the distinction will be, who is the most like Him, who has done His work most faithfully. It is a comfort to reflect that our Heavenly Father knows all the circumstances of our trial, and appreciates every effort and every desire for sanctification and improvement. We have nothing to do with His arrangements; He sets us our work; we have to do it; step by step, day by day, be it little or much, it matters not, so that we are but faithful; it will all fit, in some wonderful way, into His great plan. *Unknown.*

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If on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.  
The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.  
Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above!  
And help us this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

*Keble.*

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#### ENCOURAGEMENT TO SERVICE.

Let us remember that "it is required of stewards that they be found *faithful*."

The reward will be for having *faithfully* performed that which *God* has given us to do, and not for having performed *much* of what *we have chosen for ourselves*. And the service that is most lowly and unnoticed is frequently more acceptable to the Lord, more potent in its influence, than that which is done before men, inasmuch as the motive that called it forth cannot be questioned. The book lent to an unconverted friend; the



persuasive letter to come to Jesus ; the tract found in the hedge ; the timely word spoken by the wayside ; the word of warning to the sinner, of counsel to the backslider, or of sympathy to the sorrowful ; the kind look, the loving word, the gracious manner, are all noticed and remembered by Him who has said, that even the cup of cold water offered in His name shall not lose its reward. And in our service to the Lord, let us ever remember that our influence is exerted more by what we *are* than by what we *do*. *If in secret we be living to the Lord, we shall surely speak for the Lord in public, but not otherwise.* If, like David, we have been under the training of God *in the wilderness* in slaying the *lion* and the *bear*, we shall surely be used *in public* for the mightier conflict with Goliath of Gath. Go, then, believer in Jesus, and thus labour for Him. Let the energy you display *for* Christ, be got *from* Christ. Let all your service for Him be the spontaneous outflowing of a heart that has been filled in the sanctuary. Let the same spirit be in you that was in Him, who went forth from Olivet and Kedron, to be buffeted by the waves of a stormy world ; and let that spirit make you a willing servant in whatever way His will, manifested in the circumstances of each hour, may suggest. And be not weary in well-doing. God looks not on the *success* of your efforts, but on the persevering spirit and the patient heart. Even the toiling and rowing in adverse winds, and without any approximation to the land ; or the casting of the net into the sea during the long and dreary night without taking anything, is service to Him, and is not forgotten by the Lord you love. Thus serve and walk by faith, “always abounding in the work of the Lord ; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is *not in vain* in the Lord.” *F. Whitfield.*

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Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

1 Cor. xv. 58.



*Be in earnest ! don't trifle !* for souls are perishing, and Christ is to be glorified.

*Charles Simeon.*

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The heart that ministers for Thee  
In Thy own work will rest ;  
And the subject spirit of a child  
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love  
That waits all day on Thee,  
With the service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see.

The faith, that in a hidden way,  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

*A. L. Waring.*

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*Tract distributor !* This is *your* day ! Scatter the good seed broadcast. Drop the golden grains on every hand. Sow bountifully without let or hindrance. Heed not the Judas cry of the idle and parsimonious : "Waste ! waste ! why all this waste ?" If *one* tract that you give away out of a thousand, or even ten thousand, be used by the Spirit in saving a soul, you will have a rich reward. You cannot tell, you never will know in this world, the good resulting from prayerful, believing effort in this direction. Never give away a tract without a prayer for God's blessing on the receiver, that if not already saved, he may, through the Spirit's power and grace, speedily be led to seek in Christ the pardon of all his sins. Volumes might be written to narrate instances of good accomplished through tract distribution. Many a soul has been led to Christ through reading a tract. Many now in heaven, will have to bless God for ever, that through the humble efforts of some unknown and perhaps despised Christian, who gave them a tract, they were



first led to think about their souls and trust in Jesus. Dear friend ! go on in your work. The time is short. The messengers of mercy that you distribute on every hand, may, through God's blessing, be speaking to dead souls at times and seasons when you have even forgotten that you ever gave them away. Labour with a single eye to God's glory, and soon you shall have your reward ; a reward that a gracious God and Father will bestow upon you, to be enjoyed in His presence for ever !

" *Thy Day.*"

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Lord, thou hast given me a new day ; help me to bless my fellows, and to make my crown brighter. *Alleine.*

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NOT NOW.

Not *now*—my child—a little more rough tossing—

A little longer on the billow's foam—

A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,

And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's home.

Not *now*—for I have wand'ers in the distance,

And thou must call them on with patient love ;

Not *now*—for I have sheep upon the mountains,

And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*—for I have loved ones sad and weary ;

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

Not *now*—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;

Not *now*—for orphans' tears are thickly falling ;

They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.



Not *now*—for many a hungry one is pining ;  
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free ;  
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,  
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*—for dungeon walls look thick and gloomy,  
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze ;  
*Man's* prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble freemen,  
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not *now*—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,  
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin ;  
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open—  
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in !

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,  
And speak that name in all its living power ;  
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?  
Canst thou not *watch with Me* one little hour ?

One little hour !—and *then* the glorious crowning—  
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm—  
One little hour !—and *then* the Hallelujah !  
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !

*Mrs. Pennefather.*

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Oh ! how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down  
at night beneath His smile !

*McCheyne.*







**On Children:  
From Baptism to Death.**











## ON CHILDREN.



Jesus called a little child to him.

*Matt. xviii. 2.*

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He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in  
his bosom.

*Isaiah xl. 11.*

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Oh ! say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain,  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,  
Taught by degrees to pray ;  
By father dear and mother mild  
Instructed day by day ?

And loved He not of heaven to talk,  
With children in His sight,  
To meet them in His daily walk,  
And to His arms invite ?

*Keble.*



## GATHERED GRAIN.

## ON A BAPTISM.

"THE WAVES OF THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD."

Near the shore the bark lay floating,  
By the sunny waves caressed,  
With the darling we were watching,  
Cradled in a dreamy rest.

But, borne o'er that heaving ocean,  
Wilder sounds our gladness check,  
Stormy winds and human wailings ;  
Ah ! that sea bears many a wreck.

Fear not ! hopes no strength could warrant,  
To the feeblest faith are given ;  
Looking forward strains the eyesight,  
Look upward opens Heaven.

Deeper than that ocean's tempests,  
Softer than its murmurs be,  
Breathes a Voice—a Voice thou knowest,  
"Trust thy little one to Me."

Thou hast brought thy babe to Jesus ;  
He hath seen her, He hath blest ;  
In His arms Thy faith hath laid her,  
And He bears her on His breast.

Gently on thy sleeping darling,  
Eyes, the Light of Heaven, shine ;  
Mother, by the love thou knowest,  
Measure His—it passeth thine.

*Mrs. Charles.*

Yet, sure the babe is in the cradle blest,  
Since God Himself a baby deigned to be ;  
And slept upon a mortal mother's breast,  
And steeped in baby tears His Deity.

*Coleridge.*



A child's eyes! Those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of love, hope, curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender; the man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love you in return; it will take, it is true, no measures or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is rational according to your loss; whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

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It is related of Caroline, Baroness Nairne, that one evening as she inquired about a school where children were gathered daily to be taught, her *faithful* love for souls almost vexed the teacher, when she said with anxiety, "You say they like 'The Happy Land' best; is the *Gospel* in it? Repeat it." Her eager eye watched each line till she should hear what satisfied her. She then said, "It's pretty, very sweet, but it might be clearer. *Remember, UNLESS the work of Christ for them AS sinners comes in—the RANSOM, the SUBSTITUTION—what you teach is WORTHLESS for their souls.*"

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There's not a child so small and weak  
 But has his little cross to take;  
 His little work of love and praise,  
 That he may do for Jesu's sake.



## THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

There is a secret feeling on the part of many Christians that it is not so important for them to be the means of converting children, as it is to be the means of converting adults. They have no Scripture proof of this view, for "converting a sinner" means any sinner, young as well as old; and "turning many to righteousness" includes young and old; and "winning souls" limits us to no age. But such persons nevertheless feel, without putting their feelings into words, that it is a more palpable and evident gain to win an intelligent adult, than to win a child to Christ.

Now this quiet persuasion, appearing in their practice, may arise from the thought that these adults are of present value in society; their conversion will at once affect society, while the conversion of the young is at the time unfelt beyond the circle of the family and a few companions. But they forget that these souls, brought to Christ in very infancy, will be exercising an influence, year by year, all their life long, in all the different stages of their growth, and at length, on reaching manhood, will, by God's grace, mightily move for good their circle of society,—over and above the consideration of the evils escaped, and the ill that was never done.

There is, however, a more serious misapprehension lying at the root of this undervaluing of early conversion. In reality, many godly people do look upon the conversion of children as a thing *to be stood in doubt of*. They scarcely believe that any child's conversion is so deep and genuine as is that of an adult; and yet they admit that all conversion alike is the work of the Holy Ghost, and that He does, when it pleases Him, convert children as well as adults. Still, they habitually ignore apparent conversion in children; they have a theory that children imitate old people, and that, therefore, these appearances are to be put down to imitation only. In dealing with such persons, we say—

(a.) There must be cases of real conversion among children,



if the Word of God is to be our standard; for surely Psa. viii. 3 is written for all ages, and our Lord has commented upon it thus, in Matt. xxi. 16: "Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" If "old men and *children*" are called on (Psa. cxlviii. 12) to praise the Lord alike, surely it is implied that they are alike capable of saving grace. Indeed, for one moment to suppose the matter otherwise, would be to assert that the Gospel is not suited to the souls of the young.

(b.) There is a most peculiar fitness in the Gospel being blessed to the conversion of children. The same Holy Spirit in all cases, uses the Gospel for saving souls; but, in applying it to children, He illustrates most notably two of its features, viz., its entire freeness (for what could a child give to God?) and its amazing simplicity, which is so humbling to the pride of the self-righteous man. "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast *revealed them unto babes.*" (Luke x. 21.) And as Jesus said this "*He rejoiced in spirit.*" "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." (Luke xviii. 17.) Nothing was done by the babes or little children whom Christ blessed but this, they let Him lift them up in His arms without offering any price in return!

(c.) The drawing love of the Cross of Christ (looking for a moment at the matter from God's point of view), surely appeals as readily and suitably to the hearts of children as to adults. Nay, is it not into the young heart that we might expect that that wondrous love should find entrance, even if older souls were unmoved by it?

(d.) The substitution of Christ for sinners, the "Just for the unjust," "the Shepherd for the sheep," is the very heart and essence of the Gospel; and is it not the very truth of all others that finds entrance into the understanding of any child? We do not speak of the heart and conscience, but of the understanding. Even a very child can be made to apprehend the meaning of *Substitution*—of the One for the many; just as the



"Happy Mute" was made at once to see how the giving of one gold ring for thousands of withered leaves was an overpayment in exchange. Hence it is that this grand truth that we press on the very youngest soul. We tell them—"You are sinners, exposed to God's wrath and curse, and you cannot save yourselves; but God's own Son can save you by Himself bearing that wrath and curse." In some such form as this the Spirit brings in faith to a child's soul; and, once received, is not this truth the same in its effects on the young as on the old? Is not the text, John i. 12, as true in the case of a child as in the instance of an intelligent adult, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God"?

Children ought to be dealt with about accepting Christ, as closely and seriously as older people. The difference, no doubt, is considerable in the method we take with the young and with the older. In the former case, we have few metaphysical difficulties to deal with. We find, however, the same need in both cases of being like Nathan in his parable; we need to look the child in the face, and say, "*You* are meant. Will *you* accept the Saviour who has saved so many by taking on Him their sins, and bearing their punishment?" Personal dealing is required; a dealing with them one by one.

Many Christian people are not sufficiently aware of the importance of a *personal question*, whether the individual be old or young. I have seen an aged person struck as with an arrow on being solemnly asked, face to face, "Have *you* been born again?" and exclaiming, "Have *I* myself been born again? The question never was so put to my soul till now." I have known a young man brought to a stand at once by the personal question, "Do *you* accept Christ *now*?" And so I have seen a child strongly moved by such a direct appeal, though before listening only playfully. It seems to be the Spirit's way of inserting the point of the wedge that is to split the cedar. Teachers and parents! is not this way worth trying?

A. A. Bonar.



“THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.”

Little children, pray that the same Lord would *reveal Himself* to you. Some people say you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young; Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and, therefore, not too young to be brought to Christ. *McCheyne.*

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A little girl's reply to the question, “When should children come to Christ?” was excellent. One scholar answered, “At thirteen;” another, “At ten;” another, “At six.” But her reply was, “*Whenever they understand who God is.*”

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The life and faith of children are the best; for they have not only the Word; but to it they hold fast, and simply give God the honour of believing that He is truthful, holding what He promises for certain. *Luther.*

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When it was told Luther that his little child of four years old often spoke with joyful confidence of Christ, of the dear angels, and of eternal joy in heaven, he once said to her, “Ah, dear child, if we could only firmly believe it!” Thereupon the little one, with earnest looks, asked her father if he did not believe it; and Dr. Martin observed, “The dear children live in innocence, know not of sin, live without any anger, avarice, and unbelief; and are, therefore, joyful, and have a good conscience, fear no danger, be it war, pestilence, or death. And what they hear of Christ and of the future life, they believe simply, without any doubt, and speak joyfully about it. Therefore, Christ earnestly appeals to us to follow their example. For children believe really, and, therefore, Christ holds little children and their child-like ways dear.”



"*Put on Jesus*," said Paul. Do it, dear child, and be as white as Jesus all at once, as pure as Jesus, as lovely as Jesus is, in His Father's eye. A noble lady once asked her little girl how she thought she was to be made just in God's sight through His Son. The child did love the Lord, and was soon going to be with Him, but her mother wished to know if this truth was clear in her mind. "Mamma," she said, "if I were to put on one of your gowns, and to lie down in it in your room, I wouldn't be seen; and if any of the servants were coming in, they would say, 'Oh! there is her ladyship.'" The child knew what it was to be *hid* in Jesus.

*"The Soul-Gatherer."*

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Who is willing? These are willing,  
Children looking for their Lord;  
Springing to the arms of Jesus  
At His first endearing word.

Let them come, the Saviour sought them,  
He has called them, they are blest;  
Feed His lambs, His Blood hath bought them,  
And He bears them on His Breast.

Who is willing? Weeping sinners,  
Broken-hearted, see, they come;  
Lo, behold the cloud arising,  
From the darkness of the tomb.

*Unknown.*

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#### THE CHILD'S WORK.

George Herbert says, "A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it."

A child liveth not to himself. His simple words penetrate oftentimes, where the old dare not venture a whisper. Go where it may, a Christian child carries with it a quiver filled



with arrows, which unwittingly it lets fly into hearts and consciences. Aged men have, at a child's rebuke, cast aside the engrained habits of fourscore years. Careworn worldlings have put away the cash-book, or dropped the newspaper, which had long usurped the place of God's holy Book on Sabbath days, all because of a child's questioning look. What a debt do mothers owe to their own little ones, whose inquiries, brooking no evasion, have sometimes first led them to confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus! The mother who, because of irresolution or self-mistrust, dares not make a profession of her faith in the drawing-room, or to her nearest friend, yet dares not deny the Saviour to her child. Well would it be if mothers were more alive to this means of blessing to the soul.

"Do you love Jesus better than you love us? and better than — too?" was a question put by one of the children. Finding us writing on a Sabbath, while a book that was often used for week-day work lay on the table, Freddy said, "Is it God you are writing about? Oh! I was sure it must be about Him when you are doing it to-day." Daily, after losing them, we felt the want of the keen, constant watch on look and word, so beneficial by its scrutiny. And who can comfort a mother like her own child? Alone with her at times when hidden anxiety, despondency, or discontent have almost sway, no sooner has the little hand, by chance or intuition, dropped a leaf from the Tree of Life into the troubled Marah pool, than deep, calm gratitude begins to spread upon the healed waters. The evil heart of unbelief is silenced by means of her own forgotten instructions breathed back into her soul again, and with her child she can sing praise for mercies innumerable.

But besides the unconscious influence which little children possess over others, there is a talent committed to each of them—a service of which they are capable. What is it? what does it embrace? It is for the mother to discover this. According to her idea of it, and the way she defines it, will the work of her child vary. Might not a little child be allowed to visit one dwelling of the poor, to carry with its own hand a



gift, ministering to the comfort of one sick-bed, to leave a book or tract with another? Might it not keep a little box for missions or ragged-schools in a quiet corner, fetching it out once a-week as a plaything suited for the Sabbath? and copy on that day, too, a brief text of its own choice into its own strangely-cyphered album? Might not a child of the same age be found among the poor, in which it could take a special interest? Perhaps there is not one of the tests of discipleship given by our Lord in the solemn programme of the judgment-day, which young children are excluded from applying in their own miniature sphere. Are they not always happiest when encouraged to attempt, in their feeble measure, the works of kindness and mercy, in which we long to see them hereafter engaged? Can they begin too soon?

How the weight of even one regret as to our conduct towards a departed child hangs round a parent's heart! How inexcusable our neglect appears! And who among the bereaved has not tasted of this wormwood? What mother does not feel that had she been more diligent, more prayerful, more patient, more believing, her store of happy recollections might have been doubled, her painful remembrances greatly less, her children's memory more blessed? *"The Way Home."*

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## THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

### THE LAMBS OF CHRIST.

They were gathered early, earth's young and fair,  
Time cannot touch them, nor woe, nor care;  
Safe in the harbour of endless rest,  
The babes are cradled in Jesu's breast.

'There are eyes of sapphire, and locks of gold,  
And roseate hues in that little fold;  
Music untaught, like a wild bird's song,  
In gushes bursts forth from the cherub throng.



From silken couches, and beds of down,  
Through the dusky ways of the crowded town,  
By hill and valley and moorland bleak,  
Have the angels travelled those buds to seek.

And some who were born to an earthly crown,  
When the angels whispered, they laid it down ;  
'Twas a weary weight for those tiny heads,  
So they died uncrowned in their little beds.

There are some who were taken, we know not why,  
By that love which walketh in mystery ;  
And mercy was hid behind sunless clouds,  
While tears fell fast on their early shrouds.

There are some for whom solemn tears were shed,  
By parents who struggled for daily bread ;  
They mourned o'er the soul they had brought to strife,  
But the angels gave them the Bread of Life.

They are one in heaven, though lost and dear,  
The foundling who perished without a tear,  
Of lands and titles earth's infant heir,  
And the blighted offspring of want and care.

The lambs of Christ by the founts and rills,  
By the side of the everlasting hills,  
They follow with joy in the Bridegroom's train,  
If you love, can you wish them back again ?

*Unknown.*

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Does it not cast a nameless charm around an early death to consider how entirely hidden from a child are all the black spots in this world of sin ? Escaping not only the pollution of the world, but the knowledge that it exists,—being old enough to trust the Saviour, though too young to know the dire effects of sin,—they experience just enough of the evil of the fall to



bring them in as subjects of the redemption. The little ones of Christ's flock are taken to the heavenly fold without coming into open contact with the destroyer of souls, and ere he has had time to spread his gilded baits before their eyes. The "depths of Satan,"—those mysteries of vice by which he enslaves millions of victims,—are all unknown to them. Iniquity has not obtained dominion over them. They have never been bound down by the iron chain of habit. Nor have they encountered temptations demanding a constant warfare, as those who have come to mature years, and who may have received the largest measures of the Spirit, know to their cost. Are they not then qualified for a different mission in the economy of the kingdom of Heaven, and for holding a different place in the glorified company, even as those who have endured a great fight of afflictions, and been pre-eminent exhibitions of God's grace, are thereby fitted for a higher sphere? May we not suppose that their Father in Heaven, who early transplants so many of these little ones thither, has some special designs to serve—some work for them in His house above, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"? *M. F. Barbour.*

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"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

Archbishop Leighton thus wrote to his sister's husband, on the death of a beloved child: "I am glad of your health, and of the recovery of your little ones; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of the pen that told me your little Johnny was dead; and I felt it truly more than, to my remembrance, I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing! and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying; and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling, and all the sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years,—this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain



of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister, she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will quickly be passed to us all. John is but gone to bed an hour or two sooner, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow ; and the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous beforehand, the less we shall have to do when we lie down."

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## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty in that cherub brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
On cheek and lip :—he touched the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded. Forth from those hazel eyes  
There spake a wistful tendency,—a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep,—which innocence  
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound  
The silken fringes of his curtaining lids.  
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound  
With which her boy would charm his mother's ear.  
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set  
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile  
So fixed and holy on that marble brow,—  
Death gazed and left it there :—he dared not steal  
The signet-ring of Heaven. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

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Even from the first there were many drops of joy in our bitter cup. Often we asked ourselves, "Why should angels get all the songs at the promotion of our darlings to a place in such a home? Why should only the grief be ours?" We loved to appropriate Hannah's words, spoken of Samuel when she gave him up to God's service, "*I have lent him to the Lord ; as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.*" And surely our children do belong to us in a sense in which no other earthly blessing does. Never do we realise this more than after they are gone. Never till death and change have done their



last and worst, does the parent's heart venture to gather itself up to assert its right. Not so loudly while his child is on his knee, nor when it lies a-dying, as when at length by faith he descries the young spirit in Paradise in Jesu's keeping, does the spirit cry *mine, mine*. Perhaps when his child was here he feared to say it. There was a danger then of loving it too well. Each time he saw the little one with so much of the foolishness of a child still bound up in its heart, or strove with its half-subdued will, or trembling with joy, watched the efforts of its infant faith to cast itself, not upon a doctrine, but straight into the Bosom of a living, trusted Christ, O in these days as the parent looked down on the child and up to the Saviour, his heart said, *Thine*, from its very depths, and but faintly *mine*, or mine for Thee. But now that all struggle with idolatry is over, the heart claims its own, and can say to Jesus, *Thine for me*. I have *lent* him to the Lord; as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.

Had Jesus said to any of the believing Jewish mothers on His ascension-day, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," they would have pressed round Him to see which of their little ones He would take, not only to His arms of flesh to bless them and give them back again, but away with Himself to His Father's house.

Oh Saviour! gone to God's right hand,

But the same Saviour still,—

shall we be less willing now to lend our Samuels unto Thee?

Frederick and George were laid to rest in their infant brother's grave. Some nights after they were taken from us, the voice of a child in the next house awoke us with a pang of desperate bitterness. Submission was gone. Then it seemed to be said, "Will you have them back again? Choose now whether you shall have the leading and feeding of them, wiping away the tears from their eyes; or shall the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne feed them and lead them to living fountains of waters, and God Himself wipe away their tears?" This thought coming partly as a dream, and as if a choice were



in reality given, made us indeed realise that we could wish nothing, but leave the lambs in their Shepherd's keeping, sobbing a weary heart to rest upon these consoling words, "Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

We have lent them to the Lord, and it depends on us whether we are totally separated from them or not. It is our fault if the wilderness path does not often border on the spirit-land. It is our fault if the tears of the chamber of mourning conceal the bright realities beyond it. Jesus is willing, in each individual case, to give more in value to us, than He takes in loan from us. He carries away a sheaf, but He will, if we hinder not, leave behind Him a field sown with promise, after the ploughshare has done its work.

He will bring us to feel that we deeply needed all that He has unwillingly inflicted, and that not a particle less would have sufficed thoroughly to humble us. Each bereaved parent is led back to the chamber of the widow of Zarephath to join in her bitter cry, "Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance and to slay my son?" The consciousness of the need-be for the stroke, transfixes the heart and silences murmuring. "I have sinned ; what shall I do unto Thee, O Thou preserver of men?" "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. Mine people hath He removed like a tree." But while He snatches away the desire of our eyes from our sight, and disappears with our tender lambs to His heavenly fold, He leaves a prospect opened from our dwelling into Emmanuel's land, and there is now an arch thrown across the space between us and Paradise. It will not comfort us to tell of resignation only, or of the power of time to soften anguish ; it will not satisfy us to hear that our children never did belong to us, but were lent us by the Lord for a short period to be withdrawn at His pleasure, or that the blessings remaining to us will by degrees fill up the terrible void. The mother's heart *will* fight its way *now* through distance and uncertainty to her absent child, and dwell with it either in India, or China, or a new hemisphere ; or to where



the Lord Jesus keeps it for her with the spirits of the just, as really as she did in former wakeful nights, while it lay asleep parted from her only by the nursery wall. Leave her alone in the empty room, and soon across these vacant little cots, bright visions will gleam that have their other half in heaven—their counterpart in one certain spot not defined, but shadowed out in revelation, and sure and firm to faith. Hope fain would tread close after faith, to build among the many mansions a gladsome home. The parent who sees his children away before him, losing them into Christ's presence, gains something solid as to his own futurity. He has set foot in that new region, something of his own inhabits it, and here, if ever, nature seconds the promptings of grace, and unites with revelation in teaching us that "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

They who have lent their children to the Lord to dwell in His house above, while coming daily to present their prayers and praises at His footstool, do indeed draw near by faith to the sanctuary of Him with whom their little ones are gone to dwell. Placing ourselves with our petitions at the feet of the Great High Priest, we may also catch glimpses of them as they wait in restful joy upon the Lord. No taint of sin is seen upon them now, no folly in their hearts, no painful lessons are before them. And when we return again to daily work and trial, surely we shall not dare to wish that we might carry them back with us! Our precious ones are too well kept where they are; and as far as they themselves are concerned, the exchange is too good that we should wish it unmade. When we ourselves go to join them in their new home we shall discover at a glance, that while we lost something by their absence here, they have gained beyond all reckoning by being taken thither.

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*"The Way Home."*

Mothers! many of your children could not sing the praises of their Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the upper temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers!



## NATURE AND FAITH.

We wept—'twas *Nature* wept—but Faith  
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,  
And in yon world so fair and bright,  
Behold thee in refulgent light.  
We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather  
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

*Nature* sees the body dead—

*Faith* beholds the spirit fled ;

Nature stops at Jordan's tide—  
Faith beholds the other side ;  
*That*, but hears farewell and sighs,  
*This*, thy welcome in the skies ;  
Nature mourns a *cruel* blow—  
Faith assures it is not so ;  
Nature never sees thee more—  
Faith but sees thee gone before ;  
Nature tells a dismal story—  
Faith has visions full of glory ;  
Nature views the change with sadness—  
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;  
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness ;  
"Strength is perfected in weakness :"  
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—  
Faith looks up, and blesses God ;  
*Sense* looks downwards—Faith above ;  
*That* sees harshness—*this* sees love.

Oh, let Faith triumphant be—

Let it reign triumphantly !

But thou art gone ! not lost—but flown !  
Shall I then ask thee back, my own ?  
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness ?  
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?  
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?  
Back—from founts to which He leads thee ?



Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?  
Back—to earth and sin?—Nay, rather  
Would I live in solitude!  
I *would* not ask thee if I *could*;  
But patient wait the high decree,  
That calls my spirit home to thee!

*Unknown.*

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Peradventure, dear reader, you may have a child in heaven. He was your darling, but as he sickened and died, Jesus said, "Suffer him to come unto me, and forbid him not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and the Saviour took him to His own happy home above. Perhaps you murmured at his departure, and shed bitter tears, and even questioned the goodness of God. But look up; your child is at this moment basking in the full sunshine of the Saviour's countenance, and enjoying the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore. Hear a parable. There was a good shepherd who had prepared costly food in his fold for his sheep, but the sheep would not enter. He gave himself much trouble to make them enter, but they always ran back farther from the open door. At last he took a lamb from the flock and carried it in, and instantly all the sheep followed.

Reader, the Good Shepherd is Christ; heaven is the fold; your child is the lamb. Have you the heart of a parent?—prepare to meet your child. It has been taken from you to draw you to Jesus and to heaven.

We believe there is scarcely a family on earth that has not some one connected with it in heaven. It frequently happens that those who are living the most godless lives have children or friends there. Think for a moment, dear reader, of *your* friends in heaven. It may be your pious mother who first folded your hands in prayer, and first taught you to lisp the name of Jesus. It may be your Christian father, who, just before he died, bid you to serve God, and meet him in heaven. How *are* you living? *If* you were *to die* now, do



you think you would meet your relatives, your friends, in heaven?

And is it possible that *I* should ever enter that blessed place? that these very eyes should see the King in His beauty, and the land that is afar? that this aching head should be encircled with a crown of glory? that this tongue should join in the song of the redeemed? that this very hand that holds this book should grasp the palm of victory? that these feet should tread the golden pavement? ramble over the green fields beside the living fountains of heaven? Oh, overwhelming thought! and yet it may be perfectly true. All this glory, all this blessedness, may be *mine* through believing in Jesus.

*“Heaven, and How to Get There.”*

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#### LETTER ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I cannot help telling you how deeply I feel for you. Few have had more cause to weep than I have! few, therefore, ought to be able to weep so sincerely with others, or to tell them of that comfort, whereby they have been comforted of God. At such moments, indeed, the world is a sad, sad blank. All seems mysterious—confused—desponding. The devil suggests questions and rebellious feelings, which, at other times, we should shudder at the very idea of: and we almost say, “I do well to be angry.” Is this your case, dear Mr. —? or can you, through the cloud, so perceive the smile, not only of peace, but of tender love, in the countenance of that Father who holds the rod, as to be constrained to run into those very arms? Oh! how blessed you are, if enabled to take this comfort, and are spared the agonies which, for a while, I endured, when, with all the promises, I could take no comfort from them. I found I could not grasp them in my own strength, but that I needed the support of the same Spirit as sustained Christ on Calvary. . . . But “faithful is he who hath promised.” “He will not leave you comfortless.” It is in faithfulness He has



afflicted you. Even if shut out from sensible communion with Him. So was He, whose only support was that He could still say, "*My God!*" No affliction at this time seems to be joyous; but wait on the Lord; He will comfort your heart. That Comforter, who was to make up for the personal presence of Jesus, is still all-sufficient to make up for your dear child's. If we knew now, as we shall know hereafter—if we knew the end of these afflictive dispensations, and the bearing of things, we should indeed say, "*Our Jesus has done all things well.*"

Oh! what a great needs-be there must have been for this blow, when He could so chasten His beloved ones. But not one pang could be spared; for He sits Himself as a refiner over his fire to temper the heat, and He feels every anguish with you; not like a friend who never knew what sorrow was, but with the sympathy of Him who was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" who experienced all we can possibly feel, that He might be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and succour us when tempted. Ah! what lessons our dear Lord is now teaching you—lessons which angels can never learn. He is teaching you by heartfelt experience, what was, perhaps, only known before by rote. Blessed be His name! it is part of His covenant to visit us with the rod, little as we may be worthy of it. May we be enabled to wait for the issue. He says with power, "Give me thine heart."

"He breaks our schemes of worldly joy, .

That we may seek our all in Him."

May Jesus now lift up His countenance upon you, that in His light you may walk through darkness! May sad remembrance not draw your spirit down to earth; but may faith pierce the dark cloud, and keep your happy soul above, rejoicing in that bliss which will soon be yours! "A little while," and you will behold Jesus, and be with Him for ever.

*Lady Powerscourt.*





# Death, and the Life beyond the Grave.



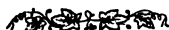








## DEATH—AND THE LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.



### DEATH.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is  
far better. *Phil. i. 23.*

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One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home to-night  
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house  
Where the many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer gaining the bound  
Where we lay our burdens down,  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.



Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of Death.

Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink,  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think !

*Carey.*

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I wish our thoughts were, more frequently than they are,  
upon our country. Heaven casts a sweet perfume afar off to  
those who have spiritual senses.

*Rutherford.*

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Are we meet for the chariot of fire? Is our work done? Are we girded for the glorious dismissal? Can we say, as the New Testament Elijah could say, "I am now ready?" Could we meet the fiery whirlwind bravely, calmly, as Elijah did? We can, if we have made his life-motto our own, "Jehovah liveth;" or rather, if we have heard the voice of Him who has taken the sting from death, and robbed the grave of its victory,—“Fear not, I am He that *liveth*, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of the grave and of death!” Laying hold, by an appropriating faith, of these words, the chariots of death become the chariots of salvation,—the gate of the grave and the gate of heaven become one. Elijah, by his symbolic act, tells us how the last enemy may be truly conquered. It was when, with his mantle, he smote the Jordan, that the chafed waters receded, and opened for him a safe passage. We have a mantle too, by which we can smite the Jordan of death. It is the mantle of Christ's finished work and righteousness. It divides the darksome waves, and enables us to sing with the Psalmist, “We went through the flood on foot, there did we rejoice in Him.” Even now, as we are journeying on towards Jordan,—



some of us, it may be, near it,—Jesus asks each of His true servants, as Elijah did his of old, “What shall I do for thee?” “Whatsoever ye ask in My name, that will I give unto you.” What shall our request be? Shall it not be that of Elisha,—that, as heirs of God, we may have the portion of His First-born; that we be “heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ;” that even now we may be ennobled as members of “the general Assembly and Church of the First-born which are written in Heaven!” God keep keep us all from any poorer request; from bartering, like Esau, our heavenly birthright for any mere mess of earthly pottage. *Macduff.*

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To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Phil. i. 21.*

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It matters little at what hour of day  
 The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come  
 To him untimely—who is fit to die:  
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;  
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

*Milman.*

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Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

*Psa. xxiii. 4.*

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The darkness of death is like the evening twilight, it makes all objects appear more lovely to the dying. *Richter.*

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As the hearts we cling to become still, then He opens all His heart to us, and in contact with it our own heart grows still and calm, and learns that in taking from us the earthly prop, He was but drawing us nearer Himself. *J. Riddall.*



The calmness and tender vision of the dying hour—the faith, and patience, and hope—are most evident tokens of the presence of Christ's Spirit; but may not the smile of more than human joy, the glow which sometimes suffuses the countenance till it is seen like the face of an angel, be the reflection of the look of Christ Himself, and the first faint ripple of the waves of unutterable glory that are beginning to touch the feet, and sparkle in the eyes of the awakening soul? *J. Kerr.*

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I will come again and receive you unto myself.

*John xiv. 3.*

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Let us listen, in passing, to the grand philosophy of death, contained in these simple words of the sons of the prophets,—what a comfort to those mourning the loss of beloved relatives! “Knowest thou that *the Lord* will take thy master”—thy friend—thy husband—thy wife—thy child—“away to-day.” They are *taken*; but knowest thou not it is “the Lord?” Oh, rejoice, it is not until *He* calls they can be “*taken*.” “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath *taken*” “*He* turneth man to destruction, and saith, Return, ye children of men.”

*Macduff.*

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All are not taken; these are left behind—  
 Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,  
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
 And tender voices to make soft the wind.  
 But if it were not so,—If I could find  
 No love in all the world for comforting,  
 Nor any faith but hollowly did ring,  
 When “dust to dust” the love from life disjoined;  
 I know a voice would sound—“Daughter, I ask,  
 Can I suffice for heaven and not for earth?”

*Mrs. Browning.*



Oh, in our hours of deepest woe,  
 When the dark grave is closed to hide  
 Some cherished hope—we do not know  
 How Jesus comes, and stands beside !

*S. W. Stratton.*

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EPITAPH IN AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

“ Who plucked that flower ? ”  
 Cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden,  
 His fellow-servant answered—  
 “ The Master ! ”  
 And the gardener held his peace.

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Death is the golden bridge from earth's clay banks to  
 Heaven's shore.

*Unknown.*

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LAST WORDS OF SOME OF GOD'S SAINTS.

Call not intellect glorious—there is nothing glorious out of  
 Christ.

*Archbishop Whately.*

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My head is in heaven ; my heart is in heaven ; another  
 step, and I shall be there too.

*Philip Henry's Wife.*

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Almost well, and *nearly at home.*

*Baxter.*

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Dying is sweet work, sweet work ; home ! home !

*R. S. Medley.*

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I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I  
 have a good home to go to.

*Unknown.*



When the dead pass away, the change is not for them only, but for us. There was a face that drew our affections earthward, but now it draws them heavenward. There was a voice that woke the outward ear, but now it awakes the spirit in its very depths, and touches the most secret chords of the heart. There was a mother, a father, or a brother on earth, but now there is a sister or brother in heaven; there is one at least, in those nearer circles round the throne of God, through whose purified soul *His* light may be shed upon us with greater lustre.

*Elihu Rich.*

REV. XXI. 2, 11, 23.

O the Glory ! o'er my spirit, it is shining clear and bright,  
With its pressure soft and gentle, and its hues of cloudless  
light !

The eye of faith can see it, and the ear of faith can hear ;  
And the heart of love can feel it, when is banished every fear.

O the Glory ! pure and peaceful ! how unlike earth's shadows  
fleet !

On its air is borne the music from those golden harps most  
sweet !

Wafted by the countless echoes is *one living name* alone :  
The circumference is boundless, while the centre is His Throne !

O the Glory ! when I feel it, calm, unearthly, and divine,  
When I think of Him whose precious Blood was shed to make  
it *mine*,

What are the world's best treasures ? I can count them but as  
dross ;

And all beside that could be gain, is seen to be but loss !

O the Glory ! by the Spirit are its wondrous heights reveal'd  
When He testifies of Jesus, and the future still conceal'd  
Far away beyond the present, with its conflict, gloom, and pain,  
Outshines the everlasting light of the Lamb that once was slain !



Oh the glory ! O the glory ! I can feel it even now !  
 Its pulsations nerve my drooping heart, and cool my aching  
 brow !

Lone and weary, often fainting, through the wilderness I roam ;  
 But my life is hid with Christ in God ! The glory is my home !  
*C. A. H.*

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A martyr when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better, for I know that I am almost at home." Then, looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house."

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They that love beyond the world cannot be separated. Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided that love under the same divine principle. Death to such is but crossing the world as friends do the seas ; they live in another still. This is the comfort of such friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are in the best sense immortal. *Unknown.*

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#### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Christ did not hear our tears and prayers for her preservation ; but at the last He comforted us, when, with the best end, that is, full of faith and strong in spirit, she emigrated to Christ. *Luther.*

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When some beloved voice, that was to you  
 Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
 And silence, against which you dare not cry,  
 Aches round you like a strong disease and new—  
 What hope, what help, what music can undo



That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,  
 Not reason's subtle count. Not melody . . .  
 . . . Nor the angels' sweet "All Hails"—  
 Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these  
 Speak Christ at His right hand, and fill the pause.  
*E. B. Browning.*

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#### THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

The emphatic silence of Scripture as to any meeting together of believers before the Resurrection, and then the constant and direct assurances of it at the resurrection, seem sufficient grounds for believing that there will not be recognition in the state of absence from the body. Of course, I would not affirm that there *may* not be recognition. Every single passage, however, where the subject of the unclothed state is spoken of, makes the "being *with Christ*"—the fulness of their joy, and do you think it is in the least likely that the hope of seeing our beloved ones again would have been deferred to the Resurrection time (as it is in 1 Thess. iv.) if it had been to be realised after death? To my own mind, there is something intensely solemnising and unutterably precious in the thought of being (if one may so speak) *shut up to Jesus* during that season,—so filled with the bliss of being with Him, as to need and desire nothing more,—and yet capable of such an expanded increase of enjoyment when that waiting state is ended, and when we shall all be gathered "together" to Him, and all see His perfect Image in one another, both visibly in our bodies, and spiritually in our souls. *A. L. Newton.*

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#### THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Shall we know again the friends whom we have loved in this our life of sin, and love them still with close attachment as of old?

Let us not hesitate a moment to reply—"Undoubtedly we shall." *As* the disciples (except only when their eyes were



holden) knew their risen Lord : *as* Abraham knew and spoke of Lazarus : *as* many from the east and west are to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven : *so* shall be the recognition. What did Paul mean but to declare this doctrine when he said, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. . . . The dead in Christ shall rise first : then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up *together with them* in the clouds ; . . . wherefore *comfort one another* with these words?" (1 Thess. iv. 13, 18.) Or when, again, the same Apostle said, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? are not even *ye*, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at His coming?" (1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.) What, indeed, had he in mind, unless it was the firm impression that in heaven there would be a recognition amongst those who knew each other upon earth, and a continuance of that love which had united them so closely in their state of trial? No doubt there will be a recognition. No doubt the people of the Lord will carry on and perfect that attachment which on earth was found so sweet and encouraging.

But then the question *will* arise, "Oh, what about those dear ones who will *not be found* in heaven? those many parents, husbands, wives, children—loved, yes deeply loved—but lost, because they would not have the Lord's salvation? Will it not be a fearful flaw in our eternal happiness—will it not for ever mar our glorious peace—to know that they are for eternity consigned to the unceasing flame of torment? *Will* it not? *Must* it not?" It neither *must* nor *will*. THE MIND OF CHRIST in that great day of *perfect righteousness* will be *the mina of every saved soul*. The *feelings* of the regenerated flesh will not (like those of the unholy flesh which clothed the spirit formerly) resist the will and work of God. There will be then no law in the members warring against the law of the mind. The will, the love, the justice, of the Lord will be in absolute



accordance with the desires of every inhabitant of the new heaven and the new earth. What God shall have decreed, in that will every soul find pleasure. *No momentary wish* will be found passing through the heart of the *least saint* in bliss to alter what the Lord may have appointed, or to change the state of any soul, except in full agreement with His perfect will. The various decrees, therefore, of the Day of Judgment, fixing, as they will have done, the everlasting destiny of every child of man, according to his works, will be precious in the sight of the redeemed. And though they had, in times gone by, known fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, and others, *after the flesh* (the flesh of *those* days, which could love without regard to the Lord's holy will), yet now they will know them no more. Nor will they *wish* to know them. The decree of the Almighty will have been passed concerning them, and it will be enough. The saved will have *no mind* to serve, except the mind of Christ, which then will reign as perfectly in all the members of their glorious body as in their inner spiritual man. It may be that in this present state, in which the unregenerated flesh is charged with the affections which are natural thereto, and which endear the parent to the child, the husband to the wife, and friend to friend, it is peculiarly difficult to comprehend how perfect happiness can exist where the closest ties of earth are to be broken, and that for ever. But we must remember that the great God, who is the God of justice, but whose name is Love, has power and goodness which will prove sufficient in this thing as in every other. He will make our heavenly minds to be in such entire conformity with His mind, that we shall find no cause for anything but *praise* by reason of the *most tremendous sentence* which His perfect justice will see fit to execute.

Will not also the same conformity of mind make every saint in bliss (the very *lowest*, just as truly as the *highest*) satisfied most perfectly with the particular place which, in accordance with the just decrees of the great day of Christ, he will be called to occupy?



I think, then, that the question which so frequently arises as to the unhappiness consequent upon the separation at the great Day of Judgment, of so many who have dearly loved each other upon earth, and their consequent departure one from the other for eternity, has only weight by reason of our want of due consideration of the new *natural desires* which will be implanted in that mind when it is conformed entirely to the mind of God.

But why should anyone allow a doubt to rise within him upon any point concerning the true peace of the believer, when he shall enter the eternal glory? Has not the Lord Jesus spoken plainly? Have not the apostles and the prophets borne their witness in the word of an unerring inspiration? Is it not clear by the unwavering testimony of God's Book of Truth, that the righteous shall inherit everlasting happiness—the joy of their Lord—a peace, a rest, a state of satisfaction in which not a fault shall be discerned, nor any want experienced? Is it not said that “the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes?” And shall we, in the face of all this testimony, think that there will be aught of misery in our blissful future? Oh! no: let us bid the thought for ever cease. *It cannot be.* We have no choice but to look forward with rejoicing confidence to that estate of bliss which the new heaven and the new earth will in God's time reveal.

For this glorious inheritance let *us*, my readers, stand prepared. By faith, which is through grace, we must array ourselves with Christ. The burning lamp of heavenly life, and the well-sharpened sword of the Eternal Spirit, must be in the constant grasp of hands made strong by persevering prayer. So, when He shall come to take His people hence, we shall not be ashamed, but, entering into the very chamber of His presence, stand in our lot in that eternal world where righteousness, and peace, and joy, and glory abide ever before Him who sitteth on the Throne.

“*Earth's Eventide.*”



Poor comfort would there have been in the stress St. Paul laid on the promise to the bereaved Thessalonians, that they should be caught up *together* with those whom they were mourning, at the coming of the Lord, if they were not to recognise each other in that company. *Marsh.*

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God's finger touched him, and he slept. *Tennyson.*

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#### FUTURITY.

And O beloved voices, upon which  
 Ours passionately call, because ere long  
 Ye break off in the middle of that song  
 We sang together softly to enrich  
 The poor world with a sense of love, and witch  
 The heart out of things evil! I am strong,  
 Knowing ye are not lost for aye among  
 The hills with last year's thrush.  
 God keeps a niche  
 In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit  
 He brake them to our faces, and denied  
 That our close kisses should impair their white;  
 I know we shall behold them, raised complete,  
 The dust swept from their beauty glorified—  
 New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

*E. B. Browning.*

---

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A little negro boy, when on his death-bed, was visited by a missionary, to whom he spoke of the happiness he felt, and the longing desire he had to be with Jesus. "I am going to heaven soon, and then I shall see Jesus, and be with Him for ever," said the little fellow. "But," rejoined the missionary, "If Jesus were to leave heaven, what would you do?" "I would follow Him," replied the boy. "But suppose," said the missionary, "Jesus went to hell, what would you do then?"



In an instant, with an intelligent look and a smile on his countenance, he replied, "Ah, massa, there is no hell where *Jesus* is!"

Brave boy! A beautiful answer is that; full of truth and comfort. "*No hell where Jesus is!*" Every Christian can say, and also feel, the truth of the poet's word: "Thy presence makes my paradise; and where Thou art is heaven." Yes, to be with Jesus is heaven. I care not what part of the universe it is, as long as Jesus is there; for "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." "I have a desire to depart," said Paul, "*to be with Christ*, which is far better." Wherever Jesus is, there shall all His true disciples be. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me *where I am*, that they may behold my glory." "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that *where I am there ye may be also*."

Dear reader, is Jesus precious to you? If not, Heaven has no attractions for you. Seek for cleansing in His blood. Make Christ your friend; then heaven and Jesus will have your chief thoughts, and before long your society and presence.

*"Heaven, and How to Get There."*

"For ever with the Lord!" Amen! so let it be!  
 Life from the dead is in that word, 'tis immortality.  
 Here in the body pent, absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, a day's march nearer home.  
 My Father's house on high, home of my soul, how near  
 At times, to Faith's far-seeing eye, thy golden gates appear!  
 Ah! then my spirit faints to reach the land I love;  
 The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.  
 Yet clouds will intervene, and all my prospect flies,  
 Like Noah's dove I flit between rough seas and stormy skies.  
 Anon the clouds depart, the winds and waters cease;  
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart expands the bow of  
 peace:  
 Beneath its glowing arch, along the hallowed ground



I see cherubic armies march—a camp of fire around.  
I hear at noon and even, at morn and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven, earth's Babel tongues o'er-  
power.

'Tis then I feel that He (remembered or forgot),  
The Lord, is never far from me, though I perceive Him not.  
In darkness as in light, hidden alike from view,  
I wake and sleep within His sight, who looks existence through,  
From the dim hour of birth, through every changing state  
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth, to its appointed date.  
All that I am, have been, or ever yet may be,  
He sees as He has ever seen, and shall for ever see.  
How can I meet His eyes?—*mine* on the *Cross* I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize, mercy from first to last.  
"For ever with the Lord!" Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of Thy faithful word e'en now to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand, then I can never fail,  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand—fight, and I must prevail.  
So when my latest breath shall rend this vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death, and life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known, how shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the Throne, "For ever with the Lord!"  
Then, though my soul enjoy communion high and sweet,  
While worms this body must destroy, they shall in glory meet.  
The trump of final doom, which speaks that self-same word,  
And heaven's voice thunders through the tomb, "For ever with  
the Lord!"  
The tomb shall echo deep that death-awakening sound,  
The saints shall hear it in their sleep, and answer from the  
ground.

Then as they upward fly, that resurrection word  
Shall be their shout of victory, "For ever with the Lord!"  
That resurrection word, that shout of victory,  
Once more—"For ever with the Lord." Amen, so let it be!

*Montgomery.*



## REV. XIV. 13.

When we picture to ourselves the condition of those who have "fallen asleep in Jesus," we are warranted by the Word of God to regard it as one of rest—of conscious rest—of rest irradiated by the beatific vision—of rest which is undisturbed by care, unruffled by sorrow or by suffering—rest, deep and calm, like the placid ocean, and, like it, illuminated and beautified by reflections of the heavenly glory. *Unknown.*

---

This morning I awoke from a deep sweet sleep with the words in my mouth, "His name shall be upon their forehead." It seemed as if it had been an answer to the inquiry, "How shall we know the multitudes whom we shall meet there, but whom we have never known in the flesh?" *J. Milne.*

---

Give glory to the Lord your God, before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, He turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness. *Jeremiah xiii. 16.*

---

Spirit of Power, so enlighten us to think and pray, to work and win, as if we had once been across the threshold, and looked into heaven—and—into hell!

*"The Soul-Gatherer."*





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