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THE BANNER UNFURLED.



Choice Selections FROM Christian Writers.



EDITED BY E. A. H.

THE BANNER UNFURLED

WE BEING MANY ARE ONE BREAD, AND ONE BODY ; FOR WE ARE ALL
PARTAKERS OF THAT ONE BREAD.

1 *Cor.* x. 17.

EVERY FRAGRANT FLOWER OF REAL COMFORT MUST GROW FROM
AN ACTUAL SEED AND ROOT OF DIVINE TRUTH. EVERY PLANT OF GOD'S
PLANTING WILL YIELD SWEET FRUIT, AS HONEY TO THE BEE WHOSE
INDUSTRY SEEKS IT OUT.

M. A. Schimmelpenninck.

The Banner Unfurled:

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM CHRISTIAN WRITERS.

EDITED BY E. A. H.

AUTHOR OF 'THINGS TOUCHING THE KING.' ETC.

'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.'—PSA. lx. 4.

'The LORD my Banner.'—EXOD. xvii. 15.



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THE profits arising from the sale of this book will be devoted to the purpose of training a Missionary for China, where a million of heathens die every month without God, and having no hope.

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PROVERBS xxiv. 11, 12.

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THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD





THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD.

Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. We love Him because He first loved us.

1 *John* iv. 13, 16, 19.

God is near you, is with you, is within you ; a Sacred Spirit dwells within us, the observer and guardian of all our evil and our good. There is no good man without God.

Do you wonder that man goes to the gods? God comes to men ; nay, what is yet nearer, He comes into men. No good mind is holy without God.

Seneca.

The Theology of Scripture represents God as He is in the brightness of His own glory, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto.

The Theology of Rationalism represents Him as He is reflected in broken and fitful rays, glancing back from the restless waters of the human soul.

Mansel.

What God *is* inspires awe. What God has *done* for His people commands affection. See here the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the moral world, holding the creature reverently distant from the Creator, yet compassing the *child* about with everlasting love, to keep him near his Father in heaven.

Arnot.

All our screens from God are no refuge ; they hide, indeed, His light from us, but leave us exposed to Him.

Unknown.

It is our privilege to live, and move, and have our being in the *felt* loved presence of Jesus, even in all the smallest minutiae of life.

Unknown.

Believe that God is all that Jesus was, and believing this walk with Him. Admit Him into your hourly occupations that He may hallow and expedite them. Admit Him into your happy moments, that He may enhance them ; and into your hours of anguish, that His presence may tranquillize and transform them. Let His recollected presence be the brightness of every landscape, the zest of every pleasure, the energy of every undertaking, the refuge from every danger, the solace in every sorrow, the asylum of your hidden life, and the constant Sabbath of your soul. Learn, with all reverence for His greatness, but with equal reliance on His goodness,—learn to make the eye that never slumbers the companion of your nights and mornings, and the ear that never wearies the confidant of your weariness and your solitude, your ecstasy, your woe.

Dr. Hamilton.

Go to God often, because He is *thy* God. Oh ! wilt thou fail to use so great a privilege ? Fly to Him, tell Him all thy wants, use Him constantly *by faith* at all times. If some dark providence has beclouded thee, use thy God as a 'sun.' If some strong enemy has beset thee, find in Jehovah a 'shield,' for He is a sun and shield to His people. If thou hast lost thy way in the mazes of life, use Him as a 'guide,' for He will direct thee. Whatever thou art, and wherever thou art, remember God is just *what* thou wantest, and just *where* thou wantest, and that He can do *all* thou wantest.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Some of us believe that God is Almighty, and *may* do all things ; and that He is all Wisdom, and *can* do all ; but that He is all Love, and *will* do all, there we fail. *Julian, 1326.*

In the full beauty and harmony of nature the eye of man catches the eye of God beaming out from the midst of all His works. *Max Muller.*

For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead. *Rom. i. 20.*

The beautiful is the shadow of God's loveliness ; the sublime is the shadow of God's majesty. Man is endowed with imagination that he may discover GOD in all things ; GOD's image in his own soul ; GOD's image in the hosts of heaven ; GOD's image in the creations of earth ; GOD's greatness in all that is great ; GOD's loveliness in all that is lovely ; GOD's glory in all that is glorious. *W. H. Hewitson.*

The loveliness which God has spread everywhere is the speech through which He utters, as in a parable, His own teaching. For the entire visible world is a shadowing forth of the 'invisible things of God.' Its beauty is a 'wayside Sacrament,' full of a most real Presence, and when we pass it by with eyes that seeing see not, we lose a part of the heritage which is His children's right. *H. Bowman.*

Holding fast the faithful Word. *Titus i. 9.*

To trust in the Word when you have nothing else to encourage confidence—to trust in the Word when everything else tends to create despondency, that is faith in its simplicity ; faith in its most GOD glorifying exercise. . . .

The Word of GOD is the anchor of our hope, an anchor sure and steadfast, and it enters into the Holiest of all. The Word is the pole on which CHRIST it lifted up. The Word is the glass which reflects CHRIST's glory. The Word is the staff which CHRIST puts in our hand. We know nothing of CHRIST but what the Word reveals. CHRIST's thoughts are not in us unless our thoughts be according to the Word.

When we lean on the Word we lean truly on CHRIST. If the Word be in us, then are we in the Father and in the Son. To have the Word of GOD in the hand of faith is to have GOD—to have all things. By-and-bye, when we are in glory and have perfect knowledge, we shall see how exactly the Word glasses and reflects the heart of GOD. . . .

CHRIST is the life, and soul, and meaning of the Word of GOD ; and if we seek CHRIST in the Word we shall surely find Him, and have cause to rejoice more than one that findeth great spoil. The Word is the gold mine, CHRIST is the gold itself ; CHRIST is the well—CHRIST is the living water that fills it to the brim. Let him that thirsteth take freely.

Hewitson.

God is the mind of the universe.

Socrates.

The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning light.
And He that rideth on the hurricane is Pilot of the bubble
in the breaker.

Tupper.

Those who delight to follow the unfolding of the Divine purpose in the minutest chain of circumstances, will love to see God everywhere, and to find a speech and a language in the daily events of life—the heart will be full of Him who filleth all creation.

Anna Shipton.

If God be not in minute and microscopic incidents, He is nowhere at all. If there be not a particular providence, there is no providence at all ; for little things are the events and hinges on which great destinies constantly turn.

Dr. Cumming.

Mark through what little things God accomplishes His wondrous works. 'Give me to drink.' What a little word, and yet see what God built on it—the conversion of one guilty soul, and through her the drawing of multitudes to hear the words of life from the Saviour's own lips. Lot's wife is turned into a pillar of salt by a *look*; the world created by a *word*; man ruined by an *apple*; a great nation humbled to the dust by a *worm*, an *east wind*, a *gourd*, a *fish* ; a guilty land destroyed by

an *insect*; a leper healed by a *touch*; a wandering disciple restored to the fold by the *crowing of a cock*; a loving heart, rent with sorrow, by the *sounding of her own name* restored to fulness of joy. How wonderful! and yet how different from us. To accomplish great ends we use great means. God does exactly the reverse. And why? Because *our* ends are accomplished by the means we use. God's are not. And what is God's object in this? That we should mark not the visible end, but the invisible will; not the process, but the hand that is working; not the thing seen and temporal, but the mighty worker, unseen and eternal. As creatures of sense we are arrested by the visible ends. God would have us see not them but Him; and, therefore He works by the weakest means, in order that by observing the great disproportion between the means and the end, we may recognise His Hand.

F. W. Whitfield.

God's glory is seen when He works by means; it is more seen when He works without means; it is seen, above all, when He works contrary to means.

D. Rowlands.

Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself.

Carlyle.

Oh! for a great wave of love, to carry us right out into the ocean of love.

In proportion as you see in every good gift a new token of your Father's love, in that proportion will you make progress in the sweet school of love. Oh! it is heavenly living to taste God's love in every morsel of bread we eat. It is blessed living to know that we breathe an atmosphere purified and made fragrant with Divine love; that love protects us while we sleep, hanging like a silken curtain all around our bed, and love opens the eyelids of the morning to smile upon us when we wake. Ah! even when we are sick, it is love that chastens us; when we are impoverished, love relieves us of a burden; love gives and takes; love cheers and love smites. We are compassed about with love—above, beneath, around, within, without. If we could but recognize this, we should become as flames of fire—ardent and fervent towards our God.

C. H. Spurgeon.

'Let Thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are brought very low.' The old meaning of 'prevent' was to *go before, to make the way easy*. And when does not the love of God do that for us?
Anna Warner.

JESUS CHRIST.

In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Col. ii. 9.

For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.

Col. i. 19.

The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me ; because the LORD hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ; He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound ; to proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD, and the day of vengeance of our God ; to comfort all that mourn ; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that He might be glorified.

Isa. lxi. 1-3.

It seems to me that Christ is the stooping down of Jehovah ; the Arm of Jehovah, on which we lean ; the Heart of Jehovah, of which we feel the sympathy ; the Eye of Jehovah, of which we can bear the glance, yea, whose look is love ; the Glory of Jehovah, upon which we can gaze unconsumed, and, while we gaze, are changed into the image thereof by the Spirit of the Lord ; the Voice of Jehovah, which is music, melody, and peace ; the Revealing of Jehovah. Oh, infinite abyss of love, and joy, and peace, and grace, and truth, and holiness. My Christ ! what is there not, what have I not, in Thee ?

Ruth Bryan.

The believer can take every name of Divine excellence and beauty, and having placed it after I AM, find Jesus therein, and admire, adore and worship. Whatever he wants he has but to place it by faith over against I Am, and find it all in Jesus.

C. H. Macintosh.

The more I venture on my glorious Christ, the more He encourages. The bolder I am, the kinder He grows. The more I expect, the more He gives. I cannot tire or wear Him out, for He is full, yea, *fulness* of grace, mercy, love, and compassion.

Ruth Bryan.

Take this blessing, and what a blessing it is that JESUS offers you ; lay all on His shoulder ; let Him be your governour ; simply rest on Him. There is no temptation but He will overcome it for you, no grief but He will bear it with you. Your troubles will no longer weigh down on you and crush you, they will be beside you on JESUS. Let Him bless you. It will bring you peace like a river, and you will then be occupied with Him and not with yourself. You will be waiting and wondering what *He* will do, instead of troubling and vexing about which way *you* will take. You will so wonder at His patience and inexpressible love, that you will forget to mourn and lament over every want of love. Every day it will be better : ‘Of the increase of His government there shall be no end.’ And when you thus live with Him, you will begin to know Him, and such knowledge has no end. The Holy Spirit will ‘take of the things of JESUS and show them unto you.’ He will teach you the mind of JESUS, and draw your mind to blend with His, for ‘we have the mind of Christ :’ and by-and-bye this life will get deeper, more natural, more instinctive. We shall get to know JESUS, not only for what He is to us, but for His own sake—the one leading to the other. Oh ! let us not turn away from such an offer as this. It is just to have all the vexing and fretting taken out of our lives, and to have instead—JESUS.

‘*The Government shall be upon His Shoulder.*’

THE LOVING ONE.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. *Jer. xxxi. 3.*

God is Love!—1 John. iv. There is a love, therefore, that is *infinite* in its measure, *everlasting* in its duration, *omnipotent* in its power, *unchangeable* in its character, *all-pervading* in its presence, which passeth knowledge. There is a love which has

creation for its theatre, earth for its footstool, heaven for its chief abode and its everlasting home. Of all created love it is the source, and of all blessings it is the giver. Its laws express it, 'Thou shalt love.' Its ways declare it, but *Christ* alone is its full and glorious manifestation, its incarnation and embodiment, and *Christ crucified* is the opening of its very heart to mankind and to the universe.

H. G. Guinness.

Thy love has been as a shower; the return thereof but a dewdrop, and that dewdrop stained with sin.

J. Harrington Evans.

In tracing through Scripture the various names which God takes, we find them intimately connected with the varied need of those with whom He was in relation. 'Jehovah Jireh,' 'Jehovah Nissi,' 'Jehovah Shalom,' 'Jehovah Tsidkenu.' All these His gracious titles are unfolded to meet the necessities of His people, and when He calls Himself 'I Am' it comprehends them all. Jehovah in taking this title was furnishing His people with a blank cheque, to be filled up to any amount. He calls Himself 'I Am,' and faith has but to write over that ineffably precious name whatever we want. God is the only significant figure, and human need may add the ciphers. If we want life, Christ says 'I am the Life;' righteousness, He is 'the Lord our righteousness;' peace, 'He is our peace;' if we want 'wisdom, sanctification, and redemption,' He 'is made' all these 'unto us.'

C. H. Macintosh.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find their rest in Thee.

S. Augustine.

If Christ's love, that fountain of delight, were laid as open to me as I could wish, oh! how would I drink, and drink abundantly. I half call His absence cruel, and the mask and veil on Christ's face, a cruel covering that hideth such a fair, fair face from a sick soul. I dare not upbraid Him, but His absence is a mountain of iron upon my heavy heart. Oh!

when shall we meet? Oh! how long is it to the dawning of the marriage day? Oh! sweet Lord JESUS, take wide steps. Oh! my Lord, come over the mountains at one bound. Oh! my Beloved, be like a roe, or a young hart on the mountains of separation. Oh! if He would fold the heavens together like an old cloak and shovel time and days out of the way, and make ready in haste the Lamb's wife for her Husband.

Since He looked on me, my heart is not mine; He hath run away to heaven with it. *Rutherford, 1628, 1661.*

Oh, most sweet Jesu! into that wounded heart of Thine, full of love, do I resign my heart, with all its affections and attachments. So steep it in Thy love, and draw it unto Thee, that it depart not henceforth from Thy holy will. *Unknown.*

Think of His death, for here the light of grace is focussed; the cross, like a burning glass, concentrates the light and heat of Christ's love upon the sinner. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

Oh! JESUS, to know Thee is to love Thee. Did we but know how our Lord loves us, we should die of joy. Our only happiness on earth is to love God, and to know that God loves us. To be loved by God, to be united to God, to live in the presence of God, to live for God,—O blessed life, and blessed death! *J. B. Viannet.*

Nothing, Lord, that is Thine can suffice me without Thyself; nor can anything that is mine, without myself, be pleasing unto Thee. *S. Bernard.*

God will not get into your heart till you know you have got a place in His heart. *M. Rainsford.*

Let heaven and earth be consolidated in massy and pure gold, it will not weigh the thousandth part of Christ's love to a

soul—even to me, a poor prisoner. Oh ! that is a massy and marvellous love. Men and angels unite your force and strength and force in one, ye shall not heave nor poise it off the ground. Ten thousand thousand worlds, as many worlds as angels can number, and then as a new world of angels can multiply, would not all be the bulk of a balance to weigh Christ's excellencies, sweetness, and love. Put ten earths in one, and let a rose grow greater than ten whole earths or ten worlds, O what a beauty would be in it, and what a perfume would it cast. But a blast of the breath of that fairest rose in all God's paradise, even of Christ Jesus, our Lord, one look of that fairest face, would be infinitely in beauty and smell above all imaginable and created glory.

Rutherford.

Circumstances are simply nothing after once possessing Christ wholly—nothing in a sense, in a measure. It must be so. The greater swallows up, while leaving room for the less ; room for the full tide of joy or grief, radiancy or agony, with a consciousness above either. What is this or that when I have Christ—*my* Christ, *my* JESUS? What does anything matter when we have JESUS, His love, *i.e.*, Himself? for His precious love is too deep for words. That we may know it 'He shows us His hands and His feet,' that tells all, for He 'is silent in His love.' None can speak it, but gazing on JESUS we know it. Let us, therefore, gaze and gaze. Let other things slip away from us, but let us not take our eyes from JESUS. And since He is willing for all these things, willing to take ourselves and our lives, to govern us, to overcome for us, to rest us, to love us, what shall we do in return? I know of but one thing that will please Him best, and that is, that we *take*.

'The Government shall be upon His Shoulder.'

Earthly friends cannot see when the trial is before us. But His Eye, our Lord and Brother, is on the rough bit of the way we have not reached as yet.

Hetty Bowman, died Feb. 13th, 1872.

'AT THE FEET OF JESUS.'

A sweet and happy place that alike befits us and befits Him. He prepared to bless, and we prepared to beg. He erect to teach, and we prostrate to listen. He mighty to save, and we clinging to the feet of mercy.

It is the only place that becomes us, to be prostrate, abject, clinging, desiring, adoring at His feet. It is the place that is best and safest for us. Best in sorrow, because it is to be within the shadow of a great rock in this weary land ; safest in danger, because it is to have clasp of the Rock of Ages ; best in temptations, for it is to be nigh Him who came to seek and to save ; safest against sin, for it is to be near the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world ; best through life, because it is to be near Him, 'who is able to keep us from falling ;' safest in death, for it is to be with the victorious Lord of death ; and sweetest, sweetest in Heaven, when with the adoring throng of His redeemed, we shall fall down at His throne, and cast our crowns before Him. *Unknown.*

If I am joined to the Lord I have His sympathy. Is not this true of the body ? It is not true of all the *members* of the body, for we know that very often one hand may suffer, and the other hand may not feel it at all ? We feel how deficient human sympathy is. But look at the position of the *head* with reference to all the members of the body. There is not a point you can touch but the head instantly takes notice of it. No sooner do you feel an ache or pain in the members of your body than your mind asks, 'How can it be assuaged?' and that is true of CHRIST. Are the members of His body in torture upon the earth ? 'Why persecutest thou *Me*?' And it is not the less true now than it was then. As you think instantly how you shall assuage the pain of any member of your body, and afford it relief by another position, or by particular treatment, so at once does He whose eye never slumbers instantly think how your sorrow or pain can be relieved.

His perfect sympathy is yours, sympathy which never fails, which lasts for ever, as long as there is a tear to be wiped from your eye, or a pang in your heart to be smoothed.

S. A. Blackwood.

CHRIST JESUS is the comfort of comforts, because He doubles comforts. *Romaine.*

Would that we all had learned to sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear what *He* says. *M. Rainsford.*

One sight of Thee, O Thou beauty of ancient days, yet ever new, will strike all sin for ever dead ; one sight of Thee will win the soul for ever to Thyself, and we shall see Thee face to face, and love Thee heart to heart. *Augustine.*

It is exceedingly sweet to find ourselves wholly dependent upon One who finds infinite joy in blessing us. *Unknown.*

O leave it all with JESUS,
 For He knows
 How to steal the bitter
 From life's woes ;
 How to gild the tear-drop
 With His smile,
 Make the desert garden
 Bloom awhile ;
 When my weakness leaneth
 On His might,
 All seems bright.

E. W. Willis.

I believe that whenever our religion is most vital, it is most full of CHRIST. Moreover, when it is most practical, down-right, and common-sense, it always gets nearest to Jesus. I can bear witness that whenever I am in the depths of sorrow nothing will do for me but 'JESUS only.' I find if I want to labour much, I must live on JESUS only ; if I desire to suffer patiently, I must feed on JESUS only ; if I wish to wrestle with God successfully, I must plead JESUS only ; if I aspire to conquer sin, I must use the blood of JESUS only ; if I want to learn the mysteries of heaven, I must seek the teachings of JESUS only. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

Black sun, black moon, black stars, but inconceivably bright
and glorious Lord JESUS. _____
Rutherford.

The Head in Heaven sympathizes with the feet that are
pinched and pressed on earth, and says, 'Saul, Saul, why per-
secutest thou Me?' _____
D. Rowlands.

The LORD giveth wisdom ; He layeth up sound wisdom for
the righteous. _____
Prov. ii. 6, 7.

THE BRUISED ONE.

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

Lam. i. 12.

Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness.

Psa. lxix. 20.

Isa. xliii. 25.—One way in which the Orientals wrote was on
wax tablets, and when a debt was paid, they passed a hot iron
over the tablet, which so melted the wax that no trace of
the wax could be seen. Compare with this Psa. 22, 14. They
are the words of JESUS, by his servant David, who wrote so
fully of His agony in that psalm. It was on His heart of love
that the debts of His Church were inscribed, and Divine justice
was drawing the hot iron of Divine wrath over them, to expunge
them, when in anguish of spirit, the Royal sufferer cried, 'my
heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels,' and
not until every sin was atoned for, and cancelled, did the dying
victor say 'It is finished,' giving up the ghost as pure and free
from sin as if it never had been imputed to Him.

Ruth Bryan.

'Forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin.'—*Ex. xxxiv. 7.*

In the Hebrew the word translated 'iniquity,' signifies, '*sins
wilfully committed;*' that translated transgression, signifies '*sins
of omission;*' and that translated 'sin' signifies '*sins through
error or ignorance.*' Thus provision is made for the pardon of
all manner of sin. _____
Unknown.

Christ suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might
bring us to God. _____
1 S. Pet. iii. 18.

Christ on the Cross saves us by becoming Christ in the heart.
JESUS is, indeed, all for us, all to us, all in us.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The Master came one night to the door, and knocked with the iron hand of the law; the door shook and trembled on its hinges; but the man piled every piece of furniture which he could find against the door, for he said 'I will not admit Him.' The Master turned away, but by and bye He returned, and with His own soft hand, using most that part where the nail had penetrated, He knocked again—O so softly and tenderly. This time the door did not shake, but, strange to say, it opened, and there upon his knees the once unwilling host was found rejoicing to receive his guest. 'Come in, come in, thou hast so knocked that my heart is moved to Thee. I could not think of Thy pierced hand leaving its blood-mark on my door, and of Thy going away houseless, Thy head filled with dew. I yield—Thy love has won my heart.' What Moses with the tablets of stone could never do, Christ does with His pierced hand.

C. H. Spurgeon.

THE LONELINESS OF JESUS.

I sometimes think how very little we realize one great sorrow of our blessed Master's life. His *loneliness*. He was very man as well as very God, and possessed with all the interests, sympathies, and sensibilities of a high-toned soul, and yet of the people there was none to whom He could turn in his multiplied sorrows, insults, griefs—none who could understand Him, none from whom He could receive the tender response, the instinctive perception—none who could see the unspoken sorrow and gently soothe, and if any time under deep pressure He attempted to breathe out something that was all but too heavy to bear alone, He was misunderstood, the wrong and jarring answer was given, so that in very faithfulness to Himself and others, He again buried the grief within His own human breast, and suffered on *alone*, and this, day, week, year, without one break to the loneliness, heaping, heaping over His Divine and human head and soul till the spear and the weight of the world's sin finished the work; life of the intensest sorrow ceased, and joy unutterable and highest glory once again filled His whole Divinity.

C. M.

Is it nothing to thee, says Christ, O thou that passest by?
Is it nothing that I have unbarred the gates of Heaven for thee,
and broken down the gates of hell? Behold, and see quite
through my Body, how the way to Paradise lies open to you ;
and since there are so many passages thither, through my wounds
and my heart, why will ye not believe that I am the Way?

Francisco Loredano, 1656.

O Divine Saviour ! how can we be but sensibly touched,
since Thou hast suffered such contradiction to reconcile us to
God ; since Thou didst extend Thine arms on the Cross to
embrace us, and opened Thine hands to bestow blessings upon
us ; since Thy side was pierced to show us a heart burning
with love ; since Thou wast lifted up on the Cross to draw us
unto Thyself, and Thou wast pierced with a spear, that by this
opening we might have entrance into Thy heart.

Eustache, 17th cent.

HOMO FACTUS EST.

Come to me, Belovèd, Babe of Bethlehem !
Lay aside Thy Sceptre, and Thy Diadem.
Come to me, Belovèd, light and healing bring ;
Hide my sin and sorrow underneath Thy wings.
Bid all fear and doubting from my soul depart,
As I feel the beating of Thy human heart.
Look upon me sweetly with Thy human eyes,
With Thy human finger point me to the skies ;
Safe from earthly scandal my poor spirit hide,
In the utter stillness of Thy wounded side.
Guide me, ever guide me, with Thy pierced hand,
Till I reach the borders of the pleasant land.
Then, my own Belovèd, take me home to rest,
Whisper words of comfort, lay me on Thy breast.
Show me not the glory round about Thy throne,
Show me not the flashes of Thy jewelled crown,
Hide me from the pity of the Angel-band,
Who ever sing Thy praises, and before Thee stand.
Hide me from the glances of the Seraphim,
They so pure and spotless, I so stained with sin.

B

Hide me from S. Michael, with his flaming sword—
Thou canst understand me, O my human Lord !
JESU, my Belovèd, come to me alone,
In Thy sweet embraces make me all Thine own—
By the quiet waters, sweetest JESU, lead,
Mid the virgin lilies, purest JESU, feed.
Only Thee Belovèd, only Thee I seek ;
Thou, the Man CHRIST JESUS,
Strength in flesh made weak.

Anon.

Praised be God for keeping the Jews in ignorance, respecting the *greatness* of the Person in their hands ! Had they known who He was, they would never have presumed to touch Him, much less to drive nails through His Blessed hands and feet, and to put a crown of thorns on His holy head. 'For had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory.'

D. Rowlands.

As soon as JESUS was made accursed for our sakes, even His Father hid His Face, because as a sin-offering He could only see Him as sin. 'Made sin for us, who knew no sin.' (2 Cor. v. 21.) The word in Hebrew for sin-offering is the self-same as that used for sin.

A. L. Newton.

One reason why Christ passed through the ages of childhood was, that He might bear the sorrows and griefs of His children in their infantile state, and to work out a righteousness for little children.

Mrs. Jukes.

O sinner, look into the face of the man of sorrows, and you must trust Him. Since He is also God, you therein see His power to carry on the work of salvation. He touches you with the hand of His humanity, but He touches the Almighty with the hand of His deity. He is man, and feels your

needs; He is God, and therefore able to supply them. Is anything too tender for His heart of love? Is anything too hard for His hand of power. When the Lord Himself, that made the heavens, and digged the foundations of the earth, comes to be your Saviour, there remains no difficulty in your being saved. Omnipotence cannot know a difficulty, and O sinner, to an Omnipotent Saviour it is not too hard to save even you. A look of faith will give you perfect pardon. A touch of the hem of the Redeemer's garment will heal you at once. Come, then, and trust the incarnate God. Cast yourself into His arms at once.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The Cross connects itself in an unexpected way with our daily life; not only as regards the great Sacrifice hanging thereon, but as regards the incidentals of that Sacrifice also. Those pierced feet are in connexion with sofas and beds, and reduced means, and imprisonments of many a kind. There are lines of union drawn between them all and the Cross—every one of our piercings has a counterpart in those of Christ. . . .

It is with pierced Feet that JESUS comes to me now; it is with pierced Feet He leads me; and the leadings, and the visitings of pierced Feet are very precious. For when Christ with such Feet leads on before, we are willing to follow after. We say, 'Here is One skilled in all of suffering. Here is One experienced in personal trials. He will lead softly, and surely, and tenderly. He will not set the pierced Foot down too roughly. And when He comes to me, how gently, how meekly, albeit He is the Lord of Glory, will He enter my house!' There will be none of the roughness of mere human authority about Him, no heavy tread, no tramp as of an armed man, but the soft step of a pierced Foot. . . .

We may here note how the pierced Feet help to present us with a view of the perfection of the suffering of Christ. His whole man, His person from Head to Foot, is marked, as it were, with these piercings; the Head, one extremity, is crowned with thorns; the Feet, the other extremity, are pierced with nails. And at either we find the sounds of mockery. Pilate inscribes over the crown of thorns, 'The King of the Jews;' the Jews

themselves mock at His feet, saying, 'If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.' Is this without any meaning for us? Surely a Christ, perfect as it were from Head to Foot in suffering, must be especially precious to us, who have so many sorrows, and of such various kinds. Nowhere can trouble come upon us, but that He is prepared with experimental sympathy. The Head, the Hands, the Side, the Feet are all pierced. The whole man bears the marks of woe.

In our many sorrows, let us look at that, His completeness of suffering. Suffering where we may, let us turn to Him, and there shall we find that He suffered also; so that let the spear, or the thorns, or the nails, touch us where it will, we shall be able to say, 'I am sympathized with, and understood.'

P. B. Power.

THE EVER PRESENT ONE.

Lo, I am with you alway, (*lit.*, all the day).

Matt. xxviii. 20.

The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

Psa. cxxi. 5.

My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

Exodus xxxiii. 14.

Yes, JESUS is Immanuel—God with us. He is with us as God; His Spirit is with us; He is everywhere at one time, and can hear us in all parts of the world at one moment. But as *man* He is *absent*—'I go to the Father; I go to prepare a place for you.' In His human nature He can only be seen by certain people, by certain revelation. Do not some of us feel this so distinctly as to crave His hand, His voice, His visible presence, even as we crave the presence of the departed? Yes, JESUS *understands*, but there are many needs and longings which He does not see fit to supply. There will come a time when we *shall* see Him, and with Him our beloved.

'Watching at the Gates.'

The beloved of the LORD shall dwell in safety by Him, and the LORD shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders.

Deut. xxxiii. 12.

If we take JESUS at His word, and believe He is with us 'always' as He said, then the humblest incident of our daily life is invested with a speech and language to the listening soul; the minutest thread of Divine purpose unfolds yet more of His love, His wisdom, and His power. '*The Secret of the Lord.*'

A visitor to a blind Christian girl remarked on leaving her, 'Well, the first object your eyes will behold will be JESUS.' 'No,' she answered, 'it will not, for I see Him always.'

Lord ! paint upon the eyeballs of my soul the image of Thy Son.
C. H. Spurgeon.

The Lord, the Almighty. He who fainteth not, neither is weary ; whose understanding there is no searching, of whose riches the whole earth, and of whose glory the heavens, are full —*with thee*, on thy side against all foes, by thy side in all thy sorrows ; with thee as no friend, as no angel can be with thee ; with thine inmost spirit ; with thee as thy light, thy strength, thy joy, thy life, thy Redeemer, thy Father. *Mrs. Charles.*

'The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'—Psa. xlv.

Here is strength and security, victory and peace—God *with* us, God *in* us, and God *for* us. This is ample provision for every exigence.
C. H. Macintosh.

Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him. Even their work they will bring up and do it in the light of His countenance ; and while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light.

Dr. Payson.

Christ willeth that we should believe that He is lastingly with us. He is with us in Heaven, very man, in His own Person us up-drawing. He is with us on earth, us leading ; and He is with us in our soul, endlessly dwelling in, ruling, and guiding us. Highly ought we to enjoy that God dwelleth in our soul, and more highly ought we to enjoy that our soul dwelleth in God. Our soul sitteth in God in very rest ; our soul standeth in God in sure strength, and our soul is kindly rooted in God in endless love. *Julian, 1326.*

If the winds of temptation arise, if thou run upon the rocks of temptation, call on JESUS. If anger or avarice shall toss the barque of thy mind, look to JESUS. If disturbed with the greatness of thy sins, troubled with the defilement of thy conscience, affrighted by the horror of judgment, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the gulf of sadness, think on JESUS. In dangers, in straits, in perplexities, think on JESUS. Following Him, thou dost not go astray ; asking of Him, thou dost not despair ; thinking of Him, thou dost not err ; while He holds thee up, thou dost not fall ; while He protects thee, thou dost not fear ; He being thy guide, thou dost not grow weary ; He being propitious, thou reachest thy destination.—*Adapted from the Romish Breviary, where it is applied to Mary.*

In the country of eternal spring
 Many shall bend to kiss the Master's feet,
 Saying—' He never smiled so sweet before,
Save on the sea of sorrow, when the night
 Was saddest on our heart. We followed Him
 At other times in sunshine. Summer days
 And moonlight nights He led us over paths
 Bordered with pleasant flowers : but when His steps
 Were on the mighty waters, when we went
 With trembling hearts through nights of pain and loss,
 His smile was sweeter and His love more dear ;
 And *only* Heaven is better than to walk
 With Christ at midnight over moonless seas.'

B. M.

From 'Ezekiel and other Poems.'

Think not much of a storm upon the ship that Christ saileth n; there shall no passenger fall overboard ; but the crazed hip and the sea-sick passenger shall come to land safe.

Rutherford.

The intercession of Christ is as a wall of fire around His people ; they are kept as by an impregnable garrison.

Hervey.

Our remedy, whether in sin or sorrow, is to know our wretchedness and weakness, and fly to our Lord ; for the more distressed we are, the more needful it is to us that we touch Him.

Julian, 1326.

Our Lord is with us, keeping us and leading us into fulness of joy. This is an endless comfort to our souls, that He who shall be our bliss when we are there, He is our Keeper while we are here—our Way and our Heaven in faithfulness and love. Flee we then to our Lord, and we shall be comforted ; touch we Him, and we shall be made clean ; cleave we to Him, and we shall be sure and safe.

Ibid.

With all his subtlety how blind is Satan ! with all his strength how powerless ! Does he not know that out of all these furnaces the tried come, not weak and marred, but stronger and more beautiful ; that all his fires are but purifying the heavenly gold, and bringing out tint after tint in the celestial portrait ; that he is but enamelling likenesses of the Son of God ? Does he not know that in the heaven where he accuses, JESUS pleads—the Lord our Righteousness ; and from the shield of faith on earth every fiery dart but rebounds in music, quenched for the believer ?

Mrs. Charles.

The yoke would be too heavy to bear, unless our Lord bore the weightiest part. In very truth, He bears both us and our yoke.

S. Francis de Sales.

The waves of difficulty do but toss us into His bosom.

Lady Powerscourt.

Oh ! if I had to swim through seven hells to reach Him ; if He would but say to me, like Peter, ' Come unto me,' I would go unto Him not only on the sea but on the boiling floods of hell, if I might but reach Him and come to Him.

Rutherford.

Thou, O Christ ! my King, art father-land to me. Strength, wealth, eternal rest ; yea, all I find in Thee.

Gregory of Nazianzum.

'None but JESUS' can avail us either for peace of conscience with reference to *past* transgressions ; peace of heart with reference to *present* circumstances ; or for peace of mind with reference to *future* prospects.

Unknown.

The habit of relying on ourselves is so strong that we cannot break it. But be not downcast, take it to JESUS. He will break it for you, and make you to rely implicitly on Himself ; and the bond will be so clear, so sweet, that, by-and-bye, it will need no 'making,' it will be the simple, needful outpour of a child's love, and needs, and wants, on its Father's bosom. Ah ! rest there always, all through the long weary day. *There* 'the weary are at rest.' You will not need to be reminded, 'I am with you'; but it will be your joy to hear Him say it, and your joy to answer in praying Him to draw you closer and closer, till for ever 'we see Him as He is,' and are made 'like' unto Him. Leaning on Him, all fears and dreads must be stilled. You have one answer for everything—JESUS.

'I am with you Always.'

When JESUS only is all our salvation, and all our desire, then each hour is a page of deepening interest in the book of life.

Anna Shipton.

When temptation arises let us not even try to meet it, but in a moment throw ourselves helplessly back on CHRIST, sending up the cry of the heart, 'Lord, fight for me now,—Lord, undertake for me now.' We cannot tell how He will do it. Sometimes

it may be by turning the battle aside altogether ; sometimes by so covering us with the shield of His love, that we lose sight of everything else. But, in one way or other, He will do it ; let us only trust Him, and He will show us how. *H. Bowman.*

May the power of God preserve me this day ; the wisdom of God instruct me ; the eye of God watch over me ; the ear of God hear me ; the word of God give me sweet talk ; the hand of God defend me.

May Christ be with me ; Christ before me ; Christ after me ; Christ under me ; Christ above me ; Christ on my right hand ; Christ on my left hand ; Christ on this side ; Christ on that side ; Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak ; Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me ; Christ in the eye of every person who looks on me. Amen.—*Prayer of S. Patrick upon his going up to preach to the Irish king and nobles at Tara.*

THE HOLY GHOST.

I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him ; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

S. John xiv. 16, 17.

The Holy Spirit did not come and abide with believers to supply JESU's place when absent, but to make Him present in a nearer and more blessed way.

Unknown.

CHRIST is the door that opens into God's presence, and lets the soul into His bosom ; and faith is the key that unlocks the door ; but the Spirit is He that makes this key, and helps the Christian to turn it in prayer.

Bunyan.

JESUS called His bride a 'Dove,' because His own dovelike Spirit dwelleth in her.

McCheyne.

The staple of spiritual life and godliness consists in a sense ever-abiding of our dependence upon God's indwelling Spirit, combined with a prayerful panting of soul after larger and larger manifestations of the Spirit within us. We tarry on the threshold of our most holy faith until we enter into JESUS, and live upon His breath.

W. H. Hewitson.

When, in thy devotions, thou findest thine attention fixed, thine affections inflamed, and thy heart melted within thee; and when, while the voice of God's minister preaching the saving truths of the Gospel sounds in thine ears, thou art sensible of an inward voice speaking with greater force and efficacy to thy soul, to thine understanding, and thy heart, then thou art sensible of the presence and aid of God's Holy Spirit, whose grace alone is sufficient to every purpose, and whose strength is made perfect in thy weakness.

Bishop Smalridge.

He shall glorify me, for He shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you.

S. John xvi. 14.

'He shall tell you nothing but stories of my love. He shall have an ineffable delight in magnifying Me in the affections of My Church and people, and endearing Me to their hearts; and He is all worthy of credence, for He is the Spirit of Truth.'

Goodwin.



THE SURE WORD



THE SURE WORD.

Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy Name.

Psa. cxxxviii. 2.

In Scripture Christ and the Bible have the same title applied to both : The Word of God.—S. John i. 1, 14.

Christ is the voice of God ; the Bible is the utterance of that Voice, noted down for our instruction, blessing, and comfort by the Inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God.

Compare Rev. i. 16—‘ Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword ’ ; with Hebrews iv. 12—‘ The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.’

Avicula.

The Bible, being the Word of God, is as perfect and unerring as God Himself.

W. S.

We shall find all that God has written of Himself, needful to satisfy the cravings of our soul ; needful to compensate for the exhaustion of a trying pilgrimage.

Unknown.

The whole Word of God is His revelation of Himself unto us, and most precious is it to the soul that receives each word, as if He were saying it ! It thus becomes the medium of direct personal communication and communion, as the poor negro said, ' I open the Book, and God talks to me ; then I shut the Book, and I talk to God.'

A. L. Newton.

Sink the Bible to the bottom of the ocean, and man's obligations to God would be unchanged. He would have the same path to tread, only his lamp and his guide would be gone, he would have the same voyage to make, only his compass and chart would be overlooked.

Beecher.

The Word of God *means what it says*. The Lord nowhere allows us a discretion to put what meaning we please upon His Words.

Unknown.

Christ did not say of His Spirit, but of His *Words, they are* spirit and life.

Luther.

The Holy Ghost, who inspired the writers of Scripture, knows when to speak, and when to be silent. There is inspiration in His silence as well as in His speech.

Wordsworth.

As the hearts of men are attracted by Jesus Christ, as the only Prophet, Priest, and King, their minds are filled with reverence and love for the Scriptures. The Reformation is based upon two principles—Christ only, Christ above all ; and the Scripture only, the Bible above all human authority. Luther found peace for his troubled conscience in JESUS as the righteousness of God. And because JESUS had become all in all to him, he laid such stress on the Bible, where he had found JESUS. It was JESUS who riveted his heart, and it was JESUS, on whose account, and in whom he felt, as he expressed it, wedded to the Bible.

Adolph Saphir.

The Bible is the centre jewel of which creation is the setting.

Beecher.

I find that in reading the Scriptures the great secret is to pray earnestly for God's assistance, that I may be able to understand what I read, and then to apply every word of what I read to myself, and try to feel that it was written for *me*.

Mrs. Jukes.

The words of the Bible, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

Psalms cxix. 105-130.

There is a limit to the revelations of the Bible about futurity, and it were a mental or spiritual trespass to go beyond it. But while we attempt not to be 'wise above what is written,' we should attempt, and that most studiously, to be wise up to that which is written.

Chalmers.

As the clustering constellations shine with intensest lustre in the midnight sky, so these Words of JESUS come out like ministering angels in the deep dark night of earthly sorrow. We may see no beauty in them when the world is sunny and bright; but He has laid them up in store for us against the dark and cloudy day.

Macduff.

Men are greatly relieved when they have at length rid themselves of belief in some unwelcome doctrine, as if facts could be destroyed as easily as opinions. God sees that you are naked and poor, and comes to you with a royal wardrobe and all supplies. Suppose you succeed in proving that there is no food or raiment, you are still poor and naked. What would you think if there were to be an insurrection in a

hospital, and sick man should conspire with sick man, and on a certain day they should rise up and reject the doctors and nurses? There they would be, sickness and disease within, and all the help without! Yet what is a hospital compared to this fever stricken world, which goes swinging on in pain and anguish through the centuries, where men say, 'We have got rid of the atonement, and we are rid of the Bible?' Yes, and you have rid yourselves of salvation.

Beecher.

He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the *Author of nature*, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are in nature.

Origen.

Only they who have received Christ as made for them of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, have received the Scriptures as the Word of God. If the testimony of prophets and apostles centres as well as agrees in this, that in JESUS is forgiveness of sins, and eternal life to all who believe, and that there is no other name given, by which we must be saved, then he who trusts not in 'JESUS only' as his Saviour, *rejects the whole testimony of Scripture*. The expression, 'I believe the Bible,' has no meaning on the lips of such. All it amounts to is this, 'I think those who believe in the truths of Scripture are right! How is it possible if JESUS is the sum and substance, the centre and kernel of Scripture, that there can be a reception of the testimony without a reception of the person of whom it witnesses. In this error we Christians have encouraged the unbelievers, even by our false way of separating the Book from the Lord, and substituting the intellectual sight for that beholding of the heart which is faith. Receive JESUS, and thou receivest not merely the testimony, but thou thyself art an additional seal and witness to the truth of God. What is the truth of God? Ask not 'What?' As they do, who are outside of Judah, in the words of Pilate. Not 'What?' but 'Who?' 'I AM THE TRUTH.'

Adolph Saphir.

It is a great matter when the mind dwells on any passage of Scripture, just to think *how true it is*.

Chalmers.

Infidels have no right to talk to us about the impossibilities of Scripture, while they ask us to believe as scientific and reasonable, such degrading and stupid impossibilities as the 'Descent of man,' from brutes! and how impossible, apparently, were many of those prophecies which *have* been fulfilled!

'Watching at the Gates.'

God's Word is sometimes to us like a magic writing which has faded out and become invisible, and then, at other times the lines re-appear, and it flashes for us with a Divine meaning.

Beecher.

God does not answer individual minds, by special voices, but He has so arranged His Word as to answer all questions thereby. The answer, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' was given to Paul that it need not be particularly repeated to each one of us. God does not now answer us by angelic ministrations, or special prophetic voices, because the Holy Scriptures include all that is necessary to meet individual cases, and are constructed so as to mould the life of later times, by the example of the earlier.

Gregory the Great.

There is in the Bible a word for every trouble and every need. Not one could be spared.

Anna Warner.

Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.

Proverbs vi. 21-23.

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, asked his son-in-law to read to him out of the Book. 'What book?' he asked; and the great man replied, 'There is only one book—the Bible. In the whole world it is called "The Book." All other books are mere leaves—fragments. The Bible is the only complete, perfect book: its light sheds brightness over the grave and into eternity. It is the only Book.'

The Old Testament Scriptures are full of Christ ; and were it but for the circumstance that they are the only writings of which we know that Christ used and loved them, they ought to be most precious to us. Christ's favourite Book ! Christ's only Book ! The Book He always read, always quoted ; His guide and companion during life ; His meditation and comfort in His sufferings and on His Cross. If you love JESUS, you ought dearly to love and diligently to read this Book.

Adolph Saphir.

They who understand God's Word are intelligent listeners to His quietness.

Ignatius.

Scripture brings out the hidden treasures of affliction, even as affliction brings out the hidden treasures of Scripture.

Adolph Saphir.

A book that exposes me to myself—that tells me all that is in my heart—that lays bare the very deepest moral springs of my nature—and that judges me thoroughly, and at the same time reveals to me One who meets my every need—such a book carries its own credentials with it. It craves not, and needs not letters of commendation from man. It stands in no need of his favour, in no dread of his wrath. It has often occurred to us that, were we to reason about the Bible as the woman at Sychar reasoned about our Lord, we should reach as sound a conclusion about *it* as she reached about *Him*. 'Come,' said this simple and happy reasoner, 'see a man which told me all things that ever I did : is not this the Christ?' May we not, with equal force of reasoning, say, 'Come, see a book which told me all things that ever I did : is not this the Word of God?' Yes, truly ; and not only so, but we may argue *à fortiori*, inasmuch as the Book of God not only tells us all that ever we did, but all we think, and all we say, and all we are.—See Rom. iii. 10-18 ; Matt. xv. 19. *C. H. Macintosh*

The Word of God Most High is the fountain of wisdom, and her ways are everlasting commandments.

Eccles. i. 5.

God's words are like God's worlds ; there is such fulness, depth, and completion in them all. *F. Whitfield.*

Search with an humble spirit ; ask in continual prayer ; seek with purity of life ; knock with perpetual perseverance ; and cry to the good Spirit of Christ, the Comforter ; and surely to every such asker it shall be given, such searchers must needs find, to them it will be opened. Christ Himself will open the sense of Scripture, not to the proud or the wise of the world, but to the lowly and contrite in heart. *Archbishop Parker.*

The infidel can raise ten thousand questions, but never settle one. He will teach you how to doubt, but never how to believe. He will lead you to doubt everything, but gives you nothing to believe. Such, beloved reader, is infidelity. It is of Satan, who ever has been, is, and will be, the great question-raiser. Wherever you trace Satan you will always find him raising questions. He fills the heart with all sorts of 'ifs' and 'hows,' and thus plunges the soul in thick darkness. If he can only succeed in raising a question, he has gained his point. But he is perfectly powerless with a simple soul that just believes that GOD IS and GOD HATH SPOKEN. Here is faith's noble answer to the infidel's questions—its Divine solution of all the infidel's difficulties. Faith always brings in the very One that infidelity always shuts out. It thinks with God : infidelity thinks without Him.

Hence, then, we would say specially to the young Christian, never admit questions when God has spoken. If you do, Satan will have you under his foot in a moment. Your only security against him is found in that one impregnable, immortal sentence—'It is written.' It will never do to argue with him on the ground of experience, of feeling, or of observation. It must be absolutely and exclusively on the ground of this—that God is, and that God has spoken. Satan can make no hand of this mighty argument at all. It is invincible. Everything else he can shiver to pieces ; but this confounds him, and puts him to flight at once.

We see this very strikingly illustrated in the temptation of our Lord. The Enemy, according to his usual way, approached the Blessed One with a *question*. 'If thou be the Son of God.'

How did the Lord answer him? Did He say 'I know I am the Son of God; I have had a testimony from the opened heavens, and from the descending and anointing Spirit; I feel—I believe—I realise that I am the Son of God? No; such was not His mode of answering the tempter. How, then? 'It is written.' Such was the thrice repeated answer of the obedient and dependent Man; and such must be the answer of everyone who will overcome the tempter.

C. H. Macintosh.

The godly man will read the Word by *day*, that men seeing his good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven; he will do it in the *nigh*, that he may not be seen of men; by day, to show that he is not one of those who dread the light; by night, to show that he is one who can shine in the shade; by day, for that is the time for working—'Work while it is day'; by night, lest his Master should come as a thief, and find him idle.

Sir Richard Baker.

O how I love Thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

Psa. cxix. 97.

Lord, grant that we may not read Thy Word through our own focus, but with Thy vision.

A Parsee Convert.

I used to please myself with the imagination that by prayer for the Holy Ghost, and reading diligently the lively oracles, I should be able to understand all Scripture, and to give it all one clear and consistent meaning. That it is perfectly consistent, I am very sure; but it is not so to any mortal's apprehension here. We are so proud, that we must have something to humble us, and this is one means to that end. *Henry Venn.*

One verse *explored* is worth many chapters read. Oh, what do we neglect of joy and living communion with a living Father through a living Word, applied by the power of a living Spirit, through the intercession of a living Saviour; while we make the Bible little more than a book of reference—an accessory to our spiritual life—rather than the store to which we repair for continual refreshment and nourishment.

'But there is so little time,' say many, convinced, nevertheless, of the importance of Scripture study. To such we would be inclined to reply, 'Let us make an estimate, with pen, ink, and paper, of the time demanded by pursuits, accomplishments, amusements, social calls, and secular reading belonging to our plan of life, and place beside it what we deem a proportionate amount of time to be bestowed on the only study which is for eternity, for looking into the mind of God, with the promise of His meeting us on the pages of the Word; and let us ask ourselves whether we can kneel down and present that estimate before Him in our redeemed relationship to Him, and in the light of that eternity.' To have that Word as one's 'meditation all the day' does not necessarily involve the renouncing of duties and activities of life to which God has called us for an incessant poring over the Sacred page. But the undercurrent of one's thoughts will be His thoughts. The standard to which everything in the outer life will habitually be brought will be the standard of His Word. The habit of our hearts will increasingly be that of finding in His testimonies our delight and our counsellors. Morning by morning the day's motto will be hung up in our hearts for guidance, help, warning; and to it our thoughts will revert in our comings and goings, in the silences and in the pressure of the day's history. Evening by evening sweet Scripture melodies will chime in our ears, when the day's work is done; and last thoughts will be laid beneath our pillow for the morning's waking.

And increasingly every confidence of our lives will be enshrined in our Bibles. As years go on, memories indissolubly associated with its words of counsel and promise will be laid between its leaves as flowers from which time and change will be powerless to crush out the sweetness. The threads of our inner and of our outer life-histories will ever be intertwined with the golden thread of an unchanging Word: and that three-fold cord shall never be broken. *'All the Day Long.'*

The Bible is my Church. It is always open, and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There, too, I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my praise, and a field of promises; in short, all I can want there I find; and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy—prophets, and martyrs, and confessors.

Charlotte Elliott.

Thy Words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by Thy name, O LORD GOD of Hosts. *Jer. xv. 16.*

The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. *Theodore Parker.*

We must receive through the Scripture in reading what, when the occasion serves, we must prove in suffering.

Gregory the Great.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee. *Psa. cxix. 11.*

As the Scriptures were written by the Spirit of God, so must they be expounded by the same; for without that Spirit we have neither ears to hear, nor eyes to see. It is that Spirit who openeth and no man shutteth; the same shutteth and no man openeth. *Bishop Jewell.*

I have said so much of the Word of God; but, reader, remember the great power is not the Word, but Christ *in* the Word. You may know the Word clearly, intelligently. You may understand all its doctrines, bow to all its requirements, and yet your eyes may be shut—you may never have seen Christ. O for the Spirit's power to draw aside the veil that covers your spiritual vision, and give you one glimpse—just *one*—of JESUS. What a change will come over you! Reader, have you *felt* this? *F. Whitfield.*

We thank God without ceasing, because, when ye received the Word of God, which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe. *1 Thess. ii. 13.*

ALIVE UNTO GOD THROUGH JESUS CHRIST



ALIVE UNTO GOD THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound : that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rom. v. 20, 21.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more, then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.

Rom. v. 8-10.

The soul—a thinking ruin.

Unknown.

I would have you see and know, assuredly, that nothing in or about sin can be—except in the relation of words—‘small’; that sin is, and ever must be, sin, and sin only, sin absolutely, and sin eternally.

Sin is sin in the slenderest rootlet and fibre of it, as really as when it has towered up a giant-trunk, and flung out baneful boughs, and borne accursed fruits. No sin is so ‘small’ that it does not reach upward to God ; so ‘small’ that it does not reach athwart the unutterable breadth of His law ; so ‘small’ that it does not strike downward to hell.

A. B. Grosart.

There is a distinction between the essence given to man in creation and that which is communicated to man in regeneration.

A *natural* man is composed of body and soul. A *regenerate* man is composed of body, soul, and spirit. It is the creation of a perfectly *new* essence which constitutes the *second birth*; in fact it is the Holy Spirit of God. *Unknown.*

If sin required an *Infinite* sacrifice, it must be infinite.

The grain of evil seed hath been sown in the heart of Adam from the beginning. *I Esdras iv. 30.*

All Satan's energies, all his efforts, all his more immediate workings, are concentrated in the human heart, in the heart of every man living who has never yet been truly converted to God. Yes, there is his kingdom; for *there*, under whatever religious or moral aspect, is a '*disobedient*' one, in whom is the 'spirit that now worketh *in* the children of *disobedience*.' What an awful thought, that every unconverted man has the devil *dwelling* in him, *working* in him, and concentrating all his energies on him, to work out his mighty plans in frustrating everything God-like!

Think of this, unconverted reader: the worker within thee—the devil! That much of what you do think and do is excellent and praiseworthy, only shows the more his deceitful working to accomplish his ends. He is the *serpent*, and uses all this. Yes, charity, religion, the form of godliness, the church and chapel—anything and everything, if he can only shut out CHRIST: anything, if he can only keep you from feeling you are a sinner, and from flying to JESUS as your Refuge. Yes, he is all this and a thousand times more. Such, unconverted reader, is the one you have dwelling within you, and with whom, every moment of your existence, you are having to do. O that God would open your eyes! You have no conception of the state you are in, nor can any language of mine make you see it. Only God by His Holy Spirit can do it. *F. Whitfield.*

The presence of God in grace with the individual soul—God *with us*: this is life. The conscious abiding in His presence—*we with God*: this is health. And this is what the Gospel alone proclaims to the world, and the Spirit of God alone can reveal to the heart.

The natural religion of man, whether outwardly developed in a creed or system, or not, consists of the effort of the heart to toil up to God, combined with the struggle of the conscience to interpose something between. These aspirations may vary from the most ingenious corporeal self-torture of the ascetic to the most beneficent works of a refined deism, or the most spiritual exercises and emotions of natural devotion. The path may be made as rough as conscience can dictate, or rich in all the luxury of artistic beauty which warm hearts and poetical fancies can shed upon it; but unless it begins with God, it can never lead to God. The favour of God, and perfect acceptance of the soul by God, is not the end of spiritual life, but its very element and commencement. This is what human systems never teach.

God's religion begins with that to which man's religions tend—the favour and presence of God. Man ends with aspirations; God begins with gifts.

Mrs. Charles.

Earth hath her price for what Earth gives us;
At the devil's mart are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's tasking,
'Tis only GOD that is given away,
'Tis only Heaven may be had for the asking.

Lowell.

My error was in believing that religion consisted in *knowing* apart from realising.

W. Reid.

A truth which holds me in its living grasp is a vastly different thing from a theory which I hold.

H. Groves.

He who promised pardon to the penitent did not promise time for repentance to the sinner.

S. Augustine.

The fallacious reasoning of man's deceitful heart strives to give a glitter to the things of darkness, and *thus*, however glaring the error, however pernicious the doctrine, men shelter themselves and others under a pretended reverence for 'earnestness.' Our lecture-halls teem with such men, who are consciously and unconsciously treading under foot the precious sacrifice of the Son of God. Satan is earnest, and his subjects are in earnest; but when they stand before the Judge of all the earth, the plea that they were verily *in earnest* will not save them. Hell will abound with earnest men. *Anna Shipton.*

It is a solemn thing to say *to-morrow* when GOD says *to-day*; for man's to-morrow and GOD's to-day never meet. The Word that comes from the eternal throne is *now*, and it is a man's own choice that fixes his doom. *Duncan Matheson.*

Many acknowledge that their sins are abominable in the sight of GOD, but few go so far as to confess that their *righteousness* is as filthy rags before Him. *S. A. Blackwood.*

Man's way is to begin with *himself*, and to work his way back to GOD by human reformation or by religious duties. But this always fails to bring the soul the blessing it needs. GOD begins with *Himself*, and comes down to man in all his sin and wretchedness, bringing life to the dead, pardon to the guilty, peace to the troubled; making the rebel a child of GOD, and an heir of glory. And your present distress is just the condition for GOD to reveal Himself to you.—(See S. John iii. 16; Rom. v. 8; 2 Cor. v. 19.) Thus GOD Himself has met His holy requirements by sending His own Son, and GOD Himself has laid all our sins on His head. Thus the trespasses which must for ever have banished us from His presence were imputed to Himself in the person of His Son, and life eternal is His gift to those who receive the Lord JESUS, instead of the wages of sin, which is death. And now the question is not so much what GOD thinks about *sin* as what you think about His *Son*. GOD has settled all about sin: will *you* accept the salvation sent through His Son? *George Brealey.*

Salvation is not the work of the worker upon earth, but the gift of the Giver from heaven. *Dr. Chalmers.*

A man trusting in his own righteousness is like seeking shelter under one's own shadow. The lower we bend, we still find our shadow is beneath us. *A Chinese Convert.*

A THOUGHT ON 'THE SIMPLICITY' OF IT ALL.

2 Cor. xi. 3.

As born of Adam, we were by nature sinners,—unfit for God's presence,—'children of wrath.'—Eph. ii. 3.

GOD could not PASS OVER sin *without* EXACTING *righteousness in respect to it*, for THAT would have been winking at sin.

He *must* vindicate His own character *as One who could not have to do with sin!*

There was but one way! Judgment *must* fall upon it.

If the sinner bore the judgment, he was *for ever* lost! God's love to the sinner did not allow *that*, so He gave His Son, 'the Man CHRIST JESUS' (1 Tim. ii. 5) *to bear the penalty in the sinner's stead.*

Hence JESUS *on the cross* was made sin; was dealt with by God *as such*; bore the curse which was due to *it*; and *this* so completely, so draining 'the cup' (S. John xviii. 4) to the last dregs, as to leave *not a single drop* for those in whose stead He suffered.

By this one act He put away sin! and opened up a channel through which the love of GOD, *consistently with* His righteousness, *could* display itself on our behalf.

GOD's love was ever *there*: but *sin* IN *man* was the barrier to the flowing out of it towards man.

To remove this barrier CHRIST DIED: but as it was 'not possible' (Acts ii. 24) that *He*, the Prince of Life, could be held or detained by death, He, on the third day, *took* His life again, having thus SECURED eternal deliverance, as well as eternal life, for any who 'only believe' (S. Mark v. 36). That He 'died *for them* and rose again' (2 Cor. v. 15).

Certain it is that *such* not only *are*, but *must be*, 'justified from *all things*' (Acts xiii. 39), and wherever such is the case, and the work REAL, the *life* WILL speak for itself, without the aid of the lips, or the constraint of the law.

The new birth of the Spirit consists not in outward reformation, but in *inward* transformation. Outward reformation is the *consequence*, the fruits of the inward transformation.

Unknown.

Dost thou say, 'I cannot believe?' Hast thou asked for faith? Is thy heart hard? Hast thou asked to have it softened? If ye cannot come to CHRIST with broken hearts, come *for* broken hearts, for they are His gift. He will give you all—all that His Gospel demands—for He is Alpha and Omega, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Law and terrors do but harden all the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon will dissolve a heart of
stone.

Unknown.

Faith is only the bunch of hyssop that applies the Blood of CHRIST to us and our spiritual sacrifices. *F. Roberts, 1657.*

GOD in mercy and wisdom prepares His own children by the hammerings of the law, to be built, by faith in JESUS CHRIST, upon the rock of salvation. These legal works are as the needle, to make way for the thread of comfort, as the hewing is before building, and as the earthquake was before the still voice came to Elijah.

W. Colvill, 1655.

I beseech you in the Lord JESUS, beware, beware of unsound work in the matter of your salvation.

Rutherford.

Our Lord, of His mercy, sheweth us our sin and weakness, by the sweet gracious sight of Himself ; for our sin is so black and horrible, that of His goodness He will not shew it to us but by the light of His mercy. It is so terrific, that we could not endure to see it as it is ; so He measureth the sight to us, teaching us the knowledge of ourselves, without which we should not have true meekness, and without this we are not safe.

Julian.

We may learn a profitable lesson from the poor Indian in his wilderness home, who, when asked what the Lord had done for him, gathered some dry leaves into a circle, and, placing a worm in the centre, set them on fire. As the flames drew nearer and nearer, and were about to consume the worm, he lifted it out, and placing it safely on the rock, looked up and said, '*This is what JESUS did for me.*'

O for like simplicity and faith! that we may realise that we must be saved by no works of our own, but by the Omnipotent hand, which alone can rescue us from the everlasting flames, and place us safely on the Rock—CHRIST JESUS.

Unknown.

Faith—grasping CHRIST with the heart.

Unknown.

Blessed are they who can look upon the Saviour, and so instantly feel His goodness and beauty, and be so penetrated by His wondrous love, that, with hardly a thought of self, they run to Him and offer Him themselves. This is the highest form of conversion. Conviction will be sure to be felt by such hearts as these every time the thought of what it is to grieve such a Saviour touches them. And the longer they live, the worse will their own sins, and all sins, look to them. Let no one, then, who has enough conviction to honestly desire to forsake sin, and to understand that in CHRIST lies *all* his help, wait for more, or for a deeper feeling. If you want to come to CHRIST, *come*; don't wait for *anything*. If you can't feel as bad as you want to, don't stop on that account. When you have learned to love GOD, you will feel more than you can ever imagine now.

Beecher.

We shall never *realise* in any other way but by first believing, and then going in faith and casting ourselves upon the power of GOD, just as Peter threw himself over the ship's side and walked on the water.

S. A. Blackwood.

We should keep looking to CHRIST, till the burden falls off our back.

Romaine.

There is in the covenant of grace a salve for every sore.

M. Henry.

I write to thee, poor mourning and broken-hearted believer, be who thou wilt, of the free salvation: CHRIST's sweet balm for thy wounds; oh, poor humble believer: CHRIST's kisses for thy watery cheeks; CHRIST's Blood of Atonement for thy guilty soul; CHRIST's heaven for thy poor soul, though once banished out of Paradise; and my Master shall make good my word ere long.

Rutherford.

The Jew had the advantage over the Christian, in SEEING *the Blood MORNING and EVENING*. When he sinned, he offered up a sacrifice, and *saw* the blood which atoned for his sins.

How little dealing with the BLOOD *morning and evening* is there with the Christian.

Unknown.

Thinking how unworthy, how sinful I am, this other thought came into my mind—'Make yourself as black as you may, you cannot make yourself more than a sinner, and the Gospel is for such as you are—for sinners.'

A. Anderson.

All our doings must be 'because of that which the Lord has done,' and not in order to get anything from Him. Efforts after life and peace prove that we are, as yet, strangers to the power of the Blood; whereas the pure fruits of an experienced redemption are to the praise of Him who has redeemed us.—Eph. ii. 8-10.

God has already prepared a path of good works for us to walk in; and He, by Grace, prepares us to walk therein. It is only as saved that we can walk in such a path. Were it otherwise, we might boast; but seeing that we ourselves are as much God's workmanship as the path in which we walk, there is no room whatever for boasting.

True Christianity is but the manifestation of the life of Christ, implanted in us by the operation of the Holy Ghost, in pursuance of God's eternal counsels of sovereign grace; and all our doings, previous to the implantation of this life, are but 'dead works,' from which we need to have our consciences

purged, just as much as from 'wicked works.' (Heb. ix. 14.) The term 'dead works,' comprehends all works which men do with the direct object of getting life. If a man is seeking for life, it is very evident that he has not yet gotten it. He may be very sincere in seeking it, but his very sincerity only makes it the more obvious that, as yet, he has not consciously reached it. Hence, therefore, everything done in order to get life is a dead work, inasmuch as it is done without life, the life of CHRIST, the only true life, the only source from whence good works can flow. And, observe, it is not a question of 'wicked works.' No one would think of getting life by such. No, you will find, on the contrary, that persons continually have recourse to 'dead works,' in order to ease their consciences, under the sense of 'wicked works,' whereas divine revelation teaches us that the conscience needs to be purged from the one as well as the other.

Again, as to righteousness, we read that 'all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' It is not said that 'all our wickednesses,' merely, 'are as filthy rags.' This would be at once admitted. But the fact is, that the very best fruit which we can produce, in the shape of religiousness and righteousness, is represented on the page of eternal truth, as 'dead works,' and 'filthy rags.' Our very efforts after life, do but prove us to be dead; and our very efforts after righteousness do but prove us to be enwrapped in filthy rags. It is only as the actual possessors of eternal life and divine righteousness, that we can walk in the divinely-prepared path of good works. Dead works and filthy rags could never be suffered to appear in such a path.

C. H. Macintosh.

There are two classes of religionists in the Church: the religionists who love God by trying to do right; and the Christians, who are inspired to do right, by loving God. *Beecher.*

Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of JESUS CHRIST, even we have believed in JESUS CHRIST, that we might be justified by the faith of CHRIST, and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the flesh shall no man be justified.

Gal. ii. 16.

D

Nothing, Lord, that is Thine can suffice me without Thyself, nor can anything that is mine without myself be pleasing unto Thee.

St. Bernard.

Repentance is, properly speaking, *a change of mind*, or a new mind *about* God.

Regeneration is a *change of heart*, or a new heart *towards* God.

Conversion is a *change of life*, or a new life *for* God.

Adoption is a *change of family*, or a new relationship *to* God.

Sanctification is a *change of employment*, or a consecration of *all to* God.

Glorification is a *change of place*, or a new condition *with* God : but

Justification, which is a *change of state*, or a new standing *before* God goes before all, for being '*accepted in the Beloved*,' is the foundation and cause of all, or more properly speaking the '*precious seed*,' from which all the rest spring, blossom, and bear fruit.

Unknown.

True repentance has a distinct reference to the Saviour. When we repent of sin, we must have one eye upon sin and another upon the Cross, or it will be better still if we fix both our eyes upon CHRIST, and see our transgressions only in the light of His love.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Conversion is the revelation of JESUS to the soul.

Anna Shipton.

[ON COMING TO CHRIST, AND ENDEAVOURING TO CLIMB UP
SOME OTHER WAY.

Instead of passing Jordan in God's appointed way, people generally try to build a bridge of their own, composed of many beautiful and apparently trustworthy stones ; hewn with diligence, polished with care, set in their places with regularity, and regarded with much satisfaction. They have many names, and may vary in the order in which they come, according to the taste and ideas of the builder ; but persons avail themselves generally of the same quarry, and the bridges which they build have a great likeness to each other.

The first stone which is laid by them is frequently called '*Turning over a new leaf*,' and it is supposed that this affords a pretty fair foundation; indeed few like to begin without it. The next goes by the name of '*Leaving off old habits*.' Then follow in succession, '*Attention to religious duties*,' '*Not doing anybody any harm*,' '*Doing as we would be done by*,' '*Uprightness in worldly matters*,' '*Kindness to the poor*,' '*Morality*,' '*Amiability*,' '*Attendance at the Lord's Supper*,' '*Prayers*,' '*Fastings*;' and many others of a similar character. No two bridges are exactly alike; that is, the stones of which they are composed vary somewhat in their order, and in their character; but they are alike in two points. First, they have all the same keystone. It occupies the most important place in everybody's plan, and is the part of the bridge on which all rely, to a greater or less extent, for its stability and efficiency. This stone is called '*Doing the best I can*.' It is in great demand, and is invariably made use of by rich and poor, and a great many lay claim to its possession when they have it not; in fact, no bridge was ever built without it, or without the imitation of it, and the most implicit confidence is placed in it. Men of all ages have made use of it. Cain, Saul of Tarsus—in fact, all who trusted in their own works, and went about to establish *their own* righteousness (Rom. x. 3); and in these days it is equally prominent in the schemes of salvation of all who have not learnt that the best they can do is bad. It is remarkable how, when every other prop is taken away, this is clung to with the strongest pertinacity; and how continually it is the case, that when, one by one, a sinner has been shown his fancied merits are but sins, he invariably falls back upon this, and endeavours to settle the matter by saying, 'Well, at any rate, *I am doing the best I can*, and no one can do more than that.' O how seldom is it perceived that no one could enter the good land by *doing* anything! It was by *trusting*, not *trying*, that entrance was to be obtained. It is not the best *we* can do, but the work that God *has done* for us, that opens to us the way of life. Salvation is not by works, or doings, but by faith; for 'he that is entered into His rest hath *ceased from his own works*.'

The other point of resemblance in all human schemes of salvation, or bridges into the good land, is this: that Christ

occupies a certain place in them—that is, in all who profess themselves Christians ; for it is felt by such that He must have some part in the work of their salvation. After much labour in bringing as near to perfection as possible the various ‘good works’ of which their bridge is composed, it is acknowledged that they are, after all, not quite what they ought to be, and that something is still lacking to make the way of their salvation thoroughly trustworthy ; just as any one who was endeavouring to cross the Jordan by the work of his own hands would perceive that the stones which he had laboriously collected and placed in their order yet needed something to bind them together, to give the bridge a certain consistency, and, in fact, to make his bridge perfect. Wherever, therefore, there might be any interstice or vacant space, he would have inserted some material like mortar to fill up such spaces, to smooth over irregularities, and to unite firmly the otherwise disjointed structure.

Thus is it with those who, hard at work to ‘do the best they can’ to ‘get to heaven,’ yet feel conscious that they are not quite what they ought to be ; that there has been many a thing left undone which ought to have been done, and that, somehow or other, the Lord Jesus Christ does not occupy so prominent a place in their scheme as He ought. Wherever, therefore, they perceive that they have come short, the ‘*merits of Jesus Christ*’ are employed to supply the deficiency, to smooth over irregularities, and to give to their imperfect works the finishing touch which will confer that perfection which God requires ; and thus, what with their own efforts and the merits of Christ, they hope that, after all, God will be merciful to them, and take them to heaven when they die.

Is this the case of one who may be reading these pages ? *You cannot be saved.* Christ, and Christ only, is the way ; and if you are mixing up anything of your own, however estimable and fair it may appear, you are not trusting entirely and simply to Him, and you cannot be saved.

It may be that you cannot understand how such ‘good works’ as I have referred to can be excluded from the plan of salvation, when so much is said about them in the Bible. True ; a great deal is said about them, and they have their place, and will be found in the life of every real Christian ; but he must *be* a Christian—that is, *saved* ; he must be in the land of

blessing before he can begin to build the structure of a holy life. An Israelite might build and work as much as possible when once over Jordan ; but his building and working would never help him over. It is '*having escaped*' that we are to 'add to our faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; and to godliness, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity' (2 S. Pet. i. 5-7). The place in which the life of holiness is to be, and can be alone manifested, is there where the soul is conscious of having left behind the waters of judgment, and of having '*passed from death unto life.*'

S. A. Blackwood.

There are some who fancy that believing is a very hard and difficult thing—that it is something they have to *do*, or something they have to *feel* before they can be saved. They think they must try very hard to get their hearts full of faith, and then if they give this faith to JESUS, He will give them salvation in return. But JESUS does not want us to *give* Him anything, He only wants us to *receive* something, to receive *Him*. And what is faith, but just receiving JESUS into our hearts? A young girl was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned. 'Suppose,' her teacher said, 'that JESUS was in this room, what would you do?' 'I would go to Him at once,' she replied. 'And what would you tell Him?' 'That I was a lost sinner.' 'And what would you ask Him?' 'I would ask Him if He would forgive me.' 'And what would JESUS answer?' She hesitated a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all. 'Why,' she said, 'He would answer, Yes.' And simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to Him then and there ; and JESUS said 'YES.'

T. Bishop.

Saving faith brings glory to God, because it brings nothing to Him but poverty, want, and emptiness. Other graces bring some offering. Love brings fire ; repentance brings tears ; obedience brings works ; but poor faith brings nothing but a bare hand and an empty vessel. The poorer any come to God, the more they glorify Him.

Erskine.

All true religion has a *distinct beginning*, and that beginning dates from the time when a sinner stands at Calvary, conscious of his utterly ruined condition, and realizes that truth that Jesus so completely satisfied God for sin, that He could say before He gave up the Ghost, 'It is finished' (S. John xix. 30). The first step in the Christian course is into the 'fountain opened.'

W. Reid.

To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.

Acts x. 43.

CHRIST IS ALL.

Jesus, not on works I rest,
Nor baptismal water trust ;
Through Thy sufferings I am blest,
Through Thy merit owned as just.

'Tis not sacramental bread ;
'Tis not wine my life can be ;
But the Blood which Thou hast shed,
And Thy Body pierced for me.

Thou my Mediator art,
Saviour, Shepherd, Prince, and Friend
Grave Thy Name upon my heart,
Make me love Thee to the end.

Thou art Peace unto the mind ;
Thou art to the hungry Bread ;
Thou art Light unto the blind ;
Thou art Life unto the dead.

Jesus, moved by love divine,
Thou Thy wandering sheep hast sought ;
Henceforth I am wholly Thine,
By Thy Cross and Passion bought.

Hon. Baptist Noel.

I could not find out *what* faith was, or *what* it was to believe and come to CHRIST. I read the calls of CHRIST made to the *wearry* and *heavy-laden*, but could find no way that He directed them to come in. I thought I would gladly come if I knew *how*, though the path of duty directed were ever so difficult. *Here* all failed; none could tell me anything I could do that would bring me to it, but left me as it were with a great gulf between me and CHRIST, without any direction to get through. For I was not yet effectually and experimentally taught, that there could be no way prescribed, whereby a natural man could of his own strength obtain that which is supernatural, and which the highest angel cannot give.

D. Brainerd.

I know not that any fixed standard of feeling is laid down in the Bible. It is not said, if you *feel deeply*, you may go to CHRIST for Salvation. But if you feel your need of Him at all, go and seek His mercy. He does not say, 'Him that cometh to me under a deep sense of sin I will save;' but whosoever will, let him come; and 'him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' You think you must *do* something. And so in one sense you must. But what is the work required? It is not to do this or that, with a view to propitiate God, or to prepare yourself to come to God. 'This is the work of God; that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' Do this, and light will come.

Many persons under conviction of sin, seem to think that the direct road to CHRIST by faith—by simply taking Him at His word—is too short a one. They imagine that they must first get a certain amount of feeling: that the conviction must become so deep as to bear them like a resistless current to CHRIST. But mark! in this state of mind there is evidently a leaven of self righteousness. The deep feeling which they have not, but which they are striving after, is intended to qualify them, in a sense, for acceptance with CHRIST. They think He will be more likely to receive them, and, at any rate, that they will be much more likely to come to Him. Now, the Lord JESUS receiveth sinners, sinners of all classes and descriptions, some with *more* and some with *less* conviction. If you feel yourself to be a sinner, *you* are invited to come. If you feel your *need* of Him, that is the fitness He requires. What if you

have a heart like a rock of ice? still wait not for *nature* to soften it; attempt not to soften it yourself; but go to Jesus, who alone can melt it into contrition. A view of Him on the Cross is the surest way to convert that heart of stone into a heart of flesh.

Unknown.

Your sins, however great, are pardonable. There is enough value in one drop of the Saviour's blood to atone for them all.
1 S. John i. 7.

JESUS has interposed and filled the great gulf which yawned between the sinner and his righteous Judge. His Blood has paved the crimson way; His Cross has bridged each stream; His Person is the highway for those who would draw near to God.

C. H. Spurgeon.

God does not accept you on the ground of a broken heart, or a clean heart, or a praying heart, or a believing heart. He accepts you wholly and entirely on the ground of the atonement of His Blessed Son.

W. Reid.

Whatever our guiltiness be, yet when it falleth into the sea of God's mercy it is but like a drop of blood fallen into the great ocean.

Rutherford.

Give up self, give up self-hope, be in utter despair of anything you can do, and now, whether you sink or swim, throw yourself into the sea of CHRIST's love: rest in Him and you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you from His hands.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Oh! how sweet a thing is it to give CHRIST His hands full of broken arms and legs, and disjointed bones. Be not afraid for little grace. Our spilt works, losses, deadness, coldness, wretchedness, are the ground which the good Husbandman laboureth.

Rutherford.

I fall heavily into Thine arms, with all my weights. Thou wilt sustain.

Ruth Bryan.

Believing on the Son of God is simply *looking* at JESUS with the eye of faith. *Unknown.*

Once I went to JESUS and gave myself fine airs, fancying if He were something, so was I ; if He had merit, so had I. I used Him as a healthy man will use a walking staff—lean an ounce upon it, and vapour with it in the air. But now He is my whole crutch. No foot can stir a foot without Him. He is my All, as He ought to be if He will become my Saviour, and bids me cast all my care on Him. My heart can have no rest unless it leans upon Him wholly, and then it feels His peace. But I am apt to leave my resting place, and when I ramble from it my breast will quickly brew up mischief. Some evil temper now begins to boil ; or some care would fain perplex me ; or some idle wants to please me ; or some deadness or lightness creeps upon my spirit, and communion with my Saviour is withdrawn. When these thorns stick in my flesh I do not try, as heretofore, to pick them out with my own needle, but I carry all my complaints to Jesus, casting every care on Him. His office is to save, and mine to look to Him for help. If evil tempers arise, I go to Him as some demoniac ; if deadness creeps upon me, I go as a paralytic ; if dissipation comes, I go as a lunatic ; if darkness clouds my face, I go as a Bartimeus, and when I pray, I always go as a leper, crying, as Isaiah did, ‘unclean, unclean.’

John Berridge, 1716, 1756-1793.

Whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thine own conscience : wheresoever, O Lord, I go, I find Thee ; what way have I but to fly from Thee to Thee ? *Augustine.*

By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.

You object that you *cannot believe*. You are, as this indicates, proceeding in a wrong direction ; you are still labouring under the idea that this believing is a *work* to be *done* by you, and not the acknowledgment of a *work done* in you *by another*. One great part of the Spirit's work is not to enable the man to

do something which will help to save him, but so to detach him from his own performances, that he shall be content with the salvation which CHRIST finished when He died and rose again. Not satisfaction with your own faith, but satisfaction *with JESUS and His work.* *Unknown.*

The tear of *repentance* falls from the eye of *faith* alone. They shall look on Him whom they pierced, and then shall they mourn. *M. Rainsford.*

Saving faith is to believe the Word of God, so as to act upon it. *Unknown.*

There are none truly humble, but those who have a sense of God's mercy in CHRIST JESUS. *Romaine.*

JESUS ONLY.

How encouraging are the invitations in the Bible to come to Christ and be saved! We read of some who came, who doubted His *willingness*, but believed in His *power*; of another who doubted His *power*, but reposed in His *willingness*. We read of some who asked *earnestly*, and of others who *never uttered* a word, but only *touched* the hem of His garment. We read of the bruised reed, the smoking flax, the *little* faith, and the *strong*. Yet *all* had their need supplied—*none* sent away. And what do all these varied and expressive figures teach us? Just this—that it was not *the way* in which they came that was of any moment; it was that *they came*, and came to JESUS. Their *believing* was not what it ought to have been; their *asking* was not what it ought to have been; their *coming* was not as it ought to have been: all was faulty; yet Jesus sent none away.

Yet how often do we hear people say, 'I am afraid I have not *come*, or *believed*, or *asked*, as I ought.' This is quite true: all is faulty. But it is not your *coming* rightly, or *believing* rightly, or *asking* rightly that saves you. It is JESUS—JESUS only. You are making a Saviour of *these* instead of *Christ*. The Lord says—'He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life.' Look not at these, but at Christ, and believe. 'Only believe.'

But you say, 'I *do* believe, yet I cannot *feel* that all my sins are forgiven, and that I have eternal life.' Now, you are making a *Saviour* of your *feelings*. You would *believe* what God says if you could only *feel*. Does not this show that you do *not* believe? The Lord Jesus does not say, if you *feel* it you have everlasting life, but if you *believe* it. Here is your stumbling-block ; you do not *believe* Him. If you would only *believe* first, you would *feel* afterwards ; that is *God's* way. You want to *feel* first, then you will *believe* ; this is *your own* way. You will never have peace till you reverse the order. 'Only believe.'

'But I cannot believe that I *have now* eternal life, because I *have been* and I *am* such a sinner.' Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners* : and it is just because you *are* a sinner that you are invited. Your sinfulness is your *plea* for the Saviour's mercy. You could have no warrant whatever to ask eternal life if you were *not* what you are—a sinner. Perhaps you think within yourself, 'Well, if I were only *better* than I am I could believe it.' You would *believe* if you were *better* ! You would be more pleased with *yourself* if you were *better*. Is not this self-righteousness ? God's desire is to make you *displeased* with *yourself*, in order that, looking away from yourself to Jesus, you may be *pleased only with Him*. 'Only believe.'

'But my faith, my prayers, my love, my holiness, how cold, how sinful, how dead they are !' You wish you were better, don't you ?

Now, honestly ask your own heart *why* do you wish this ? 'Why, if they were *better* I should be much more *satisfied* with myself.' Oh, what self-righteousness ! God's design all through life is to make you more *dissatisfied* with yourself, and more satisfied with Christ and His work *for you*. It is this ever-deepening sense of your own sinfulness that will *alone* drive you out of yourself to look at Jesus. The more sinful you see *yourself* to be, the more precious will *Christ* appear ; the less precious *Christ* appears, the more will you become satisfied with yourself. Look to Jesus.

Perhaps you say in despair, 'What am I to *do* ? I have not peace.' Do nothing ; only believe. Christ has *done* all. He has *done* the work of salvation ; and *done* it for *you*. 'Only believe.' A father sends a letter full of good news to his child. What will make the child glad and happy ? Simply *believing* it.

God your Father has sent *you* a message : 'He that believeth on Me *hath everlasting life*.' What will make *you* glad and happy? Simply *believing* it. Salvation does not consist in *feeling* certain influences on the soul, but in *believing* the Spirit's testimony of Christ in the Word of God. It is the Spirit of God shewing to the soul the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

But is it not *presumption* for any man to say that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin : ' to say, in other words, that he stands before God free from every charge of sin ? A man is not called *presumptuous* because when God tells him the world was drowned by a flood, he *believes* it ; and yet, if a man *on the same testimony* believes that he has the pardon of his *sins*, and acknowledges it, he is called *presumptuous* ! Is not this inconsistent ?

In both cases it is simply the testimony of God's Word. Only believe that testimony, and you *have* eternal life. Remember, however, that this is no mere *head* knowledge. Thousands there are all around you who have this *intellectual* belief, and are still *unbelievers*. 'The devils believe and tremble,' and their *intellectual* belief is no better. It is the work of the Spirit of God : of Him only. He goes before the Lord, in every case of *real* conversion to God, to *prepare* His way. He first makes the heart *dissatisfied* with itself. He creates a desire to *come* to Jesus ; to *believe* in Jesus, to *pray* to Him ; and to *strive* after holiness. Then He makes that heart dissatisfied with its coming, its believing, its praying, and its striving, until it sees no *goodness* in any of these things. Thus does the Spirit of God take from under the soul every prop on which it would lean. Then He presents Jesus to it ; His finished work *for* it ; His righteousness to *cover* it ; His love to *preserve* it to the end. And all this without anything in the sinner to merit it. Thus, by turning his eye away from *itself* to *Jesus*, does He bring peace to the soul. And the *first* words as well as the *last* which the Spirit of God utters to that soul, the echo of which is to ring in its ears for ever, is—Look off from yourself unto Jesus—to Jesus only.

Reader, has He done this for *you* ?

F. Whitfield.

He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. *Isa. liii. 5.*

Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.

Isa. lxxv. 22.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

S. John i. 29.

There is Life for a Look at the Crucified One,
There is Life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Oh ! why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on JESUS *thy* sins were not laid ?
Oh ! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing Blood,
If His dying *thy* debt hath not paid ?

It is not *thy* tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the BLOOD that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the Cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
Then, why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?

Thou art healed by His stripes—wouldst thou add to the word?—
And He is thy Righteousness made ;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on :
Oh ! couldst thou be better arrayed ?

Then doubt not thy pardon, since GOD has declared
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world HE appeared
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from JESUS at once
The Life Everlasting He gives ;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since JESUS, thy Righteousness, lives.

There is Life for a Look at the Crucified One,
 There is Life *at this moment* for thee ;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
 And know thyself spotless as He. A. M. Hull.

A single look rids of all fears but the fear of doing evil.
Vincl.

Faith is the soul's outward, not inward, look. The object on which faith fixes its eye is, not the heart's ever-varying frames, but the never-varying Christ. Hewitson.

If an Israelite had been asked as to his enjoyment of peace, would he have said, 'I know there is no other way of escape but by the blood of the lamb, and I know that that is a divinely perfect way ; and, moreover, I know that the blood has been shed and sprinkled on my doorpost, but somehow I do not feel quite comfortable. I am not quite sure if I am safe ; I fear I do not value the blood as I ought, nor love the God of my fathers as I ought.' Would such have been his answer? Assuredly not. And yet hundreds of professing Christians speak thus when asked if they have peace. They put their thoughts about the blood, in place of the blood itself, and thus, in result, make salvation as much dependent upon themselves as if they were to be saved by works.

Now the Israelite was saved by the blood *alone*, and not by his thoughts about it. His thoughts might be deep, or they might be shallow ; but deep or shallow, they had nothing to do with his safety. He was not saved by his thoughts or feelings ; but by the blood. God did not say 'when *you* see the blood, I will pass over you.' No ; but 'when *I* see.' What gave an Israelite peace was the fact that Jehovah's eye rested on the blood. This tranquillized his heart. The blood was outside and the Israelite inside, so that he could not possibly see it ; but God saw it, and that was quite enough.

The application of this to the question of a sinner's peace is very plain. Christ having shed His blood as a perfect atonement for sin, has taken it into the presence of God and sprinkled it there; and God's testimony assures the believer that everything is settled on his behalf. All the claims of justice have been fully answered; sin has been perfectly put away, so that the full tide of redeeming love may roll down from the heart of God, along the channel which the sacrifice of Christ has opened for it.

To this truth the Holy Ghost bears witness. He ever sets forth the fact of God's estimate of the Blood of Christ. He points the sinner's eye to the accomplished work of the Cross. He declares that all is done; that sin has been put far away and righteousness brought nigh—so nigh, that it is 'to all them that believe.' Believe what? Believe what God says, because He says it; not because they feel it.

'The True Ground of Peace.'

Peace through the Blood of His Cross.

Col. i. 20.

It is not being better in your own esteem, it is being utterly undone in your own esteem, which will make you ready for CHRIST.

C. H. Spurgeon.

There is no condition for receiving salvation, but an empty hand to receive CHRIST.

Usher.

Faith is, taking Christ at His word, and flinging self to the winds.

Hewitson.

A child was asked, 'What will you do when you die and are called upon to appear before the Judgment Seat of God; to answer for all the sins done here upon earth?' Her face glowed with emotion as she replied, 'CHRIST died for sinners. I will hide behind Him. God will not look at me. He will look at CHRIST.'

Beautiful thought ! to hide behind CHRIST, to lose ourselves in Him, and casting aside our own impure works, to rest solely and entirely upon His finished work for salvation.

M. E. D.

There is a remedy for your *helplessness* : ask the Lord JESUS to open the door for Himself and come in. And He will come in.

Duncan Matheson.

The more entire our dependence on free grace, the greater is our joy and peace in believing.

Hewitson.

The Holy Spirit turns our eyes entirely away from self. He tells us we are nothing, but that 'CHRIST is all, and in all.' Remember, therefore, it is not *thy* hold of CHRIST that saves thee, it is CHRIST ; it is not *thy* joy in CHRIST that saves thee, it is CHRIST ; it is not even *faith* in CHRIST, though that be the instrument, it is CHRIST's Blood and merits ; therefore, look not so much to thy hand with which thou art grasping CHRIST, as to CHRIST ; look not to thy hope, but to JESUS, the source of thy hope ; look not to thy faith, but to JESUS the author and finisher of thy faith. We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings, or our feelings. It is what JESUS is, not what *we* are, that gives rest to the soul. If we would at once overcome Satan, and have peace with God, it must be by 'looking unto JESUS.' Keep thine eye on Him ; let His death, His sufferings, His merits, His glories, His intercession, be fresh upon thy mind.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The Spirit's work is always known by the exaltation of the Saviour, and the abasement of the creature. For in no other does He ever act.

F. Whitfield.

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever will not.

Beecher.

'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (S. John iii. 16). Whatsoever I am, God is not to be taken as unfaithful to His promise. *I am a portion*

of the world, wherefore if I take not this gift as mine, I make God untrue. *W. Reid.*

Faith takes possession of what God gives. *Unknown.*

Faith is the eye of the soul, and the eye is said to see almost every object but itself ; so that you may have real faith without being able to discern it. God will not despise the day of small things. Little faith goes to heaven no less than great faith ; though not so comfortably, yet altogether as surely. If you come merely as a sinner to JESUS, and throw yourself, at all events, for salvation on His alone blood and righteousness, and the Grace and promise of God in Him, thou art as truly a believer as the most triumphant saint that ever lived. Amidst all your weakness, distresses, and temptations, remember that God will not cast out nor cast off the meanest and unworthiest soul that seeks salvation only in the name of JESUS CHRIST the Righteous. When you cannot follow the Rock, the Rock shall follow you, nor ever leave you for a single moment on this side the heavenly Canaan. If you feel your absolute want of CHRIST you may on all occasions, and in every exigence, betake yourself to the covenant-love and faithfulness of God for pardon, sanctification, and safety, and with the same fulness of right and title as a traveller leans upon his own staff, or as a weary labourer throws himself upon his own bed, or as an opulent nobleman draws upon his own banker for whatsoever sum he requires. *Toplady.*

There is no fear that pleaseth God but reverent fear (1 S. John iv. 18, 19), and that is tender and maketh us flee from all that is not good, and fall upon our Lord's breast as a child into his mother's arms, with all our heart and with all our mind ; knowing our own feebleness. and our great need, and His everlasting goodness and blessed love, seeking unto Him only for salvation, and cleaving to Him with faithful trust. None other fears are true, though they may come under the colour of holiness. The *more* we trust, and the firmer we trust, the more we please and glorify the Lord, in whom we trust (1 S. John v. 10, 15). *Julian, 1326.*

E

I pray you, any of you who are conscious of great derelictions of duty, and wanderings of heart, do not ask Moses to lead you back to CHRIST; he knows the way to Sinai's flames but not to Calvary's pardoning blood. Go to CHRIST Himself at once. If you go to the law and begin to judge yourself, if you get the notion that you are to undergo a sort of spiritual quarantine, that you must pass through a mental purgatory before you may renew your faith in the Saviour, you are mistaken. Come just as you are, hardened, cold, dead as you feel yourself to be, come even so, and believe in the boundless love of God in CHRIST JESUS. Then shall come the deep repentance; then shall come the brokenness of heart; then shall come the holy jealousy, the sacred hatred of sin, and the refining of the soul from all her dross; then, indeed, all good things shall come to restore your soul and lead you in the paths of righteousness. Do not look for these first; that would be looking for the effects before the cause. The great cause of love in the restored backslider must still be the love of God to him, to whom he clings with a faith that dares not let go its hold.

C. H. Spurgeon.

We find the heart to be deceitful; so much so, that we can never get to the bottom of it. But who told us it was so desperately wicked? Did not the Spirit show us this, and is it not He who makes us confess our vileness? Blessed be God, JESUS is our Saviour, to save us from these hearts of sin; and those who feel the plague of their own hearts the most, may rejoice that they have the most need to go to CHRIST, the most need to make use of Him, and to live on Him; to be weary of looking within in the expectation of finding themselves better; rather to be ever looking unto JESUS, and with this Scripture answering every charge Satan can bring against us—'It is Christ that died, who is he that condemneth?'

Mrs. Jukes.

God never yet put out a dim candle that was lighted at the Sun of Righteousness.

Charnock.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Is it because I am afraid of ridicule and of what others may say of me?

‘Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My Words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed’—*S. Luke ix. 26.*

Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

‘Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.’—*Rom. xiv. 12.*

Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

‘What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’—*S. Mark viii. 36.*

Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?

‘Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.’—*S. John vi. 37.*

Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

‘The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’—*I S. John i. 7.*

Is it because I am afraid I shall not ‘hold out?’

‘He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.’—*Phil. i. 6.*

Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God will be satisfied with that?

‘Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’—*S. James ii. 10.*

Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

‘Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.’—*Prov. xxvii. 1.*

Remember now thy Creator *in the days of thy youth*, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. *Eccles. xii. 1.*

Suppose you have a beautiful rose which you wish to give to a beloved friend, will you give it when the bud is just opening and bursting into beauty? or when it is in full bloom, and dust has gathered on it? or when the rain has wetted it? or when the sun has shone on it, till it is beginning to dry up and shrivel? or will you wait till the leaves begin to fall, and little remains but the bare stalk? Don’t you all say, ‘Ah! I will give it in the bud, and then my friend will put it in water, and

it will open gradually and bloom long.' So let it be with your heart. Give it to CHRIST while it is yet a *young* heart.

J. Milne.

CHRIST beginneth young with many, and stealeth into their heart ere they wit of themselves, and becometh homely with them, with little din or noise.

Ye will not find out all the nicks and steps of CHRIST's way with the soul, do what ye can ; for sometimes He will come in stepping softly, like one walking beside a sleeping person, and step to the door, and let none know He was there.

Rutherford.

The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind offering and unfolding itself to the influence of Divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

Lady Jane Smith.

Not only did God call us, and give us His Word, but He also by it, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, engendered faith in our hearts, that it might be to us like arms and hands wherewith to embrace JESUS CHRIST with all His riches and blessings, and thus brought us to Him.

Juan Perez, 16th cent.

I believe that the smallest thought of evil in the children of God was atoned for by the Lord JESUS CHRIST. Oh, yes! indeed it was ; for if all my debts were paid save one mite, for that mite I should be cast into hell.

Mrs. Jukes.

Sin must not make me hide myself and my case from the sin-bearer. That were the way to let sin grow strong, and give Satan an advantage. I must walk openly with my beloved, in my worst moments, as well as in my best.

R. Bryan.

I ken verra weel that a human faith can receive a human testimony ; but dinna ye ken it needs a Divine faith to receive a Divine testimony ?

J. Maitland.

Humility does not consist in a reiteration of our sins, or in bemoaning the bondage from which JESUS CHRIST died to deliver us. The truest humility is the faith of the little child, conscious of its helplessness and ignorance, it leans confidently on the father's heart, and watches for a sign of his will; so, with his hand clasped within the strong one of love, should the child of God trust in the wisdom of Him to whom darkness and light are both alike.

Anna Shipton.

ASSURANCE.

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may KNOW that ye have eternal life.

I S. John v. 13.

Justification *realized* is the great vantage ground in striving after personal holiness; and a happy consciousness of acceptance in the Beloved is the great incentive to true obedience. He who joys in God his Saviour cannot fight against his Divine Friend. The Blood of JESUS brings purity in bringing peace. Grasping pardon, you grasp holiness. He who receives JESUS receives His Spirit. Love springs from faith; and he who realises most assuredly his standing in grace, walks most steadily in fellowship, works most cheerfully in obedience, and lives most freely in the liberties of holy joy.

J. Macpherson.

If Christians could but see that all their high joys do not exalt them, and all their low despondencies do not really depress them in their Father's sight, but that they stand accepted in One who never alters, in One who is always the Beloved of God, always perfect, always without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, how much happier they would be, and how much more they would honour the Saviour! Rejoice, then, believer, in this: thou art 'accepted in the Beloved.' Thou lookest within, and thou sayest, 'There is nothing acceptable *here*.' But look at CHRIST, and see if there is not everything acceptable *there*. Thy sins trouble thee; but God has cast thy sins behind His back, and thou art accepted in the Righteous One. Thou hast to fight with corruption, and to wrestle with temptation; but thou art already accepted in Him

who has overcome all the powers of evil. The devil tempts thee: be of good cheer, he cannot destroy thee, for thou art accepted in Him who has broken Satan's head. Know by full assurance thy glorious standing. Even glorified souls are not more accepted than thou art. They are only accepted in heaven 'in the Beloved,' and thou art even now accepted in CHRIST after the same manner. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

We should have such a vital connexion with CHRIST, and such intimate fellowship with Him, as will exclude all surmisings as to our acceptance. *Unknown.*

I cannot agree in thinking it presumption in many Christians to feel assured of their reaching heaven whenever it may please God to call them; for I think many parts of Scripture bear them out in saying so; *e.g.*, our Saviour says, 'He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life' (S. John vi. 47; 2 Cor. v. 1-9; 2 Tim. iv. 18; Phil. i. 6). Just see what assurance Job possessed, in chap. xix. 25, 26. I know and have read of many Christians who feel quite certain that nothing shall ever sever them from the love of CHRIST. They feel that it is not humility to say they are afraid of going to hell; but that they *deserve* to go there, and are only saved from this death by the infinite love of a Saviour, who saw them hurrying down the broad road, and about to fall over the precipice, when He drew them back by the gentle cords of His love, and led them into the narrow way. And they believe, too, the same Saviour's words—'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

Mrs. Jukes.

As well clip the eagle's wings to make it mount, as doubt in order to increase our grace. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

To a desponding believer he said, 'What would you sell your hope for?' 'I would not sell my hope for worlds,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said he, 'you are very rich and need not droop.' 'Oh, but I am so dead!' said another. 'I never heard the dead complain in that way,' was his reply.

Duncan Matheson.

'Underneath are the everlasting arms' to sustain us, and to raise us above the storm of fiery corruptions that rage within us. *This*, however fierce, can never drive the Lord's redeemed ones from His bosom. True it is ; we cannot keep ourselves there. We should, and the Lord shows us that we do soon get tired and weary of striving and praying, and a 'dead calm' would soon be the grave of all our hopes, did not JESUS uphold us. Fear not, then, the Lord is your Keeper ; His strength is just suited to your perfect weakness ; and think not He can forget you in your inmost need. Is He not, even now, engaged in your behalf before His Father's throne? and does He not Himself assure you that He has prayed for you that your faith fail not? You may doubt of your own strength in keeping you to the end, but never doubt either the power or the willingness of your JESUS to keep you. Surely His own glory would be tarnished if one of the least of His jewels was snatched from His crown. Never forget that CHRIST died for *persons*; that you were in His thoughts at that hour; that He then redeemed you from all that depth of sin and guilt which you are now made, by the Revealing Spirit, to see and feel.

We want to *know* the love of CHRIST. JESUS is before the Throne, praying that we may ; and we may know it is so, because His Spirit within us is praying to the same effect. The prayer is heard and answered, even by means of those very enemies which are driving us with irresistible force to our only Refuge, and thus causing us to know CHRIST as our Deliverer, and to make us take the crown off all our graces to cast it at His feet, while we sing 'Worthy is the Lamb.' *Mrs. Jukes.*

I am glad when any one begins to find it difficult to be good, because I know then the Spirit of God has begun to put the 'enmity.' God is keeping His promise, and has begun a good work in that heart. Before it was friends with the devil.—*Phil. i. 6.*

Vaughan.

Perhaps you are ready to say, 'I am afraid I am not a child of God, because I am so dull and lifeless, my prayers are so cold and dead, and I am so heavy and careless under ordinances.' This is the method God takes to make you discon-

tented with yourself, your duties and performances, and to make you look at CHRIST as your all. *Romaine.*

It is our Lord's office to save us ; it is His praise to do it ; and it is His will that we *know* it ; for He would have us love Him sweetly, and trust in Him meekly and confidently. And this He sheweth in those gracious words, 'I keep thee full surely,' for He, manifesting His blessed wisdom, power, and love, keepeth us as tenderly, as sweetly, and, touching our *salvation*, as *surely*, in the times of frailty, and falling, and woe, as He doth when we are in the greatest peace and comfort.

Julian.

A child of God may be tossed, by reason of corruption and temptation, on a troubled sea ; but that ship shall never be wrecked, whereof CHRIST is the Pilot, the Scriptures the compass, the promises the tacklings, hope the anchor, faith the cable, the Holy Ghost the winds, the holy affections the sails.

Unknown.

Instead of asking to be forgiven, and taught, and made a child of God, I ought to ask for faith to believe that it is true already ; for faith to accept of all these things as so many covenant blessings really ours.

A. L. Newton.

Don't attempt to believe that you believe ; rather give diligence to believe, and the assurance will spring up of itself. Let me be looking to JESUS, if possible, every hour ; for every look will not only give relief, but also supply strength to resist in the next hour.

A. Anderson.

There must be *absolute* dependence *upon* CHRIST for HOLINESS of HEART and LIFE, just as for the forgiveness of sins.

Unknown.

ALIVE UNTO GOD THROUGH JESUS CHRIST. 73

CHRIST JESUS OF GOD IS MADE UNTO US SANCTIFICATION.

I Cor. i. 30.

Jesus is our complete salvation. He does not justify, and then leave us to work out our own sanctification. He gives all, and freely. Jesus bought all for us. He wrought out all in the twelve hours of His long, toilsome day—by His own meritorious works; and this is His reward, that we receive all freely, as His gift. It is our little knowledge of Jesus that makes us so slow to believe. The more we know Him, the more simply and believingly will we accept of His free gifts. *Hewitson.*

The righteousness of the saints is not CHRIST *for them*, but CHRIST *in them*. We are called upon to die daily to all of earth, and flesh, and self, and sin, that CHRIST may be formed in us, and that His life may be manifested by us.

R. Aitken, died July 11, 1873.

The Christian's ideal can only be CHRIST. We are to be satisfied with nothing short of holiness, a condition of complete separation from evil, and freedom from the guilt and power of sin, entire subjection to the will of God, uninterrupted walking in the light. Then the results will be unbroken fellowship, because by the grace and power of God we are kept in a state of realized consecration. *Unknown.*

A look at JESUS purifies; but it is the continued looking, the sustained faith, that keeps us pure, and unto this what diligence and exercise of soul is needful! *C. Hargrove.*

Come to the Blood of JESUS to have sin pardoned, then come to the Arm of JESUS to have it subdued. *Romaine.*

I wonder that any Christian can be content while a single stain of sin remains on the conscience, unwashed by the Blood. The necessity of daily washing is of primary importance, and indispensable to holiness. When the believer washes daily,

the very repetition of the act keeps the conscience sensitive to sin.

Hewitson.

However I may change and vacillate, it is my real solid comfort to rest upon the words 'JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Oh, is it not wonderful to think of God seeing us only through JESUS! Not as we are in our own selves, but in Him. Indeed I believe it is one of the hardest things to learn, that in ourselves we never get better. We are never anything but sinners on to the very end of the journey; but we keep on learning more and more of CHRIST, and so get happier and happier in Him. And no matter what evil we find in ourselves, we are only increasingly driven to hide in Him.

A. L. Newton.

The further Christian men advance in the Divine life, the deeper insight do they gain into their own unworthiness; for everyone is revealed to himself when he becomes enlightened by contact with the true light. In learning what holiness is, he learns also what guilt is.

Gregory the Great.

'I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my heart, than ever I had before my conversion. My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, swallowing up all thought and imagination. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. When I look into my heart, and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deeper than hell. And yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small and faint; it is enough to amaze me that I have no more sense of my sin. I have greatly longed of late for a broken heart, and to lie low before God.'

Such, after many years of earnest labour in the Gospel, was the experience of that devoted man, President Edwards, in the last century, a minister of Christ who was more blessed than any man of his days, and whose ministry was so owned of God that the whole town of Northampton, in New England, consisting of 4,000 or 5,000 people, was awakened by his preaching, and it seemed at the time as if not one soul had been left unconverted.

Sprinkle the conscience afresh every day with the Blood of CHRIST ; this will not only deliver you from the guilt of sin, but it will also deliver you from the love of sin. *Romaine.*

As faith is kept, by the Spirit, in continued actings upon CHRIST, there will be much emptying, purging, and purifying ; not making the flesh better, but purifying from the flesh, and purging from dead works ; the old nature will remain what it was, not a whit improved, but it will have starvation ; for I am quite certain that, as faith is feeding upon CHRIST, there will be more flesh-denying and crucifying than in any other way.

In Jer. xi. 15, 'holy flesh' is spoken of. It seems to be explained by Lev. xxvii. 9, 10, 21, and last clause of v. 28, from which we see that a thing is holy because it is devoted to the Lord, without any real intrinsic holiness of its own. Would that I could express all the fulness and beauty I see here ; but I cannot. It is partly thus : the spouse of CHRIST is His, in her body as well as spirit, for He has redeemed her body, though it is now the subject of sin. When CHRIST is revealed in the soul, and we are brought into liberty, finding to Whom we belong, and what He has done for us, we are led to devote ourselves wholly to the Lord, not expecting our flesh to become righteous (*i.e.* when in our right mind), but giving it to JESUS, earnestly craving that it may be the instrument of His glory ; and, like the Gibeonites, devoted to be 'a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the house of my God.'

This being the case, my flesh is not my own, but the Lord's ; doubly so—His by purchase (1 Cor. vi. 20), and His by a loving and entire surrender (Rom. xii. 1), being made willing thereto in the day of His power ; and thus it is holy (not righteous), being dedicated to the Lord (Lev. xxvii. 28), either for doing or suffering, and, most assuredly, for crucifixion (Gal. v. 24). Being brought to this state, my proper and only legitimate life is that of faith on, by, and for the Son of God, who is that Holiness in which I see the Lord, and whose glory is now to be the object of my constant pursuit. Nor am I to choose whether it shall be promoted by my passing through the fire or through the water ; lying down in green pastures, or tossing in the foaming billows ; eating rich fruits, or keeping solemn fasts ; circumstances and feelings must all be considered

as secondary and subservient to the glory of JESUS by me. Here seems the 'holy flesh' (not holiness of the flesh), entirely set apart to the service of that Master to whom it belongs (2 Tim. ii. 21). Now, after this, if I draw back, and, through self-love, seek to spare the flesh from suffering, or seek self-honour, self-ease, or self-satisfaction, then shall I know experimentally, what it is to have the 'holy flesh' pass from me, *i.e.*, the devoted thing employed to an unlawful use. *R. Bryan.*

Believers in JESUS should dread nothing so much as leaving their first love, and backsliding in *heart*. All declensions begin in the heart and in the closet. *Unknown.*

Satan's opportunity is a soul off its guard. *Hewitson,*

Practical holiness, though not the *basis* of our salvation, is intimately connected with our enjoyment thereof. If ~~we~~ are saved *by grace* we are saved *to holiness*. *C. H. Macintosh.*

To have a conscience void of offence towards God, it must be washed in the Blood of JESUS; and to maintain a quiet conscience towards man, the soul must be filled with that love which flows from a sense of CHRIST'S love to us.

Mrs. Jukes.

As the anointing oil was put upon Aaron and his sons, so must CHRIST'S followers be holy, for they are made kings and priests unto God and His Father. There was not a finer oil for the high priest than for the common priests; so there is only one holiness for CHRIST and for Christians. There is a difference in measure, but none in kind. We are, so to speak, *Christed* with CHRIST. We are made partakers of His Spirit as well as of His thoughts or of His mind. *Donald Fraser.*

It is as true of the meanest and weakest believer in the Lord JESUS CHRIST, as it is of the greatest saint among us, that this is our portion: all the fulness that is laid up of God in CHRIST, 'and of that fulness have we all received, and grace for grace.' Who realizes it? What I want is the faith to go into this fulness, and draw upon this fulness, and use this fulness, and abound in this fulness, and go forth in the plenitude of this fulness—to be a Christ-like Christian. *M. Rainsford.*

HOLINESS.

Prayers for Holiness.	Commands to be Holy.	How to be Holy.
Heb. xiii. 20, 21. Phil. i. 9, 11. Col. i. 9, 14. Eph. i. 15, 20. 1 Thess. v. 23, 24. Col. iv. 12. Eph. iii. 14, 21. 2 Thess. i. 11, 12. 1 Thess. iii. 9, 13. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11.	Rom. xii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. vii. 1. 2 Pet. i. 13, 16. Eph. iv. 1, 3. Phil. ii. 14, 15. 2 Cor. vi. 14, 18. 1 Thess. iv. 1, 4, 7. Heb. xii. 14, 15. 1 Pet. ii. 21, 22. Rom. vi. 11, 14. Col. iii. 1, 5. Eph. iv. 17, 22, 24. Eph. v. 1, 4. Rom. vi. 1, 4. 1 Tim. vi. 11, 14. 2 Pet. iii. 14.	Phil. ii. 13. Psal. xlv. 3. Rom. viii. 2, 4. Phil. iv. 13. John xv. 4, 7. 1 John iii. 6. Gal. ii. 19, 21. Gal. v. 24. Rom. xiii. 14. 1 John v. 4, 5. 2 Cor. x. 3, 5. Gal. iii. 1, 5. Gal. v. 5, 6. Phil. iii. 8, 10. Rom. x. 3, 4. Psal. cxlv. 1, 2.

Sanctity is nothing else but the life of JESUS CHRIST in man, whom it transforms and deifies, so to speak, by anticipation, making him to appear, even here below, what he shall be when the Lord shall come in His glory, and 'we shall see Him as He is,' without cloud or shadow, and be transformed into His likeness 'from glory to glory as by the Spirit' of God. This transformation is already begun in the Christian, who retracing line by line upon his soul the image of the Son of God, is at last able to say, 'CHRIST is my life,' Phil. i. 21; 'I live, yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me,' Gal. ii. 20.

The saint bears CHRIST within him, not only in his soul but in his body. JESUS CHRIST breathes in his thoughts, his sentiments, his actions, in the very throbbings of his heart, and the features of his countenance, which reflect as far as it is possible

for the human face to do, the dignity, grace, and loveliness of the Redeemer of men. The whole person of the saint thus becomes a most pure and clear crystal, through which shines forth the glorious and divine form of CHRIST, our beloved Lord, *that the life of JESUS may be manifested in our mortal flesh—*
 2 Cor. iv. 10. *Monnin.*

The holiest men, the most free from impurity, have always felt most keenly that sin dwelleth in them and marreth all their works. He whose garments are the whitest will best perceive the spots upon them. He whose crown shineth the brightest will know when he hath lost a jewel. He who giveth the most light to the world will always be able to discover his own darkness. The angels of heaven veil their faces; and the angels of God on earth—His chosen people, must always veil their faces with humility when they think of what they are in themselves.

C. H. Spurgeon.

I believe the saints should so reflect the image of their Master, that when men see them, the spectators will at once seek out from whence their glory comes, and from them look to the Sun of Righteousness, and turn away from the Christian to gaze upon the Master.

W. Pennefather, died April 30, 1873.

Sanctification is no less than for a man to be brought into an entire resignation of his will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of Divine love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ. And how little are many of those who profess Christianity, experimentally acquainted with this work in their soul !

Archbishop Usher.

They are few who are content to bear *no* burden ; few who are not occupied with great and tedious matters, or in small and trifling ones which might lie at their feet while the weight and care were borne by another, even by that One whose special prerogative it is to bear the burdens and cares of others, and whom we rob of many things while we tenaciously clasp our sorrows to our wearied hearts. If there were one among

us willing to be blest as the Lord is willing to bless, willing to follow on whithersoever He would lead, what would be the case of that man? But CHRIST leads us by a way that we have not known, and we shrink back and fear to follow Him. We fear to let go all that we hold so firmly, we fear to give all into His hands. We should not know ourselves without doubts, and fears, and reasonings, and lamentations. We should not know OURSELVES, but, becoming strangers to ourselves, should we not learn to know CHRIST? And to 'know Him' should be to us the length and breadth of all our desires, as it was S. Paul's—for He is all in all.

How is it that we know Him so little? I think it must be that we are so busy making ourselves good Christians, overcoming our evil tempers and desires, becoming diligent and in earnest, lamenting over our shortcomings and backslidings,—that with all this to do, the knowing our Lord slips by unnoticed. Why will we do all this ourselves, and exclude JESUS from His blessed work of performing 'to the end the good work He has begun in us?'

'The Government shall be upon His Shoulder.'

I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His Face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once He'd answer my request ;
And by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

‘ Lord, why is this ? ’ I trembling cried,
 ‘ Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ? ’
 ‘ ’Tis in this way,’ the Lord replied,
 ‘ I answer prayer for grace and faith.

‘ These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free ;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy
 That thou may’st seek thy all in me.’

J. Newton.

Are we among the hundreds, nay thousands, of Christians who are content with the wilderness : *safe so far*, but never entering the good land of promise ?

‘ But I long to enter there,’ perhaps you may answer me. But are you ready for what comes first ? There is no entrance into Canaan except through Jordan. ‘ I cannot realize this risen life in CHRIST, this salvation in Him from sin’s dominion.’ Is not this too often our complaint ? ‘ I see it in my Bible, but I do not know its power in my life.’ No ; because we do not know the meaning of the dying *with Him* which precedes it ; we shrink from that. The waters of the river of judgment are dark and cold. It is hard to be shown that there is nothing in us but death. We knew we could not save ourselves, but you remember what sore struggles there were with self-righteousness before we learned that ; yet the struggles are still sorer before we learn that we cannot sanctify ourselves, before we begin to cry out, not ‘ Lord help me,’ but ‘ Lord make me.’ And this is just what God will teach us. If His Spirit shows us the good land, and wakes in us the desire to go up and possess it, He will, He must take us down first to Jordan. We cry for holiness, we yearn for closer communion, and He just sends us the sense of utter dryness, and emptiness, and powerlessness. He brings us down to complete self-

loathing, self-despair. It is a way of darkness, through the valley of the shadow of death ; but it is His way, the right way—for life is only through death (S. John xii. 24).

What have we learned of this? It is a solemn question ; are we willing to face it, or do we shrink ? Ah, how often we turn aside from the truth because we dare not look at it ; because there is so much in our lives which will not bear its light, so much it must alter and put aside. Let us remember again that deep word of our Lord, ‘ If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.’

And yet do not our thoughts of CHRIST too often stop at Calvary ? We think of Him as the dying Saviour through whom we enter into life, but we forget the opened grave, the risen Lord. But what is the meaning of those words in Rom. v. 10 ? ‘ Saved by His Life.’ Saved from what ? Not from God’s wrath, for the words are addressed to those already reconciled. No ; but the Life also of Jesus, that very risen Life, in the power of which He is now at the right hand of God, is manifested in us—2 Cor. iv. 10, 11. He imparts Himself to us. It is not only that we abide in Him, but He abides in us. We may know the one as our justification, and yet we may know nothing of the other as our power of holiness ; but see how continually the Apostles speak of CHRIST *in us*—Col. i. 27 ; Rom. viii. 10 ; Gal. ii. 20 ; iv. 19 ; Eph. iii. 17.

And now, do you not see the consequences which flow from this ? No ; we cannot see them, they are too glorious for our dim sight ; but we get a glimpse of them ‘ through a glass darkly,’ a glimpse enough to transfigure our whole lives with heavenly light ; for if CHRIST is in us, if He imparts to us the power of His risen life, no attainment in holiness is impossible, no victory over sin too hard. To grasp this truth is to enter on the good land indeed. Before, we fought, and looked for failure ; now we fight still, must fight to the end—but we know that we may overcome. Rather, we know that He overcomes. It is no question of ourselves, there is nothing in us which can conquer. We do not look there for power, or, when we do we go back to certain failure. But we look to Him, our Captain ; He, He only, gives us the victory.

Do we not remember how we have striven and striven to ‘ seek those things which are above,’ while some invisible chain seemed always to drag us down ? We need first to have our

point of view entirely changed ; to realize that in the unity of CHRIST'S Body we are above even now, seated with Him in heavenly places, and that our life henceforth is not to be a lifting ourselves up as by a painful effort, but a joyous springing up by the force of life within.

True, there will be conflict still, but the ground of it is changed. It is not the conflict of effort, but the conflict of ceasing from efforts ; of laying the strain of them all, moment by moment, on JESUS only. Sin, too, as the occasion of conflict—must not that remain ? If we understand it as consisting only of conscious transgression, our struggle with it may cease ; but if sin is anything contrary to the mind of God, which of us can say we are free ? For the more we learn of God's holiness, the more, surely, we must loathe our own unholiness, the more sensitive we must become to our own impurity. Sin within—sin of thought and motive, self-will, self-indulgence, pride, temper, uncharitableness, still these are present with us—present, *yet overcome*. And how overcome ? By the 'exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe ;' or, if they are not overcome, it cannot be because that power fails, but because we fail in surrendering ourselves to its mighty working.

'Thoughts on the Christian Life.'

Trusting fully in the Lord is such a restful, solid position, and has the untold treasures of grace all open before it. Let us be *millionaires in grace*—accepting, without measure, the gifts of God.

R. Pearsall Smith.

Faith, instead of agonizing, rests ; instead of struggling, lies still in the hands of Jesus ; instead of exercising our strength in holding Jesus, accepts the fact that He holds us by His power, and just lets Him do it.

W. E. Boardman.

Thoughts of our own may be keeping us away from the Holy Spirit, weakening our faith, preventing our laying hold of God's promises, and offering believing prayer in the name of the Lord JESUS ; in a word, preventing our asking, and receiving the blessing of being filled with the Spirit. It may be that

we have our preconceived ideas of what it is to be filled with the Spirit. We perhaps think that if our prayers were answered we should see or feel this or that operation in ourselves, and thus our eyes are not simply fixed on the promise of God ; our hearts are not simply waiting upon Him. The attention is divided, and diverted to our own feelings, or the operation that we expect to take place within us ; and hence the inquietude.

Is it not our privilege, drawing near to Him in the name of JESUS, each one of us now to ask our Father to fill us with His Spirit, leaving to Him to cause that Spirit to live in our hearts, and to operate as He sees best. Perhaps, indeed, instead of being conscious of new power, we may be led to know more of our own utter weakness, to see more of our emptiness, to feel more of the evil and worthlessness of our nature, in order that we may receive the fulness that is in JESUS. It is for Him, surely, to cause His Spirit to work in His people as He sees fit ; for us to ask in the name of JESUS, and then, because we have asked in that name to expect and to receive this very blessing.

J. Hudson Taylor.

I am my own night, CHRIST is my day. When I walk in the day (in CHRIST), I stumble not. When I walk in the night (in self), I fall.

J. Milne.

1 John i. 7.—You perceive that it is written in the *present* tense, as if to indicate continuance. It will always be so with you, Christian. It was so yesterday ; it was ‘cleanseth’ yesterday ; it is ‘cleanseth’ to-day ; it will be ‘cleanseth’ to-morrow ; it will be ‘cleanseth’ until you cross the river. Every day you may come to this fountain, for it ‘cleanseth.’ Every hour you may stand by its brim, for it ‘cleanseth.’ I think there is sanctification here as well as justification. I am inclined to believe that this test has been too much limited in its interpretation, and that it signifies that the Blood of Jesus is constantly operating upon the man who walks in the light, so as to *cleanse him from the indwelling power of sin* ; and the Spirit of God applies the doctrine of the atonement to the production of *purity*, till the soul becomes completely pure from sin at the last. I desire to feel every day the constantly

purifying effect of the Sacrifice of my Lord and Master. Look at the foot of the Cross, and I am sure you will feel that the precious drops cleanse us from all sin. *Spurgeon.*

If ye depart from Jesus, ye are poor, miserable, blind, and naked ; ye have nothing. Coming to Jesus, ye become partakers of His riches, His white robes, His light, wisdom, happiness, joy, grace, and love ; His kingdom and glory. Come, therefore, nearer and nearer to Jesus, and never leave off living and walking with Him. Be very close to His pierced side ; hide yourselves within His heart ; bathe your souls in the waves of His eternal love ; bathe your consciences in His Blood ; bathe them every morning and evening ; bathe them continually. There is no pardon—none—for those who will not take it solely from the Blood of Jesus ; because without the shedding of His precious Blood there is no remission of sin—nor can any sinner be ransomed. *Hewitson.*

You will find that the more you love your Saviour, the more you will see your need of Him. *Mrs. Jukes.*

We received CHRIST JESUS by faith (Col. ii. 6). We also walk in Him by faith, and walking must be active ; faith in itself has not power. CHRIST is its power to walk, fight, and overcome, and it gives Him all the glory. *R. Bryan.*

Mistrust of self is a very good thing, provided it be accompanied by trust in God ; and the more we have of the last, the deeper will be the first. But discouragement is a false humility. *Francis de Sales.*

A fighting faith is as precious as a resting faith, and stern battle is the way to victory. *J. Macpherson.*

As you receive CHRIST at first as your Prophet, Priest, and King ; so walk in Him all the way to heaven. *Romaine.*

The higher we rise in holiness, the lower shall we sink, not in self-esteem merely, but in self-consciousness, and self-manifestation. Moses on the mount knew not that his face shone. Had he gazed at himself the glory would have fled. It was the result of gazing on God.

A. A. Rees.

It is the inactivity of faith in JESUS that keeps us so imperfect, and wrestling with our corruptions, without any advancement. We wrestle in our own strength too often, and so are justly, yea, necessarily, foiled ; it cannot be otherwise, till we make Him our strength. This we are still forgetting, and had need to be put in mind of, and ought frequently to remind ourselves. We would be at doing for ourselves, and insensibly fall into this folly, even after much smarting for it, if we be not watchful against it. There is this wretched natural independency in us, that is so hard to beat out. All our projectings are but castles in the air, imaginary buildings without a foundation, till once laid on CHRIST. But never shall we find heart peace, sweet peace, and progress in holiness till we be driven from it, to make Him all our strength ; till we be brought to do nothing, to attempt nothing, to hope or expect nothing, but in Him ; and then we shall indeed find His fulness, and all-sufficiency, and 'be more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us.'

Archbishop Leighton.

Never look into your own heart for any sort of satisfaction or comfort. You will never find any goodness there ; no stocks of virtue laid up to draw upon. But your goodness is all *in* CHRIST, and you must draw it from Him moment by moment as you need it. Andrew Longacre says that some Christians are so thrifty that they do not like to live 'from hand to mouth,' as the saying is, but want to have a stock of goodness laid up ahead, and a stock of wisdom, and of patience, and of all the other graces. But he says God's plan for us is different : He has laid it all up for us in Christ, and we have to draw it each moment as we need it.

If you feel yourself, then, to be in yourself mean, and foolish, and altogether vile, just look at Christ, and say to yourself, 'never mind ; all I need is there, ready for me, when-

ever I have occasion to use it ; and, having Christ, I have all things.' Our views of our own vileness, therefore, need not discourage us. Of course, *we* are vile ; but our life is in Christ—He is our Life !

This is such a simple and child-like way of living, that many Christians overlook it altogether, and weary themselves out in trying to reach up to some great height, when what they really need is to sink down into Christ. An old writer says that 'God's will is a pillow to rest on, and not a load to carry'; but this is only true to the soul that is altogether given up to Him.

H. W. Smith.

The warfare is often hot : we need God's armour always, and all God's armour. There is much evil daily manifesting itself within me ; I never gain a victory over it, but when I simply believe in Jesus. When we are restless and impatient, we sink into deep waters ; when we lie in the hand of Jesus, as clay in the hands of the potter, we are enlarged and filled with peace.

Hewitson.

CHRIST suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.

1 *S. Peter* ii. 21.

O that self-examination amongst the Lord's people, were but exchanged for CHRIST-examination !

A. L. Newton.

A Christian ere passing away charged an evangelist to warn believers against 'razing the foundations.' 'I often did it,' she said, 'I rashly denied the Spirit's work in my soul, and I have paid dearly for it.'

This she said in reference to the excessive and morbid retrospection in which some Christians indulge, to the hurt of their souls, and the discredit of the gospel. They pull up faith by the roots to see if it grows. They pluck out their eyes to see if those eyes be genuine. Peace and joy depart from them. Dark suspicions of God as if He watched for their halting, overshadow their hearts, and they are plunged into misery. Growth in grace becomes impossible, for, as one has said, 'kindly thoughts of God lie at the root of sanctification.'

Self-examination is important ; but surely not less important is Faith. Looking into the heart, and looking out to Christ should go together. The pilot at once keeps his eyes upon the compass, and his hand upon the helm : if he neglected either he would speedily lose his course. 'Keeping the heart,' must be coupled with 'holding the Head.' 'Examine thyself,' should never be separated from 'looking unto JESUS.' The best way of testing the pitcher of our faith is by dipping it often in the well of life, and drawing its fill for constant use.

J. Macpherson.

Wouldst thou fear the darkness
Didst thou hate the light ?
Would thy sin displease thee
Were thy sin delight ?
Evil would be welcome,
Wert thou of the earth :
Child, look up to heaven,
Whence thou hadst thy birth. *A. Shipton.*

We are constantly prone to be looking to our faith, instead of to CHRIST the object of faith ; to our short comings instead of His perfect obedience, to our feelings towards Him, instead of His towards us ; to our wretched attempts at prayer instead of His all-prevailing intercession. We are constantly asking 'If I love, why am I thus ? Why this cold, this lifeless frame ?' And thus we are tossed about on the fluctuating tides of Christian experience, instead of lying peacefully anchored to the Rock of Ages. We make too much a study of our own experience, and too little of the Lord JESUS CHRIST. But 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST' ; (2 S. Peter iii. 18) is the Word of God. Make Him your study ; grow in the knowledge of Him ; consider Him ; be ever looking unto Him. Yes ! be so intensely occupied with gazing on JESUS as to be unable to take your eye off Him.

'And it is the light that maketh manifest,' (Eph. v. 13.) So that even those who are most anxious to see their sins, in order to confess and repent of them, will find CHRIST-examination the best means of detecting them. Every look at Him will

make us loathe ourselves more and more ; every sight of His holiness will make us more sensible of our depravity ; every view of His perfect righteousness will exhibit more of our want of rectitude in all we think, or feel, or do ; every glimpse we get of His meekness, of His filial obedience, of His delight in doing His Father's will, will show us how little we have of 'the spirit of adoption,' causing us to say, 'Abba, Father,' and moulding our wills to His.

A. L. Newton.

The way to *keep* the heart with all diligence is to *abandon* it to the care and keeping of your Lord. The *rest* of faith always comes when there is a child-like confidence in Jesus which clings to His Word, and will not give heed to a doubt. Of course He will save you, for this is just what He came to do ; and when all your cares are cast on Him, He will keep your heart and mind in perfect peace.

H. W. Smith.

In God is my salvation, and my glory : the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in Him at all times ; ye people, pour out your heart before Him ; God is a refuge for us.

Ps. lxii. 7, 8.

I never trusted in God, but I found Him faithful ; nor in my own heart, but I found it false.

Dyer.

It is not easy to believe ; nay, it is very difficult, truly and simply to believe in JESUS CHRIST, and yet He Himself speaks of it as the work of all others, which is to be worked for God (S. John vi. 28, 29). When our hearts are crusted over by carnal reason, and death, and difficulty, it is no easy matter to take again the heart of a little child, and simply believe our Father's true Word ; yet this is a needful work for His children. When self-righteousness, strong and throbbing, whispers that it is long enough for a couch, and broad enough for a covering, then it is difficult indeed to cast off its 'rags,' and to put on a spotless robe, which we have had no share in wearing, yet this too, is one of the works of God. When all within us is dark and dreary ; when a thick heavy veil seems to hang

between us and all that was once clear and bright to our vision ; when we *know*, but do not *feel* that we are sinners, and JESUS CHRIST a Saviour, then there is nothing in the whole world so difficult as to look up and say, ' *My Lord, and my God.*' But, every time that we take up the sword of the Spirit and cleave asunder the veil, and mount up, up far beyond the mists, to the light-surrounded throne, and see there, and love there the ' Lamb as it had been slain ;' we are working a work more honouring to God than any other. Look up, then, desponding and doubting believer, look up, believe and live ; believe and work.

M. M. Brewster.

It is well to make sure of what we do know, for this will be good anchor-hold for us, when we are molested by those mysterious storms, which arise from things which we do not understand. Whatever may, or may not be the truth about mysterious, and inscrutable things, there are certainties somewhere ; experience has placed some tangible facts within our grasp ; let us, then, cling to these, and they will prevent our being carried away by those hurricanes of infidelity which still come from the wilderness, and like whirlwinds smite the four corners of our house, and threaten to overthrow it. O my God, however perplexed I may be, let me never think ill of Thee. If I cannot understand Thee, let me never cease to believe in Thee. It must be so, it cannot be otherwise ; Thou art good to those whom Thou hast made good ; and where Thou hast renewed the heart, Thou wilt not leave it to its enemies.

C. H. Spurgeon.

A heart that has learned to take all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and bear what He allows of evil ; like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its Father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

Muloch.

You cannot distrust God, and not accuse Him of a want either of power or of goodness ; you cannot repine—no, not even in thought—without virtually telling Him that His plans

are not the best, nor His dispensations the wisest, which might have been appointed in respect of yourselves. So that your fear, or your despondency, or your anxiety in circumstances of perplexity, or of peril, is nothing less than a call upon God to depart from His fixed course, a suspicion, or rather an assertion, that He might proceed in a manner more worthy of Himself, and, therefore, a challenge to Him to alter his dealings, if He would prove that He possesses the attributes which He claims. You may not intend thus to accuse or provoke God, whenever you murmur ; but your murmuring does all this, and cannot fail to do it. You cannot be dissatisfied without virtually saying that God might order things better ; you cannot say that He might order things better, without virtually demanding that He change His course of acting, and give other proofs of His infinite perfections. And thus you *tempt* Him, tempt Him even as did the Israelites in the wilderness.

Henry Melville.

Faith is wisdom ; it is the key of enigmas, the clue of mazes, and the pole-star of pathless seas.

C. H. Spurgeon.

‘*Limited the Holy One of Israel*’—mistrust of God’s power to effectuate all His Grace, to do what is needed in any case for His people, and carry out His purposes for them. The moment I suppose anything cannot be for blessing I limit God. This is a great sin—doubly, when we think of all He has done for us. The Holy Ghost ever reasons from God’s revealed, infinite love to all its consequences. He reconciled ; surely He will save to the end. He did not spare His Son ; how shall He not give all things ?

J. N. Darby.

They limited *God*. They limited *the Almighty*. They limited *the Infinite*. These words have an awful and affecting surge of meaning in them ; for while they describe *Him*, they also convey His relation to us. They limited—*The One*—the solitary, awful, and self-contained Being, whose essence is eternity and power ; whose self-existence is declared by the amazing marvels of nature ; whose life was essential being. They limited *Him*—*The One* in whose Being all being was swallowed up and absorbed. *The One* before whose glance mountains and hills fled

away, and were not found. *The One* from everlasting, God ; *high over all, Blessed for evermore.* *The One* to whom all the nations were as the drop of a bucket, and who took up the isles as a very little thing—Him '*they limited.*'

E. Paxton Hood.

It is very safe to trust the Lord in the dark, and go through any difficulty, leaning upon Him alone. Ebenezer ! Trust and be not afraid of what lies dark beyond.

R. Bryan.

Bear and forbear, and *silent* be,
Tell to no man thy misery ;
Yield not in trouble to dismay,
God can deliver any day.

Luther.

What can be more astounding than the unfounded doubts and fears of God's favoured people? The Lord's loving word of rebuke should make us blush. He cries, 'How can I have forgotten thee, when I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands? How darest thou doubt My constant remembrance, when the memorial is set upon My very flesh?' O unbelief, how strange a marvel thou art ! We know not which most to wonder at, the faithfulness of God, or the unbelief of His people. He keeps His promise a thousand times, and yet the next trial makes us doubt Him. He never faileth ; He is never a dry well ; He is never as a setting sun, a passing meteor, or a melting vapour ; and yet, we are so continually vexed with anxieties, molested with suspicions, and disturbed with fears, as if our God were the mirage of the desert.

'I have graven *thee.*' It does not say, 'Thy name.' The name is there, but that is not all : 'I have graven *thee.*' See the fulness of this ! I have graven thy person, thy image, thy case, thy circumstances, thy sins, thy temptations, thy weaknesses, thy wants, thy works. I have graven *thee*, everything about thee, all that concerns thee, I have put thee altogether there. Wilt thou ever say again that thy God hath forsaken thee, when He has graven *thee* upon His own palms ?

C. H. Spurgeon.

We should trust the Lord with all He has given us, *i.e.*, in prayer give all back to Him, as it were, and trust only in Himself.

Unknown.

Unbelief leads us to interpret God in the presence of the difficulty, instead of interpreting the difficulty in the presence of God. Faith gets behind the difficulty, and there finds God, in all His faithfulness, love, and power. It is the believer's privilege ever to be in the presence of God. He has been introduced thither by the Blood of JESUS CHRIST, and nothing should be suffered to take him thence. The place itself he never can lose, inasmuch as his Head and Representative, CHRIST, occupies it on his behalf. But although he cannot lose the thing itself, he can, very easily, lose the enjoyment of it, the experience and power of it. Whenever his difficulties come between his heart and the Lord, he is evidently not enjoying the Lord's presence, but suffering in the presence of his difficulties. Just as when a cloud comes between us and the sun, it robs us, for the time, of the enjoyment of his beams. It does not prevent him from shining, it merely hinders our enjoyment of him. Exactly so is it when we allow trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities, to hide from our souls the bright beams of our Father's countenance, which ever shine with changeless lustre, in the face of JESUS CHRIST.

C. H. Macintosh.

Faith in God giveth hope to be helped, and is half a deliverance before the full deliverance come.

David Dickson.

Howbeit ye get strokes and sour looks from your Lord, yet believe His love more than your own feeling, for this world can take nothing from you that is truly yours, and death can do you no wrong. Your Rock doth not ebb and flow, but your sea; that which CHRIST hath said He will bide by it; He will be your tutor.

Rutherford.

Faith pulls the black mask from the face of the trouble, and discovers the angel beneath. Faith looks up at the cloud, and sees that 'Tis big with mercy, and shall break with blessings on her head.'

There is a subject for song even in the judgments of God towards us. For, first, the trial is *not so heavy as it might have been*; next, the trouble is *not so severe as we deserve it to have been*; and our affliction is *not so crushing as the burdens which others have to carry*.

Faith sees that in her worst sorrow there is nothing penal; there is not a drop of God's wrath in it; it is all sent in love. Faith discerns love gleaming like a jewel on the breast of an angry God. She says of her grief, 'This is a badge of honour, for the child must feel the rod;' and then she sings of the sweet result of her sorrows, because they work her spiritual good. Nay, more, says she, 'These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

C. H. Spurgeon.

My way is dark, humanly speaking, yet God may be only tunnelling my way under what I could not climb.

F. Woodrow.

Faith, the heart's rest in JESUS.

W. E. Boardman.

It is when the people of God are brought into the greatest straits and difficulties, that they are favoured with the finest displays of God's character and actings, and for this reason He oft-times leads them into a trying position, in order that He may the more markedly show Himself. He could have conducted Israel through the Red Sea, and far beyond the reach of Pharaoh's hosts, before ever the latter started from Egypt; but that would not so fully have glorified His own name, or so entirely confounded the enemy, upon whom He designed to 'get Him honour.'

We too frequently lose sight of this great truth, and the consequence is that our hearts give way in the time of trial. If we could only look upon a difficult crisis as an occasion of bringing out on our behalf, the sufficiency of Divine Grace, it would enable us to preserve the balance of our souls, and to glorify God, even in the deepest waters.

C. H. Macintosh.

When things come to the worst, then it is that God generally interposes. *Romaine.*

And when it seems no chance nor change,
 From grief can set me free,
 Hope finds it strength in helplessness,
 And, patient, waits on Thee. *Unknown.*

Waiting hours are seed-times of blessing.

Waiting is nothing else but *hope* and *trust* lengthened. *John Trapp.*

Though deliverance be hopeless from all points of the compass, yet God can work it for His people, and though judgment come neither from the rising or the setting sun, nor from the wilderness or mountains, yet come it will, for the LORD *reigneth*. Men forget that all things are ordained in heaven ; they see but the human forces ; but the unseen Lord is far more real than these. He is at work behind and within the cloud.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Providence hath a thousand keys to open a thousand sundry doors for the deliverance of His own, when it is even come to a *conclamatum est*. *Rutherford.*

Let no apparent impossibilities make you question God's accomplishment of His gracious words. Though you cannot see how the thing can be done, 'tis enough, if God has said that He will do it. Cast not away your confidence because God defers His performances. Though providences run cross, though they move backward and forward, you have a sure and faithful word to rely upon.

Promises, though they be for a time seemingly delayed, cannot be finally frustrated. Dare not harbour such a thought within yourselves. The being of God may as well fail as the promise of God. That which does not come in your time, will be hastened in His time, which is always the more convenient season. *Timothy Cruso.*

Faith raises the soul above the difficulty, straight to God Himself, and enables one to 'stand still.' We gain nothing by our restless and anxious efforts. We 'cannot make one hair white or black,' nor 'add one cubit to our stature.' What could Israel do at the Red Sea? Could they dry it up? Could they level the mountains? Could they annihilate the hosts of Egypt? Impossible. There they were, enclosed within an impenetrable wall of difficulties, in view of which nature could but tremble and feel its own perfect impotency. But this was just the time for God to act. When unbelief is driven from the scene, then God can enter; and in order to get a proper view of His actings, we must 'stand still.' Every movement of nature is, so far as it goes, a positive hindrance to our perception and enjoyment of Divine interference on our behalf.

In every fresh difficulty, be it great or small, our wisdom is to stand still—to cease from our works, and find our sweet repose in God's salvation. Nor can we make any distinction as to difficulties. We cannot say that there are some trifling difficulties which we ourselves can compass; while there are others in which nought but the hand of God can avail. No; all are alike beyond us, and all are alike to God.

C. H. Macintosh.

O God, teach me to bless Thee for means when I have them, and to trust Thee for means when I have them not; yea, to trust Thee without means when I have no hope of them.

Bishop Hall.

Sincerest believing and strongest believing is acted when a man hath no prop at all to lean on but God alone. *Traill.*

Let us put away our own ideas and plans, and let the Lord work when and how He will. Let us look away from difficulties, unlikelihoods, impossibilities, and rest simply on the Lord. This honours Him; and He will honour us. How much faith has done! How much it still will do!

J. Milne.

We are the Lord's own children. O I have found it such a blessed thing, in my own experience, to plead before God that I am His child. When I was racked, some months ago, with pain, to an extreme degree, so that I could no longer bear it without crying out, I asked all to go from the room and leave me alone; and then I had nothing I could say to God but this: 'Thou art my Father, and I am Thy child; and Thou, as a Father, art tender and full of mercy. I could not bear to see my child suffer as Thou makest me suffer; and if I saw him tormented as I am now, I would do what I could to help him, and put my arms under him to sustain him. Wilt Thou hide Thy face from me, my Father? Wilt Thou still lay on a heavy hand, and not give me a smile from Thy countenance?' I held the Lord to that. I talked to Him as Luther would have done, and pleaded His Fatherhood in downright earnest. 'Like as a father pitieth his own children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' If He be a Father, let Him show Himself a Father. So I pleaded; and I ventured to say, when I was quiet, and they came back who watched me: 'I shall never have such pain again from this moment, for God has heard my prayer.' I bless God that ease came, and the racking pain never returned. Faith mastered the pain by laying hold upon God in His own revealed character—that character in which, in our darkest hour, we are best able to appreciate Him. I think that is why the prayer '*Our Father*' is given to us, because, when we are lowest, we can still say '*Our Father*;' and when it is very dark, and we are very weak, our child-like appeal can go up, 'Father, help me! Father, rescue me!' He teacheth us still to go, taking us by the arms, because He is our Parent still.

C. H. Spurgeon.

In a storm at sea, one man alone stood calm and composed among the agitated crew, and he was a Christian. They asked him eagerly why he had no fear. His answer was: 'Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand, for He holds all these waters there.'

O that Christians would believe that God honours the faith of His people, and loves to fulfil His own precious

assurance, when He says, 'According to your faith, so be it unto you.'

S. I. Prime.

O it is God's sweet Spirit that held my head and stayed my heart in such an affliction and temptation, or else I had gone away in a fainting-fit of unbelief.

Gurnall.

Learn to believe CHRIST better than His strokes ; Himself and His promises better than His glooms.

Rutherford.

The arm of my Beloved to protect—that arm which looked so strong that it would ward off anything. It was a blessed season in time of trial. He may try sharply, but I believe He will preserve and bless. He never will put faith to shame.

R. Bryan.

Faith never yet overdrew its account in God's Bank.

Unknown.

No net of trouble can so hold us that the Lord cannot free us. Our afflictions may be numerous and complicated, but Providence can set us free from them all, for the Lord will shew Himself strong on our behalf.

C. H. Spurgeon.

It has been a very trying voyage—head winds, a severe gale, thick fog ; but God's care was through and over all. First came the sickness, affecting all, even the little ones. Then the gale. It was a new experience ; but again God's wonderful calming power was there. The wind blew all day ; but it grew wilder at night, and I could not leave the girls. The creaking and straining of the ship, and the heavy seas that swept the deck, sounded fearful enough to our ears ; and as wave after wave fell over with a crash, one little head after another was lifted up to ask, 'Is the ship sinking ?' A word of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand was enough. All were still. In a momentary lull, I heard a voice at the other end of the room—such a sweet little voice—

G

singing softly, 'A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near. Then, as it grew rougher, every little sleeper awoke; but no excitement. Untold, they began 'Safe in the arms of JESUS,' and do you know, I believe I fell asleep with that sweet home-like music in my ears. Faces were grave next morning at breakfast in the saloon, and the captain said, 'Such a gale is unusual at this season.' In the course of the day, the Rev. J. Macpherson asked a girl, 'Were you not afraid last night?' 'No,' was the quaint, cheery reply; 'Heaven is better than Canada any day.'

S. Geldard.

Account of the voyage to Canada of the rescued girls from the Home of Industry, Spitalfields, June 18, 1873.

The sweet sunshine is to faith but the visible radiance of the Redeemer's Face, and the alternations of light and shade are like the mysterious comings and goings of our God in His Sanctuary.

J. Macpherson.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

Keble.

I am sure that Christians who will not look at the loveliness which God has spread everywhere—who have no ears for the speech through which He utters, as in a parable, His own teaching—lose more than they know. For the entire visible world is a shadowing forth of the 'invisible things of God.' Its beauty is a 'wayside sacrament,' full of a most real Presence. And when we pass it by with eyes that seeing see not, we lose a part of the heritage which is His children's right.

H. Bowman.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee :
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee :
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

J. Newton.

NOT OF THE WORLD.

I have given them Thy Word; and the world hath hated them, because they are *not of the world*, even as I am not of the world.

S. John xvii. 14.

Nothing will deliver Christians from the strongholds of worldliness, in which so many are kept in miserable bondage, but a firm grasp of their risen life with Christ. *H. Bowman.*

Has CHRIST a place that is seen in you and about you from day to day? Does He mingle with and penetrate everything connected with you? Has He such a place that the old nature is kept down and overcome? Is CHRIST in everything, in every *grain* of your life—small or great? Oh, what place has JESUS in everything? If there is anything in you or about you in which JESUS *is not*, so far you are *dead*, with all your religion. Life is where JESUS is, and all without Him is death.

But, reader, if you are a child of God, beware on that account as being the new leaven of CHRIST JESUS, how you mingle with the world around you. You are the leaven, but go not into that world needlessly. Go where you can glorify God; but where you cannot do this, venture not at the peril of your soul. You have no business anywhere, or to be engaged in anything,

if you would not like the Lord to send for you there. Would you like the Lord to send for you in the ball-room, or at the concert, or in any other such scene? If not, what business have you there? Measure all things by this test; make no excuses. If there is any scene in which you would rather not be when God summons you, *it is wrong*; your own conscience tells you so. Beware how you tempt God by unworthy apologies and excuses. It is wrong, and you know it.

And remember, lastly, that the evil from contact *with* the world will be greater than the good you can do *to* the world. The professed love you have to men's souls, and which is the excuse for mingling with it is, in reality, love to the *things* and not to the *souls*. Read the history of God's dealings with Israel; He never says 'you may go among them, for you may thus do them good;' but He *does* say 'do not go among them for they will do you harm.'

It is useless to say 'the Lord, when on earth, mingled with publicans and sinners.' When you can go and maintain the standard of God's glory as He did, you may go, but never without. Beware of *such* subterfuges, and pleas, and excuses. Your only safe course is to keep near to JESUS. This present world hates Him with all its pretentious religion. You have only one thing to do here, and that is to testify against it. 'The whole world lieth in the wicked one;' beware how you mingle with it. 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' Christian! mingling with the world, found in its amusements, and fashions, and follies, is that love of the Father in *you*? *How can it be?* F. Whitfield.

We are in an enemy's country, a rebel country; and our orders are to do nothing which could be construed into encouraging the rebels; or which could help them to think that our King will hold friendship with them; or that there is not a perfect gulf of division between us and them. Also to keep constant watch, and hold ourselves at every minute ready for duty, and to go nowhere and do nothing that would unfit us for instant service, or put us off our watch. Orders may be given by a sign; they need not be in words. Thus, whenever I see a duty plainly put before me, something given me to do, I know I have 'orders' to do it; and then as the orders are

not spoken, nor brought to me by a messenger, only made known to me by a sign of some sort—if I did not keep a good watch I should be sure to miss the sign sometimes. My King's banner was not hung out *there*. I knew people did not think of Him there, nor work for Him, and would have been very much surprised to hear any one speak of Him. Say it was innocent amusement; people did not want Him with them there; and where He was not I did not wish to be.

You cannot understand this until you know what the love of JESUS is, and what it is to care for His honour and His service more than anything else in the world. '*Daisy*.' *E. Wetherell*.

Learn not to have one life for God and another for the world; but let your life be divinely devoted and divinely quickened. Let every footstep be a walk with God.

Dr. Hamilton.

We have not put on CHRIST to live any more to ourselves in the vanities, delights, and pleasures of the world and flesh. I would that all Christians, like as they have professed CHRIST, would so endeavour themselves to follow Him in godly living.

Queen Katherine Parr.

Tares so closely resemble wheat as not to be distinguished from it. This is always Satan's work to sow the imitation along with the true. The field, which is the world, is full of *imitation* wheat. Evil and error have ever been, in their origin, *so like the true*, that men have been unable to distinguish the true from the false. Thus Satan has succeeded. Were he to put forward himself and his work undisguisedly, men would shrink from the share. To imitate, this is his work. Be a Christian in everything but the *reality*; be identified with CHRIST in everything but in deed and in truth; come as close as you can under the form of godliness, but do not come under the power. Be evangelical? Yes, by all means. Go to prayer-meetings, bow at the Creed, receive the Lord's Supper, support the hungry, the needy, the wretched, read the Bible, and have family prayer? Yes, by all means; only do not come under the power of the Spirit of

God. Do not go to the Blood of JESUS for pardon and peace; do not love JESUS and give up all for Him; do not live a life of consecration to God, and *entire* separation from the present evil world. Go to your dinner-parties, your concerts and your balls, and don't allow yourself to be disturbed, but live a comfortable, easy life, and go to heaven with CHRIST in one hand, and the world in the other. They are all fools, or fanatics, or enthusiasts, who speak to you in this way, or, at best, poor narrow-minded bigots! It does not do for a large-minded, benevolent Christian to have such views as these! This, reader, is the 'tare,' the imitation, Satan is so widely sowing now. No wonder such 'tares' are *poisonous*. They are dragging multitudes with them along the broad road to ruin. Oh! reader, beware of this imitation wheat; beware of this 'poison' to your spiritual life. Live with CHRIST, and for CHRIST, and Him only. One feature of the roots of the tares is that they so entwine themselves round the roots of the good seed, that nothing can loosen them without *both* being plucked up. These tare-fibres are now entwining themselves so tightly round the roots of Christians that many will be ashamed before Him at His coming.

'Earthly Shadows of the Heavenly Kingdom.'

They who long to know CHRIST, who seek not their own will but only to know His that they may do it, have to come, like the wise men, from a far country. They have received all: now they would yield all. Even friends, once dearest, and in love dearest still, must give place to their King. They can have no communion of heart with any who do not hold the interest of His kingdom first. They turn aside, not in narrowness, still less in asceticism, but in simple distaste, from much which they once cared for. They ask now, not as formerly, 'may I do this or that? has God forbidden it?' but, 'Will it be for my King's glory?' And on all their time, on all their strength, on every power of mind and body, is set this seal, the stamp of His ownership—'The Lord hath need of it.'

H. Bowman.

It would be strange if at any great assembly, which, while it dazzled the young and thoughtless, beguiled the gentler

hearts that beat beneath the embroidery with a placid sense of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent ; it would be strange, I say, if, for a moment, the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see, and angels do see on those gay, white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of; spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away. Yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of, the grass that grows on graves. *J. Ruskin.*

Do not flatter yourselves. So long as your minds remain carnal, ardent in love to the world, and cold in love to God! ‘lovers of pleasure more than of God,’ you are His enemies; for with Him there is no neutrality. *Archbishop Leighton.*

Listen to the *conversation* of society. Every subject forms its topic but *one*; for CHRIST, by universal consent, is an excluded guest. Let the world go to such scenes as they will, but people of God, ‘redeemed from this present evil world,’ ‘bought with a price,’ ‘strangers and pilgrims,’ ought *you* to be there? And if you say ‘religion would be out of place there,’ then ought *you*, a servant of CHRIST, to be where your master is not permitted? Oh, fling away all such pleas and excuses. You are not glorifying your Saviour there ; your soul is out of communion with God. The spiritual life within you has undergone a chill ; the Spirit of God has been grieved. You have nothing in your outer life that the world can charge you with, but your *soul* is wretched! There is no holy abiding peace and joy ; you have lost the savour of heaven ; there is none of it about you.

You are a *worldly* Christian, and every hour you live you are living to yourself ; your testimony for CHRIST has gone. This is your state, though you may try and hide it from your view. But while you are thus living angels look down and weep over the wreck of your spiritual life. Oh ! is not there enough to occupy every moment of your time here ? Go and work for God. Go into the alleys, and courts, and dens of our metropolis or large towns, and try and win souls to CHRIST. Go and speak to that person you have so often spoken to, but have never, from very fear or shame, said one word about his soul ; go and speak to him *at once* about it. Go and help the needy and desolate, comfort the mourner ; do something for your Saviour who has done so much for you, instead of wasting your precious hours in frothy conversation at the dinner party, or in the fascinations of the ball-room, the dance, and the song. Go and weep over the sin, and wretchedness, and misery around you, if you can do no more. This, at least, will be more rational and more like a Christian man, than being found in scenes where your Saviour is deliberately shut out. Oh ! be more like CHRIST. *This* world for which you are living cast Him out, derided, mocked, and insulted Him. It is caressing and flattering *you*, and you are meeting it half way ! Oh, change your course, or give up for ever the honoured name of 'Christian.'

F. Whitfield.

Worldly people say that it is impossible to be continually thinking and talking of CHRIST and the things of heaven, but they do not know that everything else to a Christian is insipid and uninteresting.

Mrs. Jukes.

Our Master bids us 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world ;' and to 'use the world as not abusing it.' But He lays down no special law for our guidance. He says not, Do not conform to this particular custom ; abstain from that particular practice ; this thing is not lawful for you ; that is not expedient. No ; He gives us the great broad principle of 'Give Me thine heart ;' 'Set your affections on things above.' For He knows that just in proportion to the fervour of our love to Him, and the reality of our hope of heaven, will our hold on the world be weakened, and its ties

loosened to us. He would fain repose in us the confidence of a father in His children ; He gives us hints here and there of what will be pleasing in His sight, and leaves us to find methods of doing it.

But, alas ! how often we follow Him afar off. How ready we are to come as near as possible to the dividing line which we know we may not pass. Oh ! would that there were more of the true pilgrim spirit amongst those who profess and call themselves Christians. Would that in the every-day matters of conversation and dress, and household arrangement, and the thousand things which go to make up the routine of daily life, there were a more decided, palpable distinction between those who serve God, and those who serve Him not. Would that we were more keenly alive to the solemn fact that 'the friendship of the world is enmity with God.'

'Strangers and Pilgrims.'

If a Christian can by possibility be saved while he conforms to the world, at any rate it must be so as by fire. Such a bare salvation is almost as much to be dreaded as desired. Reader, would you wish to leave this world in the darkness of a death-bed, and enter heaven as a shipwrecked mariner climbs the rocks of his native country ? Then be worldly ; be mixed up with mammonites, and refuse to go without the camp bearing CHRIST's reproach. But would you have a heaven below as well as a heaven above ? Would you comprehend with all saints what are the heights and depths, and know the love of CHRIST which passeth knowledge ? Would you receive an abundant entrance into the joy of your Lord ? Then come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing. Would you attain the full assurance of faith ? You cannot gain it while you commune with sinners. You cannot become a great Christian ; you may be a babe in grace, but you can never be a perfect man in CHRIST JESUS while you yield yourself to the worldly maxims of men of the world. It is ill for an heir of heaven to be a great friend with the heirs of hell. It has a bad look when a courtier is too intimate with his king's enemies. Even small inconsistencies are dangerous. Little thorns make great blisters ; little moths destroy fine garments ; and little frivolities will rob religion of a thousand

joys. O professor, too little separated from sinners, you know not what you lose by your conformity to the world. It cuts the tendons of your strength, and makes you creep where you ought to run. Then for your own comfort's sake, and for the sake of your growth in grace, if you be a Christian, be a Christian, and be a marked and distinct one. *F. Whitfield.*

Let them that have no better home than this world to lay claim to, live here as at home. Let them take their time of the poor profits and pleasures that are here. But you that have your whole estate, all your riches and pleasures laid up in heaven, and reserved there for you, let your hearts be there, and your conversation be there. This is not the place of your rest, nor your delights, unless you would be willing to change, and to have your good things here, as some foolish travellers that spend the estate they should live on at home, in a little while, while braving it abroad among strangers. *Leighton.*

Why are we not contented with CHRIST? We have a hankering after something, a little worldly communion out of CHRIST to fill up as it were our daily measure of happiness. This little corner ought to be filled up also with CHRIST, and our joy would be *complete.* *Unknown.*

There is no use in abusing the world; you must get CHRIST into your heart, and then the world will fall off like withered leaves, when the fruitful spring begins. *Unknown.*

When does Satan sow the tares? 'While men slept.' The great deceiver takes advantage of the *darkness.* When the weakness of man needs repose, when he is off *his guard*, less watchful, less prayerful, less vigilant, less spiritually-minded—these are the Christian's hours of sleep or of darkness. Then the great adversary, ever wakeful and watchful comes. Christian, if you are out of communion with God, if you are not wakeful, and watchful, and prayerful, darkness is over you, and the foe is near you. His power over you will

be seen in your leaning towards something *like* God, but not altogether *of* God. The scale will turn, it may be only very slightly, but it will be from the strictness, and hardness, and isolation of the Cross of CHRIST, to something that, while it will leave you the *name* of Christian, will drag down your soul, and dim your testimony for JESUS. O, as you value your soul, as you love the Lord JESUS, as you would desire to meet His glad welcome when He comes—beware of the *imitation*, but yet poison.

F. Whitfield.

As the best antidote to the love of the world, let the inner vacuum of the heart be filled with the love of God.

J. R. Macduff.

As we love JESUS more, and think more about our heavenly home yonder, we shall care less and less for the foolish things that worldly people care so much about. It is a distinct command,—‘Set your *affection* on things above.’ We are not only to *do* what is right, but sincerely *love* it, and to love it *best*. Do you ever find yourself saying ‘I wonder whether such a thing is *wrong*? I should like to indulge in that amusement, but I don’t know whether I *may*?’ It is a bad sign when you come with questions like these. There are some things that are a little doubtful, and those who are trying to enjoy as much of the world as they possibly can, will find it very troublesome to draw the line exactly. But if your heart’s affections are set upon things above, such questions will never trouble you, for the things that are purest and holiest are those you will love the best, and the doubtful ones you will not care for at all.

Be sure that the Lord JESUS CHRIST wants you to love Him with your *whole heart*. A little bit of your heart will never satisfy Him. And He knows well that if you get fond of the trifles, and follies, and pleasures of the world, they will be only too likely to take up a great deal of that heart. This is why He warns you so constantly, ‘Love not the world.’ You would like to have some very clear rules laid down, as to what things are right, and what are wrong, but it is impossible. The Bible teaches us rather to ask our own conscience, and to ask the Lord about each individual thing. If we feel that any thing is doing harm to our souls, it must be wrong. If any

amusement brings us much amongst wordly companions, or gives us vain and foolish thoughts, it cannot be doing us good. Wherever we are, and whatever we are doing, we ought to be able to ask for God's blessing, and to feel that His smile is resting upon us; then all is right. It is a great mistake to suppose that religion consists in a number of 'must not's.' They think that a Christian has to walk about very uncomfortably with a 'must not do this,' and 'must not do that,' stopping his way on every side. But in truth it is just the opposite of this. *'Walking in the Light.'* T. Bishop.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. *S. James i.*

If you fear, cast all your cares on God—that Anchor holds. *Tennyson.*

I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. *'Pilgrim's Progress.'*

Faith looks back to the Cross, and is at peace; it looks forward to the Crown, and pants for glory. Oh, to have more of the life and power of such a faith! *Hewitson.*



**COMMUNION WITH GOD, AND THE
COMMUNION OF SAINTS.**



COMMUNION WITH GOD, AND THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

PRAYER.

CALL unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.

Jer. xxxiii. 3.

Thou hast heard my voice : hide not thine ear at my breathing, at my cry. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee : thou saidst, Fear not.

Lam. ii. 56, 57.

The prayer of the humble pierceth the clouds.

Eccus. xxxv. 17.

Prayer is the chain which draws the soul to God, and that brings down promised mercies to us ; or like the hook which draws the boat to shore, though the shore itself is immovable. Prayer is to the Church what the breath of spring, and the sun, and rain, and dew of summer are to the earth. Without them, the Church and the earth must remain in their wintry garb.

S. I. Prime.

Prayer, the world's great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.

Tennyson.

Prayer is the first breath of the Divine life ; it is the pulse of the believing soul ; by it we 'draw water out of the wells of salvation ;' by prayer faith puts forth its energy, in apprehending the promised blessings, and receiving from the Redeemer's fulness ; in leaning on His Almighty arm, and making His name our strong tower ; and in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil.

T. Scott.

Communion springs from union.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest ; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts ; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness.

Jeremy Taylor.

Believer, to you each day is a new journey, each circumstance is an onward step, each morning calls you to a march, each night is as the spreading of a resting tent, each finished work is as another pause in your advancing pilgrimage. Let, then, your progress be one *stream of supplication*—none ever prayed enough, many in life and death bewail *soul poverty*. The cause is poverty of prayer, much is ill-done, much is undone, because *prayer* is NOT *well* done.

Archdeacon Law.

When God's children upon the bended knee of their souls dart out their prayers, when they pour out their requests unto Him, they look after their prayers, eye them up into heaven, observe how God entertains them, and wait for a happy return at His good will and pleasure.

Edward Wilkison, 1639.

When His saints those things demand,
Impossible with man,
Though none on earth their case can meet,
Their Heavenly Father can. *Unknown.*

Our dependence upon God ought to be so entire and absolute that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolation.

Thomas à Kempis.

When a young heart, just beginning the Christian race, or a soul girding itself anew for the life of faith, came to inquire of me, 'What shall I do to keep my peace with God, to retain the near, sweet sense of spiritual things?' I should answer, as one of the most important lessons, my experience has taught: Be careful to obey at once, and with a tender, reverent spirit, all those sacred inward impulses that call to prayer and communion with heavenly things. Lay aside the charming book; steal away from the enticing friend; resist the harmless-looking temptation; and go to your closet and kneel down to talk with JESUS. Tell Him all there is in your heart. Do this as often as you have any feeling that reminds you of prayer; and make a closet of good thoughts, when your hands are busy with necessary cares. A heart that is kept thus, will not cry out for coldness, and darkness, and distress, when it would come near and shelter itself in the light and warmth of heavenly love. A soul that responds to the sacred whisper of the Spirit thus, will find no place for corrupt thoughts, for idle words, or evil deeds. This is indeed a rare and sensitive virtue; it is one of the choicest and best that make the whole garden of the heart fragrant with the sweetness of heaven.

From 'The Christian.'

O let the soul alone. Let it go to God as best it may. It is entangled enough. It is hard enough for it to rise above the distractions which environ it. Let a man teach the rain how to fall, the clouds how to shape themselves, and move their airy rounds, the seasons how to cherish and garner the

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universal abundance, but let him not teach a soul to pray, on whom the Holy Ghost doth brood. *Beecher.*

Prayer is not only the golden key which unlocks the treasures of God's mercy to our need ; but it lets us into the thoughts and affections of His heart. *Unknown.*

The very turning of one's mind towards God as a Father, ascends up more truly like incense, sweet incense, than half our prayers that we seem to feel and enjoy much more. *A. L. Newton.*

A very poor old woman remarked : 'I am often too short of breath to pray, but then I remember how the Lord heard when Hannah's lips moved.'

If in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
 He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or think ;
 The deep unspoken language known only to that Love,
 That fathoms the heart's mystery from the throne of light above.
 His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,
 How God the weak one strengthens who leans on Him by faith ;
 How He hath built a city of love, and light, and song,
 Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart hath loved
 so long. *Paul Gerhardt.*

Weeping is the eloquence of sorrow. It is an unstammering orator, needing no interpreter, but understood of all. Is it not sweet to believe that our tears are understood even when words fail? Let us learn to think of tears as liquid, and of weeping as a constant dropping of importunate intercession, which will wear its way right surely into the very heart of mercy, despite the stony difficulties which obstruct the way. My God, I will weep when I cannot plead, for Thou hearest 'the voice of my weeping.' *Spurgeon.*

Methinks we often go to the Throne of Grace, we often pour out our hearts in prayer ; and prayer may be really sincere while we are in the act of offering our petitions ; but we do not tarry—we do not hush the tumult of our hearts to listen to the voice of God.

W. Pennefather.

How full of comfort to know that *unuttered* desires and groans are heard !—Psa. xxxviii. 9.

A. L. Newton.

Long delay in the answers to prayer is a trying discipline which may be explained. The answering of prayer is a subject which has many sides. You are only looking at *one* of the sides. You have only, in your short-sightedness, got your eye on *one* part of a great scheme, which God is working out in the answering of your prayer. Only trust Him, and *pray on*. Every thought you send to Heaven is doing its work in some unknown way. God loves you, O how deeply ! then rest in His love.

Whitfield.

How much would each one among us have to relate of the efficacy of prayer, if only we were thankfully to recall God's mercies.

Origen.

May there not be cases in which the very refusal of our Heavenly Father is the real answer to prayer, where that which thy spiritual man most earnestly craves can only be secured by the denial, as a means of thine everlasting gain, of what thy short-sighted human eye has desired ? O blessed refusal ! which is in reality the most precious of answers. Yes, and behind the very door at which we have been obliged to knock the longest, and where we seem, in spite of all our entreaties, to have been rejected, just there do we not often find waiting for us the most priceless treasures ?

A. F. Thobuck.

I asked for Peace—my sins arose
And bound me close ; I could not find release.
I asked for Truth—my doubts came in,
And with their din they wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love—my lovers failed,
And griefs assailed, around, beneath, above.
I asked for Thee—and Thou didst come
And take me home, within Thy heart to be. *Anon.*

When Augustine was on the eve of his departure for Rome, where she knew he would have to encounter so many temptations, Monica prayed for the prevention of his going. But after all he went, and was there converted, and led to cry out to GOD. 'Then didst Thou, looking down from Heaven, refuse the mother that for which she had *once* prayed, and gavest to her that for which she had always prayed.'

Is not, then, the one thing as true for the believer as the other—that every petition offered in faith will be granted, and that no petition will be answered but what is sought in accordance with the Divine will? As John says, with a heart joyful in its faith, 'And this is the confidence which we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.' He hears us, because, from our joyful trust in His will, we cannot pray otherwise than according to His will. *Tholuck.*

It is a strange and a wonderful fact—but it is a fact—that in the Hebrew the same word which signifies 'GOD *hears* prayer,' also signifies 'GOD *answers* prayer,' to teach us that it is all the same for GOD to hear and for GOD to answer prayer; therefore, to speak of GOD as 'a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering GOD' is a superfluity. *M. Rainsford & C. H. Spurgeon.*

We have assurance that we shall be heard in what we pray, because we pray to that GOD who heareth prayer, and is the Rewarder of all that come unto Him; and in His name, to whom GOD denieth nothing; and therefore, howsoever we are not always answered at the present, or in the same kind that we desire, yet, sooner or later, we are sure to receive even above that we are able to ask or think, if we continue to sue unto Him according to His will. *Archbishop Usher.*

Bring everything before the Throne of Grace, without wavering. Remember Luther, of whom it was said, 'There comes a man along the street who can have anything of GOD he likes.'

Samuel Zeller.

It is not necessary that we should understand why the prayer is made a condition of the blessing. We know that we are not heard because we pray, but only for the sake of the Lord JESUS, who has purchased for us the blessings we need. GOD gives them to us for the sake of His Son; but He will not give them unless we *pray in faith*, nothing doubting. The prayer of faith will prevail with GOD.

S. I. Prime.

Prayer can obtain everything; can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell; can put a holy constraint upon GOD, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in his course, and send the winds upon our errands.

Jeremy Taylor.

O beloved! when you are on your knees, the fact of your being *set apart* as GOD's own peculiar treasure, should give you courage, and inspire you with fervency and faith. 'Shall not GOD avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him?' Since He chose to love us, He cannot but choose to hear us.

C. H. Spurgeon.

In the very moment when thou prayest, a treasure is laid up for thee in heaven.

Ephraem Syrus, 3rd. century.

Of what an easy quick access,

My blessed Lord, art Thou! how suddenly.

May our requests Thy ear invade!

To show that state dislikes not easiness,

If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:

Thou canst no more not hear, than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere !
By it do all things live their measured hour :
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request !

Of what immeasurable love
Art Thou possess'd, who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberality !

George Herbert.

We have an inexhaustible fortune placed in the keeping of a loving, kind, bountiful Banker, who will not let us want any good, or trust us with too much at once. O it is sweet to grace, though mortifying to nature, to live on His bounty ; to come every moment for more strength, more patience, more love—everything we want. He loves large requests, and is honoured by great expectations.

Ruth Bryan.

In Luther's closet we have the secret of the Reformation.

Merle D'Aubigné.

The answer is sometimes open when the prayer is secret. The world sees the result when it little suspects the effectual antecedent. When Jacob and Esau met—on the one side the shaggy chieftain with his four hundred swordsmen, and on the other side the limping shepherd, with his caravan of children and cattle—a flock of sheep approaching a band of wolves ; when the patriarch took his staff in his hand and stepped forward to meet the embattled company, and the anxious retinue awaited the issue, they saw the tear start into the rough huntsman's eye ; they saw the sword drop from Esau's hand ; they saw his brawny arms round Jacob's neck ; they saw in the red savage a sudden and unlooked-for brother. They saw the result, but they had not seen the cause which led to it. They

had not been with Jacob at the Ford of Jabbok the night before. They had not viewed his agony, and heard his prayer; and though they noticed the halting limb, they did not know the victory whose token it was. They saw the patriarch, the husband, and the father; but they knew not that he was a prince with God, and had gained Esau's heart from Him who has all hearts in His hand. The reconciliation was obvious, but the wrestling over-night was unknown; the reward was open, but the prayer was secret.

And so there are many benefits which a believer secures by prayer—benefits which the world envies or wonders at, but of which the world knows not the secret source. 'This man—there is some charm about him, for all things succeed with him; things in which others fail, he puts his hand to them, and instantly they take another turn—they swing right—they stand fast—they prosper well. He has some magic, for whatever be the mischief, he escapes it; whatever be the calamity, it cannot come near him; he has got the talisman which made the wearer invisible, all except his shadow. When any disaster comes down, it crushes that shadow; any blow, it divides that shadow; any trap, it only catches that shadow; his truest self gets always clear off.' You are perfectly right. It is a singular fact—a peculiar circumstance.—Psa. xci.

Prayer is the talisman. The secret of the Lord's presence is the protecting charm. The eye of Omniscience detects his dangers, and the hand of Omnipotence clears his path, finishes his work, and dispels or reconciles his foes. The closet secured it, but the world beholds it. The prayer was secret, but the reward is open.

James Hamilton.

Prayer is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence.

Tupper.

God will perfectly settle everything on behalf of those who simply put their trust in Him. When unerring wisdom, omnipotent power, and infinite love combine, the confiding heart may enjoy unruffled repose. Unless we can find some circumstance too big or too little for 'the Almighty God,' we have no proper base on which to found a single anxious thought.

C. H. Macintosh.

THE BANNER UNFURLED.

Prayer is th' unburthening of the soul,
 The simple act whereby I roll
 Each trial, trouble, cross, and care,
 On shoulders able all to bear.
 The aching head—the heart oppress'd—
 Prayer places on a *Father's* breast ;
 However heavy be the load,
 In prayer I roll it all on God !

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Whatever be the source of grief,
 Prayer *never* fails to give relief ;
 Each trouble drives my soul to pray,
 And Prayer each trouble drives away.

Though weaker than the weakest foe,
 In Prayer I lay the strongest low.
 What, though I fight 'gainst fearful odds !
 The battle is not mine, but GOD'S !
 I stand upon the battle-field,
 God as my buckler and my shield,
 Not only strengthens me, but He
 Himself becomes my panoply !

By exercise of faith in Prayer,
 I to this strong defence repair ;
 And, in each attribute, I find
 A bulwark to retreat behind !
 The 'bosses of His buckler' must
 Be pierced ere any hostile thrust
 Can give my soul a mortal wound,
 Or drive me from the battle ground.

'Strong in the Lord, and in His might,'
 A soldier of the Cross I fight.
 The foe that seeks to do me harm
 Must first unnerve th' Almighty arm,
 Which lifts itself for my defence—
 Must overcome Omnipotence.
 He who is on my ruin bent
 Contends with the Omnipotent !

In Prayer, with GOD I converse hold,
Nought in my heart from Him withhold ;
Be 't joy or woe, or hope or fear,
All is unbosom'd in His ear ;
And sought-for blessing coming down,
Tells that my voice has reached His throne :
That beats and acts for me each hour—
His heart of love and arm of power !

And though the answer which I sought
Come—not as I had wished or thought—
Envelop'd to the eye of the sense,
In some dark frowning providence ;
Yet Faith's anointed eye can trace
That answer to the throne of grace,
And see the Answerer of Prayer
Through darkest dispensations there !

Mountains of sin may intervene,
Corruption's torrent roll between
My soul and a sin-hating God,
And threaten to stop up the road ;
But JESUS makes the passage clear ;
I have no obstacle to fear.
He is the 'new and living way ;'
My soul, take courage, then, and—*pray !*

Unknown.

I have had such sweet proofs of the Lord's attending to our smallest comforts, and I find I have only to take my little *inconveniences* to Him, and they are either removed, or I have the assurance that whatever it is, it comes from Him, and therefore I am satisfied, and the little pain is removed.

Mrs. Jukes.

I was much tried by the destitute condition of many widows and orphans. Application had been made by several of the former to the orphan schools in and about London, for admission for their children, but without success, if one boy be excepted. This led me to look to the Lord for guidance as to what He

would have me do in providing for these poor children, and eventually, in simple dependence upon Him, I came to the conclusion to gather some of them together and feed them. From August 3 to September 3, 1869, ten children were thus cared for, Sundays alone being days on which they received nothing; and during these four weeks I was waiting upon the Lord to provide me with the means for procuring bedsteads and bedding. One day, whilst pacing an empty room in this desolate district (the Isle of Dogs), this verse from Heb. xiii. was applied with much power to my heart: 'Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' At first I felt at a loss to understand what reference this passage of Scripture could have to the subject upon which I had been so deeply meditating, inasmuch as I was not only without money, but, as it seemed to me, without means of any description towards carrying out the desire of my heart; but, after pondering over the matter, it appeared to me that it was the Lord's will to signify by this text that I should make the required bedsteads out of some timber He had already given me; so at once I set to work to construct some cots, and now, whilst writing, there are twenty-seven made by my own hands. The question, however, of bedding still pressed itself upon my mind, and again was this fifth verse of Heb. xiii. applied to my heart—'Be content with such things as ye have.' I was again perplexed; indeed, more so now than in the matter of the bedsteads; for, after carefully thinking over everything I possessed which by any possibility might be applied to the purpose for which I required it, nothing occurred to me as available, if I except some flour and rice sacks, and these at first appeared to me to be too coarse. But when I called to mind the homes of some of these poor children, I decided that the sacks should have a trial, and as I had many hundreds of letters that had accumulated during the years already referred to, I and the little ones at once set to work to tear them up, and thus, what with sacks and what with letters, we managed to procure our bedding, soon after which we were furnished with sheets, blankets, and quilts, and on the 3rd September the first fatherless ones were received into the house. Thus the Lord, according to His faithful

word, gave me the desire of my heart, and helped me to carry out my work, which many may consider I did in a somewhat rough and novel manner.

Henry Toye.

Orphan Home, George Terrace, Lewisham Road, Greenwich, S.E.

I know I prayed at times,
Not asking anything, I think,
But helplessly repeating God's great name
In my great agony. *B. M.*

Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering Him in the ear. The life is not out of faith where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing towards God. 'Hide not Thine ear at my breathing.'—Lam. iii. 36. *Rutherford.*

The twinkling thought, the uplifted eye, the secret groan, will bring Him in an instant—will bring Him in all the brightness of His countenance, through the midnight gloom—in all the promptitude of His interposition, through the thickest dangers—in all the abundance of His strength into the fading flesh, and in all the sweetness of His sympathy and the assurance of His death-destroying might into the failing heart; and this communion closer and more complete than that of any creature with another; for dearest friend can only give his thoughts, and desires, and feelings; he cannot impart himself. But in regard to the praying soul and this Divine communion, we read of its being 'filled with all the fulness of God.'

James Hamilton, D.D.

Some care presses upon me—a little care, which I should be ashamed to speak of to an earthly friend, though I am not ashamed to grieve my Heavenly One by refusing to leave it to His love and guidance. And when I kneel at His feet, and spread out there the burden which He has promised to sustain, I keep this one thing back; or, if I lay it down, I take it up again, as if I could not trust it to the pierced Hand and loving Heart which have done and borne so much for me.

Hetty Bowman.

Nature does not impel the lion, the eagle, or the moth to pray; she impels only man. Why? Because man only has soul, and soul seeks to commune with the everlasting, as a fountain struggles up to its source. *Bulwer.*

In Old Testament times men came to GOD, through an earthly Temple, and by earthly services, and through an earthly priest, and through earthly sacrifices.

GOD has no material Temple now.

He hath been pleased to constitute His believing people a spiritual Temple—'A habitation of GOD, through the Spirit.' Away, priest and priestlings! Away, altars and sacrifices! I come to GOD, myself a consecrated king, myself an anointed priest, and I lay my hand by faith on the Lamb of GOD that taketh away the sin of the world. I go in introduced by GOD's High Priest; I stand beside the altar of burnt-offering; the incense goes up, the fire from GOD Himself comes down, and I stand 'accepted in the Beloved.' I draw nigh to GOD.

The place where prayer is carried on is *not on earth*. Remember that! There are many attempts in our day to get up a gorgeous praying system upon earth. The Church of GOD doth not pray on earth; she enters, and she has 'liberty to enter' into the *very 'holiest* by the blood of JESUS, and by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the rent veil, *i.e.*, His flesh.'

The place for prayer is Heaven. There the incense is sprinkled, there the High Priest stands, and thence the blessing descends upon the wilderness here below, till we are brought up by the Spirit which dwelleth in us to the source from whence He has descended, even the Throne of GOD and of the Lamb.

Marcus Rainsford.

Thus saith the LORD GOD: I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. *Ezek. xxxvi. 37.*

Prayer is the forerunner of mercy. Turn to sacred history and you will find that scarcely ever did a great mercy come to this world unheralded by supplication. Prayer is always the preface to blessing. It goes before the blessing, *as the blessing's shadow*. When the sunlight of GOD's mercies rises upon our necessities,

it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain. When God piles up a hill of mercies, He Himself shines behind them, and He casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are much in prayer, our pleadings are the shadows of mercy. Prayer is thus connected with the blessing to *show us the value of it*. If we had the blessings without asking for them, we should think them common things; but prayer makes our mercies more precious than diamonds. The things we ask for are precious, but we do not realize their preciousness until we have sought for them earnestly.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.

Melancthon.

Holy prayer is a shelter to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to the devil.

Augustine

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

They pleaded 'we are weak, but CHRIST is strong,'
 That they had failed in working their ideal
 Into the actual; that they were specked and stained
 By contact with things earthly; yet they came to Him,
 Constrained to come by His inviting love,
 And He, their elder Brother, their High Priest,
 Placed on each head His loving hand, and said,
 'I know thy sorrows and thy weaknesses;
 I know that care weighs heavy on thy *brain*,
 And sometimes almost numbs it; but, sister,
 Stay thy *heart* on me. I also suffered once
 In treading all the path thou treadest now;
 Therefore I know just how to help the tried,
 And how to teach the burdened head to wear
 Its sorrows lightly, till they form its crown.'
 And then He took from the pure stream of life,
 The living water, sprinkled it on each,
 And each was straightway cleansed. Also He gave
 A draught to each, and they were strong for life
 And all its duties.

From 'Memoir of Elizabeth Bramwell.'

No prayer is lost, they are lasting and living. It is a wonderful thought—*no prayer is lost*, they live for ever ; they are, as it were, indented round the Throne of God, and when God looks around, He sees the sweet prayers of His saints covered with the sweet incense of the Saviour's merit. *Bickersteth.*

As we cannot have joy and peace in full perfection while we are here, it behoveth us to live ever in sweet prayer and lovely longing with our Lord JESUS, for He ever longeth to bring us to the fulness of joy. *Julian, 1326.*

When we desire anything of God, which He has promised in His Word, and which we believe will be for our good and His glory, we should look up, and expect to receive it. We should have confidence in God. He loves to be trusted. He has given us many exceeding great and precious promises, to which He has added innumerable proofs of His faithfulness, to induce us to exercise confidence in Him. Let us, therefore, ask in faith, and believe that our God will give us the desires of our hearts. *J. Smith.*

Prayer is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it. It is the urgency of poverty ; the prostration of humility ; the fervency of penitence ; the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness ; it is not figures of speech, but the compunction of the soul. It is the 'Lord, save, or we perish,' of Peter ; the 'cry of faith to the ear of mercy.' *Hannah More.*

Faith, bold faith, the promise sees,
And trusts to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, 'It shall be done.' *Unknown.*

'If ye shall ask anything *in my name* I will do it.'
John xiv. 14.

Our precious CHRIST is 'the Amen, the faithful and true witness.' He is the Amen to every prayer of faith, and when thus sealed with the King's signet, no man or devil can reverse it ; and He is the faithful witness to see all faith's expectations accomplished, as He saith, 'All things, whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive.'

Ruth Bryan.

Answers to prayers are sweet cordials for the soul. We need not fear a frowning world while we rejoice in a prayer-hearing GOD.

C. H. Spurgeon.

To make supplication in CHRIST's name means simply to refer everything to Him, with a believing glance at the relation into which the suppliants have entered as His redeemed, having received a drawing to the Father. And that which brings answers to prayer is in reality nothing but faith. This faith, from its lowest degree, where it is only a timid trust, but to a miraculous Divine Power, is the foundation of all true prayer. As we find in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'He who cometh to GOD must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.'

Only believe ! Yes, that is the demand which from the first frightens back the worldly man. Do you say, 'I have hours when I cannot believe.' Well, you have hours when you cannot eat. Why ? Because you are already satisfied. But there are other hours when you long for food, and simply do not find it. There are also seasons when the spirit of prayer comes upon you, when you can do nothing but pray, when you are, as it were, *forced* to pray.

Though you may have prayed only a few times, yet, in return, you have not failed to receive Divine help. And here the promise applies in force, that whoever has, that is, whoever rightly has and holds, to him will be given, from one degree to another, up to a measure pressed down and running over ; to the trembling seeker courage, to the cold heart warmth, and to the doubter certainty.

With the beginner in faith, prayer commences with a shrinking trust in an answer. From this it advances up to the miraculous Divine power. The Fathers were accustomed to

distinguish this miraculous faith, a special gift of grace, from the common state of faith and prayer. In a similar way the Apostle, in reckoning up the gifts of mercy which the Spirit distributed in the Church, calls the gifts of wisdom, of knowledge, of tongues, of healing through prayer, the *peculiar* faith, the spirit of earnest, resolute, Christian determination.

Up to our days this prayerful spirit of healing, this energizing power, has never entirely departed from the Church. It rests upon a Divine foresight of what God will accomplish by means of human instrumentality. And this inner foresight or conviction gives assurance for the working of the miracle.

You remember the accounts of the simple, modest, Francke, —how from one day to the other he would give orders to the workmen on his Orphan-house up to the needed amount, and then go away and pray. And how do you suppose the prayer ran? ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy will be done?’ But where then would have been his confidence in the Divine promise? No; just what was the Lord’s will in respect to him, that had the Lord already put into his heart. And so he could pray, ‘Lord, *since* this is Thy will for Thy servant, fulfil it now through him.’ And when we think of the man, who, through such prayers, erected that grand monument of faith, and when we read in his own hand, how in his youth he had at one time been forced to pray, ‘Lord, *if Thou art*, hear me!’ Can we find, for the beginner in faith, a stronger incentive than this? Can anything preach to young students with more force and encouragement than the Halle Orphan Asylum?

And now, if, on the one hand, has been made manifest the height to which the assurance of an answer to his prayers can rise in a believer, so, on the other hand, do we see that this assurance contains within itself its own limitations. Even where faith in the efficacy of prayer reaches the miraculous degree, it does not of necessity produce an assurance of the accomplishment of all the believer desires, for the very reason that he does not *choose* everything which he wishes, but only what he actually *wills*, even as the Divine Omnipotence can do nothing but what is in harmony with infinite holiness. The great Apostle who said, ‘I can do all things through Christ strengthening me,’ remained two years at Rome, without ever shaking off his chains. And again, though he was able unharmed to cast the poisonous scorpion from himself on the

Island of Malta, yet in his Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians, he speaks of his severe sicknesses. And he tells us of his thorn in the flesh—how he three times asked the Lord to have it removed, yet only received for an answer, ‘My Grace is sufficient for thee.’

Thus we see that even with the miracle-working Apostles, there were prayers which were not heard, because these Apostles had not received from the Lord Himself the assurance of answers to those particular prayers. And if it was so in their case, how much less should the common Christian faith even where it is the most childlike, expect an answer to every particular request, not because it *could not* demand it, but because it *would not*. One object is set before Christians, to which all others are subordinate : Seek first righteousness—the righteousness of the Kingdom of God. The satisfaction of pleasing God in our conduct ought to be the highest aim of our life struggles, as well as of our desires and prayerful efforts. Thus, in our prayers, the petition, ‘Thy will be done,’ should underlie all others, and take the precedence of all others.

Tholuck.

Prayer disengages our soul from matter ; it raises it on high, as the fire inflates a balloon. The more we pray, the more we wish to pray. It is as with a fish, which at first skims over the surface of the water, then sinks lower, and plunges still deeper. The soul plunges, engulfs itself, loses itself in the sweetness of its communing with God.

Time passes quickly in prayer. I know not whether we then even desire Heaven. Oh, yes. The fish which is swimming in the small stream is happy, because it is in its element ; but it is still happier in the sea. When we pray we must open our heart to God, like a fish when it sees the wave coming. God has no need of us ; if He commands us to pray it is because He wills our happiness, and because we can find our happiness in nothing else. When He sees us coming He leans His heart down very low to His little creature, like a father who bends down to listen to his child when it speaks to him. In the morning we should do like the infant in its cradle. As soon as it opens its eyes, it looks quickly through the room to see its mother. When it sees her it smiles ; when it cannot see her it cries.

J. M. Vianney, Le curé d'Ars.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord, Thou know'st
 The pain it is to me,
 To have my vainly struggling thoughts,
 Thus torn away from Thee.
 Yet Thou art oft more present, Lord,
 In weak, distracted prayer ;
 A sinner out of heart with self,
 Most often finds Thee there.
 And prayer that humbles sets the soul
 From all illusions free,
 And teaches it how utterly,
 Dear Lord, it hangs on Thee. *Unknown.*

The fervent piety of a simple peasant, an unlettered husbandman, was the joy of his pastor's heart. Whether going to his work or returning from it, never did that good man pass the church door without entering it to adore his Lord. He would leave his tools at the door, and remain for hours together sitting or kneeling within. M. Vianney, who watched him with great delight, could never perceive the slightest movement of the lips. Being surprised at this circumstance, he said to him one day, 'My good father, what do you say to our Lord in those long visits you pay Him every day, and many times a day?' 'I say nothing to Him,' was the reply. 'I look at Him, and He looks at me.' A beautiful and sublime answer ; he said nothing, he opened no book, he could not read ; but he had eyes—eyes of the body, and eyes of the soul, and he opened them, those of the soul especially, and fixed them on our Lord. 'I look at Him.' He fastened upon Him his whole mind, whole heart, all his senses, and all his faculties. There was an interchange of ineffable thought in those glances which came and went between the heart of the servant and the heart of the master. This is the secret, the great secret, of attaining sanctity. To be saints, is to form the image of JESUS CHRIST within us ; and to form JESUS CHRIST within us what must we do ? We must look at Him often, and look at Him long ; for the more we look at Him, the more we shall love, and the more we love Him, the more shall we be led to imitate Him. *Monnin.*

Real communion with the Lord does not consist in being able to follow long prayers, either with or without a form, at church or at home, but in the speaking of the heart to GOD, using JESUS as a friend; telling Him everything, however small, never hiding from Him a thought, either of joy or sorrow, that crosses your soul; asking Him for what you want, and looking out for the answer: for unless you do this you call upon Him in vain, and by not waiting to receive an answer you rob Him of His title, which is the 'prayer-hearing and prayer-answering GOD.' It is true He has many ways of answering our prayers. One of His ways, when he sees we are rebellious and refuse to give up our will, is to answer us by *denial*; thus showing us that our highest joy, and chief delight, must be in His will being done, that *He* may be glorified.

Mrs. Jukes.

What we ask in and for the flesh, if it be granted us, will very often be *with* or *as* a cross to the flesh which desired it. O may we learn to be content with JESUS only, and not be importunate for any outward thing, but just take what He gives.

Ruth Bryan.

One hour with God infinitely exceeds all the pleasures and delights of this lower world.

D. Brainerd.

Prayer, if I may speak so boldly, is intercourse with GOD. Even if we do but lisp, even though we silently address God without opening our lips, yet we cry to Him in the inmost recesses of the heart, for GOD always listens to the sincere direction of the heart to Him.

Clement of Alexandria, 2nd century.

It is so sweet to feel that we may go to GOD when we seem cold and dull and unable to pray, and say 'Father, I can't pray at all as I would. I can do nothing but listen to JESUS. I plead His prayers as mine.'

A. L. Newton.

When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldest pray.

R. C. Trench.

There is an undercurrent of prayer which may run continually under the stream of our thoughts, and never weary us. Such prayer is the silent breathing of the Spirit of GOD who dwells in our hearts. It is the temper and habit of the spiritual mind; it is the pulse of our life which 'is hid with CHRIST in GOD;' it is the consciousness of the Divine nature communicated to us in regeneration. Prayer of this kind may be breathed without ceasing. I am convinced that the spirit of such mental prayer alone can maintain in our souls an uninterrupted assurance of hope, and give us to enjoy fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, JESUS CHRIST.

Hewitson.

There is nothing great or small to Him who rules the world. No care that causes you one throb of pain is insignificant to Him, nor one joy puerile that you would share with Him. If we forget this the loss is ours; He remains the same.

Anna Shipton.

Pour out your hearts before Him; GOD is a refuge for us.

Psa. lxii. 8.

When you have to empty a pitcher, you know that you have done so when not a drop remains; but if it still contains fluid you have not poured out all its contents.

When you kneel down in prayer full of cares, burdens, and perplexities, and rise with almost as many pressing on you as before, however long you have been praying you have not obeyed the command, 'Pour out your heart.' If, on the contrary, you have poured out everything that was burdensome, you know that you have done so because not one troublesome thing remains, and, like the pitcher, your heart is truly emptied.

George Müller.

Oh ! the comfort and joy of having JESUS thus—not a long way off, far away in heaven, but close to you, near to you, in the room with you. Oh ! the rest of putting all into His care, the past and the future, and living in the one day at a time that He sends to us. We can trust Him with everything and for everything. Nothing that concerns us can ever be indifferent to Him ; indeed, far, far from that, it is His great delight to have us cast our care upon Him. *'I am with you Always.'*

To the Christian every new event, every condition of his life, will be with him an impulse towards God. He must tell it there. *Beecher.*

He who pleads well knows the secret of prevailing with God, especially if he pleads the blood of JESUS, for that unlocks the treasury of heaven. Many keys fit many locks, but the master key is the blood and name of Him that died and rose again, and ever lives in heaven to save unto the uttermost.

C. H. Spurgeon.

If you can say nothing else at the footstool, cry 'Blood ! Blood !' *Unknown.*

If things are not too trifling to give us pleasure or pain, they are not too trifling to take to our Father. Ask your Father for it. *Elizabeth Bramwell.*

The Lord will give His praying people whatsoever they ask in faith ; therefore believing prayer is *sure* to be *answered*.

S. I. Prime.

We are sometimes very apt to overlook the answers that have come to our prayers. Many a prayer has been answered, and we have quite forgotten that we asked the petition, and quite forgotten that we have received an answer. We are very apt to overlook God's mercies, and to forget that part of prayer which should never be separated from it—thanksgiving.

Gurnall says on this subject, 'Friend, have you ever remembered that there are two doors to every house? You have been praying for the Lord to come in at the *front* door; and you did not see Him come in there, so you will not give Him credit for having heard and answered your prayer. If you only had the grace to look over your shoulder you would perceive that He has answered your prayer, and that He has come in, but *at the back door*. Why cannot you trust Him? why cannot you believe Him? It is because of His mercy that you are hoping and praying still !'

M. Rainsford.

Prayer can hold fast and retain even Satan himself. Pray, God girds you with omnipotence if you know how to pray.

C. H. Spurgeon.

In praying *unreservedly* about anything let us always remember at the same time to pray that we may have grace granted us to *bear* the answer.

A. Macpherson.

Commend all to God, and then lie still and be at rest in His bosom.

Francis de Sales.

Man's plea to man is that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begged before.
Man's plea to God is that he did obtain
A former suit, and, therefore, sues again.
How good a God we serve, that when we sue
Makes His old gifts the examples of His new !

Francis Quarles.

God loves to have us plead with Him, and overcome Him with arguments in prayer.

Thomas Watson.

Let no man esteem his prayer slighted, for He to whom we pray despises no petition. Before it has proceeded from our mouth it has already been written in His book; and on one of these two things we may surely trust, either we shall receive that for which we petition, or something better will be provided

for us. An earthly father readily gives to his children the bread they crave ; do they desire a knife with it, he refuses them, and either breaks the bread himself or causes others to break it, thus sparing his loved ones both the danger and the toil.

S. Bernard.

For the satisfying of each individual thirst, our heart-thirsts and our soul-thirsts, when we are conscious of these deep yearnings we are to come to JESUS with each one of them individually. We are to have *faith* in Him for the quenching of each particular thirst, for the supply of each particular want, for the bestowal of help in our present need. 'If *any* thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' And then, refreshed by communion with that Blessed One, from Him we may go out expecting and finding that through us—poor, empty, thirsty souls as we were, but now filled in Him—*rivers* of living water shall flow forth, and the reality of our communion with JESUS shall be made manifest.

J. Hudson Taylor.

Fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, JESUS CHRIST, and the communion of the Spirit, should be the daily household bread of our souls.

R. C. Chapman.

Prayer must not be anxious and trembling, faint and lukewarm, still less must it be bold and presumptuous. Anxious prayer cannot press to heaven ; immoderate fear fetters the soul, it cannot ascend, hardly can it cry. Indifferent prayer attempts to rise, but soon falls back again. Presumptuous prayer exalts itself indeed, but is hurled back to the depths ; it gains no grace ; it only heaps new guilt. It is only believing, humble, heartfelt prayer, that penetrates, beyond a doubt, the courts of heaven, whence it can never return empty.

S. Bernard.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER.—*St. Matt.* vi. 32.

'Your Father knoweth.' From these sacred words

What constant streams of peace and joy would flow,

Could we but grasp the blessed truth they hold,

Could we its all-embracing import know.

How oft we pray as if the Father knew
Only so much about our needs and cares,
The trials and the dangers of our way,
As we can think to tell Him in our prayers.

And in our ignorance and self-conceit,
Our sad distrust of Him goes farther still ;
So that we choose between His gifts, and say
‘ These things are good, but those must work us ill.’

And then with lifted hands and pleading lips
Unto the all-wise Father, God, we pray,
‘ Lord, give us those good things, but O remove
These evils from Thy children far away.’

Nor do we seem to think the Father knows
The time and season that is fitting best,
To give the good, to take away the ill,
Or answer any other fond request.

And so we cast us down before His throne,
And in sharp agony of soul we pray,
‘ Make haste to help us ; carest Thou not, O God,
That we are suffering through Thy delay ?’

Often we run like children to receive
Something desired ; our eager eyes we lift,
Heedless of slips or falls, our only thought
How soonest to obtain the longed-for gift.

But, ah ! He marks our tottering steps ; He sees
The need we have His hand of strength to clasp ;
So He withholds the gift, because He knows
The empty hand can take a firmer grasp.

The Giver is far better than His gifts,
These He withholds to give Himself, the Best ;
And hearts bereft of earthly good oft seem
The fullest of His life, and joy, and rest.

Want shows not lack of love, and thought, and care,
It is the perfect working out of these ;
Life’s long privations and keen sufferings come,
Just to supply some need the Father sees.

G. J.

Do you think your hour of need can come without His remembrance of it? And if He remembers He will meet it; how, you cannot tell. But when you say 'Our Father' you leave that with Him. Remember, our prayer is for '*daily bread*,' and there is such a thing as missing the answer, while we try to grasp some 'bread' in the future which we think may fail us. We shall find it there when we go forward and meet the want of it. But we must wait till then.

H. Bowman.

My GOD shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by CHRIST JESUS.

Phil. iv. 19.

Oh, blessed Prayer, thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes!

S. Chrysostom.

Psa. iii. 5.—David's faith enabled him *to lie down*; anxiety would certainly have kept him on tiptoe watching for an enemy. Yea, he was able to sleep, to *sleep* in the midst of trouble, surrounded by foes. 'So He giveth His Beloved sleep.'

C. H. Spurgeon.

'Do not *break*,' said the bow to the string one day, putting a stretch upon its power.

'I will do my utmost,' answered the string; and with a twanging sound the arrow shot forth, pierced the air, went straight to the mark, and gained the prize.

The arrow which is shot from a stranded or loose cord drops powerless to the ground; but from the tightly drawn bowstring it springs forward, soars upward, and reaches the object to which it is directed.

So it is not the *loose utterance* of attempted prayer that is effectual, but the strong earnestness of the heart, sending its pointed petitions to heaven, that reaches the Divine ear, and obtains the desired blessing.

'I will direct my prayer unto Thee,' said David, 'and will look up,' following its course by faith, and watching for the issue and answer from above.

'Voices in Nature.'

O LORD, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for *Thy name's sake*; for our backslidings are many; we have sinned against Thee. Yet Thou, O LORD, art in the midst of us, and we are called by *Thy name*; leave us not. We acknowledge, O LORD, our wickedness; for we have sinned against Thee. Do not abhor us—for *Thy name's sake* DO NOT DISGRACE THE THRONE OF THY GLORY. Remember, break not Thy covenant with us.

Jer. xiv. 7-9, 20, 21.

The being of GOD may as well fail as the promises of GOD. It is as true that the Lord is not slack concerning His promise (2 Pet. 3) as that He is never guilty of breaking His promise. Wait, therefore, how long soever He tarry; do not give over expecting, the heart of GOD is not turned though His face be hid, and prayers are not flung back though they be not instantly answered.

Timothy Cruso.

The lip of promise meets the lip of prayer. *Unknown.*

Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.

Psa. cxix. 49.

I shall give a certain argument, whereby thou mayest know that the Lord heareth thee, suppose He delay the effect of thy prayers. Continueth thou in prayer? Hast thou this strength given thee to persevere in suiting anything, thou mayest be assured He heareth, for this is one sure argument that He heareth thee; for naturally our impatience carrieth us to desperation; our suddenness is so great, specially in spiritual troubles, that we cannot continue in suiting. When thou, therefore, continueth in suiting, thou mayest be sure that this strength is furnished of GOD, and cometh from heaven, and if thou have strength He letteth thee see that He heareth thy prayer; and suppose He delay the effect and force thereof, yet pray continually. This doctrine is so necessary for the troubled conscience, that I think it is the meetest in the Scripture to refrain our impatience. It is the meetest bit to hold us in continual exercise of patience, for if the heart under-

stand that the Lord hath rejected our prayer altogether, it is not possible to continue in prayer. So when we know that the Lord heareth us, suppose He delay, let us crave patience to abide His good will. 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry.'

Robert Bruce, 1559, 1631.

To be sustained in faith under long delay of the answer to prayer, is itself an answer to prayer beyond price.

R. C. Chapman.

Prayer ! The flight of the lonely man to the only GOD.

Unknown.

Christians often have little faith in prayer as a *power* in the real life. They do not embrace cordially, in feeling as well as in theory, the truth which underlies the entire Scriptural conception and illustration of prayer, that it is literally, actually, positively, effectually a *means of power*.

In the mind of GOD, we may be assured, the conception of prayer is no fiction, whatever men may think of it. It is, and GOD has *purposed* that it should be a link of connection between the human mind and the Divine mind. It is, and GOD has *decreed* it should be, a *power* in the universe as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity. The Scriptures make it a *reality* and not a *reverie*.

Unknown.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

S. Matt. xxi. 22.

If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.

S. John xiv. 14.

Prayer has shaken houses, opened prison doors, and made stout hearts to quail. Prayer rings the alarm bell, and the Master of the house arises to the rescue, shaking all things beneath His tread.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Ask the Blessed One to fight your battles for you against the host of your enemies ; ask Him to pray for you, and then remember that 'Him the Father heareth always,' and come away thankful that you *have* been heard and answered ; and thus you will go forth as against an army of conquered foes. Ever remember that JESUS is always on your side ; that He is a Friend near, and not afar off ; and that you have only to tell out your heart's thoughts to Him, and He will surely send relief somehow or other. Therefore be on the look-out for it.

Mrs. Jukes.

Father, the hour is come. Honour Thy child by sustaining and delivering him, that he may honour Thee by testifying for Thee, and prefer Thy will in all things to his own.

J. Smith.

When prayer leads the van, in due time deliverance brings up the rear.

Thos. Watson.

A prayerless heart may be considered as a defenceless citadel, lying open and exposed to the incursion of every foe ; whereas the heart of one truly devout is like a castle in which the Lord dwells, and which is garrisoned with the Divine presence.

Dr. Watts.

Sometimes we expect the blessing in *our* way, and He chooses to bestow it in *His*.

Unknown.

Prayers have power when they ascend from the place of submission.

Gordon Forlong.

If heaven and earth are too narrow for thee, if nowhere canst thou halt and rest, if thou still sittest in the heated oven of temptation, then pour forth to God a devout, sincere, and fervent prayer from the depths of thy heart. Then shall grace and endurance be given thee, that thou mayest persevere ; then shall the cooling dew of heaven descend upon thee, and shall extinguish the fiery heat of thy temptations, and alleviate the anguish and affliction of thy soul.

Geiler.

All our actions call for great watchfulness, but more especially for prayer. For though we are continually seen of God, yet in prayer we place ourselves face to face with Him ; and, further, though GOD is everywhere present, yet He is to be addressed as 'in heaven,' and during the time of prayer is to be thought of as there. Who then prays, let him thus pray, let him remember and reflect that he stands before the presence of the Lord of glory.

S. Bernard.

In the same proportion as JESUS is sought for in minute detail blessing is the result, while trouble arises from negligence in small things.

Anna Shipton.

'I talk to Him until I fall asleep,' she said. I asked whether He answered her? 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'the ear of my heart hears His answer.'

Mme. Louise.

Thou hast trusted Him for *all*,
Placed all within His hand ;
Is this thy grief too small
For Him to understand,
Who marks the sparrow's fall ?
Heir of the King of kings,
Heir of immortal things.

Would'st thou on eagle's wings
Mount nearer to the throne ;
Oh ! take to Him alone
All that each hour brings.

Stoop not to murmurings,
Doth not thy Father know,
Who all thy past hast known ?
Shall care o'ercloud thy brow ?
From 'All the Day Long.'

Satan may take away the Christian's liberty, but he cannot quench the power of prayer. Acts xii. 5, 12-17.

M. Rainsford.

It is not necessary to say much to GOD. Oftentimes one does not speak much to a friend whom one is delighted to see; one looks at him with pleasure; one speaks certain short words to him which are mere expressions of feeling. The mind has no part in them, or next to none; one keeps repeating the same words. It is not so much variety of thoughts that one seeks in intercourse with a friend, as a certain repose and correspondence of heart. It is thus we are with GOD, who does not disdain to be our tenderest, most cordial, most familiar, most intimate friend. A word, a sigh, a sentiment, says all to GOD. It is not always necessary to have transports of sensible tenderness; a will, all naked and dry, without life, without vivacity, without pleasure, is often the purest in the sight of GOD. In fine, it is necessary to content one's self with giving to Him what He gives us to give—a fervent heart, when it is fervent—a heart firm and faithful in its avidity, when He deprives it of sensible fervour. It does not always depend on what you feel, but it is necessary to wish to feel. Leave it to GOD to make you feel sometimes, in order to sustain your weakness and infancy in Christian life; sometimes weaning you from that sweet and consoling sentiment which is the milk of babes, in order to humble you, to make you grow, to make you robust in the violent exercise of faith, by causing you to eat the bread of the strong in the sweat of your brow. Would you only love GOD according as He will make you take pleasure in loving Him, you would be loving your own tenderness and feeling, fancying that you were loving GOD. Even while receiving sensible gifts, prepare yourself by pure faith for the time when you might be deprived of them, and you will suddenly succumb, if you had only relied on such support.

Hénélon.

When young Christians complain to me that their thoughts wander in their devotions, I tell them that they pray too much. Pray often, but not too long at a time. I have heard very stammering, staggering prayers—prayers that broke down in the middle, that were yet real, living prayers. Far better are such than those whose composition is perfect, but in which words have outrun feeling.

Beecher.

The love of CHRIST will constrain to prayer. Praying without the heart, and from mere constraint of habit, is no prayer. Praying when danger and distress of soul, and when a feeling of sin and necessity constrain, is a very good prayer ; but when the love of CHRIST constrains us to pray, that is the noblest and most excellent prayer. Love constrains to pray. We are glad to be alone a little with true friends ; and if we love CHRIST, and love Him cordially, we shall be willingly alone with Him, nor will the time spent in His society easily appear long to us. If we love CHRIST, we shall always have something to say to Him, something to ask for ; and if we find, at times, that we have little to say to Him in this way, yet still we have something to love. Oh, it is an excellent prayer to love and be silent in the presence of God !

Gerhard Tersteegen.

Whenever I am impressed with the Divine Majesty, and so perhaps a little dispirited in prayer, I find the short and sweet remedy is to remember that, although He is a great King, and infinitely glorious, I am His child, and no matter who the father is, the child may always be bold with his father. Yes, faith can plead any and all of the relationships in which God stands to His chosen.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The feeling with a Christian should be, 'I come to my devotions this morning on an errand of real life. I have an object to gain ; I have an end to accomplish. This is a *business* in which I am about to engage. Even now my faltering voice is *to be heard in heaven*, and it is to put forth a power there, the results of which only God can know, and only eternity can develop.'

Unknown.

We should expect answers to prayer, and should not be easy without them any more than we should be if we had written a letter to a friend upon important business, and had received no reply.

C. H. Spurgeon.

That God is immutable is the greatest possible inducement to pray, because He has immutably determined that every humble, faithful prayer shall be heard, accepted, and answered.

S. I. Prime.

We have a model for the prayers of beginners, and it is this :—‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ You *can* feel all of that ; you see it begins abruptly, and it ends when the man is done. Let it be a lesson to you, beginner. Pray what you feel, and not *one word more*. Read on ; and if you are perplexed, and your thoughts look up, say ‘Lord, I can’t understand this ; I pray Thee help me.’ Then stop, *if you are done*. Read on ; and if a scene, or an action, or a saying of your Saviour touches the fount of feeling, let that feeling out, and say freely, ‘Dear Lord, I love Thee, for Thou truly art worthy,’ and so on through His whole recorded life, and through your own life. Be instant in prayer ; warm, true, impulsive, and affectionate with your God.

The utterances of real feeling only are acceptable to Him. Forced prayer, or insincerity in prayer, are alike hateful to Him. It is enough to know that He is willing to forgive our sins, and to excuse the imperfections of our earnest prayers : let us spare Him *mockery* added to sin. If we can’t feel like praying for everybody and everything, or like praying when we think we ought to pray, and if we are sorry that we feel so dull and prayerless, let us say *that* to GOD, and keep silence till we can feel more. GOD’s heart is like our hearts—like a parent’s heart. Our hearts are made by the pattern of His. How would a man like to have his own children observe only set forms of coming to converse with him—coming from a *sense of duty* ? How would he like to have them arrange all they have to say in set and studied forms—very respectful, perhaps, very laudatory, very humble and devout, but *very heartless* ? Think you that what would cut you to the heart, coming from your own offspring, does not at all hurt Him whose tenderness is the ocean out of which your drop is drawn ? *Beecher.*

A warm, earnest, humble spirit of prayer is a part of God’s purpose to obtain the end prayed for. A spirit of prayer is a forerunner of coming mercies. Divine grace kindles these ardent affections, when the blessings promised are upon the wing. *S. I. Prime.*

O GOD, our souls are just as dry as the heather ; oor herts are as hard as the granite stane ; but Thou that gi’est the draps

o' dew to the heather, gi'e us the drappin's o' Thy grace this day, and let Thy ain love licht upon oor hard herts like the birdie sittin' singin' on the rock yonner; an' fill the souls o' Thy fowk this day wi' peace and joy till they're rinnin' o'er like the water-spout on the brae. Lord, it 'll be nae loss to Thee, an' it 'll be a gran' bargain for us, an' we'll mind Thee on't a' eternity. Amen.

He prays without ceasing who suitably unites prayer with action; for works also are a part of prayer, since it would be impossible to understand the words of the Apostle, 'Pray without ceasing,' in any practical sense, unless we regard the whole life of the believer as one great continuous prayer, of which what is commonly called prayer forms but a part.

Origen.

A true Christian will pray in every place, but not openly to be seen of men. Even when he is walking for recreation, in his converse with others, in silence, in all rational pursuits, he finds opportunity for prayer. And although he is only thinking on God in the little chamber of his soul, and calling on his Father with silent aspiration, God is near him, and with him, for he is speaking to Him.

Clement of Alexandria.

What better illustration could be given of this 'speaking in the heart' than the histories of Eleazar (Gen. xxiv.) and of Nehemiah (c. i., ii.)

No part of your life is a mistake or an accident, but every part of it is sent you straight from the Lord. Each day comes to you from Him; each circumstance, each event, each person you meet, each book that comes in your way, is ordered of Him. Every atom of your life comes to you from Him. The government of yourself is His daily ordering: it is your part to submit to that government—rather, to accept it—to go to Him morning by morning for orders for this one day. You know *He* will send you each circumstance, so ask Him to take it back *into His hands again*. Give Him yourself; but give

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Him also the events of each day, confiding to His care those you know of, and begging Him to guard those you know not. Leave off governing yourself, and let JESUS do it.

Perhaps you say 'I don't know how to do this. A difficulty, a temptation comes, and before I have time to think, I am overcome.' Perhaps it is a temptation that you know beforehand will meet you. Then take it to JESUS, tell Him about it—*all* about it; and tell Him how it has overcome you, how quickly, how at the time you have been almost glad to yield, though it has been a grief afterwards. Tell Him all about it, and that it is coming again, and then *leave* it with Him; trust it and yourself to Him; do not worry, or fret, or fear. You have often tried to govern it yourself, and have failed; do not try any more; let JESUS do it for you. Do you say 'I cannot; how can I expect JESUS to help me if I don't help myself?' What has all your helping yourself done for you? Nothing, but this one thing: it has *shown* you that all your efforts are vain. Now begin and trust JESUS to do it for you. What a mistake you have been making all this time! Put it to rights quickly; give yourself entirely into the hands of JESUS—into His heart, I should rather say—and He will take you along with Himself, and cure you as you go, doing all *for* you. And as to those temptations of which we know nothing beforehand, and which often come quickly as an arrow, no wonder they are too quick for *us*; but, trusting JESUS, He will be ready for them. We have been lagging far behind; let us walk with JESUS, and, looking at Him, having our eyes fixed on Him, we shall see less of the coming evils and more of the power that is with us to overcome them.

'The Government shall be upon His shoulder.'

Gather strength for the day by seeking the Master's face in the morning.

I. S. M.

When we open our mouths to GOD in confession, He opens His heart in pardoning mercy.—Psa. xxxiii. 5.

A. L. Newton.

What thought can estimate the loss which prayerless hours incur?

Archdeacon Law.

We may lay it down as an elemental principle of religion, that no large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long *alone* with GOD.

Unknown.

If our communion keeps pace with our service, there need be no limit thereto ; if otherwise, we shall break down.

Unknown.

Expenditure of strength, even in the service of GOD, demands a supply of strength *from* GOD. But how is this to be obtained, unless we get alone *with* GOD ?

Unknown.

Lord, I will never come away from Thee without Thee.

S. Bernard.

He who groans because he cannot pray, has prayed the best prayer in the world.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The question between me and the infidel naturalist is not 'Does GOD disturb natural laws in order to answer the prayers of His people?' or 'Does He do violence to nature that He may do any man good?' but it is this: 'Is it, or is it *not*, likely that He is able to do for those who call upon Him, and whom He loves, as well as man can do by means of natural law for those dear to *him*?' In other words, 'Is it likely that One who has given to His creatures such wonderful powers over laws of His own creating, should be Himself so bound and hampered by them that there should be with Him no possibility of any modification of their working to suit external circumstances?' The idea is absurd. The man who says and believes that there is no effect on GOD's feelings and actions by prayer is not a Christian. I would rather a man did as Martin Luther did—lay down his hand on a promise, and say to GOD, 'Now, here is Thy word, O Lord! fulfil it to me, or I will never believe Thee again, as long as I live.' GOD *will* interfere and help us, no matter what laws we have broken. If we did not break laws, we should not *need* His help;

because we have broken, and do break them, He *does* help all who trust in Him. When it is *proved* that praying alters nothing, I will say of the Bible, 'It was a pleasant book, but it has passed.' But when a man, out of his deep need, goes to God for a good gift, which he is powerless to gain for himself, he shall have it. This is the seal. God is more willing to give good gifts to them that ask Him than parents are to give good gifts unto their children.

Beecher.

Prayer secures the Baptism of the Spirit. It is the key which opens the windows of heaven. It is weakness going to Infinite power for aid. It is emptiness going to Infinite fulness for supply.

S. I. Prime.

Child of God, pray on! Were it indispensable for thy safety that God should rend these heavens, it should be done. I dare believe *that*; and I am not mad. Have not these heavens been already rent? Eighteen hundred years ago, robed in humanity, God came down.

Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

The whole of prayer does not consist in *taking hold* of God; the main matter is *holding on*.

Unknown.

Heaven is never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

Unknown.

'The Lord has heard the voice of my weeping' (Psa. vi. 8). Tears have a tongue, and grammar, and language that our Father knoweth.

Rutherford.

My great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

E. B. Browning.

Commit thy way to God, the way which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load!—to Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes or hostile crowds, can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest, ere bliss can be secure ;
On His work must thou rest, if thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought, and weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought—He giveth all to prayer !

Father ! Thy faithful love, Thy mercy, wise and mild.
Sees what will blessing prove, or what will hurt Thy child ;
And what Thy wise foreseeing doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being, nor sufferest them to lose.

All means always possessing, invincible in might,
Thy doings are all blessing, Thy goings are all light ;
Nothing Thy work suspending, no foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending, dost undertake their cause.

Though all the devils throng Thine onward course to stay,
Thou passest calm along, nor swervest from Thy way.
What Thou hast once disposed and order'd in Thy strength,
Whatever powers opposed, must reach its goal at length.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled, hope and be undismay'd ;
Let not thine heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art, thy GOD will break it soon,
And flood with light thine heart in His own blessed noon.

Up, up ! the day is breaking ; say to thy cares, good-night !
Thy troubles from thee shaking, like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown, nor the best course canst tell ;
GOD sitteth on the throne, and guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then ! no king can rule like Him ;
How wilt thou wonder when thine eyes are no more dim,
To see these paths which vex thee, how wise they were and meet ;
The works which now perplex thee, how beautifully complete !

Faithful the Love thou sharest ; all, all is well with thee ;
The crown from hence thou bearest with shouts of victory !
In thy right hand, to-morrow, thy GOD shall place the palms ;
To Him who chased thy sorrow, how glad will be thy psalms !
Paul Gerhardt, d. 1676.

Prayer is frailty fleeing to Omnipotence.

Aubrey C. Price.

I fear John Knox's prayers more than an army of ten thousand men.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Let us be very circumstantial in the detail of our sorrow. Jairus told the Lord that he had one only daughter, and that she was twelve years old, and that she lay a-dying. All that he said would be helpful towards exciting JESU's interest and moving His pity; which, perhaps, he, who knew not JESU's heart fully, would have thought necessary. We know that for this purpose it is not needed; still it is a good thing to enter into particulars with the Lord. It is treating Him with confidence. The very feeling that He will be interested is honouring to Him. Every particular that we bring before Him, He will note, and act with reference to it too.

P. B. Power.

Amen has been thus touchingly translated in the Chinese language:—'Heart says—*Yes*, exactly so.'

LORD, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble: Thou wilt prepare their heart; Thou wilt cause Thine ear to hear.

Psa. x. 17.

Meditation is the food of the soul. They usually thrive best who meditate most. Meditation is a soul-fattening duty, it is a grace-strengthening duty, it is a duty-crowning duty. Gerson calls meditation the nurse of prayer; Hieron calls it his paradise; Basil calls it the treasury where all the graces are locked up; Theophylact calls it the very gate and portal by which we enter into glory; and Aristotle, though a heathen, placeth felicity in the contemplation of the mind. You may read much, and hear much, yet without meditation you will never be excellent—you will never be eminent Christians.

Thomas Brooks.

O Lord, the more I meditate on Thee, the sweeter Thou art to me.

Augustine.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

Pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

James v. 16.

Christians are often afraid to lay *too much* upon the God who has bidden us cast ALL our care on Him. *Macduff.*

Remember thou settest not God the time.

Gurnall.

Prayer is heard when it passes from the believer's heart to the Redeemer's heart, and is appropriated by the Redeemer, or made His own. *Hewitson.*

If we would not have our burden accumulate so as to oppress and to crush us, we must dispose of it piecemeal, and *with the lever of a simple faith* cast up our every care on God, as it alights upon our hearts, and begins to prey upon our spirits. *John Philip.*

Divine influence seeks to bless us by leading us out of self into great thoughts of God. Hence, one of the most delusive methods of crossing the will of the Holy Spirit, is that habit of mental introversion in prayer which corresponds to 'morbid anatomy' in medical science. The heart, instead of flowing outward and upward at the bidding of the Spirit, turns in upon itself, and dissects its own emotions, and studies its own *symptoms* of piety. Any kindlings of joy in the soul are quenched by being made the subject of morbid analysis. 'There are anatomists of piety,' says Isaac Taylor, 'who destroy all the freshness of faith, and hope, and charity, by immuring themselves, night and day, in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms.' 'The teachings of the Spirit' prompt us away from ourselves. 'Look up, look abroad,' is the interpretation of them. 'Come away from thyself; pray for something out of thine own soul; be generous in thine intercession, so shall thy peace be as a river.' Have you never observed how entirely devoid is the Lord's Prayer of any material which

can tempt to this subtle self-inspection in the act of devotion? It is full of thought and of emotion towards great objects of desire, great necessities, great perils. 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye.'

Austin Phelps.

Intercession is a true bringing of souls to CHRIST, and this means will avail when you are shut out from employing any other. Here is a valuable weapon for those who cannot preach or teach: they can wield the sword of all prayer. When hearts are too hard for sermons, and good advice is rejected, it still remains to love to be allowed to plead with GOD for its wayward one. Tears and weeping are prevalent at the mercy seat, and if *we* prevail there, the Lord will be sure to manifest His prevailing grace in subduing obdurate spirits.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The blessing of intercessory prayer is like the exercise of mercy. 'It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' And this great trust and mighty power may be committed to the most lowly keeping, and be exercised by the unlearned and unknown, to bring down countless blessings upon others, which only 'the day shall declare.'

Miss Marsh.

We do not think enough of what an effective service prayer is, especially intercessory prayer; direct supplication by name for others, laying their needs and cares—all that they would or might request for themselves—before GOD. We do not believe as we should how it might help those we so fain would serve, penetrating the hearts we cannot open, shielding those we cannot guard, teaching where we cannot speak, comforting where our words have no power to soothe, following the steps of our beloved through the toils and perplexities of the day, lifting off their burdens with an unseen hand at night. No ministry is so like that of an angel's as this,—silent, invisible, known but to GOD; through us descends the blessing, and to Him alone ascends the thanksgiving. Surely not an employment brings us so near to GOD, and to the spirits of men, as intercessory prayer. There is a depth of wisdom in the words 'If we only spoke more to GOD for man, than even to man for GOD!'

Mrs. Charles.

This is a great comfort for us to know that all the Church and congregation of CHRIST doth pray for us ; and that all the treasures of GOD'S riches, *i.e.*, CHRIST Himself, the kingdom, the holy Gospel, the Sacraments, and the prayers of all godly men, be common to us all. For whensoever any godly man requireth anything of GOD, he also requireth the same thing for us ; for no man ought to pray for himself alone. And this is a great consolation for all Christian people ; for the Scripture saith that the prayer of one just man availeth much with GOD ; and, therefore, when many just and godly men do make their supplications unto GOD with one accord, we may be sure that their prayers are heard.

Archbishop Cranmer.

If thou canst not help the great cause of GOD in any other mode, at any rate there is open to thee that of fervent prayer. How much may be done for the Master's kingdom by the 'King's remembrancers,' who put Him in mind, day by day, of the agonies of His Son, and of His covenant, and promise to give Him a widening dominion ! I doubt not that many sick-beds are doing more for CHRIST than our pulpits. O what showers of blessings come down in answer to the prayers and tears of poor godly invalids, whose weakness is their strength, and whose sickness is their opportunity. In all buildings there must be some unseen stones ; and are not these very often the most important of all ? In the very foundation of a church I should place those who are mighty in prayer. They are hidden, as it were, beneath the sods of obscurity, where we cannot see them, but they are up-bearing the entire structure.

C. H. Spurgeon.

As a proof of the truth of this assertion, it is related of Mr. Spurgeon, that, on being asked as to the reason of his marvellous and blessed usefulness for God, he pointed to the floor of the Tabernacle, saying, 'In the room beneath, you will find three hundred praying Christians. Every time I preach here they gather together, and uphold my hands by continuous prayer and supplication ;—*there* you will find the secret of all the blessing.'

Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord JESUS CHRIST's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye *strive* together *with* me in your prayers to GOD *for* me. *Rom. xv. 30.*

Ye also *helping* together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf. *2 Cor. i. 11.*

How often ought we, instead of blaming others, to ask ourselves if we have continually and earnestly borne them on our hearts in prayer? How much better are others to us than we deserve, in every relation of life, when we consider how very little we pray for them; with how little deep affection and sympathy we remember and enter into their peculiar trials, much less feel them and lay them before GOD as though they were our own, so fulfilling the law of CHRIST, the law of love, by truly bearing one another's burdens!

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.

'Let us take courage,' said Luther to Melancthon, after a day of despondency, when their enemies were strongest, and Heaven's help seemed to be withdrawn. But through a thin partition, they had just heard their children's voices crying to GOD, for the victory of His truth, and the strengthening of their fathers for the fight. 'Let us take courage; the giants are praying for us.'

The night before the Queen left Windsor for Sandringham, when the Prince of Wales was most dangerously ill, she told his children that their father was very ill, and perhaps they would never see him again; and bade the elder, Prince Albert Victor, pray to GOD for his father. The next morning he said to the Queen, 'Grandmamma, father will not die. I have been to GOD, and He says father shall not die.'

PRAISE.

‘He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our GOD.’ *Psa. xl. 3.*

‘The Lord is my strength and my shield ; my heart trusteth in Him, and I am helped ; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise Him.’ *Psa. xxviii. 7.*

‘They shall praise the Lord that seek Him.’

Psa. xxxii. 26.

What is praise ? The rent we owe to GOD ; and the larger the farm the greater the rent should be. *G. S. Bowes.*

Many favours which GOD giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness ; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth deepen the quiet possession of them. *Fuller.*

Alas ! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave on marble. Our memories too readily treasure up the latter, the former are too soon forgotten ; and from this forgetfulness proceed our unthankfulness, discontent, and murmuring. Let not one affliction, however great, drown and swallow up numberless mercies which we have experienced.

Bishop Bull.

Cheerful Christians are consistent with their profession ; for if the New Testament teaches anything, it is that the disciples of JESUS are to be happy. When the day begins with praise, prayer and everything good comes in its turn ; for you soon learn the happy art of turning the bright side of things towards yourself ; of looking at GOD’S goodness until it always cheers you ; of marking the blessings of each hour as the hour passes ; and of communing with a happy future, until you find it possible to ‘rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.’ Thus joy in CHRIST JESUS passes into prayer, and prayer into thanks, and thanksgiving brings the happy soul back again to the Blessed Saviour, and so the day passes ; and from hour to hour the heart keeps up its music like a sweet peal of bells ; yes, and the Holy Spirit, Himself, seems to be ringing the changes in one soul of praise and prayer, love and joy, gratitude and peace. *Unknown.*

GOD delights in joy, and His desire for His people is that they should be trustful and joyful—and this both for their own sakes and for His glory. GOD needs vigorous workers, and He can only have these by a joy adequate to the greatness of the work. In joy the Apostles went forth to work for GOD, and they found that the joy of the Lord was their strength.

It is *joy* then, not sorrow, that is our strength; and they that have done most *for* GOD have been those who have had most joy *in* GOD. *H. Bonar.*

Our joy in CHRIST speaks a language that all hearts can understand, and is a testimony for Him such as mere knowledge and utterance can never give. *R. C. Chapman.*

He praiseth GOD best that serveth and obeyeth Him most. The life of thankfulness consists in the thankfulness of the life. *Burkitt.*

Joy and sorrow are not contradictions. Sorrow is the setting of joy, the foil of joy, the shadow which softens joy, the gloom which makes the light so beautiful, the night which causes each morning to have the gladness of a resurrection. They live together because they are sisters. Joy is the eldest born, and when the younger dies, and she will die, joy will keep a memory of her about her for evermore; a memory which will be very gracious—so gracious as to be part of the bliss of heaven.

There are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. There is something in their very presence, in their mere silent company, from which joy cannot be extricated and laid aside. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of GOD's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine, and coy hearts, like the bashful insects, come forth, and almost lay aside their sad natures, and weave dances in the golden beams of these bright natures. Somehow, too, the joy all turns to GOD. Without speaking of Him, it preaches Him. Its odour is as the odour

of His presence. It leaves tranquillity behind, and, not unfrequently sweet tears of prayer. All things grow silently Christian, under its reign. It brightens, ripens, softens, transfigures, like the sunlight, the most improbable things which come within its sphere. A single gifted heart like this, is the apostle of its neighbourhood. Every one acknowledges its divine right, which it never thinks of claiming. There is no need to claim it, for none resist its unconquerable gentleness. Joy is like a missionary who speaks of GOD. Sorrow is a preacher who frightens men out of the deadliness of sin into the arms of their heavenly Father; or who weans them by the pathos of his reasoning from the dangerous pleasures of the world. These bright hearts are more like the first than the second. They have a great work to do for GOD, and they do it often most when they realize it least. It is the breath they breathe and the star they were born under, and the law which encircles them. They have a light within them which was not delusive when they were young, and which age will only make more golden without diminishing its heat. To live with them is to dwell in a perpetual sunshine of unboisterous mirth and placid gaiety. Who has not known such souls? Who has not owed all that is best in him, after grace, to such as these? Happy is he who had such for the atmosphere of his parental home! Its glory may have sunk beneath the horizon, but he, himself, will be illuminated by its glow until the hour comes for his own pensive setting. Of a truth, he is the happiest, greatest, most godlike of men, as well as the sole poet among men, who has added one true joy to the world's stock of happiness.

Faber.

GOD, my exceeding joy.
 GOD, the gladness of my joy.
 GOD, the joy of my joy.

Psa. xliii. 4. and margin.

True happiness man can never know, until he comes to draw it from its only source—GOD.

Beecher.

God's people are happy when they *look back* and remember the time when JESUS met and drew them to Himself in wondrous love. Happy when they *look forward* and see the pillar-cloud guiding them by the right way. Happy when they *look down* and reflect that they might have been weeping and wailing in the outer darkness, instead of singing 'He took me from a fearful pit and from the miry clay.' And happy when they look up and think of the exceeding and eternal weight of glory that awaits them. 'Happy, indeed, is that people whose GOD is the LORD.'

D. Matheson.

There is no such gladness on the face of this earth as treading in the footsteps of JESUS.

Unknown.

Christians! it is your duty not only to be good, but to shine. And of all the lights you can carry in your face, joy will reach the farthest out to sea, when troubled mariners are seeking the shore. Even in your deepest griefs rejoice in God.

Beecher.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for it becometh well the just to be thankful.

Psa. xxxiii. 1.

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praise unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

Psa. cxlvii. 1. (P. B. V.)

Never let us neglect thanksgiving, or we may fear that another time our prayers will remain unanswered.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Dear friends, if you do not find *prayer* answered try *praise*. You remember how Jehoshaphat won that glorious victory when he set the people to praise; and how great a victory was won when the earthquake came and shook the prison walls, and a hard heart was broken when the two prisoners sang praises in the middle of the night in the prison. Praise is sometimes better than prayer. You will often find that the victory comes while you are in the very act of praising; the great obstacles

are broken down before you, and the hearts that were as hard as the nether millstone are softened down before the power of GOD. Look to JESUS as the strength of your life in battle, for He is able to make you more than conqueror through Himself.

S. A. Blackwood.

There are circumstances in which no word can be spoken for CHRIST. There are none in which the reflected light of His countenance, shining forth in deep-lying joy, cannot testify for Him. To the Christian's countenance the little children should look up to gather smiles.

A Christian who can be joyful 'all the day,' not only in 'great tribulation,' but through worries and wearinesses and vexations; not only through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report, but through the daily annoyances and disappointments, and suspense, through the heart-hungers and the loneliness of life, is a living evidence of the power of the Holy Ghost. More happy Christians, and there would truly be more recognition throughout the world of the clearness and fulness of the joyful sound; more looking away from the wilderness trials to the wilderness Guide, and there would be more happy Christians.

'All the Day Long.'

I have experienced that the habit of taking out of the hand of the Lord every little blessing and brightness on our path, confirms us, in an especial manner, in communion with His love. . . .

Yet sweeter, more consoling and more cordial would it have been, could I have seen in this gift the deep sympathy of Him who has all hearts in His hand; sending gifts sometimes from Himself immediately, sometimes through the instrumentality of those we love, and thus, like a generous as well as tender friend, using the bounty of His own love to strengthen, to sanction, and to sweeten our bonds to others.

M. A. Schimmelpenninck.

When we put on CHRIST it is not sackcloth we put on, nor is it the spirit of heaviness we enter into; but a wedding garment has clothed us, a garment of praise has arrayed our spirit.

Unknown.

Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and sorrow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence ; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out for ever. *Beecher.*

If our faith be alive and growing, it will certainly bring forth growing thanksgiving. *Romaine.*

One work of faith is to lay hold of the Lord JESUS—to lay hold of eternal life; another is to hold Him fast. 'Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' Not the crown of *life*, for none can take that; but the crown of *rejoicing* which we have when we lay hold of CHRIST; and while so doing, none can take it from us. *Unknown.*

Making *common mercies*—blessings which our Father sends us new every morning 'prepared' from His presence—subjects of praise and thanksgiving, will furnish us with songs of gratitude, and help us to acquire the habit of praise. 'Thou hast not brought me the *small cattle* of thy burnt-offerings,' was a sign of the weariness of his Master's service, which marked Israel's declension. Praising for everyday mercies, for the children's daisies in the fields of life, establishes a child-like relationship of thanksgiving between GOD and the soul.

'All the Day Long.'

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Never forget when drinking pardon, peace, joy, newness of life, from the streams of salvation, that you press your lips to the wounds of Jesus—that you drink the life-blood of the Son of God. *Hewitson.*

For me, my Saviour, Thou didst bleed,
 Thy Cross my peace supplies ;
 And now redeemed and saved, I need
 No other sacrifice.

No priest can change the bread and wine,
Which are what they appear ;
But yet, without mysterious sign,
I know that Thou art here.

For Thou hast said, where two or three
Assemble in Thy name,
Thou in the midst of us will be,
To hear each humble claim.

And Thou didst add, 'Receive this good,
This bread My Body is ;
This cup the covenant in My Blood,
Then drink ye all of this.'

Since then it was the parting word
Which Thou to us didst say ;
Thou wilt Thy blessing still afford,
When we that word obey.

What though no mystic change is wrought,
A mystery here I see ;
That Thou, the Lord of Heaven, hast sought
And rescued even me.

Thy Body, like this broken bread,
For me Thou once didst give ;
This wine reminds me Thou didst shed
Thy Blood that I might live.

Hungry and poor, I feel my need ;
But ever Lord, I find,
Thy Flesh and Blood are meat indeed
To the believing mind.

Whene'er by faith Thy Flesh I eat,
Faith calms my mental strife ;
Thy love to me is manna sweet,
Thy Death my source of life.

L

Then, by these sacred signs, I'll tell
 The world that knows Thee not,
 Thy love, which rescued me from hell,
 Must never be forgot.

Nor I alone, but many more,
 Together eat that bread,
 To show that all who Christ adore
 Are one in Him their Head.

Hon. B. W. Noel.

It is blessed to think that when we are thus 'remembering' CHRIST in the way of His own appointing, He is also, at the same time, remembering each one of us. *Unknown.*

The Spirit follows us to the Lord's Table, and in that glass shows us CHRIST's face smiling on us, and through His face His heart; and thus helping us to a sight of Him, we go away rejoicing that we saw our Saviour that day. *Goodwin.*

'WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?'

Such is the question I have often proposed to myself when at the Table of our blessed Lord.

Dear Christian parents, participating with me in that precious Feast, where we so often meet our Lord, allow me, with all loving affection, to ask, 'Where are the children?' Can it be that you have brought none of your little ones to JESUS? Is there not one dear child in your household whom you feel assured is loving and trusting in the dear Saviour? Then, if brought to JESUS, why not to His Table? Shall I forbid, or in the least degree hinder their commemorating His dying love? Nay, I will tell them that 'JESUS bids them come.'

But was not the Lord's Table spread only for the Lord's disciples? Certainly; and if the meaning of the word 'disciple' in our Lord's time was 'scholar, learner, or follower,' are not 'little ones which believe in JESUS' disciples in the proper sense of the word?

Do you urge that your child is too young to understand the nature of this ordinance? That might, indeed, be so, were the bread and wine explained to be the very Body and Blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Such a mystery might, on the ground of this very argument, exclude adults also. But where is the Christian child who, with a word of explanation, would fail to understand the simple and eloquent symbols of the broken bread and the red poured-out wine, when connected with the touching appeal of JESUS—‘This do in remembrance of Me.’ It is to be hoped that this loving recognition of ‘little ones who believe in JESUS’ may serve in some degree to weaken the strange idea that children, however pious, should be debarred the blessed privilege of going to the Lord’s Table. When the Feast shall be spread in the Kingdom of our Father above, there will be no need for the question—‘Where are the children?’*

S. T.

‘THERE SHALL BE ONE FLOCK AND ONE SHEPHERD.’

S. John x. 16.

‘Like the stars, far apart, though seeming near, in our light we scattered lie,’ till Christ, ‘the Sun of love,’ the Day-star, has arisen in our hearts: then our star-light is not quenched; it is absorbed in Christ’s sun-light—a light in which we all mingle and melt into one. How dear Christians should be to one another! they are all so dear to Christ, and Christ is so dear to them all; they are all so alike united to Christ and Christ’s Spirit—the bond, not of union merely, but of unity—is so richly given to them all.

Hewitson.

* A Rubric in the Book of Common Prayer directs that—‘There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be *ready* and *desirous* to be confirmed.’ Now, then, comes the question—‘What is Confirmation?’ A very simple ordinance, wherein young *believers* come to confess their faith in Christ, and declare themselves to be on the Lord’s side before the Church. The chief pastor or bishop marks each one out severally for special prayer, by laying his hands upon each head. The congregation being met together to plead in behalf of these young Christians, strength and confirmation is undoubtedly granted them in answer to the prayers of faith. Such is confirmation in the *Scriptural* sense.

The unity in the rainbow is none the less, and the beauty vastly the greater, because there are seen in it seven distinct colours instead of one, all of which are one in their source, as well as one in the bow.

W. E. Boardman.

A little child, on being told of the Rainbow which surrounds God's Throne in Heaven, 'in sight like unto an emerald,' said, 'Then are all *our* rainbows made from that one in Heaven?'

However satisfied of the superior claims of our own Church, let as beware of calling our body of Christians *the* Body of CHRIST, or our Church *the* Church—un-churching and despising others because they follow not us. The Lord does not cut up His Church in pieces to suit our narrow judgments and pitiful rivalries. We believe in the communion of saints; and this is not denominational, but Catholic. It must not be restricted to this or that party of saints, but is to be extended to 'all who in every place call on the name of the Lord JESUS.' All saints by profession should have fellowship with one another; and Churches, or assemblies of saints, should, as opportunity offers, hold communion with each other, and be on terms of mutual recognition.

The flock of Israel had the constitution of a separate and holy nation, with an exactly prescribed apparatus of Divine service. But there was no such definite shape assigned by CHRIST to the Catholic Church, and the attempt to hem in all Christians within one fold, within the confines of one ecclesiastical organization, having uniform institutions and customs, has resulted in servility of mind, coercion of conscience, persecution even to cruel death, and has provoked, at some epochs, revolt and rupture. All this mischief arises out of the false theory that asserts the necessity of 'one fold,' and, confounding two dispensations, attempts to distinguish and define the Church by external form. But, in truth, the Lord never put a stone wall round the Christian flock. The Church has visibility, order, discipline, and government; but with no such instituted particulars of ritual and ceremony as belonged to Israel. There is one flock, but not one fold; and the principle of Church unity is now to be found in quite the opposite

direction from that of external organization. It is the genius and the beauty of our dispensation to subordinate letter to spirit, and form to life. Form is good, but no form is equally good everywhere, always, and for all ; nor is any form equally good at all points. Forms may be perfected by study and experience ; but if variety still shows itself, why lament it, so long as truth is guarded, life cherished, and charity increased ? We are no enemies of order. Particular flocks, as parts of the one Flock of CHRIST, must have bounds and institutions ; but we must take care not to exaggerate the importance or authority of these. A wise Christian will not become the slave of any system, but will assert his liberty to go in and out—not from caprice, or love of change, or latitudinarian indifference, but for the use of edifying, that he may ‘find pasture.’

Donald Fraser.

Methinks that the Lord keeps His jewels, for a time, as it were in a cabinet containing several drawers, all of different sizes. In one long drawer are preserved those who are Episcopalian ; in another, equally long, the Presbyterians ; and in smaller ones, varying in size, the Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Plymouth Brethren, &c. But in the day when the Lord shall make up His jewels, He will break up the cabinet with all its drawers, and, out of the innumerable jewels, He will choose each one to fill its own particular place in Immanuel’s crown.

Wm. Catlin.

How sad, when the enemy is ‘coming in like a flood’—the ranks of Popery and Infidelity linked in fatal and formidable confederacy—that the soldiers of Christ are forced to meet the assault with standards soiled and mutilated by internal feuds. ‘Uniformity’ there *may* not be, but ‘unity,’ in the true sense of the word, there *ought* to be. We may be clad in different livery ; but let us stand side by side, and rank by rank, fighting the battles of our Lord. We may be different branches of the seven-branched golden candlestick, varying and diversified in outward form and workmanship ; but let us combine in ‘shewing forth the praises of Him’ who recognizes as the true ‘Churchmanship,’ fidelity in shining to His glory as lights in the world. How can we read 1 Cor. xiii., and then

think of our divisions? Ah! if we had more real communion with our Saviour, should we not have more real communion with one another? If Christians would dip their arrows more in 'the balm of Gilead,' would there not be fewer wounds in the body of CHRIST? 'How that word, "toleration," is used amongst us,' said one who drank deeper than most of his Master's spirit; 'how we tolerate one another. Dissenters tolerate Churchmen, and Churchmen tolerate Dissenters. Oh, hateful word! TOLERATE one for whom JESUS died! *Tolerate* one whom He bears upon His heart! *Tolerate* a temple of the living GOD! Oh, there ought to be *that* in the word which should make us feel *ashamed* before GOD!'

'The Mind of Jesus.'

As the spokes in a wheel become nearer to each other as they approach the centre, so may we be drawn nearer to CHRIST, our common Centre, and into closer union with each other.

J. Wood.

The best corrective to sectarianism is not the counter-assertion of the ecclesiastical claims of others, so much as in the dissemination of really Scriptural views on the oneness of the Church, under diversities of form and administration, as intrinsically the Body of CHRIST, and in manifestation the fellowship of saints and the household of GOD. Whoever receives St. Paul's doctrine of the One Body can be an exclusive and a sectary no more.

The Spirit is *one* in all the Church. Forms, customs, languages, modes of administration, degrees of enlightenment, are many; but the quickening Spirit is one in the one Body. And this life it is that binds and moulds all the Church in one. Everywhere the same Spirit produces the same love of the truth, even when there are different views of particular truths—the same disposition to pray—the same brotherly kindness—the same patience in affliction, and the same desire of holiness. The abounding of the Spirit causes sweet enjoyment of fellowship and sympathy in CHRIST. It fosters patience and charity, because it leads to a considerate and reverent admiration of the diverse ways in which the same Spirit leads the children of GOD the better to execute all the Divine will, and advance the Divine glory on the earth. Really recognize the one Spirit,

and you will cease to dictate to one another, or to insist on having all your minds drilled into the same opinions. Enough, that you 'drink into one Spirit.' This is orthodoxy: 'That ye stand fast in one Spirit, striving together for the faith of the hope of the gospel.' And this is worship, whatever the language or form: 'Through CHRIST ye have access by one Spirit unto the Father.'

Let us learn CHRIST, and worship GOD, with all saints; cherish the thought and spirit of membership of the universal Church, and cast all our streams of individual life into the wide channels of the Christian brotherhood.

Donald Fraser.

He found an inexpressibly sweet love to those that he looked upon as *belonging to* CHRIST, beyond almost all that he ever felt before, so that (to use his own words) 'it seemed like a little piece of *heaven* to have one of them near him.'

'Life of Brainerd.'

Be sure that the Church of CHRIST is not shut up within the walls of a denomination. The centre of union is not a sectarian crotchet, but CHRIST. 'To *Him* shall the gathering of the people be.' By bringing us nearer to Himself, He seeks to bring us nearer to each other. If I am near to CHRIST, I am near to any other man who is near Him. The same hope fires us, the same life circulates in us both, and if you touch Him you touch me. There may be endless diversities of thought, profession, and observance, prevailing amongst those whom from all nations are gathering round CHRIST. Let them prevail. What is circumstantial will not disturb what is essential. In grace, as in nature, what is various may be harmonious, what is manifold may be one. Many branches, one tree; many stones, one temple; many gems, one crown. The great principle of union, is union with CHRIST; the great secret of mutual nearness, is nearness to the Fountain of our common life.

C. Stanford.

Shine together! O shine *together!* or your little light, like the stars in the milky way, will never be seen in this dark world. O shine *together!*

M^c Cheyne.

You are to accept as a Christian, every one whose life and disposition are CHRIST-like, no matter how heretical the denomination to which he belongs. Wherever you find faith, and righteousness, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, you are to look upon them as the stamped coin of CHRIST's kingdom, and as a legal tender from GOD to you. *Beecher.*

The great Revival in New York, in 1858-59, began in answer to the earnest believing prayers of one man. After long waiting upon GOD, asking Him to shew him what He would have him to do, and becoming more and more confident that GOD would show him the way through which hundreds might be influenced for their souls' good, he at last began a noon-day prayer-meeting. The first half-hour no one came, and he prayed through it alone. At half-past twelve, the step of a solitary individual was heard on the stairs ; others came, until *six* made up the whole company. His record of that meeting was—*'The Lord was with us to bless us.'*

Of those six, one was a Presbyterian, one a Baptist, another a Congregationalist, and a Reformed Dutch. When was there ever such a meeting before, made up of such elements, met for such a purpose, and gathered together without the shadow of any human contrivance as to any of the results which followed—that haste with which GOD makes haste—*'slowly,'* and by which a whole Christian nation was to be shaken from centre to circumference? To this meeting in the upper room no one knew who was coming, or whether any would come. And yet we find there the very elements of that deeply affecting *Christian union*, which was the golden chain by which millions of Christian hearts were to be bound together as they had never been in all time ; by which the true unity of the Church of CHRIST was to be manifested. Whose hand was in this but the hand of GOD? And this first meeting was a union of different denominations, as represented there, to *pray*—a union in the blessed work of prayer. Oh, who can fail to see that in this GOD is to be acknowledged and exalted ! His hand has done it, and His name shall have all the glory.

The early dawn of the Revival was marked by love to CHRIST, love for all His people, love of *prayer*, and love of personal effort. Never since the days of the first Christians was the name of CHRIST so *honoured*, never so often mentioned, never so *precious* to the believer. Never was such ardent love to Him expressed. Never was there so much devotion to His service. The whole atmosphere was love. It is not strange, then, that those who so loved Him, should love His image, wherever and in whomsoever they saw it. Hence, there was no room for sectarian jealousies. This union of Christians in prayer struck the unbelieving world with amazement. It was felt that this was prayer. This love of Christians for one another, and this love of CHRIST; this love of prayer and love of souls; this union of all in prayer, whose names were lost sight of, disarmed all opposition.

Impenitent men felt that it was *aweful* to trifle with the place of prayer; sacrilegious to doubt the spirit, the sincerity, the efficiency, or the *power of prayer*. It began to be felt that Christians obtained *answers* to prayer; that if they united to pray for any particular man's conversion, that man was sure to be converted. What made them *sure*? What made them say that they 'thought this and that man would soon become Christians? Because they had become the *subjects of prayer*. And men *prayed* in the prayer-meeting, as if they *expected* that God would hear and *answer* prayer.

‘*The Power of Prayer.*’

There are many with whom I can talk *about* religion; but, alas! I find few with whom I can talk *religion itself*. But, blessed be the Lord, there are some that love to feed on the kernel, rather than the shell.

Brainerd.

Men who, around the empty sepulchre of CHRIST, have wrangled about the forms of religion, about creeds, and doctrines, and ordinances, when CHRIST Himself, disturbed by their discords, sings to them out of heaven of love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are ashamed of their conflicts, and go quietly and meekly to their duties.

Beecher.

It is not as liking the same books, having the same religious tastes, agreeing in the minute distinctions of Scriptural interpretation, that our Lord would have us united ; but as having the same Father, and being called by the same name. Opinion can merely bind together, it cannot fuse into one ; its attraction is mechanical, not chemical ; adhesion instead of combination. Knowledge, uninspired by love, is an ever-narrowing basis of union. It is not liking the same doctrines, but loving the same Saviour, that truly unites us.

‘ Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord.’

When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp, in such a pool, his foot-depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimps in the next pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divides them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of the lurking place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-and-bye, in the place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean’s boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out, when religion is low, the faithful are to be found insulated ; here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours in the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little community includes all that are precious in GOD’s sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast expanse of ocean rising. Every ripple brings it nearer. A mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools—the Christians, the CHRIST-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the Churches, Church will join to Church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer’s drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven, as well as the saints on earth, have room to range. Yes, our Churches are the standing pools

along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep their inmates living during the ebb-tide period of the Church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little ; yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy Church, farthest down the strand ! nearest the rising ocean's edge ! Happy Church, whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy ; whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the Communion of the Holy Ghost ! Would to God that Church were mine !

J. Hamilton, D.D.

When the saints pass, GOD passes with them.

J. M. Vianney.

How blessed must it be in Paradise, if the company of the saints is thus sweet upon earth !

Monnin.

Meditate much on the love of Christ.

Hewitson.



FRUITFUL BRANCHES OF THE VINE



FRUITFUL BRANCHES OF THE VINE.

I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for severed from Me ye can do nothing. Therein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.

S. John xv. 5, 8.

Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by JESUS CHRIST, unto the glory and praise of GOD. *Phil. i. 11.*

From Me is thy fruit found.

Hosea xiv. 8.

The root of a tree needs its branches to bear the fruit of the root. So CHRIST needs His disciples to bear His name and likeness in this world, and thus bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of GOD.

Unknown.

We never do *good* works until we do them *because we are saved*—not in order to be so.

Unknown.

All service should flow from communion with the Father and the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Unknown.

It is sweet to live for GOD *if* in Him.

A. L. Newton.

At the very moment that the servant of our Lord determines in his heart to serve GOD, immediately CHRIST is by to succour him.

S. Bernard.

The life of faith is to be as much *for* JESUS as *on* Him and *by* Him.

R. Bryan.

Good works are the effect, not the cause, of GOD's love.

Romaine.

Strength for works of holiness depends on being at rest in CHRIST as our Righteousness.

Hewitson.

As faithless works the Lord will not regard,
So workless faith the Lord will not reward.

Lord Fairfax.

Let us love the abiding in JESUS *quite* as much as the working for Him. It is wonderful, and truly sad, how much easier and pleasanter we can find work, yea, hard work, stubble work, than the simple presence of the Master.

Mrs. Gordon.

If you cannot in the harvest garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden, which the careless reaper leaves,
You can glean among the briers growing rank against the wall—
And it may be that the shadows hide the heaviest wheat of all.
Do not, then, stand idly waiting for some nobler work to do
For your heavenly Father's glory ; ever earnest, ever true,
Go and toil in any vineyard, work in patience and in prayer—
If you want a field of labour, you can find it anywhere.

Unknown.

Let him who gropes painfully in darkness and uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn will ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service. Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty ; thy second duty will already have become clearer.

Carlyle.

Remember—that though as a *son*, thou shalt be in thy Father's house for ever ; as a *sinner* saved by grace, thou art saved for ever ; still, as a *servant*, if thou art idling thy time or spoiling thy work, it may be taken from thee and given to another.

Unknown.

No man who lives near to God lives in vain. He may not be conscious of doing anything directly for others, yet his life is putting forth a power and an influence which he understands not. Unknown to himself he is doing much for God and for his fellow-men. In his retirement he speaks and is heard, though he knows it not. The *witness-bearing of the closet* is a thing little understood, but it is not the less true on that account.

H. Bonar.

Every fresh service ought to be the result of fresh personal communion with the living Head, the Fountain of all supply. There must be enjoyed association with the Source of life and blessing, in order to become the channel of life and blessing to others. If anything be allowed to come in between the heart of the servant and his Master, his service will be marred.

A. Miller.

One cause of failure in Christian life arises from the tendency to engage in outward Christian work, while the secret culture of the heart is overlooked. Healthy work springs from the inner life of devotion. Inward piety gives vigour to outward work.

Unknown.

It is not so much *working* for God or *speaking* for God, as LIVING IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE, which most glorifies Him. If we do live *before* Him and *with* Him, we shall *work* and we shall *speak* ; and then half the effort and half the words will bring forth a thousandfold larger harvest of results, because all will come with the *Spirit's* POWER, and UNCTION, and PRESENCE.

Unknown.

If you always remember that in all you do in soul or body God stands by as a witness, in all your prayers and your actions you will not err ; and you shall have God dwelling within you.

Epictetus.

M

Give thyself to *Him* to be transformed—still weak, still helpless, still infirm—into just what He requires to work by.
‘The Soul Gatherer.’

We are not to use GOD as our instrument, but to yield *ourselves* to Him, body, soul, and spirit, *that we may be instruments in His hands.*
W. Haslam.

A full Christian life is just an *entire, practical, manifest* consecration to CHRIST; a life which has this for its aim, that He may increase and we decrease (S. John iii. 30), and that He may be magnified in our body, whether by life or death (Phil. i. 20); or, according to another view, if possible, still simpler and grander—it is the *continuous* PERSONATING of the *heavenly head by the earthly member*: ‘Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do *all in the name* of the Lord JESUS.’
Unknown.

We are to work after no set fashion of high endeavour, but to walk with JESUS, performing as it were a ministry on foot, that we may stop at the humblest matters, and prove our fidelity there.
Unknown.

When GOD has given us grace for a work, He does not bid us stand and wait and compare the work with the means.
W. Haslam.

As we bring our poor, feeble talents, our poor weakness, our little power, all that is represented in those ‘five loaves and two fishes,’ and just place it before the Master, carry it *first* to the hand of JESUS, I think we shall have that compassion on the multitude, and such blessing following our efforts that they shall all be filled.
C. Skrine.

‘WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?’

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
 For those who have missed their way?
 Have ye been in the wild, waste places,
 Where the lost and the wandering stray?

Have ye trodden the lonely highway !
The foul and darksome street ?
It may be ye 'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb ?
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Saviour's name ?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread ?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay His head !

Have ye carried the Living Water
To the parched and thirsty soul ?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded
' CHRIST JESUS makes you whole ? '
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand ?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shores of the ' Golden Land ? '

Have ye stood by the sad and weary
To smooth the pillow of death ;
To comfort the sorrow stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith ?
And have ye felt when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That I have been there before ?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted
In their agony of woe ?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you,
'Tis a pathway I often go !
My disciples, My brethren, My friends,
Can ye dare to follow me ?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.

Mrs. Pennefather.

It is written, 'Let him that heareth say, Come.' Whoever has heard the voice of heavenly love in his heart may speak words of exhortation to his neighbour. He may, perhaps, have no bread to give to the needy, but there is something greater which every one who has a tongue can give; for it is more to refresh the soul destined to eternal life by the nourishment of the Word, than to satisfy the mortal body with earthly bread. Thus, my brethren, withhold not from your neighbour the alms of the Word.

Gregory the Great.

CHRIST does not say 'Take the noblest things of life and bring them perfect to Me, and I will receive them.' He says, 'Take the lowest and most disagreeable thing, and if you bring it cheerfully for my sake it shall be to me a flower of remembrance, and I will press it in the Book of Life, and keep it for ever.' Go, then, search for flowers to bring to CHRIST; and if you cannot find even roadside or pasture weeds—if there are but nettles and briars, and you are willing, for His sake, to thrust your hand into the thorn bush, and bring a branch from thence, He will take it lovingly and cherish it evermore.

Beecher.

Her life is very quiet, and much the same till she dies; and if she looked for any reward in this world, she would surely die disappointed. But, no! she sees our dear Lord watching her, and that is enough to make her love her hidden life which makes her more like Him. She sees Him treasuring up in His Sacred Heart every action performed for His sake—no matter how small; she knows He counts every moment spent in guarding His dear little ones from sin; and this is enough to make her love her duties, no matter how dull or irksome.

Soeur Alacoque.

The 'cup of water in His name' may bring His blessing down,
More richly than the lofty deeds that win a world's renown.
The cooling touch that stays awhile one painful, throbbing smart,
Or nerves to calm endurance still a faint and sinking heart;
The look of gentle warning that will check a sinful deed;
The lips that breathe the word of love, which is the spirit's need;

The tones which rouse the nerveless soul to rise at duty's call—
Oh, 'He who sees in secret' will in love regard them all.
Then, cheer thee, lowly worker—though the world regard thee not,
There is an eye that notes thee, and will bless thy humble lot.
Press forward to the rest, that will be thine when time is past,
Nor weary of thy silent work ; for know that GOD at last
Will 'openly reward thee'—and methinks 't were sweet to be
Partaker in the welcome He will give to such as thee !

Marianne Farningham.

The Father of all has never put one man or one woman into
this world without giving each something to do there, in it and
for it ; some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when
they die.

Mulloch.

The way to live *for* JESUS is to live *on* Him. *Romaine.*

Oh, my brethren, let us while souls are perishing waive personal differences. If our Lord and Master would be honoured by your being a door-mat for His saints to wipe their feet on, you would be honoured to be in the position ; and if there shall come glory to GOD by your patient endurance of insult and contumely even, be glad in your heart that you are permitted to be nothing, that CHRIST may be all in all.

C. H. Spurgeon.

As a child of God receive, in the simplicity of child-like faith, every word which your Father addresses to you in the inspired volume. Daily, before you labour to venture amongst others, let your own soul be refreshed and strengthened out of the Word. Seek to realize an unbounding sense of GOD's love. If you be used to lead others into His presence, you must enjoy that presence yourself. To glorify JESUS to others, you need to glorify Him in your own soul, by that holy serenity and joy which flow from the knowledge of all your sins being washed away in His most precious blood.

Communion with GOD, through CHRIST, is the secret of effective service.

Unknown.

This is in your power, to act well the part assigned to you ; but to *choose* that part is the function of Another. *Epictetus.*

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,
 Drops in the ocean of His praise ;
 But mercy with her genial beam
 Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
 To sparkle in His crown above
 Who welcomes here a child's as there an angel's love.
Keble.

What one thing are you doing for CHRIST which costs you self-denial ?

The Lord has something for us all to do. What is it ? To *shine*—to shine with the light of truth, with the light of purity, with the light of kindness, with the light of a loving and lovely spirit.
Unknown.

If your light is shining before men, are you giving all diligence to have a supply of oil so that you may keep it so ?
Goulburn.

It has been well said that a Christian needs to be in such a state that he can say 'come to JESUS,' not 'go to JESUS.' He must himself be near to CHRIST if he would lead others to the Saviour.
Unknown.

Christians should not only be epistles of CHRIST, but epistles in raised types, that those who are blind to the truths of the gospel may be constrained to feel their effects in the holy lives of believers.
Unknown.

There is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led, and helped, and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take care that by the glance being turned inward, or strained onward, or lost in vacant reverie, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand straight from God.

'Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord.'

Exercise your souls in a loving sympathy with sorrow in every form. Soothe it, minister to it, revere it. It is the relic of CHRIST in the world, an image of the Great Sufferer, a shadow of the Cross. It is a holy and venerable thing. *Bishop Butler.*

Lovest thou *Me*, O daughter, O son ?
 What thou doest, or leavest undone,
 I have counted again and again ;
 Garnered in heaven each golden grain,
 Or sadly against thy precious name
 Left it a blank—to be filled by shame.

I have loved thee—and hast thou forgot ?
 Meetest thou *Me*—yet knowest Me not ?
 In alleys lone, in the crowded street,
 Pacing it oft with aching feet,
 Up above the dark, rickety stair—
 Sick, or in prison—lo ! I am there.

Hungering, thirsting, and asking thee
 For the bit and drop thou grudgest me ;
 The cup of cold water from thy store,
 Which giving will never make thee poor ;
 Or a mite of *time*—canst thou not spare
 A single hour from thine earthly care ?

Buying and selling, and getting gain ?
 Yes, thou art *busy* ; but there is *pain*,
 That hath no business but suffering,
 Waiting and praying that GOD would bring
 Into its chamber (poor, sunless place !)
 The blessed light of a loving face.

• With those dear words, '*He careth for thee*'
 Written upon it. Say this for me,
 And make the heart of thy brother glad,
 As I spake to thee when thine was sad.
 And turn thee kindly out of thy way
 To follow him, if he chance to stray.

Surely thy soul can be well content,
 If thy Lord send thee as *He* was sent—
 If *He* bid thee go and seek His lost,
 And share His joy, though *He* bear the cost !

Be kind, be tender, for men will say
 ‘The CHRIST that was is not here to-day ;
 The sun that rose on this world’s drear night
 Hath left it’—if *thy* lamp gives no light,
 And *I am coming*. Wilt thou sit down
 With folded hands, and forget thy crown ?
 Shall I find the plants in my garden dead ?
 My house untended, my flock unfed ?
 How wilt thou answer this word to me—
 ‘Where is thy brother? *I left him with thee!*’

A. P. Carter.

Every believer is a portrait of CHRIST ; but a poor saint is the same well-drawn picture hung in the self-same frame of poverty which surrounds the Master’s image. *Spurgeon.*

A patch in the garment may be called ‘God’s mark,’ signifying that it should be transferred to His poor. *Unknown.*

If thou hast but one talent, the more zealously use it. God will require it of thee ; let not thy brethren hold thee back from putting it out to interest. If thou art but as a glow worm’s lamp, hide not thy light, for there is an eye predestinated to see by thy light, a heart ordained to find comfort by thy faint gleam. Shine thou, and the Lord accept thee. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

How ought one to let one’s light shine ? Take care that the lamp is trimmed ; take care that it is full of oil. See that the flame mounts clear and steady towards Heaven, and the Lord will see that its light shall fall on what pleases Him, and where it will reach, mayhap, to what you never dream of.

E. Wetherell.

It is comparatively easy to explain the way of salvation ; to speak a great deal about spiritual religion ; to do the outward service of the Church ; to visit the sick in workhouses and hospitals, and spread the truth by the help of evangelisation ; but it is a different thing to show by your daily walk at home that the love of JESUS constraineth you ; to give up acting according to *natural* human impulses ; to crucify old inclinations by conforming ourselves unto the image of CHRIST, by taking up the Cross and following Him ; bringing up children under proper discipline—instead of living for the moment, and hindering the Spirit from acting upon our consciences. Where there is *real, living faith*, there is also power over sin and Satan. People are afraid to put the pruning knife to their own wound. They ask, indeed, for grace to overcome, in general, anything that might offend CHRIST, but find it very hard to enter into any struggle against the inborn nature, and finally console themselves that they are weak. Where is their love to CHRIST? Let us not miss His teaching, after we have accepted pardon and peace. The carnal heart must be mortified, and the will of the flesh subdued. Our inner life ought to undergo a sound development, ‘pressing toward the mark of the high calling of GOD in CHRIST JESUS,’ ‘bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord, that the life also of JESUS may be manifest in our body.’ Where this is lost sight of and neglected, or only taken up by fits and starts, we must not wonder that Satan gets more hold on us every day. We need not be slaves to our nature, if we know that by faith we are ‘more than conquerors through Him that loved us.’

Samuel Zeller.

If we receive Him and walk in Him, we are the best arguments for the Divine origin and power of Scripture. JESUS sends us into the world as His witnesses. We are to be His living Bibles,—the resurrection life of CHRIST is to be made manifest in us. Thankful as we are for the Society which spreads the Book of God, let us never forget that the Church of living Christians is the true Bible Society, to whom the Word of GOD grows and is glorified.

Adolph Saphir.

If a thing reflects no light, it is blank ; if it reflects part of the rays, it is blue, or indigo, or red ; but if it reflect them all, it is white. If we are like CHRIST, we shall seek not to absorb but to reflect the light which falls upon us from heaven upon others ; and thus we shall become pure and spotless, for this is the meaning of the 'white robes' which the saints wear in glory.

Beecher.

'CHRIST suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps : who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth.'

1 S. Peter ii. 21, 22.

'Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil ; for GOD was with Him.'

Acts x. 38.

BURIED SEED.

A tiny seed, wind-borne from some far isle,
 Lodged in the crevice of a rocky cliff,
 Too deep for light or air to cleave the gloom ;
 But while year after year storms beat above,
 Secure below the living germ lay hid,
 Until by rain and frost the rock was rent,
 And through the portals of the prison came,
 Swift-winged, the sunshine, sweet and gentle dew,
 And, warmed to life, the waiting seed burst forth
 With bloom that made the barren hill-side glad.
 Thus from our trembling lips—in doubt and fear
 Let fall—one tiny seed of heavenly truth
 Deep in some stony heart may lodge to-day,
 And long years hence, touched by the kindling rays
 Of Love Divine, spring into sweetest life,
 And yield at last for GOD such fruitage fair
 The angels up in heaven shall sing for joy.

Unknown.

Each rightly done deed that like a useful seed we scatter in life, brings back to us a blessing out of it.

Zschokke.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that *we are forming characters for Eternity*. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter Eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived.

Elihu Burritt.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever living, ever working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die. Unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a Banyan grove (perhaps, alas, as a hemlock forest!) after a thousand years.

Carlyle.

Trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

Unknown.

It is impossible to live in this world and escape responsibility. You cannot live without exerting influence,—others are continually receiving impressions from your character, and you must answer for these impressions. The Christian shines, not so much because he wills as because he is a luminous object. The Christian is a *light*, even ‘the light of the world;’ and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. How powerful an agent is the light of every morning, the soft, genial, silent light stealing in the face of every creation.

Unknown.

Time passes onward with returnless wing:
And actions, too, like time, may seem to pass—
To pass and be no more; but 'tis not so,
For influence never dies; and every act,
Emotion, look, and word makes influence tell
For good or evil, happiness or woe,
Through the long future of Eternity.

Unknown.

‘Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.’

Col. iv. 5, 6.

‘Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is; be filled with the Spirit.’ *Eph. v. 17, 18.*

How do we believe? What is the practical result for others? We meet with those who have not ‘like precious faith,’ and we are content to speak only of what is nothing worth. Yet each is in the danger from which we have fled, each has the same soul-needs. If we believed that she with whom we are lightly exchanging pleasant and necessary remarks, must perish for ever unless JESUS saves her, should we not ‘therefore speak?’ Let us try to realize. The young friend or stranger at my side, if she does not know JESUS, has no Friend, no Comforter, no share in all my happiness, nothing to fill an aching void within. But more: this very one, if she does not know JESUS, must be shut out from Him for ever, and endure the unknown terrors of GOD’s wrath for ever, and ever, and ever. There is but a step between her and death, and this may be her last opportunity to hear of the Saviour’s love. Can I believe these truths and part from her with smiling nothings; without one word to arouse, to win, to save?

F. R. Havergal.

Christians are epistles of CHRIST, written by the Living Spirit, in characters which all around may read. The writing is all GOD’s, not theirs; they have nothing of their own to boast of. ‘Epistles of CHRIST.’ And just as a letter which, when opened, was found to be an empty sheet with no writing on it, would be of little or no value, so the Christian is of use just as GOD’s writing may be read in him. It is interesting, too, to think what different epistles GOD sends forth to be read; in very young believers, short ones (GOD can say a great deal by a few words); and in ripened believers, longer ones, giving details of many points of Christian experience, many providences, many trials, much development of the precious fruits of the Spirit.

A. L. Newton.

LONG YEARS AGO.

I called *two* willing servants to my feet,
 I took them by the hand, and said to each :
 ‘ I shed My blood for thee ;
 Lovest thou Me ? ’
 And then I gave *him* work,
 Large work within My fold.
 He had no earthly store
 Wherewith to feed My poor ;
 It mattered not, I’d given *thee* My gold.
 Where is it now ? Look at that pallid brow
 Sunk in its weary sleep :
 The furrows are too deep ;
 They tell the tale of many an anxious grief—
 Not *his* but *Mine*.
 Whence comes the wasting of that haggard cheek ?
 The guilt is thine.
 He gave Me all his time, and strength, and health ;
 I took it, and then asked thee for thy wealth—
 Thy *given* wealth ! asked that it might be free,
 Held in thine open hand for Him and Me.
 Then came the years of conflict and of toil,
 The days of labour and the nights of prayer :
 Souls perishing in sin,
 Few hands to fetch them in ;
 The hungry to be fed,
 The naked to be clothed,
 The outcast and the poor
 Gathering about My door.
 I wanted money and I wanted bread,
 I wanted all that willing hands could do ;
 I wanted the quick ear and ready eye—
 Aye, and the deep, true soul of sympathy :
 I wanted help, and then I called for thee,—
 I called and waited, and then called again :
 Oh ! could it be that I should call in vain ?
 I called and waited,
 And thou didst not come.

Mrs. Pennefather.

What circumspection should mark our daily walk and conversation if it is true, as it assuredly is, that every word we speak, every act we perform, are like stones thrown into the water, producing an endless ripple ; for the sea into which they are cast is the sea of eternity.

We are often deterred from speaking affectionately and plainly to our friends about the concerns of the soul, from a fear of offending them, or from an anxiety not to enter upon a distasteful subject. But we should carry our thoughts onward, and try to conceive what would be the feelings of our friend towards us, were he summoned, unchanged, unrenewed, before GOD's judgment throne. Would he reproach us for having spoken a word in season? Would he not rather, in the midst of that last dread scene, fearfully denounce us, if, whilst knowing the truth ourselves, we had refrained from pressing it upon him?

Do not believers often forget the solemn responsibility of their position? Alas! what bitter self-reproaches should be ours! By our own wilful neglect and carelessness what opportunities have we not lost of seeking to bring back stray ones to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

J. W. R.

'I charge thee, therefore, before GOD, and the Lord JESUS CHRIST, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine; for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine.'

2 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 3.

There ought to be such an atmosphere in every Christian church, that a man going there and sitting two hours should take the contagion of heaven, and carry home a fire to kindle the altar whence he came.

Beecher.

The world to him was nothing. He lived near the Lord, and cared neither for the frown nor the smile of man. He preached like a man standing on the verge of eternity, and in full view of Heaven.

Mrs. Winslow.

Be most careful that the little things of daily life be done to please God.

Unknown.

A consecrated day is a framework ready prepared in which GOD alone has to act in us and through us.

Adolphe Monod.

It is well to bear in mind that when we have the Lord with us, our very deficiencies and infirmities become an occasion for the display of His all-sufficient grace and perfect patience.

Unknown.

To meditate, as it is generally understood, signifies to discuss, dispute, and its meaning is always confined to a being employed in words, as Psa. xxxvii. 30, 'The mouth of the righteous shall meditate wisdom.' Hence Augustine has in his translation, 'chatter,' and a beautiful metaphor it is; as chattering is the employment of birds, so a continued conversing in the law of the Lord—for talking is peculiar to man—ought to be the employment of man.

Luther.

One should aim at building up some special corner of the wall of Jerusalem.

Francis de Sales.

*His wisdom mine for every passing hour,
And for His service He, Himself, my power.*

Unknown.

When the truth is living in our own souls, it goes forth living from our lips, and makes a stronger impression on the souls of others. Communion with GOD is what makes service sweet and easy, prosperous and successful.

Hewitson.

The better we do CHRIST'S work the more of uneducated, neglected, or debased mind will be drawn to try and serve Him with us. He sought out the lame, the halt, the blind, the stupid, the crotchety, the rough, as well as the agreeable, the intelligent, the refined. Untrained Christians in any sect will always have

their eccentricities and their littlenesses, at which the silken judgment of high places, where the Carpenter's Son would be a strange guest, will sneer. That never troubles me. It only raises the question in my mind whether cultivated Christians generally are sufficiently *cultivators*, scattering their golden gifts on wayside ground.

E. S. Phelps.

Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee.

Eccles. iv. 28.

When shall we speak? Conscience will tell us. It will tell us, too, that we do not want more opportunities so much as grace to see and use those which are continually given. Which of us can count lost opportunities? Yet our Master noted each one as it passed. It may be that a sense of coldness and sin is heavy upon us, and we hardly dare to speak of truths which have so little power over ourselves. Yet it does not say 'we *feel* and therefore speak,' but 'we *believe*' (2 Cor. iv. 13). Could we say that we do *not* believe? or quietly endure to hear our Saviour's name and work denied?

F. R. Havergal.

The Christian should work as if it all depended on him, and pray as if it all depended upon God. He should be always nothing in his own estimation; yet he should be one of those gloriously active nothings of which God makes great use, for He treats the things that are not as though they were, and gets glory out of them.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Souls are perishing before thee—

Save, save one!

It may be thy crown of glory—

Save, save one!

From the waves that would devour,

From the raging lion's power,

From destructions fiery shower,

Save, save one!

Who the worth of souls can measure?

Save, save one!

Who can count the priceless treasure?

Save, save one!

Like the stars, shall shine for ever,

Those who faithfully endeavour,

Dying sinners to deliver.

Save, save ONE!

Unknown.

You know not what you *can* or *cannot* effect until you *try*; and if you make your trials in the exercise of *trust* in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated.

Missionary Williams.

Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.

W. Carey.

‘Ye are my witnesses,’ saith the Lord; and a witness needs not talent nor influence, or learning or eloquence: it is only required of a witness that he speak the truth. The truth, as it is in JESUS, is a talent possessed by every true believer, and he is not at liberty to tie it in a napkin, or hide it in the earth.

J. Macpherson.

When you hear Divine truth gather it into your memory and heart, then take it home and beat it out by meditation, and divide it with any sad-hearted Naomi in godly conversation; yet speak not so much of the corn as of the man in the field—not of men as of the servants there, but of the Lord of the harvest.

Donald Fraser.

God will work but when He pleases, and how He pleases, and by what instruments He pleases; and, if He please, without instruments; and, if He please, by weak and improbable, by despised and exploded instruments.

Caryl.

N

I do not the less feel my own shortcomings, but I feel in my weakness the strength engaged for me; the sweet promise, 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;' *shall* come, however far short human instrumentality falls of their need. His crown shall not want a jewel; but if believers do not live up to their privileges, if they tire and faint, their crowns may be less bright, because they will not avail themselves of the honour He allows them of being His instruments in winning souls. They will not be less safe, but less happy; further from Him, perhaps, because in a lower place in heaven. I would be ambitious of a high place there; nearer, JESUS, to Thee. Oh, for a heart burning with love to JESUS.

Agnes Jones.

Learn from this life to wait God's time. If in your heart you find, as she did, a desire specially to devote yourself to His service, commit your way to Him, and He will give you the desire of your heart.

J. H.

Look simply to JESUS for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given will be blessed, whether it be barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb. When your heart is meek, right, and simple, JESUS will make an orator of you; when you grow lofty, and are pleased with your prattle, JESUS will make a fool of you. Your mouth will be a flowing stream or a sealed fountain, according as your heart is. Avoid all controversy in preaching, writing, or talking; preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but JESUS CHRIST. Ask no man's leave to preach CHRIST, that is unevangelical and shameful. Seek not much advice about it, that is dangerous; such advice generally comes the wrong way. If you are determined to be evangelically regular, that is, secularly *irregular*, then expect, wherever you go, a storm will follow you, which may fright you, but will bring no real harm. Make the Lord your whole trust, and all will be well.

John Berridge.

Do we not frequently hinder the full operation of the Holy Ghost in our preaching, by limiting ourselves to preconceived thoughts, instead of catching the inspiration of passing incidents, and making them tell upon our hearers, thus following in the steps of our Divine Master? (See S. Matt. xiii.)

G. Kirkham.

On one occasion an honoured servant of the Lord, a faithful witness among the masses for JESUS, had taken considerable pains to prepare a well thought-out, well-constructed sermon. But when the time for preaching it arrived, he forgot every word of it, and the only text that came into his mind was, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He spoke on these words, and the Lord blessed the address to *seven and thirty* souls that evening.

Work ! for GOD commands you.
 Work ! for CHRIST expects you.
 Work ! for the *day* is passing.
 Work ! for the *night* is coming.
 Work ! for SOULS are *dying*.
 Work ! for the labourers are few.
 Work ! for the Judgment Seat cometh.
 Work *now*. Work *always*. Work *wisely*.
 Work *well*.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chairs. *Hale.*

If we take care of aught of His, will He not take care of us and of our children ? *Mulock.*

O Lord, choose Thou for me ;
 Send me to work in great things or in small,
 But whatsoe'er my portion be
 In Thy employ, keep Thou within me still,
 The one same principle, *to do Thy will*,
 Lest for myself I work, not THEE.

W. G. Tupper.

Now, if souls were to be converted through your teaching, you would be mightily proud of it ; God knows you could not bear such success, and does not mean to give it until He has laid you low at His Feet, and emptied you of yourself and filled you with Himself. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

Where GOD's presence is realized there must be power ; but He will not vouchsafe His presence unless our hearts are true to Him as the specific object of our assembly. *Unknown.*

Our endeavours, our eloquence, our labours, are all useless, vain, unless JESUS passes by to give the blessing. But if JESUS Himself passes by, and if we are doing CHRIST's work, speaking CHRIST's words, our hearts burning with love to Him and to souls for whom CHRIST died, our efforts must be blessed.

Not a single word we speak for the Master falls to the ground ; JESUS keeps and registers each in heaven, and sometimes He gives us the cheering and unspeakable privilege of seeing those feeble words blessed to the salvation of souls.

Avicula.

'Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My Name, *because ye belong to CHRIST*, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward.'

S. Mark ix. 41.

We should never repulse the poor. If we cannot give them anything, let us pray the good GOD to inspire some one else to do so. Some say, 'They will make a bad use of what I give them.' Let them make what use of it they will ; they will have to answer for the use they make of your alms, and you will have to answer for giving or not giving it.

J. B. Vianney.

The grand question in everything which may present itself before the Christian is this, 'Can I connect CHRIST with it ?' If not, I have nothing whatever to do with it. This is the true way to look at things. It is not a question as to how far it concerns the name and glory of CHRIST. This simplifies everything amazingly. It answers a thousand questions, solves a thousand difficulties, and makes the path of the true and earnest Christian as clear as a sunbeam. A Levite had no difficulty as to his work ; it was all settled for him with Divine precision. The burden that each had to carry, and the work that each had to do, was laid down with a clearness which left no room for the questionings of the heart. Each man could know his work

and do it; and, let us add, the work was done by each one discharging his own specific functions. It was not by running hither and thither, and doing this or that, but by each man sedulously adhering to his own particular calling, that the service of the tabernacle was duly discharged. It is well to bear this in mind. We, as Christians, are very apt to jostle one another; indeed we are sure to do so if we do not each one pursue his own Divinely appointed line of work. We say '*Divinely* appointed,' and would press the word, for we have no right to choose our own work. *'Notes on Numbers.'*

If the rich are to give all their living, as well as the poor (S. Mark xii. 44), it does not say, mind you, that they are to give it all to the hungry, or all to the destitute, but only, they are to give it all *to* CHRIST. Then He will tell them what to do with it. Do you understand? *E. Wetherell.*

One of the best means for a soul to be built up in CHRIST is for it to do something for CHRIST. We cease to grow when we cease either to labour or to suffer for the Lord. Even our children, when they are saved, can do something for the Master. The little hand that drops its halfpence into the offering-box, out of love to JESUS, is accepted of the Lord. The young child trying to tell its dear brother or sister of the dear Saviour who has loved it, is a true missionary of the Cross. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

GOD esteems our actions and works, not according to the greatness or exactness of the performance, but according to the sincerity and truth of our hearts in doing them. *J. Mede.*

Look carefully that love to GOD and obedience to His commands be the principle and springs from which thy actions flow; and that the glory of GOD and the salvation of souls be the end to which all thy actions tend; and that the Word of GOD be thy rule and guide in every enterprise and undertaking. *Burkitt.*

For love will traverse the dreariest street,
 Dark alleys and byways grim ;
 To tell of the refuge at JESUS' feet,
 And gather the lost to Him.

And many a wee, wan face grows bright,
 As it hears the 'sweet story of old,'
 And of robes in the Saviour's blood made white,
 And the lambs in the heavenly fold.

And sad hearts, strengthened by *earthly* food,
 Have again with hope grown bright,
 And drunk of the living streams of God,
 Till their load of grief seems light.

Yes, LIGHT ! for if once the soul awakes
 To the warmth of a Saviour's love,
 Earth's cares grow small as the dawning breaks
 Of a heavenly rest above !

* * * * *

Oh, blessed work for the heart and hand,
 The sorrow-worn soul to cheer ;
 To deal out bread to the starving band,
 And to dry the orphan's tear !

And the pence by happier children given
 To the poor for JESU's sake,
 Are stored in the treasury of heaven,
 'In the bank that will never break.'

There, written high o'er the shining door,
 We may read our Father's word :—
 'He that hath pity upon the poor,
 Lends substance to the Lord.' (Prov. xix. 17.)

Oh, little indeed is the most we do,
 And feeble our work at best ;
 We can but succour a very few
 Out of thousands yet unblest.

And none ever missed the morsel sweet,
Or the bright array denied,
That another might walk with warmer feet
Through the bitter winter-tide.

But better than robe or royal feast
Will the Master's welcome be ;
'In showing this kindness to the least
Ye have done it unto Me.*' (Matt. xxv. 40.)
J. L. H.

Stay not till you are told of opportunities to do good—
inquire after them. *C. Mather.*

Cherish the consciousness of your own weakness. Look to God in continual prayer for guidance, and lean on Him for strength. Forget not the words of the Apostle, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' How was this? Because *then* he was cast on God, and God's power was glorified in his weakness.
Unknown.

The Rose of Sharon may lie hid in a believer's bosom, but its fragrance cannot be concealed. *J. Macpherson.*

'To do whatever she likes best ;' say rather, the work for which she has been made fit by God. That, after all, is the happiest work here, when we can find it and be satisfied with it.
Watching at the Gates.

No fear of crooked walking while the eye is on JESUS.
R. Bryan.

* From a poem entitled *The Little Matchbox Makers*, written in aid of these destitute little ones, for whom Miss Macpherson pleads, and among whom she labours. Address : Miss A. Macpherson, Refuge and Home of Industry, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, E.

Children! on a New Year's morning, years ago, we found, lying on the table, a small box from the East, which had a delicious perfume. When opened, nothing was seen at first but amber-coloured silkwood, such as they lay costly jewels in; under it, lying in rows, were tiny vials, curiously cut and gorgeously gilt, their glass stoppers secured by pink ribbon, hermetically sealed. The glass was so thick that each vial held only a few drops of otto of rose, worth a guinea—a box of golden vials full of odours.

Might not a little child so pray, and so praise, and so love the great Name of JESUS, as to be likened to one of those tiny vials, holding but few drops of perfume, and still able to bring some sweetness into the palace of our King? That great divine, Dr. Duncan, asked a few hours before he died for the hymn 'Rock of Ages,' and stopped the reader at 'Nothing in my hand I bring,' till it was repeated six times. The noble evangelist, Mr. Grant, asked, when dying, to have 'For ever with the Lord' sung to him. The beloved physician, Sir James Simpson, found nothing suit him like 'Just as I am, without one plea.' This shows that your little hymns sounded sweetest to them when they were just going to hear the songs of heaven. God might choose boys who read this, some day to fill the places left vacant by men like these.

M. F. Barbour.

'Give me a bairn's hymn;' so said the late Dr. Guthrie, one evening near his last, to the friends who gathered in his chamber, and the simple strain ('Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,') soothed and strengthened the dying man. Simplicity is the strength of faith. The thought that instructs a child may become the man's strongest weapon in temptation, his chief balm for all wounds that the world inflicts, his solace in days of weakness, his stay in death. It is the simplest truths upon which the soul falls back in every crisis—especially in that last event which tests the inmost spirit.

'Sunday at Home.'

Don't be depressed with finding you do little. Little leads to more.

Unknown.

One text repeated in the dull ear of the sufferer, one cup of cold water lifted to the lips of the dying child, may be an act embodying all the elements of the noblest service, if done for the Master's sake.

Mrs. Pennefather.

After a day spent in doing all the good you can, even if you have met with no success, you can lean your head on CHRIST'S bosom and fall asleep, feeling that if souls be not gathered, yet you have your reward.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Righteousness does not consist in the quantity of good we do, but in our doing so much, be it little or be it much, as lies in our power. There are pegs and pins in a building as well as beams and columns, nor can we doubt that God distributes to every man the talents suited to the task he is to perform; therefore if we attend only to family affairs, or making broth for the sick, provided this be all we have ability to do, we have completed our part.

Abraham Tucker.

Every man in a Christian Church ought to feel that he uses the power of the whole, yet never so as to take away from him the need of individual exertion. If we have experience, any brother has a right to come to us, and say 'Put your experience as a bridge over that stream which I must cross; I want timber there to walk upon.'

Beecher.

'Suffer the children to come unto Me.' It is as if JESUS had said to the Church in every age, 'O do not come *between the children and Me*; throw open the gates of Heaven to the children; bring all the attractions of truth and love to win the little ones to Me.' Surely the Church has never realized the importance of this sphere of labour.

A. Hannay.

There are little ones glancing about on my path,
In need of a friend and a guide;
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears could be easily dried.

But JESUS may beckon those children away,
 In the midst of their grief or their glee ;
 Will any of these at the Beautiful Gate,
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

I may be brought there by the manifold grace
 Of the Saviour, who loves to forgive ;
 Though I bless not the hungry ones near to my side,
 Only pray for myself while I live.

But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect,
 If sorrow in Heaven could be ;
 If no one should stand at the Beautiful Gate,
 Waiting and watching for me ! *Unknown.*

In *every* act, self-imposed or required by others, remember the words of your Master—'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much'—as applicable to every worker, both for warning and encouragement. You may truly serve Him in that which appears least, in what is only done to please a child, to soothe an impatient person, or to break off an unpleasant personal trick of your own. *'Morning Clouds.'*

Live not after the rate of ordinary Christians ; if you would be a faithful minister of CHRIST, you must be an extraordinary one. *Brainerd.*

Our activity will never be useless to us if rightly applied, even in the smallest matters when nothing better is within our reach ; and as men shall give account for every idle word or thought, so every right action, word, or thought, however trivial, yet if best suited to the present occasion, shall be placed to the credit of their account. We are to esteem nothing trivial and unavailing that befalls in His laws of nature and courses of providence ; and may believe that every right action which the present occasion calls for, is the work we are called upon of GOD to perform ; and though it does not make such large strides as arduous exercises of virtue, yet advances us something forward towards our final goal. *Abraham Tucker.*

A true Christian's life must be like a *white line* drawn across a black piece of paper. _____ *S. Campbell Douglas.*

'Who is on the Lord's side?' Reader, art thou? Search and see; examine thyself closely. Remember the question is not at all 'What art thou doing?' No; it is far deeper. If thou art on the Lord's side thou art ready for anything and everything. Thou art ready to stand still, or ready to go forward; ready to go to the right or to the left; ready to be active and ready to be quiet; ready to stand on thy feet, and ready to lie on thy back. The grand point is this, namely, the surrender of thyself to the claims of another, and that other the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

Man's will is rampant, and that, too, in matters of religion. Man boasts of his rights, of the freedom of his will, the freedom of his judgment. There is the denial of the Lordship of CHRIST; and, therefore, it behoves us to look well to it, and see that we really are taking sides with the Lord against ourselves; that we are in the attitude of simple subjection to His authority. Then we shall not be occupied with the amount or character of our service; it will be our one object to do the will of the Lord. _____ *C. H. Macintosh.*

Do what is right quite irrespective of what people say or think. _____ *Epictetus.*

A right faith is compatible with the common business and transactions of life; therefore it is a spurious piety that makes men desirous to lay out their whole time in exercises of devotion.

Whoever possesses just notions of GOD, must believe He orders all things in perfect wisdom. Since, then, He, in His providence, has placed us in a situation that renders an attention to our bodily wants, our worldly conveniences, and even the pleasures of our fellow creatures, we may show our obedience in performing these little offices with innocence and propriety, as well as the higher duties and acts of religion; for we are servants whose business it is to fulfil the task before us. We must not expect to be always employed in attendance upon our Master's person, nor ought we to esteem *any* work unprofitable or trifling which the circumstances we are placed in require us to execute. _____ *Abraham Tucker.*

Christianity is not thought but action ; not a system but a life. *Bunsen.*

Every *fact* established in the mind becomes a stepping-stone to another. *Unknown.*

Remember, all knowledge is *lost* which ends in knowing ; and every truth we know is a *candle given us* to work by. *Unknown.*

Not *for* keeping, but '*in* keeping His commandments, there is great reward.' *Spurgeon.*

It would not be more absurd for a soldier to desert his post that he might lie lurking about his general's tent, lest he should lose sight of his reverence, than for us to neglect our active duties that we may attend more closely to those of devotion. *A. Tucker.*

O perfect Pattern from above,
So strengthen us that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Or works of love from prayer. *Unknown.*

CONSECRATION.

CHRIST—FOR ME—*Eph.* v. 2 ; *Heb.* ix. 24.

'The Son of GOD loved me, and gave Himself for me.'
Gal. ii. 20.

MYSELF—FOR CHRIST—2 *Cor.* viii. 5 ; v. 15.

'CHRIST died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.'

THE HEART—FOR CHRIST.

'My son, give Me thine heart.' *Prov.* xxiii. 26.

THE INTELLECT—FOR CHRIST.

‘Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of GOD, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of CHRIST.’ 2 Cor. x. 5.

To me, to live is CHRIST. Phil. i. 21.

THE BODY—FOR THE LORD—I Cor. vi. 19, 20; Rom. xii. 1.

‘CHRIST shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.’ Phil. i. 20.

THE EYE.

‘Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken Thou me in Thy way.’ Psa. cxix. 37.

EAR—S. Luke xi. 28.

‘Blessed are they that hear the Word of GOD, and keep it.’

THE TONGUE—SPEECH AND VOICE FOR JESUS.

‘By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to GOD continually, that is, the fruit of our lips confessing to His Name.’ Heb. xiii. 15.

‘Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom.’ Col. iii. 16.

THE HAND AND FOOT—S. Matt. xxv. 34-40.

‘Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men—for ye serve the Lord CHRIST.’ Col. iii. 23, 24.

TIME—FOR CHRIST.

‘Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.’ Rom. xii. 11.

INFLUENCE—FOR CHRIST—*S. John i. 35-46.*

‘Ye are the salt of the earth ; ye are the light of the world.’

S. Matt. v. 13, 14.

‘Be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom shine ye as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life.’

Phil ii. 15, 16.

PROPERTY—FOR CHRIST—*S. Mark x. 29.*

‘Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My sake and the Gospel’s, but he shall receive an hundredfold now, in this time,—with persecutions ; and in the world to come, eternal life.’

‘Every *branch* in me that *bear*eth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.’

John xv. 2.

‘We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.’

‘Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord JESUS, that the life also of JESUS might be made manifest in our body.’

2 Cor. iv. 7, 10.

Though your service is often to lie still in the Master’s arms, and only lean your head on His bosom, He can bless the quiet thoughts of His children, as much as the busy work or quick-speeding feet. He can use them—*how*, you cannot tell ; enough for you to know that His touch can turn to gain what seems like loss. It may be that He has greater need than we think of the service which no eye but His can see. The *less* to us may mean more to Him ; and, perhaps, the longings which can find no possible outlet in action, the willingness to be unused, apparently unheeded and unprofitable, even when our hearts are yearning for His work, may be an offering dearer in His sight than much we had thought He would prize.

Pain and repression, not struggled against, but accepted in meek patience, are surely service in the highest sense. We too often make a distinction here ! We long, as we say, ‘to lay out our lives for God,’ and do not see that He is laying them out

for Himself, only in a way different from ours. We do not see it now, but all will be clear in 'that day.' Let us take heed lest we suffer loss *then*, because while He has chosen one thing for us, we have been yearning for another. *H. Bowman.*

God's children please Him just as well when they sit patiently with folded hands, if that is His will, as when they are hard at work. *E. Prentiss.*

Give Me thine heart, and I will undertake
 Thou ne'er shalt lack some word, some gift from Me,
 Which given to the needy for My sake,
 I will accept as offering from thee. *Unknown.*

Let us realize that we are in the presence of our Saviour, who is greater and more loving than any one else, and then our whole being will be calmed, and quietly elevated, and *controlled* in every little thing, and little word. Thus we shall glorify Him, and shall become a *power* in His hands among men, and a testimony, yea, even when silent, to all with whom we associate. *Unknown.*

'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the LORD, and whose hope the LORD is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.'—*Jer. xvii. 7, 8.*

Think on these words, and feel assured by them that if you do abide in CHRIST, if you really trust in the Lord, and really make Him your hope, if GOD has planted you by the waters, and if you spread out your roots to receive and drink in those waters, it is not in the power of weakness, sickness, poverty, isolation, human control or opposition, excessive daily toil, overwhelming care, or *any other circumstances*, to stop you from

bearing fruit unto God. These may, indeed, prevent you from bearing the kind of fruit *you* might like to have on your branches, or from bearing it in such measure, and at such seasons, as *you* fancy would best please God, and most profit man; but they cannot hinder you from bearing just the kind and measure of fruit that the Master seeks from you, and in the very season that He will come to seek it.

Unknown.

Is it the will of Him who is Love—whose heart is so drawn out to us, that He has given Himself name upon name lest any should turn away and say, ‘He does not suit my need, He cannot understand my want’—is it His will that these things should be? I think not. GOD has bestowed on us two gifts—the first, the best, JESUS; the second, work for each of us to do for Him. The work is bound up in our daily life, which so many look on as full of trouble. Why is it so, but that we neglect His first gift—the Lord JESUS? This, alone, is the reason of our grief and trouble. JESUS is given, not to take away the cause of the trouble, but to take away the trouble itself—to take the bitterness, and the sting, and the pain away. Oh, let Him take them away from our life! Trust Him with them.

‘The Government shall be upon His Shoulder.’

‘I can only pray for myself,’ some troubled heart may say, ‘and I am only oppressed when I know so many depend on my pleading for them.’ But if you can do nothing more, you can lay them on the heart of CHRIST. He knows their need better than you. He will think of them when you cannot. The cry out of the depths of your own helplessness, ‘O Lord be near and strengthen,’ or even the longing which never shapes itself in words, will bring them help from the sanctuary. Courage, dear friend, you have your own ministry; your sisters, companions in tribulation, are stronger for your struggles, calmed by your quiet patience. Down where the fields are white and the reapers are weary, your prayers bring many a cup of cold water, which, though you never know how it is welcomed, ‘shall in no wise lose its reward.’

H. Bowman.

'Ye that make mention of the LORD keep not silence, and give Him no rest day nor night, till He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.' Now, if there were not some saints kept awake at night by sickness to pray, we should not so fully realize that word, 'Give Him no rest day nor night.' Some of those dear ones, whose faces we miss from among us, keep up the perpetual ministry of intercession. Their incense of prayer goes up at all hours; when most of us are, rightly enough, asleep, they are compelled to wake, and, therefore, are still led to pray. How many blessings come down upon the Church of GOD through the prayers of His feeble saints it is impossible to tell; but I believe if all of us were to set apart a special time for praying and pleading that CHRIST would come into His Church. We should not be long before we saw a wonderful effect resulting from those pleadings.

C. H. Spurgeon.

May not the sufferers specially glorify their Master before those who know Him not? It is not only that He gathers for Himself the fruit of love, and joy, and peace, but its beauty is to be visible in other eyes. Are not the bright look, the meek endurance, the struggle against the small selfishness of invalidism, telling, though silent witnesses, for CHRIST'S sustaining power? Do you think the young creatures, whose merry words and fresh exuberance now and then stir your quiet, do not feel as they leave you that, spite of the pain they pity, there is peace they envy? And is it not worth something, even at cost of after-weariness, so to have thrown yourself into their plans and pleasures, that the heart, at leisure from its own suffering, has touched theirs with yearnings to share its rest?

H. Bowman.

GOD'S will is equally, and almost still more, in sickness than in health. Wherefore if we love health better, let us never say we do it to serve GOD better; for who sees not that it is health we look for in GOD'S will, not GOD'S will in health.

St. Francis de Sales.

How little they know who languish in what seem useless sick-rooms, or amid the restrictions of frail health, what work they do for CHRIST by the power of saintly living, and by even fragmentary prayers.

E. Prentiss.

Let me not say, If my affliction did not disable me from my duty, I could bear it. Since Thou teachest me that it doth not disable me from that duty which tendeth to my own benefit, but is the greatest quickening help I can expect. And as for my duty to others, it is not my duty when GOD disables me. If anything, though ever so dear, is taken from me by the order of Providence, I have no longer any business in it. The cloud is taken up, and my station is fixed for some other place. GOD is now in the absence and privation of it, and, if ever I find Him, it must be there.

Adams.

Thou lookest more upon inward holiness than upon outward service, and Thou wouldst rather that Thy work should be done in us than by us, for the perfect obedience of our will to Thy will is better than the offerings of our hands. Thou willest that I should resign myself into Thy hands, who judgest not by the outward appearance, but who lookest upon the heart, and who knowest best by what tools to fashion it into the Divine image.

'Christ the Consoler.'

That piece of service, of believing in a smiting Redeemer, is a precious part of obedience.

Rutherford.

'I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it you.'

S. John xv. 16.

What shall we speak? Say that to God. He will give us words. With our highest skill we can but draw the bow at a venture, for the mark is hidden. Let us trust in Him who can and will both give and guide the arrow. An imperceptible

pause in conversation is time enough for an unworded prayer, a heart-glance up to Him for the right words, and for those words to be flashed into our minds, in swift and gracious answer. Let our hearts be filled with CHRIST and His salvation, and out of their abundance our mouths will speak.

F. R. Havergal.

Have you not a word for JESUS? not a word to say for Him? He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim! HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth? He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you, Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold, Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for JESUS? Will the world His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.

You whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be, Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!'

'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!

'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow;

'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!

'Cannot!' though He stands beside you, though He says 'Be not afraid!'

Have you not a word for JESUS? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,

Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them 'come;'

Never telling hidden sorrow, lingering just outside the door, Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for evermore.

Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemèd ones to bring,
 Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King ;
 Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,
 All because a word for JESUS seems too much for you to dare ?

What shall be our word for JESUS ? Master, give it day by day ;
 Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
 Give us holy love and patience ; grant us deep humility,
 That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee ;
 Give us zeal, and faith, and fervour, make us winning, make
 us wise,

Single hearted, strong, and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we
 will rise !

Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word,
 And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard.

Yes, we have a word for JESUS ! Living echoes we will be
 Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious 'come
 to Me.'

JESUS, Master ! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love,
 would lay

Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed Feet to-day.
 Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat, many a fear,
 But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is
 always near.

Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame,
 Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear name.

Yes, we have a word for JESUS ! we will bravely speak for Thee,
 And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would hence-
 forth be ;

In Thy Name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave
 above,

With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name of
 Love.

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,
 Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening
 'little while.'

Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here accept
 and own ;

And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy throne.

F. R. Havergal.

'O LORD, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'
Psa. li. 15.

A few words spoken in the conscious authority of God, are better than ten thousand in your own wisdom. *Unknown.*

We should strive to speak the Gospel simply from our hearts, and then men's hearts will be impressed with the truth.
C. H. Spurgeon.

We often make great mistakes—often make use of long arguments to bring people to CHRIST. Often we make use of long, high-sounding words, and expect them to be blessed; whereas it is the simple exhibition of CHRIST that is carried home by the Spirit. Speak for CHRIST. One little word may be blessed. 'Follow JESUS,' may win a soul. *M^c Cheyne.*

It often demands more nerve and Christian zeal to speak to two or three, or even to a single individual, than to five hundred; and there are those who, though ready enough to address an assembled throng, cannot or will not tap a passer-by kindly on the shoulder, and speak to him about his soul. I think no man should be an open-air preacher who cannot speak to the *ones*. JESUS, Himself, the greatest of open-air preachers, before He went up the mountain and addressed the multitude, dealt personally with individuals on the plain. Some of the finest sermons in Scripture were preached to units.
Thain Davidson.

A soul-winner throws himself into what he says. As I have sometimes said, we must ram ourselves into our cannons, we must fire ourselves at our hearers, and when we do this, then, by GOD's grace, their hearts are often carried by storm.
C. H. Spurgeon.

What would I not give for the power to make sinners love CHRIST ; for the faculty of describing His beauties and glories in such a manner as to excite warmer affections towards Him in the hearts of Christians ? Could I paint a true likeness of Him, methinks I should rejoice to hold it up to the view and admiration of all creation, and be hid behind it for ever !

Payson.

Let us hold ourselves ever in readiness to serve Him, thinking nothing too small, and so we shall be ready for greater works and further submission, if He see fit to call us to any great work.

Agnes Jones.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow ye beside all waters, where the dew of Heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary, for the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee ; One wore the thorns
for thee ;

And, though the cold world scorns thee, patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters, with a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee, and sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of Heaven descendeth when the sunbeams pass
away.

Sow when the tempest lowers, for calmer days will break,
And the seed, in darkness nourished, a goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh in beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening faileth, withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee, in its cold and sterile pride,
Some cleft there may be riven, where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish, and, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters will the scattered grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth, ere the shades of night come on ;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh, and the labourer's work
is done.

Work ! in the wild waste places, though none thy love may own ;
God guides the down of the thistle the wandering wind hath
sown.

Will JESUS chide thy weakness, or call thy labour vain ?
The word that for Him thou bearest shall return to Him again.
On !—with thine heart in heaven, thy strength—thy Master's
might,
Till the wild waste places blossom in the warmth of a Saviour's
light.

Sow by the wayside gladly, in the damp, dark caverns low,
Where sunlight seldom reacheth, nor healthful streamlets flow ;
Where the withering air of poison is the young bud's earliest
breath,
And the wild, unwholesome blossoms bears in its beauty death.
The ground impure, o'ertrdden by life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it, may yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee ; let the whirlwind round thee
sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee, but another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding the seed burst from its tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish, or what be spared to
bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges the ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming, in the harvest sheaves may
bind.

Anna Shipton.

I believe a great sin lies at the Christian's door when he goes
to a place of worship week after week, and never speaks a word
to those who sit by him. ' Let him that heareth say Come '
Many would gladly go and speak to a room full of people, but
would not say Come ! to a poor lost soul that sat by their side.

C. J. Brooks.

O that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

George Herbert.

She came to her work with all the freshness and energy of youth, fired with the desire to devote herself and her powers to His service who had so loved her. It was not that she had tried earth's pleasures and found them vanity and vexation of spirit, and then turned, disappointed and embittered, to something that would fill the void ; no, God had given her grace to choose Him first, and from early childhood to look to His favour as her life and peace.

Blessed are they whose hearts thus yearn only after heavenly love, who walk through life with no hard crust of wordliness excluding the sweet influences of God's blessed Spirit, and who, when the Master's voice calls to special devotedness, are ready to follow where He leads, even if the flesh must bleed and the spirit faint.

'Memorials of Agnes E. Jones.'

A young believer was one day mourning over the quantity of *world's work* which she had to do. 'Do not call it such,' said a farther advanced friend ; 'there is no world's work to the believer ; it is all the *Lord's work*.' In short, the Christian's whole life is a work for God ; when he becomes the Lord's he ceases to be his own. He is bought with a price ; and from the time when he feels the first rush of grateful love, there need never be an hour or a moment in which he is not accomplishing the primary part of 'man's chief end,'—the glorifying of God. He may rise up in the bright morning prime, and go forth to the various duties and intricacies of the day with the blessed assurance that the eye of his benign Master is smiling upon him the while, and that He is accepting and treasuring the smallest services, if done for His sake, and washed in the Blood that is required to purify all ; and when, returning to his home, he enjoys the rest and relaxation of the sweet dewy evening, he may rejoice in the thought, that this also is not wasted time, but that in fitting and refreshing him for the morrow's work, it is also service for God.

M. M. Brewster.

Lovest thou Me ? O yes, I know thy heart,
Long hast thou known and loved the better part ;
I shed the Blood with which thy soul was bought,
Proving thy fancied excellence was nought ;

I gently drew thee with the cords of love,
Poured down My spirit on thee from above,
Divesting thee of sin, and gave thee peace,
And clothed thee with My robe of righteousness ;
I sent thee trial, that in time of need
Thine own experience in word and deed
Might strengthen souls My promises to plead.
O feed My lambs !

I gave thee love, that mortals never can,
Making thy heart o'erflow with love to man ;
I've taught thee by My blessed Word to know
The depths of human wickedness and woe,
That thou might'st learn to feed and sympathize,
Speaking the wisdom which makes truly wise.
By sin, by sorrow, suffering and pain,
Thou only canst a full experience gain ;
I've taught thee by the Word, and by the rod,
That thou might'st lead the wandering soul to God ;
And now, how wilt thou thine affection prove ?
O feed My lambs !

I've shown thee glimpses of the world above,
Filling thy mind with holy joy and love ;
Each beaming feature plainly tells a part,
The countenance true index of the heart ;
Times too of sadness, I have sent thee here,
That thou might'st learn to dry the mourner's tear,
To tell of Gilead's balm for every woe,
And solace such as wordlings cannot know ;
Of rest in God, till faith be lost in sight,
And present sorrows in supreme delight ;
'Tis but a little while, ere cometh night.
O feed My lambs !

E. E.

All our miserable anxiety about the means for carrying on His work comes of our having still some lurking dependence upon our natural powers, and gifts, and possessions—the boats and nets which we have left to follow CHRIST. It comes of our still creeping timidly along the shore, instead of casting our-

selves boldly upon the wide ocean of His providence, whose Almighty Hand is ever stretched out for our support, and whose unchanging voice still breathes in our ear, 'Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?'

Le Curé d'Ars.

God gives work when He gives the will to do it.

Agnes Jones.

Oh ! to walk humbly with our GOD ! to be content with His will ; to be satisfied to fill a very humble niche, and to do the most unpretending work ! This is true dignity, and true happiness. If GOD gives us a crossing to sweep, let us sweep it, as under His eye, and to His praise. The grand and all-essential point is to be found doing the very work which He gives us to do, and occupying the very post to which He appoints us. If we are to be governed by the rule of GOD's kingdom, we shall find that the only way to get up is to go down. The one who now occupies the very highest place in heaven is the one who voluntarily took the very lowest place on earth.

C. H. Macintosh.

True devotion in CHRIST consists, not in doing extraordinary things, but in walking before Him in an ordinary path, with extraordinary singleness of heart.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.

It is not the amount or the greatness of the work done which meets with the approval of their Heavenly Father, for His eyes are open to the most trivial action done out of love to Him.

Agnes Jones.

Every-day work requires every-day grace, and every-day grace requires every-day asking. Try the experiment for once—no matter what your occupation may be—no matter how distasteful to your natural disposition—the more distasteful the better, so long as it is your duty. Whatever it is, take it first to GOD. Before you begin, kneel and implore His blessing ; ask Him for a fresh diligent spirit ; ask Him for a spirit of patience and

meekness in contending with all the little wearisome difficulties and annoyances connected with it ; ask Him not only to enable you to *bear* the daily cross, but to 'take it up,' denying yourself and following the footsteps of the Lord JESUS (St. Luke ix. 23). Then put your whole might into it—the might you have borrowed from a Mightier than yourself, for that is the secret of real work. Do it as if your Master were standing before you—do it as you would have cast the net into the sea—as you would have fastened together the tent—as you would have laboured in the carpenter's shop—had you lived in the early days with CHRIST and His Apostles. Do not offer to GOD the blind, and the lame, and the maimed things of your mind ; do not offer a spirit dreaming of the great things which you could do, or may do at some other time, but offer to Him your wakeful, rejoicing, *present* energies, and you will find how brightly the day beams upon you—how sweetly the night gives you sleep—and how gratefully your heart swells with a sense of the tenderness of GOD as a Father, as well as His benignity as a Master.

M. M. Brewster.

The Lord's trees are all evergreens (Psa. i. 3). No winter's cold can destroy their verdure ; and yet, unlike evergreens in our country, they are all fruit-bearers.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Surely if we look at it in the light of eternity, in the light of that tremendous day when CHRIST, with clouds, shall come ; we shall feel that there is nothing worth living for but serving GOD ; that the very core and centre of all life is to bring glory to GOD, by bringing souls to JESUS CHRIST. GOD grant you may live as though you expected to die. We ought always to preach as though we should go out of the pulpit into heaven ; always to pray in that way ; and always to spend every day as if we had not another day to spend. For this we need much of the Holy Spirit's power. But He rests upon His people.

C. H. Spurgeon.

A Christian should be like a pair of compasses, with one foot always fixed on CHRIST, the centre ; the other walking the round of circumference of duty.

Unknown.

When thou hast learnt to do all things to JESUS, it will shed pleasure over all dull things, softness over all hard things, peace over all trial, woe, and suspense; it will make contradiction sweet to bear it meekly for JESUS; poverty honourable to be poor with JESUS; it will but gladden toil to labour for JESUS; and sweet will be repose which rests safe on the Breast of JESUS; then will life be glad, when thou livest to JESUS; and sweet death to die in JESUS; with Him, and to Him, and in Him to live for evermore.

Dr. Pusey.

O how heavy is my work, when *faith* cannot take hold of an *Almighty arm* for the performance of it! Many times have I been ready to sink. Blessed be GOD that I may repair to a full fountain.

Brainerd.

With the Christian there is nothing secular; his whole life is one grand sacrifice to the GOD who dwells in him, and who has consecrated him as a priest in GOD's temple, to offer holy sacrifices to Him.

W. H. Aitken.

GOD wants our weakness, not our strength. As we lose all thought of our own strength, GOD takes us up and uses us. See yonder mountain, if the Almighty would crush it, He passes by the bar of iron and takes up 'the worm!' It is weak things that GOD uses. Paul sums up five things that GOD uses: 'The weak things,' 'the foolish things,' 'the base things,' the despised things,' and the 'things which are not.'

The next verse explains why GOD does this,—'that no flesh should glory in His sight.' When we are ready to lay our strength and our weakness all before the Lord, GOD can take us up and use us—not before. Our supposed strength often stands in our way. How many men have been laid aside as vessels no longer meet for the Master's use, because they have become proud and lifted up, and have taken the glory to themselves! We want to learn our weakness, and that GOD needs *it* and not our strength.

Also, that we must be more *enthusiastic* in GOD's work if we would be used by Him.

D. L. Moody, of Chicago.

It seems as if GOD gathered into His storehouse from each of our lives all that is pleasing to Himself, fruit in which He delights. And the daily cross-bearings and self-denials, the bright word spoken when head and heart are weary, the meek endurance of misunderstanding, the steady going on in one unbroken round, with a patient cheerfulness that knows nothing of 'moods,'—all these are garnered there, and add to our riches towards Him: riches which shall be manifested in 'that day.' And it may be from the lives which have few outlets except towards GOD, there will be at last the fullest harvest. *H. Bowman.*

Broken sums and little feckless obedience will be pardoned.
Rutherford.

Though CHRIST can be grieved at a thousand things in us that no eye but His can see, yet none so easily pleased as He by our little endeavours of love. *K. C. Chapman.*

If we pay a visit to the sick for His sake, He notes all the component parts of that—the cheery word we uttered, the tone in which it was uttered, the gentle touch of the sick one's hand, the patient silence while listening to complaints, the loving craft by which we sought to wile away the afflicted one from himself. In our mind—it may be in the sick one's mind—we paid a visit, and that was all; but GOD knows what there was in that visit, and He counts it all up, and records it even as He does the washing, wiping, and anointing here.—(S. Luke vii. 38.) *'The Feet of Jesus.'* *P. B. Power.*

Christians should be both diamonds and loadstones. Diamonds for the lustre of their graces; loadstones by attracting others to CHRIST.
Unknown.

Work is a snare, when it is dearer to us than communion with JESUS.
Mrs. Pennefather.

A child of God should dread to lose an hour : we little know the loss ! Time multiplying without end in eternity. We may reap for ever what we sow but for an hour. 'I continually hear the surges of eternity beat against my study door !' said an eminent minister of the Gospel ; for he felt how far-reaching must be the effect of his work, either for good or evil.

Our hearers will not feel the truth to be more solemn than we do ourselves. If they see that we feel deeply, they will be curious to know the cause. There should be in us an earnestness, that should arrest the attention by its strangeness. None but the Spirit of God can rivet the attention and gain full command over the meeting. 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' If we are filled with the Spirit, that Spirit in its fulness is Almighty.

E. B.

Gen. xviii. 17.—Because Abram was willing to teach others, God condescends to teach him. They receive most knowledge who are most ready to impart it.

Unknown.

Oh, to be nothing—nothing,
 Only to lie at His feet,
 A broken, emptied vessel,
 Thus for His use made meet !
 Emptied that He may fill me
 As to His service I go.
 Broken, so that unhindered
 His life through me may flow.

Oh, to be nothing—nothing,
 An arrow hid in His hand,
 Or a messenger at His gateway
 Waiting for His command ;
 Only an instrument ready
 For Him to use at His will ;
 And should He not require me,
 Willing to wait there still.

Oh, to be nothing—nothing,
 Though painful the humbling be ;
 Though it lay me low in the sight of those
 Who are now, perhaps, praising *me*.
 I would rather be nothing—nothing,
 That to *Him* be their voices raised,
 Who alone is the fountain of blessing,
 Who alone is meet to be praised.

Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
 A voice seems with mine to blend,
 And whispers in loving accents—
 'I call thee not *servant* but *friend* ;
Fellow worker with Me, I call thee,
 Sharing My sorrows and joy ;
 Fellow heir to the glory I have above,
 To treasure without alloy.

Oh, love so free, so boundless !
 Which lifting me, lays me lower,
 At the footstool of JESUS, my risen Lord,
 To worship and adore ;
 Which fills me with deeper longing
 To have nothing dividing my heart.
 My '*all*' given up to JESUS,
 Not 'keeping back a part.'

G. M. 1.

Oh, to be willing to hear what the Lord is speaking to us,
 speak what He will, how He will, when He will, and by whom
 He will.

J. Harrington Evans.

There is no uncertainty when GOD makes a way for us ; but
 every self-devised path must prove a path of doubt and hesita-
 tion. We may rest assured that GOD never gives a command
 without, at the same time, communicating the power to obey.
 The real condition of the heart may be tested by the command ;
 but the soul that is, by grace, disposed to obey, receives power
 from above to do so.

C. H. Macintosh.

Whatever CHRIST has commanded His people to do, He has promised them grace to enable them to do it. *Romaine.*

GOD uses most those who are most ready to be used—those who oppose the least resistance of self-will and perversity to the action of His mighty power—those who bow most readily, and fall in most heartily with His will, as revealed in Scripture. The temper of soul to which we all need to be brought is that into which Saul of Tarsus was brought when, renouncing for ever his own plans and purposes, he asked, from the depth of an obedient spirit, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?’ If we had but singleness of purpose, we should never find much difficulty in knowing what is the will of the Lord. Oh, if our eyes were single, would not our whole bodies be full of light? If we were willing to be solely and simply GOD’s *agents*, how GOD would work in us and by us.

In these days of marvellous scientific attainments, our greatest triumphs are gained by observing and submitting to the laws of nature. We observe the power of steam, we prepare everything to allow that power to work unhindered; we perceive that it is competent, if allowed to act unhindered, to move tremendous weights at extraordinary speed, to propel no end of machinery with unfailing force. We adapt our arrangements so as to secure its aid, and that with the least possible amount of friction and impediment. We gain our ends by falling in with the laws of nature. So we turn to account the sunbeam and the electric current. These things exist, and act according to certain laws; we may neglect them, we may oppose them, but we are in the road to glorious triumphs of mind over matter when we *submit* to them and use them. Oh, what wonderful things could not the Church do if she only *lay along the line of GOD’s workings*, if she allowed the mighty current to flow through her on its wondrous errands of power! When we cease to resist, and yield ourselves to the will of GOD, we become *good conductors*. The stream of Divine energy can make us its channel. But we must be always ready to allow GOD to work in us and by us, to will and to do of His own good pleasure. Then, and then only, shall we be able to serve Him effectually, and bring glory to His name. *Dr. Paterson.*

‘Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors.’—*Prov. viii. 34.*

In an Eastern house there are no doors similar to ours, but only posts and curtains, and it is surrounded by a court or verandah. There the servants wait, and they are not called by bells as with us, but by the master’s voice. Here was the teaching for us; the servant ready to do his Master’s bidding *must be near enough to hear His call.* As a workman may take up an imperfect tool because it is near at hand, so the Master may use a weak servant because he is close beside Him; and if only we are near enough to JESUS, He will use us. The woman of Samaria was an unlikely instrument to carry the Word to the men of her city; we might have thought that Peter, James, and John would have done better. She had nothing about her character to recommend her; but *she had been with the Master*, and heard His voice, and many through her testimony believed. So may it be with us. If we go first into the presence of JESUS, sit at His feet, wait at the posts of His doors, look up into His face, and watch for His messages of love, He will perfect His strength in our weakness, and send us forth to do His will.

W. Pennefather.

‘Do all in the name of the Lord JESUS.’ Do you think *He* cares whether we are doing this or that, while each thing is ‘unto Him?’ GOD asks from us simple obedience; not some wonderful piece of consecration, or what to us seems such, but that hour by hour, day by day, we should follow His will. Perhaps that will may be to be ‘faithful in a very little,’ but if we will not do a little thing to please Him, we should not do a greater. It is easy to make great sacrifices when GOD does not ask them, but to give up our own will in each detail of life is something far harder, and this is what He *does* ask. To hold ourselves ever in readiness for His bidding, to count no token of it too slight—such is His call to each. Thus only shall we be ready for further service if He sees fit to lead us on to it.

H. Bowman.

If among the older people

We may not be apt to teach,

‘Feed my lambs,’ said CHRIST, our Shepherd,

Place the food within their reach.

And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land. *Unknown.*

Be out and out for CHRIST ; nail your colours to the mast ;
labour for GOD, and live for eternity. *Duncan Matheson.*

‘ Father—stand up *for* JESUS ! Father—stand up *IN* JESUS.’
Last words of Dudley Tyng.

If God’s servants are to be useful they must be holy and devoted to the work. GOD will not honour unholy men in the ministry. O to be single-eyed in the Master’s service ! O to seek the glory of GOD and not the praise of men ; to have a childlike trust in the faithfulness of our Heavenly Father ; to live near, yea, to lean on the very bosom of JESUS, and be filled with His spirit ; then shall we be instrumental in saving souls, and then shall we be able to smile at the taunts and frowns of an ungodly world. *Robert Annan.*

Happy are they who dare venture out in the open street with the name of CHRIST upon their foreheads at a time when many are ashamed of Him, and hide Him, as it were, under their cloaks as if He were a stolen Saviour. *Rutherford.*

In order to get blessing and be true witnesses for God, there must be an undivided heart. It is a constant inquiry, ‘Why do some Christians seem to get so much from God, and others so little?’ Must we not answer, because there are so few with a single eye. We have little idea till we look into the very crevices and corners—the *dark* corners of our hearts—how we are entangled with some little selfishness, some little reserve, some little ‘but.’ ‘I could do everything, but . . .’ It hides itself away ; and yet that little ‘but’ will mar the whole testimony.

There must be *no strange* GOD. When one is brought to say, 'I don't care where I go, or what I do—I am just in the Lord's hand,' there will be no lack of blessing. ALL FOR JESUS—must be the watchword of His witnesses. *Mrs. Pennefather.*

Lord ! this work I lay before Thee ;
 If some sweet success be mine,
 Unto Thee be all the glory—
 All I have or am is Thine.
 Keep from me all thought of pride,
 Draw me closer to Thy side—
 In my weakness
 Let Thy grace be magnified. *Unknown.*

All who have been sent forth to greater or lesser outward service have stood at the King's gates—waiting. Some reserved for special ambassadorship, have stood the longest ; learning to see many more newly admitted to the ranks of attendance-ministry commissioned thence before them.

Let us recognize as a distinctive office that of waiting on the Lord. Readiness for active service is our concern. The communion, the study of God's Word and will, the furnishing unto all good works which is to make the vessel meet for the Master's use, the eyes so fixed upon the countenance of the King, that He shall be able to say, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.' These are what He desires in those whom, as He chooses, He can in His own time use actively for Himself. It is this spirit of *readiness* which belongs to true waiting on the Lord. In the *waiting of active service* there is need for fear lest waiting be lost in working ; lest in the shadow of our own wills we lose sight of God's will. *'All the Day Long.'*

We think that we are ready for His service—but do we weigh well what that service involves ?—not perhaps for us *doing* His work—but *bearing His will.* *Avicula.*

God's choice for each must be the highest for that one soul.
H. Bowman.

The Spirit of GOD is wherever duty is. That we may be where He is, let us strive to be *where duty calls* us ; not where *we* think we could glorify GOD best, but where *He puts* us ; doing 'with our might' the meanest, humblest, smallest work *for* Him. It is a mistake to think we can only 'grow in grace' by prayer, and reading of the Word. These *must* be done ; we must find time for both, or our souls will starve and famish. But while we are commanded to 'pray always,' we are told to be 'not slothful in business.' *Unknown.*

I see in this world two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other I have carried a point. If a child has dropped a half-penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this. *J. Newton.*

'A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.'

A lady spoke to the late Sir James Simpson on the things which belong to our eternal peace, but the great man argued with all his powers of reasoning against her, and turned aside. Then the lady laid her hand on his little sick child, and the word which he rejected was blessed to his child. Ever after the little one ceased not to talk of JESUS. Sir James asked him one day, 'How is it, my child, that you are always speaking of JESUS now?' 'Father,' was the answer, 'when the heart is very full the mouth must speak.' The father turned aside to weep, and rested not till he too had found peace in JESUS, and for the rest of his days he testified boldly for his Lord in every place, and died triumphantly in the faith—the instrument in GOD's hand's used being, that little child.

If we can see distinctly that the period of inactivity is an appointed time, we can dismiss all these troubles, and cease our self-accusings, unless we be prepared to accuse GOD also. Then, there is depression ; the dispiriting feeling that *we* are laid aside, that *we* are no good, and doing no good ; that *we* are

having no share in the work of the Lord. Well! are we ready to work if GOD should set us anything to do; are we willing to do new work, or small work; or do we only want to get back to that particular form of work to which we are accustomed, and in which we used to delight? If we are willing, then no fault lies at our door in this matter; it is God's will and arrangement that we should stand aside; and He knows what is best for both the interests of His kingdom and His individual people. Therefore let us recognize herein the appointing hand, yield sweetly and uncomplainingly to it, and be at peace.

P. B. Power.

In each of us there is some tendency of natural character which marks us off distinctly from others. It is to be restrained, no doubt, but not eradicated. GOD has some purpose for it, and we may trust Him to mould it to that. Does our Heavenly Master need to have all His tools fashioned on one pattern? If He uses one for one kind of work, may He not want quite a different instrument to do some other? He will not set the hammer to polish gems, or the delicate chisel to hew stone from the quarry. But if we are only lying close to His hand, ready to be taken up and used at any moment, in any way, we may trust Him to choose our service, and remember, it is never true unless we get it straight from Himself. What we do because we see another do it, is mere copying. God's work for us may be something entirely different from our anticipation—but it is *His*, and that is enough. Does it matter whether we carry out this or that bit of His great plan, when it is all *one*?

'Thoughts on the Christian Life.'

To abide in the presence of God, and to place oneself in that Presence, are, it seems to me, different things. In order to place oneself in the Presence of God, it is needful to call the soul from every other object, and fix the attention solely on Him as present; but having once placed oneself there, one can abide in it, while making acts either of the understanding or of the will; while gazing upon Him, or upon other objects for love of Him; or while simply speaking to Him—even while merely remaining where He has placed us, as a statue abides in its niche. And if we can add to this simple abiding some conscious-

ness of belonging to God, and of Him as our all, we ought to be most thankful for it.

Suppose a statue in its niche, capable of speech, and ask of it, 'Wherefore art thou here?' It would reply, 'Because my master, the sculptor placed me here.' 'Wherefore art thou motionless?' 'Because he willed me to be so.' 'Of what use art thou? What does it profit thee to be here?' 'I am not here for my own sake, but solely because it is the will of my master.' 'But canst thou not even see?' 'No, but he sees me, and chooses that I should abide here.' 'Wouldst thou not fain have the power to move, and go nearer thy master?' 'Not so, unless he willed it.' 'Hast thou no wishes?' 'None, for I am where my master placed me, and his pleasure is the sole object of my existence.'

My daughter, what better prayer, what better way of abiding in God's Presence, than to give oneself up to His will and pleasure? I think Magdalene was a statue in its niche when she sat motionless, silent, maybe without even gazing upon Him, at her Saviour's feet, listening to His gracious words when He spoke, no less attentive and earnest when He was silent. A little child asleep on the breast of its sleeping mother is in the the best and happiest of all conditions, although it does not speak to her, or she to it.

Happy, indeed, are we when we seek to love our Lord. Let us love Him, without striving to inquire too inquisitively what we are *doing* for love's sake, so long as we know that our aim is to do all things in and through that love. I believe that we may abide in God's Presence even while we sleep; we fall asleep in His Sight, because it is His will; He lays us on our bed, as a statue in its niche, and when we awake we shall find Him there yet; He has never left us, or we Him; we have been all the time in His Presence, although our eyes were closed.

St. Francis de Sales, 1610.

Oh! so to shine in His reflected light as to attract some to Him, and not repel them from Him! *Agnès Jones.*

Oh! for closest communion with GOD, till soul and body, head, and face, and heart—shine with heavenly brilliancy; but O for a holy ignorance of our shining! *R. M. M'Cheyne.*

O GOD, are Thine enemies awake, and only Thy friends asleep? O Sufferer, once bathed in bloody sweat in Gethsemane, is there not one of the twelve awake, but Judas? Are they all asleep except the traitor? May GOD arouse us for His infinite mercy's sake!

C. H. Spurgeon.

'GOD is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope to the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'

Heb. vi. 10-12.

THE BALANCE OF THE SANCTUARY.

A Christian elected by Christians to preach the Gospel, is more truly a priest than if all the bishops and all the popes had consecrated him.

Luther.

Every Christian who has come to a realization of CHRIST, is a natural and appointed preacher of Him.

Beecher.

Measure ministers by this:—What is there of CHRIST about them? That ministry which hath no savour of CHRIST in it, be it what it may, is a ministry which the Lord will not own, and that you ought not to own; it is not God-sent, and ought not to be received by you.

Give me CHRIST JESUS, though the speech in which He be set forth be of the most uncouth kind, rather than the choicest inventions of the most ingenious thinkers, from which JESUS CHRIST is absent or in which He is not exalted.

C. H. Spurgeon.

What is the value of a chilling orthodoxy without a living CHRIST, known in all His powerful personal attractions?

C. H. Macintosh.

Laboured sermons sometimes sweep over the mind as winds over the sea, leaving it more troubled than it was before; when one little hymn, child-warbled, would be to the soul like CHRIST's 'Peace, be still,' to the waves of Galilee. I like to see people when they have to stop in the middle of a verse and cry a little. I like such unwritten rests and pauses in the music.

Beecher.

The most efficient way of preaching is simply talking; the man permitting his heart to run over at his lips into other men's hearts.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Of what use is it unless a *real* Gospel be preached? It is to be feared there is much *unreality* in the preaching of the present day. If men are really sinners, perishing sinners, then away with theorizing, away with speculating, away with mere 'opinions and views.' Away, too, with all dead 'sermonizing,' be it ever so correctly and artistically done. The need of men's souls is awfully real; let them hear of a God really waiting to be gracious, of a JESUS really able to save to the uttermost, and as willing as He is able; of an all-sufficient Atonement really made and accepted; of the precious Blood of CHRIST that can really cleanse from all sin; of a Holy Spirit really given to regenerate, guide, comfort, teach, and sanctify men's souls. Let them hear of a real Heaven, a real Hell, a real Eternity; of real pardon for the guilty, real peace, real joy, real life; of a real approach of a sinner to the feet of a present Saviour; of a real acceptance of JESUS, and a real surrender to Him, and then a real and most blessed discipleship. Away with mere ideas. Away with mere 'hopes' and 'trusts.' Away with all uncertainty and unreality. 'Sinner, thou art guilty, ruined, lost; but here is JESUS offering thee eternal life! Believe Him. Accept Him. Yield thyself to Him, heart, soul, will, life, all. So shalt thou be saved—saved *now* and forever!'

Doubtless the fear of the world's frown may hinder, prejudice may hinder—routine, dead formalism, a dread of 'irregularities' and 'excitement' may hinder; but should not all hindrances be surmounted for CHRIST's sake, and that souls may be saved?

O for reality ! Men to *preach*, and people to *pray*, who have themselves been brought into a condition of conscious acceptance, pardon, life ; who themselves are 'in CHRIST,' and who know, in their own daily experience, the sweetness of that peace with God which 'passeth all understanding,' and of that joy which is 'unspeakable and full of glory.' O for reality ! A real lifting up of JESUS in the midst of perishing sinners, that the guilty may draw near, may look, may live. O for the Real Presence of the loving JESUS in our assemblies, the real coming of the sin-burdened to Him there and then, and the real reception from His willing hands of a most real, blessed, and everlasting salvation.

J. Tinson Wrenford.

Go direct to conscience, and in every sermon take your hearers to the judgment seat.

George Cowie.

God does not give conversions to eloquence, but to *heart*. The power in the hand of GOD'S Spirit for conversions is heart coming into contact with heart. Truth from the heart goes to the heart. GOD the Holy Ghost usually breaks hard hearts by tender hearts.

C. H. Spurgeon.

It is by holding up CHRIST that the Spirit draws souls to GOD. He speaks of CHRIST, the glory of CHRIST, the beauty of CHRIST, the fulness of CHRIST, the grace of CHRIST, the 'unsearchable riches of CHRIST,' the dignity of His Person, and the perfection of His work. Moreover He sets forth the amazing blessedness of being *one* with such a CHRIST. Such is the *Spirit's* testimony always; and herein we have an excellent *touchstone* by which to try all sorts of teaching and preaching. The most spiritual teaching will be characterized by a full and constant presentation of CHRIST. He will ever form the burden of such teaching. The Spirit cannot dwell on aught but JESUS ; of Him he delights to speak. He delights in setting forth His attractions and excellences. Hence, when a man is ministering in the power of the Spirit of GOD, there will always be more of CHRIST than anything else in His ministry. There will be little room in such ministering for human logic

and reasoning. Such things may do very well where a man desires to set forth himself; but the *Spirit's* sole object—be it well remembered—will ever be to set forth CHRIST.

C. H. Macintosh.

The best sermons are those which are fullest of CHRIST. A sermon without CHRIST is an awful, a horrible thing. It is an empty well; it is a cloud without rain; it is a tree twice dead, plucked up by the roots. It is an abominable thing to give men stones for bread, and scorpions for eggs, and yet they do so who preach not JESUS. A sermon without CHRIST! As well talk of a loaf of bread without any flour in it. How can it feed the soul? Men die and perish because CHRIST is not there, and yet His glorious Gospel is the easiest and the sweetest thing to preach; there is most variety in it; there is more attractiveness in it than in all the world besides; and yet so many will gad abroad and make their heads ache, and turn over heavy volumes, to get something which shall be nothing better than a big stone to roll at the mouth of the sepulchre, and shut in CHRIST as though He were still dead. O brethren, let us if we cannot blow the silver trumpet, blow the ram's horn, but let the blast always be CHRIST! CHRIST! CHRIST! Always let us make the walls ring with the dear name of the exalted Saviour, and let us tell men that there is salvation in no other, but that there is salvation and life for them in JESUS—life for them now; life for every soul that looks to JESUS, depending alone on Him.

C. H. Spurgeon.

To preach *practical* sermons, as they are called, *i.e.*, sermons upon virtues and vices, without inculcating those great Scripture truths of Redemption, Grace, &c., which alone can incite and enable us to forsake sin and follow after righteousness—what is it but to put together the wheels, and set the hands of a watch, forgetting the *spring*, which is to make them all go?

Bishop Horne.

Never preach a single sermon from which an unenlightened hearer might not learn the plan of Salvation, even though he never afterwards heard another discourse. *Legh Richmond.*

No sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it—

Ruin by the Fall ;
Redemption by CHRIST ;
Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Ryland.

A minister said, 'I did not mean to preach to sinners in the morning, but I will preach to them in the evening.' 'Ah!' said I, 'but what if some of your congregation of the morning should be in hell before evening?'

C. H. Spurgeon.

It is not *on* the Rock that the dove is seen, but *in* the Rock. We may have CHRIST in His life, CHRIST in His example, yea, CHRIST in His *love*, and yet be *lost*. We may be *on* the Rock so far, yet not be safe. The place of safety is *in* the Rock,—in the *cleft* of that Rock—in other words, in a *crucified* Saviour. This is the danger of the present day. Very much is made in some sense of this Rock, but the *cleft* Rock is left out of sight. Men speak of CHRIST's humility, CHRIST's gentleness and meekness, CHRIST's love and mercy; but what of the Blood? What of a crucified Saviour? 'It is the *blood* that maketh atonement for the soul.' 'Without *shedding of blood* is no remission of sins.' Men speak of the *love* of JESUS with the tongue of angels, and listening multitudes are captivated with their eloquence. All this time the *Blood* is denied. A *crucified* Saviour is ignored. Their hearers have been drinking in the most deadly poison. The subtle error—the soul-destroying *omission*—is undetected by the mass, and the poor, ignorant crowd, blinded by the dazzling eloquence of the preacher, and by the proclamation of *one side* only of the truth, go on in darkness, and error, and sin. The Rock is there, but no *hiding-place* for the poor, storm-beaten dove. JESUS is there, but no riven side in which sinners may hide under the impending wrath of a just and holy GOD. No Blood to wash away their guilty stains. No Saviour having atoned for the breach of a broken law, in whom the sinner may stand 'all fair and spotless' at the great and terrible day! Oh, miserable theology, soul-destroying system of error, possessing no drop of balm for

the sin-convicted conscience, but to leave it crying out in unmitigated agony, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?' No, poor, agonizing one, the dead body of sin must cling to thee. There is no hope! 'Thou must drag that heavy load through life. It must weigh heavier and heavier, till thou sink beneath its mountain-weight.

And this is the theology that is now beginning to be fashionable! This is the system that is beginning to be caressed by the intellect of the day! A Saviour without the cross! A Saviour without the Blood! This is 'rational' religion. This is the system *intellect* boasts of, and education endorses! Blessed be GOD for His holy, precious Word! There is a Physician, there is balm in Gilead! There is a *cleft* in the Rock where the conscience-stricken soul may hide in peace, where the dove may take refuge from the storm that is raging around her. That Rock is JESUS. That cleft is His riven Side—the precious Blood that 'cleanseth from all sin.' There is refuge. There is peace. There is rest. There is sunshine in the midst of gloom, light in the midst of darkness, joy in the midst of sorrow; yea, heaven even on earth. There the burden falls into the tomb, and the soul, its fetters burst asunder, leaps up in joy and gladness,

Blessed be GOD for the cleft in the Rock where the oppressed dove may hide. What *could* we do without it?

F. Whitfield.

When Luther lay sick and sorrowing, before he had found peace with GOD, a truly gracious monk came to his bedside and said, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' Luther looked at him, for he had often repeated those words in the creed, but had never felt their power before. The man of GOD said, 'Thou believest in the forgiveness of David; thou believest in the forgiveness of Peter; believe thou in the like forgiveness of thine own sins through the precious blood of JESUS.' And Luther did believe it; and from that time he spoke like a man whom GOD hath sent, speaking mightily because he believed confidently. In preaching justification by faith he roared like a lion in the glory of his strength, for the joy of the Lord in his own soul had become his strength to bear testimony to others. I wonder not that some men doubt, and waver, and vacillate

in their doctrinal sentiments and teachings, and talk about views and opinions. O if they had once felt a broken heart, and the terrors of a broken law, if they had once known the power of the Blood to bind up the wounds of the heart, they would speak of certainties, and soon would come to be accused as some of us are, of being positive and dogmatic. Who can help being dogmatic about a thing which is his very life, and is as sure to him as his existence itself? While we believe in the joy of the Lord, we shall not come to sinners with 'ifs' and 'buts,' but with a faith which will, by God's grace, help them also to believe.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Written preparations, which have not at the time formed a means of fellowship with the Lord to one's own soul, are not likely to avail as instruments in God's hand for converting or edifying others. It is recorded of Payson, that 'he studied theology on his knees.' He preached first to himself what he intended to preach to others.

J. Baillie.

'Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.'

Prov. xix. 27.

Walk in the only easy path: that of *faith-ful-ness*. And for this let me give you a secret of my life, which is this. I find that the first moment the Holy Spirit points out anything to be done, *that* moment is the easy one to do it in. The next moment will find it harder; a third may lead to disobedience. *Act easily, because at once.*

R. Pearsall Smith.

'Without Me ye can do nothing.' What a close and pleasant connexion with Christ in all—all—that we can do, even the smallest things! These hands, these eyes, these ears, these feet—they are not ours, they are bought with a price. I cannot do this because Christ would not have done it. I cannot look on that, because Christ would not have looked upon it. This is a very safe rule of conduct.

Hewitson.

In order to 'walk in the Spirit' I must be careful to look at everything in the light of the Word, for the Word is the only revelation given to me of the Spirit's mind ; and likewise to look much at the glory of Christ, for the office of the Spirit is to 'glorify Christ, by taking of His, and showing it' to the believer. How can I walk in the Spirit if I do not enter into His thoughts as they are revealed in Scripture, or if I do not look at Christ's glory which the Spirit holds forth to my view?

Hewitson.

I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master as well as for myself.—1 Cor. xv. 3.

Hervy.

Of how much passionate adoration, of how much devoted service, of how much painful testimony, does JESUS know Himself to be worthy at my hands?

R. G. Walker.

The most rigorous patience is not to weep before a crucifix, but to do every day and every hour the will of GOD, instead of your own, despite of repugnances, disputes, or lassitude.

Unknown.

No Christian need be ever afraid of working. Some tell us to labour less that we may labour longer ; but GOD bids us believe that we are qualified and required to abound unto every good work. Only two questions rise : one, if the work be good ; the other, if GOD has put it within our reach. The Christian should be so charged with CHRIST, that every sinner who comes in contact with him should feel a shock. *John Richardson.*



PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS



PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS.

Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.

Heb. v. 8.

I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms ; but they knew not that I healed them.

Has. xi. 3.

Lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel . . . like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the *least* grain fall to the earth.

Amos ix. 9.

They were tried, albeit but in mercy chastised.

Wisdom xi. 9.

Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.

Eccles. ii. 5.

My heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God !*
By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptre of the rod :
Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

George Herbert.

Fellowship with JESUS lies not alone in pleasurable emotions ;
you must learn it in *suffering* and in service.

'The Secret of the Lord.'

Q

Satan may hold the sieve, hoping to destroy the corn ; but the over-reaching hand of the Master is accomplishing the purity of the grain by the very process which the enemy intended to be destructive.

C. H. Spurgeon.

It is well to remember that none of CHRIST's people ever go into trouble alone. When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them. Our Lord is not above us, nor behind us, leaving us to face the danger as we may ; but He is before us ; and the first strength of the blast is upon Him. 'In all their afflictions, He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them ;' therefore the closer we walk to Him, the more complete will be our defence. 'A thousand shall fall at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee, who art abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.' Peter found it hard to get through the storm even a few feet off from CHRIST, but hand in hand it was easy enough. I fancy there is always a great calm just there.

Anna Warner.

Anguish was in the world, and the Love came down, and tasted, and identified itself with it, making of the ultimate of pain a sublime, mysterious Rapture. It is far more to feel the upholding touch of One who goes down into the deep waters before us, and to receive so some little drops that we can bear of the great Chrism, than to stand apart, safe on the sunny bank, while He passeth the flood for us, bridging it safely for our uncleaned feet for ever.

The Love and the Pain enfold us together ; that is what the jasper and the crimson mean ; the first refraction where the Divine Light falls into our denser medium of being ; the foundation stone of the heavenly building ; till, through the thinning angles, and the tender peacefuller tints, our life passes the whole prism of its mysterious experience, and beyond the far-off violet, at last, it rarefies to receive and to transmit the full white light of GOD.

Mrs. Whitney.

JESUS does not *drive* them on before as unwilling disciples, but goes before Himself, leading them into paths that He has trod, and dangers He has met, and sacrifices He has borne Himself, calling them after Him, and to be only followers.

Unknown.

Your Creator has placed the scene of your trial below, and not in the stars ;—but in the trial below, man should recognise education for heaven.

Bulwer.

How often do we feel disposed to question as to the why and the wherefore of our being placed in such and such circumstances ! How often do we perplex ourselves as to the reason of our being exposed to such and such trials ! How much better to bow our heads in meek subjection, and say 'it is well !' and 'it shall be well !' When GOD fixes our position for us, we may rest assured it is a wise and salutary one ; and even when we foolishly and wilfully choose a position for ourselves, He most graciously overrules our folly, and causes the influences of our self-chosen circumstances to work for our spiritual benefit.

C. H. Macintosh.

Surely it is far better that He
Choose our inheritance. We may be led
Through paths we imaged not. But peace and joy
Go always where He leads. We need not fear
The shadows in the distance. Let us place
Our hand within our Father's, and commit
Our way to Him.

Marianne Farningham.

It may seem a high attainment when chastening comes, to rise above it and trample it beneath our feet ; but, perhaps, in eyes which see more truly than ours, it is higher still to bow beneath it, and feel the anguish, and weep, and tremble, and yet endure, and believe in the Love which smites—loftier, because more lowly. Sorrow can scarcely be discipline unless it is pain, and the connexion is close between the chastening which for the time seemed to be grievous, and the peaceable fruits which follow.

Mrs. Charles.

All is well, because *all* is from Him.

Macduff.

Events are GOD's, let Him sit at His own helm, that moderateth all.

Rutherford.

Ah ! how many would not have their wilderness-state altered, with all its trials, and gloom, and sorrow, just that they might enjoy the unutterable sympathy and love of the Comforter of the Comfortless, one ray of whose approving smile can dispel the deepest earthly gloom. 'I will not leave you comfortless : ' the world *may*, friends *may*, and desolations of bereavement and death *may*; but I *will not*; you will be alone, yet *not* alone, for I your Saviour and your GOD will be with you !

Macduff.

With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love.
 I 'll bless the Hand that guided,
 I 'll bless the Heart that planned,
 When thron'd where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no safer stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Rutherford.

A child at school is delighted with a letter from home, reminding him that the vacation is near ; so my affliction seems like a note, a glowing, loving, heart-burning note, from my most dear JESUS, saying, 'The discipline of the wilderness will soon be ended, and thou shalt enter into My immediate Presence.'

Ruth Bryan.

None can teach like GOD ; and all who will learn of Him must be alone *with* Him. In the desert will GOD teach thee. The absence of secret training and discipline will, necessarily, leave us barren, superficial and theoretic. On the contrary, there is a depth, a solidity, and a steadiness flowing from our having passed from form to form in the school of GOD, which are essential elements in the formation of the character of a true and effective servant of GOD.

C. H. Macintosh.

I thank Thee, Lord, Thy Cross has made
 This world a wilderness to me.

Unknown.

She forgot me, saith the LORD. Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope : and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth. *Hos. ii. 13-15.*

The Cross I cannot refuse ; GOD asks not my choice to lay on me sickness and sorrow. Thou hast said, ' If thou bear the Cross unwillingly thou makest for thyself a new burden, and increasest thy load, and yet, notwithstanding, thou must bear it.' But Thou biddest me choose between the Cross on Thy right-hand, and the Cross on Thy left ; between, on the one hand, the Cross of humble penitent faith, accepted and borne in a sense of Thy love and justice, and of our sin, the Cross of which Thou dost bear the heaviest end, and which touched by Thee turns into a Tree of Life, under the shadow of which we sit down with great delight, and whose fruit is Paradise ; and on the other, the Cross of condemnation, of pain that does not sanctify but embitter, of sorrow that does not soften but harden, the Cross which has no Crown, but which they who bear must go forth bearing it to the end, to a place which is called the place of torment.

' Christ the Consoler.'

GOD'S WAYS.

How few who from their youthful day
 Look on to what their life may be,
 Painting the visions of the way—
 In colours soft, and bright, and free—
 How few who to such paths have brought
 The hopes and dreams of early thought !
 For GOD, through ways they have not known,
 Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
 Who pant to toil for GOD and man,
 And view with eyes of keen desire—
 The upland way of toil and pain ;

THE BANNER UNFURLED.

Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast ;
But GOD, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,
With love to make the labour light ;
And then their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labour there ;
For GOD, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,
And, if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still,
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought ;
For GOD, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

And they the bright, who long to prove
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot ;
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief to walk to heaven ;
For GOD, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

What matter what the path shall be ?
The end is clear and bright to view ;
He knows that we a strength shall see
Whate'er the day shall bring to do :
We see the end, the house of GOD,
But not the path to that abode ;
For GOD, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.
Unknown.

They were living to themselves ; self, with all its hopes, and promises, and dreams, still had hold of them ; but He began to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow ; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish ; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts ; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes ; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He placed them in the furnace, sitting by ‘as a refiner of silver,’ till they should reflect His image. They had asked to lay hold of His Cross, and when He reached it to them, it lacerated their hands. They had asked they knew not what, nor how ; but He had taken them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so near, so nigh to Him. They had upon them an awe and fear as Jacob at Bethel, or Eliphaz in the night visions, or as the apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit and knew not that it was JESUS ; they could almost pray Him to depart from them, or to hide His awfulness. They found it easier to obey than to suffer—to do than to give up—to bear the Cross than to hang upon it. But they cannot go back, for they have come too near the unseen Cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them His promise, ‘And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me :’ but now their turn has come at last and that is all. Before they had only *heard* of the mystery, but now they *feel* it. He had fastened on them His look of love, as He did on Mary and Peter, and they cannot choose but follow. Little by little, from time to time, by flitting gleams, the mystery of His Cross shines out upon them. They behold Him lifted up, and the Glory which rays forth from the Wounds of His holy Passion, and as they gaze upon it they advance and are changed into His likeness, and His name shines out through them, for He dwells in them. They live alone with Him above, in unspeakable fellowship : willing to lack what others own and to be unlike all, so that they are only like Him. Such are they in all ages who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Had they chosen for themselves, or their friends chosen for them, they would have chosen otherwise. They would have been brighter here, but less glorious in His kingdom. They would have had Lot’s portion, not Abram’s. If they had halted anywhere, if He had taken off His hand and let them stray back,

what would they not have lost? What forfeits in the morning of Resurrection. But He stayed them up, even against themselves. Many a time their foot had well nigh slipped, but He in mercy held them up; now, even in this life, they know all He did was well. It was good for them to suffer *here*, for they shall reign hereafter—to bear the Cross below, for they shall wear the Crown above, and that not their will, but His, was done in them.

Unknown.

GOD chastiseth us with many instruments, but with one hand.

Bishop Hall.

Our hearts may wish some other means were tried,
Some different mode of discipline applied :
Some less annoying conduct or event,
Than those to try and purify us, sent :
But in the end, if we with patience wait,
His love, His wisdom, GOD will vindicate,
And prove each smallest circumstance combined
To forward and complete the end designed ;
And each will own, ' Could all come o'er again,
Not one link would I sever from the chain !'

Unknown.

I could have done without many pleasures, but I could not have spared one sorrow.

Unknown.

The Cross must be *loved* before we can understand all the excellencies it contains. Fearful as it may be to the sight of nature, it will be divinely transfigured in the arms of those who know how to hold it in a loving grasp. Understand that your Cross is His, because it is for love of Him that you carry it; and understand that His Cross is yours, because it was for love of you that He bore it, it was for love of you that He died in unimaginable sorrows.

Unknown.

JESUS has gone through every class in our wilderness school.

Unknown.

Suffering persecution for righteousness' sake, is far better than a hundred dying testimonies of those who never did or suffered anything for JESUS.

Duncan Matheson.

JESU, in the garden bowed,
Thou Thy will—all bathed in blood—
To Thy Father didst resign :—
O that I my heart might offer ;
Trained to obey and schooled to suffer,
Till all my will be lost in Thine !

Unknown.

The inheritance must be reached through the furnace ; and the darker the smoke from the furnace, the brighter and more cheering will be the lamp of God's salvation.

C. H. Macintosh.

To you, my friend, who are much tried and buffeted, it is not easy to hold on your way under great inward struggles and severe depressions, but your deeper sense of weakness, your firmer grasp of truth, your more intense fellowship with the Lord JESUS in His sufferings, your patience, and your steadfastness, are all lovely in the eyes of the Lord your God.

C. H. Spurgeon.

For GOD has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And Heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here !

Bryant.

Since we know what will be the *end* of all our sorrows and griefs—namely, to exalt our King on His throne in our hearts, from whence the devil and self try hard to keep Him—may we

not be happy, even in the midst of suffering, and say, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom. . . yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' The warfare is hard—very hard ; let us not look forward to a time of its getting less painful, which we are apt to do, and thus buoy ourselves up with false hopes. Let us rather seek for faith to hold fast the unchanging promises of Jehovah, every one of which is sealed to us with an oath, so that we can come to Him, through JESUS, and ask for the fulfilment of every one of them, for His oath's sake.

Mrs. Jukes.

If you will but confide in Him every thought of your heart, more freely and fully than you ever spoke with the nearest and dearest you have known, you will find in the closeness of the union between His heart and your own, not only that each sorrow of yours has cost Him even more than it has wrung from you, but also that the keenest trial loses its poignancy, as long as your eyes are fixed on Him. Grief is intolerable only when through the mist of its tears you seem to see JESUS at a distance. But press through that mist straight up towards Him, and you will find how near He was to you when you were thinking Him afar off. Live in the presence of your Saviour, and there you will find the fullest comfort and the strongest support.

Miss Marsh.

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more. O love ! O affliction ! ye are the guides that show us the way through the great airy space where our loved ones walked ; and as hounds easily follow the scent before the dew be risen, so God teaches us, while yet our sorrow is wet, to follow on and find our dear ones in heaven.

Beecher.

The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy that led me to Thee.

Unknown.

How very little the removing of outward circumstances of trial often has to do with inward peace ! It is the gift of God, and He gives it as and when He pleases. I believe He honours and delights most in a very humble, broken-hearted, contrite state of soul ; and that the groaning which cannot be uttered is quite as acceptable to Him, though less enjoyable to us, as the loudest Alleluias. I come more and more to feel that peace and happiness depend not on outward circumstances, nor on inward frames and feelings, nor on active usefulness, nor on Christian experience in any way, but on the *unchangeableness of God*. It is on the unchanging, never-varying love and power of GOD that we may safely rest. *A. L. Newton.*

The highest throne on earth is the throne of suffering—that was the throne where the Son of God triumphed for thee. *C. Kingsley.*

The outside of a stained window looks dingy and unsightly, it has no beauty nor attraction ; and so the coloured windows of pain, sickness, or bereavement, may to the children of this world appear gloomy and uninviting, but from within what a grand and radiant sight is disclosed—the common familiar sights of this world are hidden, but what living light and glory is within ! *H. Macmillan.*

The path of trouble is the way home. Lord, make this thought a pillow for many a weary head. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

The storm tries the building, and discovers which is built upon a rock and which upon the sands. The storm tries the pilot. The touchstone tries the metal whether it be gold or copper. The furnace tries the gold whether it be pure or dross. So afflictions and persecutions try the Christian. Paint will rub off with washing, but true beauty by washing will appear more beautiful. *Francis Roberts, 1657.*

Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

Wherefore glorify ye the LORD in the fires.

Isa. xlviii. 10 ; xxiv. 15.

What chance was there that I would go of myself to the purifying fires? Thou, alone, O Saviour, needed none to gird Thee, and carry Thee to Thy Cross, whither Thou wouldest go to die for us ; but Thy people Thou hast to save from themselves, and carry them in Thine arms to their cross, which is to make them perfect through suffering. *'Christ the Consoler.'*

SICUT CHORDA MUSICORUM.

As the harp strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound.

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire !
Would you have its strength revealed ?
Cast the incense in the fire ;

Thus the crush'd and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distill'd.

Adam of St. Victor, 12th century.

Suffering is work for CHRIST and His Church, and is, in itself, a vocation—the highest of all callings—witnessing to Him in the fires of earthly trial. *Goulburn.*

There is no wilderness so dreary but that CHRIST's love can illuminate it; no desolation so desolate, but that He can sweeten it. I believe that the highest, purest happiness is known only to those who have learned CHRIST in sick-rooms, in poverty, in racking suspense and anxiety, amid hardships, and at the open grave. To learn CHRIST, this is life ! *E. Prentiss.*

I suffer, I cannot understand ; but I clasp Thy Cross, and am still. *Thomas à Kempis.*

If the Lord sends trial to His children, He goes with it ; and if He gives faith He tests it. While we strive to be rid of the Cross it will bruise us ; but if we take it up, and bear it, looking unto JESUS, it will become a fruit-bearing tree. Mere emotional feelings, in which the old nature bears part oftener than we are conscious of, is not always joy in the Lord, but joy in some of His gifts ; and therefore is it, that times of tribulation have many lasting benefits that outwardly prosperous days fail in securing. *Anna Shipton.*

‘Thou hast holden me by my right hand.’—Psa. lxxiii. 23.

Lord, I have felt the clasp of love Divine,
 When waves of sorrow o'er my bruised heart rolled ;
 That love has firmly kept my hand in Thine,
 When wav'ring faith had well nigh lost its hold.
 I could not cling to *Thee* one day, one hour,
 But that Thou hold'st me by Thy mighty power.
Unknown.

One who had gone through such successive trials within a year, that, to use her own words, ‘My mind never could have stood it, if the Lord Himself had not been with me, making my consolations abound just as my sufferings did ;’ traced much of what she had gone through, as the answer to her own prayers about a year before for quickening. On its being remarked to her of the blessedness of Christians in affliction being able to say, ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord GOD Almighty ;’ her answer was,

'Yes,—He is holy when He sends us into deep waters—and if He goes on and adds one trouble to another, He is holy still ; and without repining or murmuring when the knife cuts us even to the quick, we can go on saying "Holy." Yes, it is the character of GOD, and that alone, that supports us.'

'Life of Adelaide Newton.'

Perhaps it is a greater energy of Divine power which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year, praying, hoping, running, believing against all hindrances, which maintains him as a living martyr, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.

Cecil.

Blessed are those who die for GOD
And earn the crown of light,
Yet he who *lives* for GOD may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

Adelaide Proctor.

Each trial of our faith hath its commission from the Father of Spirits ; and the Master has His eye upon His weary followers toiling in rowing, and each wave of circumstance bears Him on its crest—each billow is appointed by the Lord. We are not required to live above circumstances ; they are assigned to us that we may obtain therein a deeper experience of the love and wisdom of our GOD.

The encouraging 'Fear nots !' with which the Holy Scriptures abound, promise us help and companionship *through* the rivers, not *above* them ; safety *in* the fires, not escape from them.

Anna Shipton.

You may have descended into the deeps, but you cannot have fallen so low as 'the uttermost,' and to the uttermost He saves. Again, the Christian sometimes sinks very deeply in sore trial from without. Every earthly prop is cut away. What then ? Still underneath him 'are the everlasting arms.' He cannot fall so deep in distress and affliction but what the cove-

nant grace of an ever faithful GOD will still encircle him. The Christian may be sinking under trouble from within, through fierce conflict, but even then he cannot be brought so low as to be beyond the reach of 'the everlasting arms'—they are underneath him; and while thus sustained, all Satan's efforts to harm him avail nothing.

C. H. Spurgeon.

When the wind blows hardest, the traveller girds his cloak to him the closest; when temptations are most violent and tempestuous, we cling fastest to CHRIST lest we fall, and CHRIST clasps us fastest because we shall not fall.

Fr. Roberts.

If thou canst not contemplate high and heavenly things, rest thyself in My Passion, and dwell willingly in My Sacred Wounds.

'Christ the Consoler.'

When by inward grief oppress,
My aching heart in Thee shall rest,
As a tired head on the pillow.
Should streams of persecution toss,
Firm anchored by Thy saving Cross,
My barque rests on the billow.

Paul Gerhardt.

The devil has crucifixions as well as CHRIST. Satan racks his servants a little now, and very much hereafter; whilst CHRIST gives them crosses now, but crowns hereafter. With three nails only was the Son of GOD fastened to the tree, but Satan holds his victims to their cross of anguish by a thousand vices, which he smites and rivets with the hammer of temptation.

Origen.

No flower can blow in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the Tree of Life, that has not tasted of the fruits of the Tree of Calvary.

Legh Richmond.

Who is among you that feareth the LORD, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the LORD, and stay upon his God.

Isa. l. 10.

I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and will not forsake them.

Isa. xlii. 16.

The man perhaps
Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
That mind so poised, and centred in the good
Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,
Might, with prosperity's enchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving Hand;
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Winged a desire beyond.

Geo. Bally.

Ah! all seeing Lord, Thou didst suffer Thyself to be blindfolded by Thine own creatures, the Sun Himself darkened by human hands, as Thou stoodest with folded hands and blinded eyes, refusing to prophesy who it was that smote Thee, that Thou mightest unite Thy darkness with our darkness, Thy uncertainty with our uncertainty, poor blind prophets, who know not what a day may bring forth, making Thyself one with us that Thou mightest teach us by Thy strong example to commit ourselves to Him who judgeth righteously;—ah, Thy blessed Eyes—all seeing—were yet once blinded for me.

Abbé Perreye.

There is no difficulty too great for our God; yea, the greater the difficulty, the more room there is for Him to act in His proper character, as the God of all power and grace.

C. H. Macintosh.

Do, O Lord, *as* Thou wilt, and *when* Thou wilt; for Thou knowest all, and lovest us more than all!

St. Monica.

The Lord sometimes suffers His people to be driven into a corner that they may experimentally know how necessary He is to them. Whatever our need be, let it like a strong current bear us to the ocean of Divine love. JESUS can soon remove our sorrow. He delights to comfort us. Let us hasten to Him while He waits to meet us.

C. H. Spurgeon.

‘The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD.’ Man may intend, but GOD brings to pass. Thus, the plans we form are over and over again frustrated. We must learn always to say—‘If the Lord will, we shall live to do this or that’ (S. Jas. iv. 15). How repeatedly have men resolved on self-destruction, when some unforeseen impediment has mercifully been thrown in the way! How often, when we have all but entered on some engagement that would have ruined us, GOD has directed our steps another way! It is often difficult to understand why things seem to be against us, and we are thwarted in every direction; but it is the Lord! And it shall one day appear how wisely each step of our way was directed, and we shall thank GOD it was not after our foolish devisings.

A. L. Newton.

Hidden with CHRIST! Ah, He can tell
Why, when the scene held out so much,
The flowers that seemed the fairest, fell—
Fell by His Hand, ere mine could touch!
And well doth my Lord JESUS know
How plants more precious and more rare
Bloom where the bitter waters flow:
The same dear Hand doth keep them there.

Hidden with CHRIST! O precious thought!
He knows, and He forgetteth not—
Knows where the battle will be fought,
And sends His legions to the spot.
From His high Throne above the skies—
He marks each little step I take:
No danger can His care surprise,
No power His strong defences break.

‘Wayfaring Hymns.’

R

It is when the people of GOD are brought into the greatest straits and difficulties, that they are favoured with the finest displays of GOD's character and actings ; and for this reason He oft-times leads them into a trying position, in order that He may the more markedly show Himself. He could have conducted Israel through the Red Sea, and far beyond the reach of Pharaoh's hosts, before ever the latter had started from Egypt, but that would not have so fully glorified His own name, or so entirely confounded the enemy, upon whom He designed to 'get Him honour.' We too frequently lose sight of this great truth, and the consequence is that our hearts give way in the time of trial. If we could only look upon a difficult crisis as an occasion of bringing out, on our behalf, the sufficiency of Divine grace, it would enable us to preserve the balance of our souls, and to glorify GOD, even in the deepest waters.

'Notes on Exodus.'

What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. In God I will praise His Word, in God I have put my trust ; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me. When I cry unto Thee, then shall mine enemies turn back : this I know ; for God is for me. I will call upon God ; and the LORD shall save me. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death : wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living ? He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me. *Psa.* lvi. 3, 4, 9, 13 ; *Psa.* lv. 16, 18.

I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and I will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am argued with. *Hab.* ii. 1 (margin).

Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation so far beyond all that they looked for.

And they repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit shall say within themselves, This was he, whom we had sometimes in

derision, and a proverb of reproach : we fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour : how is he numbered among the children of GOD, and his lot is among the saints !

Wisdom v. 1-5.

All that GOD blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill :—
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be Thy dear will.
 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.

Faber.

Thy Voice of comfort is as a moist whistling wind in the midst of the furnace, tempering the heat of the flames.

St. Chrysostom.

The Lord does not hold out to us the prospect of exemption from trial and tribulation—quite the opposite : He tells us we shall have to meet both the one and the other ; but He promises to be with us in them ; and this is infinitely better. God's presence *in* the trial is much better than exemption *from* the trial. The sympathy of His heart *with us* is sweeter far than the power of His hand *for us*. The Master's presence with His faithful servants, while passing through the furnace, was better far than the display of His power to keep them out of it (Dan. iii.) We would frequently desire to pass on our way without trial, but this would involve serious loss. The Lord's presence is never so sweet as in moments of appalling difficulty.

C. H. Macintosh.

If we were deeper students of His bitter anguish, we should think less of the ripples of our waves, amidst His horrible tempest.

Evans.

The Lord has bound up the rod of correction in our bundle of blessings.

R. C. Chapman.

There is not a trouble a Christian has, but if he lives by faith on CHRIST in it, it will turn into a blessing.

CHRIST never took away an outward blessing but He gave a spiritual one instead of it. *Romaine.*

GOD lays us here upon a bed of thorns, that we may look and long more for that easy bed of down, His bosom in heaven.

Thomas Brooks.

How divine and invincible a thing in the heart of man is God's grace, since drown it in the waters of adversity, it rises more beautiful as not being drowned, indeed, but only washed; throw it into the furnace of earthly trial—it comes out purer, and loses nothing but the dross our corrupt nature mixes up with it. *Leighton.*

The daily burden needs fresh strength and fresh help to meet it, and were that to be omitted would become too heavy to bear. I feel so strongly how it is that affliction when yielded to, or stoically submitted to, fails in its effect as a corrective—how entirely *the* cross to one's self-will—is the bringing one's *heart* to receive it without a murmur. *Maria Hare.*

It is not so much from *what* trials we suffer, as *how* we suffer. Every suffering is *as I feel it*, and God purposes a corresponding virtue of His grace should grow up *in me*.

Certain preparations bring out certain colours; it is through the tears of the firmament that the colours of the rainbow are obtained.

If the pressure be great and peculiar then some great and peculiar characteristic of the grace is to be looked for. You thresh corn for the grain, but—you GRIND the grain to *make flour*; we dry grapes for raisins, but we BRUISE them for *wine*.

We need especial pressure to reduce to transparency our earthen vessel, which would hide the beauty of the grace given to us from the Lord. *From the 'British Herald.'*

God's comfort is no mere soothing, no temporary opiate to lull our griefs to sleep, only to break forth anew until time shall heal them. God's comfort means—strengthening. Not always the removal of the pain, but the nerving us to bear it. Not something in place of that whose loss we mourn, but acquiescence in the loss, and a blessed faith about it. Not the taking from our shoulders the cross that galls them, but the making us love it, and glory in it, so that we heed not the galling. Not lifting us over the difficult, and stony, and precipitous places, but nerving us to walk them with unflinching foot and brave heart. And if we be not natively strong enough to walk this path alone and unaided, surely it is a blessed thing sometimes to have to cry out for God's comforting help, that we may learn how blessed it is to mourn.

G. W. Conder.

In the Old Testament suffering appears mainly under one of two aspects : either as the punishment of disobedience, or as the evidence of a common lot, and the token of a common fall. It was, in fact, essentially *retrospective*, its looks were ever turned backwards to the circumstances of its first origin, and to the early issues of primal transgression. Its characteristic was retrospect. But in the New Testament all is reversed. There suffering is essentially *prospective*; prospective, as turning the inward eye towards Him, who, after hallowing suffering by taking its uttermost measures on Himself, is now sitting at the right hand of God, the helper of the labouring and the refresher of the weary; prospective, as teaching us to gaze ever more and more longingly to the city which hath foundations, and to the rest which remaineth for the children of God.

Prospective is it, as turning the sufferer's eye to his once suffering but now glorified Lord. For who that has really suffered has not felt that in gazing upward toward the Prince of Sufferers, all things become changed in their relations? The melancholy past merges into the present, and the present becomes lost in the future—a future of hope, a future of mercy, a future that swallows up all sorrows, stills the cry of all anguish, deadens the edge of all pain. There with Him is all that we have lost, and all that we have mourned for; there the innocent joy of childhood that soon fled by; there the quick sympathies that soon were checked; there the warm affections that

soon grew cold ; there the fair hopes to which disappointment brought blight and decay. All are with Him, and to Him—if our hearts yet remain true to GOD and to our better selves, every suffering only tends to bring us nearer and nearer. We gaze only the more earnestly there, where we know we shall find all ; ‘ Where our treasure is, there shall our heart be also.’

Bishop Ellicott.

As the hottest furnace is needful to make perfect the most excellent work of the potter, so in the work of grace, the choicest saints pass through the severest afflictions.

Unknown.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that GOD may be glorified by it ! O happy fever that proceedeth not from a consuming but a cleansing fire ! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth Divine nourishment.

Gisten.

Sickness reminds us of *earth's vanity*—Psa. xxxix. 5, 6 ; of *sin's hatefulnes*s—Job xxxvi. 8, 9 ; of *man's weakness*—Psa. cxliv. 4 ; of *Christ's preciousness*—2 Cor. xii. 9.

No withered hope, while loving best
 Thy Father's chosen way ;
 No anxious care, for He will bear
 Thy burdens every day.
 Thy claim to rest on JESU's breast
 All weariness shall be,
 And pain thy portal to His heart
 Of boundless sympathy.

F. R. Havergal.

The LORD's voice crieth. . . . Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.

Micah vi. 9.

When GOD sends an adverse dispensation to the believer, it is with this message : 'Go draw that sinner from the love of the world ; go, take away that comfort, he is going to make an idol of it.'

Romaine.

GOD's rods are not mutes, they are all vocal, they are speaking as well as smiting ; every twig has a voice. Now if the soul be not mute and silent under the rod, how is it possible that it should ever hear the voice of the rod, or that it should ever hearken to the voice of every twig of the rod ? We shall not hear or understand the voice of the rod that is in our Heavenly Father's hand, till we come to kiss it, and sit silently under it.

Thomas Brooks.

On being asked where her greatest pain was, 'In my head,' she answered ; 'I could not close my eyes all last night, and it seemed as though our Lord were pressing His crown of thorns upon my head.'

Life of Mme. Louise of France.

O how much I owe to the file and hammer of the dear Lord JESUS.

Rutherford.

Ought not sick-rooms to be looked upon as the wayside Chapels of the Church Militant, each with its own living image of the Great Sufferer, and each—except in cases of great bodily weakness—with its own priest, set apart and ordained by the laying-on of GOD's hand, to offer prayers and intercessions for all men, as those who have an especial nearness to the Father's heart ? We all know what it is to put aside the petitions of our children in health and strength ; but the first feeble 'Mother !' from the little one with the pale face in the sick cot, brings her at once to its side : and may not the prayers of the sick have the same prevailing power with the great Father, the Fountain of all tenderness ?

Author of 'Christ the Consoler.'

Be not dismay'd, thou little flock,
 Although the foe's fierce battle shock,
 Loud on all sides, assail thee,
 Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
 Their triumph cannot long endure :
 Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is GOD's—go at His call,
 And to His hand commit thy all ;
 Fear thou no ill impending :
 His Gideon shall arise for thee,
 GOD's Word and people, manfully,
 In GOD's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in JESU's might ;
 Against themselves the godless fight,
 Themselves, not us distressing.
 Shame and contempt their lot shall be ;
 GOD is with us, with Him are we :
 To us belongs His blessing.

Gustavus Adolphus.

GOD may 'lead thee about,' but He will not lead thee wrong. Unutterable tenderness is the characteristic of all His dealings. 'Blessed be His name,' says a tried believer, 'He maketh my feet like hind's feet—(*lit.* "equalleth" them), He *equalleth* them for every precipice, every ascent, every leap.' He calls Himself 'thy Father !' Whatever be the trial under which thou art now smarting, let the word of a gracious Saviour be 'like oil thrown on the fretful sea ;' let it dry every rebellious tear-drop. 'He, thine unerring Parent, knoweth that thou hast need of *this*, as well as *all* these things.'

Macduff.

Children, in sport, stick flowers on sharp thorns ; GOD in mercy makes sharpest chastenings bud into the richest graces ; 'We are chastened that we might be partakers of His holiness.'

Mrs. Schimmelpennincks.

Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,
 Freely we take from Him who lends :
 We boast the blessing we possess,
 Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
 But let affliction pour its smart,
 How soon we quail beneath the rod !
 With shattered pride, and prostrate heart,
 We seek the long-forgotten GOD.

Eliza Cook.

GOD will not spend His rods upon strangers, but upon His own children, because He loves them ; and such afflictions, though bad things, are good signs.

F. Roberts.

If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified together.

Rom. viii. 17.

Unto you it is given in the behalf of CHRIST, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake.

Phil. i. 29.

The use of sufferings is : to wean us from the world. To teach us that this is not our rest. To make us look for a better country. To prove to us that nothing can separate us from God's love.

Suffering is a mark of sonship ! We suffer *in* Christ *with* Him, and *for* Him. Suffering is the only thing in which we resemble Christ here below. We are not like Him in His Holiness, in His perfection, in His sinlessness, but we are like Him in suffering.

M. Rainsford.

GOD crucifies you in order to get you to love His crucified Son more, and realize that crucifixion in yourself.

Lacordaire.

O shame upon thee, listless heart,
 So sad a sigh to heave,
 As if thy Saviour had no part
 In thoughts that make thee grieve.
 As if along His lonesome way
 He had not borne for thee,
 Sad languors through the summer day,
 Storms on the wintry sea.

Then grudge not thou the anguish keen
 Which makes thee like thy Lord,
 And learn to quit with eye serene
 Thy youth's ideal hoard.
 Thy treasur'd hopes and raptures high—
 Unmurmuring let them go,
 Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
 Which CHRIST disdained to know.

Keble.

Let me not say I cannot endure this; for GOD would not have sent it, if He had not known me strong enough to abide it; only He that knows me well already, would take also this occasion to make me know myself.

Jeremy Taylor.

Every cloud that spreads above,
 And veileth love, itself is love !

Tennyson.

If you drink of the river of affliction near its outfall, it is brackish and offensive to the taste; but if you will trace it to its source, where it rises at the foot of the throne of GOD, you will find its waters to be sweet and health-giving. Even the waters of affliction when they are tasted at the well-head are sweet with Divine love, but if you follow them along the miry channels of secondary causes and instrumentalities, you will perceive a bitterness in them creating envy, malice, and all uncharitableness within you.

C. H. Spurgeon.

God hath mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

W. Cullen Bryant.

May each succeeding year bring you nearer to God, and show you more and more how there is no true happiness but in doing His will, and that even should that Divine will decree that you should lead a life of suffering for His sake, far better for you to live and die so suffering in the hope of eternal life, and labouring to attain it, than to possess all the false and fleeting pleasures of this deceitful world. All that He asks of us is an undivided heart, and when that is given fully and entirely to Him, He will never suffer it to go astray. *Maria Elizabeth.*

Better far than passion's glow, or aught of worldly choice,
To listen His own will to know, and listening hear His Voice.

J. Williams.

'Set your affections on things above.'—Col. iii. 2.

You had set your heart upon human love ; and because you had set your heart upon it, it was not granted to you.

'Rachel Gray.'

A martyr thou shalt be, but in My own chosen way, even in all the common duties of thy sphere, never neglected through weariness and gloom, but never winning human praise, as deeds of high devotion would.

'The Divine Master.'

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to hell descend
Thee to befriend :
So shalt thou dare forego at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

Keble,

When God has made choice of a soul, and predestinated it to something great, He marks it with His own seal, and that seal is the Cross.

Abbé Monnin.

He who is to be instrumental in gathering in the elect of GOD, must taste of Gethsemane and Calvary. CHRIST's tools are tempered in a hot furnace and sharpened on a hard grindstone. Luxury and ease are bad oils for the chariot wheels of the Gospel.

Duncan Matheson.

How often—ah, how often ! between the desire of the heart and its fulfilment lies only the briefest space or distance, and yet the desire remains for ever unfulfilled ! It is so near that we can touch it with the hand, and yet so far that the eye cannot behold it !

Longfellow.

A life all ease is all abused ;—
O precious grace ! that made thee wise
To know—affliction rightly used
Is mercy in disguise.

Cheever.

In the awful mystery of human life, it is a consolation sometimes to believe that our mistakes, perhaps even our sins, are permitted to be the instruments of our education for immortality.

Muloch.

The way to heaven is consecrated by JESU's footprints. Every thorn that wounds His people, has wounded *Him* before. Every cross they can bear, He has borne before. There is one respect, indeed, in which the identity fails—He was 'yet without sin ;' but this recoil of His holy nature from moral evil gives Him a deeper and intenser sensibility towards those who have still corruption within responding to temptations without. Is it some crushing trial, or overwhelming grief ? He is 'acquainted with grief.' He, the mighty Vine, knows the minutest fibres of sorrow in the branches ; when the pruning

knife touches *them*, it touches *Him*. He loves to bring His people into untried and difficult places, that they may seek out the guiding pillar, and prize its radiance. *Macduff.*

The path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown. *Cowper.*

There is the myrrh which GOD gives us in the cup of trouble and sorrow, of whatever kind it may be, outward or inward. Ah, if thou couldst but receive this myrrh as from its true source, and drink it with the same love with which GOD puts it to thy lips, what blessedness would it work in thee! Ah, what a joy, and peace, and an excellent thing were that! Yes, the very least and the very greatest sorrows that GOD ever suffers to befall thee, proceed from the depths of His unspeakable love; and such great love were better for thee than the highest and best gifts besides that He has given thee or ever could give thee, if thou couldst but see it in this light; yea, however small a suffering light on thee, GOD, who counts the smallest hair that ever fell from thy head—GOD has chosen, and purposed, and appointed that it should befall thee. But whether thy pain be deserved or not, believe that it comes from GOD, and thank Him, and bear it, and resign thyself to it. *Tauler.*

Submit yourself to GOD, and you shall find
GOD fights the battle of a will resigned. *Bishop Ken.*

Many do not understand that the heavy-laden may come with their burdens, *before* they are submissive. *'Watching at the Gates.'*

I knew of only one comfort in the world—that wonderful 'Lo, I am with you.' Does anybody know what that means, who has not made it the single plank bridge over an abyss? *E. Wetherell.*

JESUS said : Bring here thy burden,
 And find in Me a full release ;
 Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings,
 And take instead My perfect peace.
 Trying to bear the Cross alone !
 Child, the mistake is all thine own.

And now my Cross is all supported,
 Part on My Lord, and part on Me ;
 But as He is so much the stronger
 He seems to bear it,—I go free.
 I touch its weight just here and there,—
 Weight that would crush, were He not near.

Or if at times it seemeth heavy,
 And if I droop along the road,
 The Master lays His own sweet promise *
 Between my shoulder and the load ;
 Bidding my heart look up, not down,
 Till the Cross fades before the Crown.
'Wayfaring Hymns.'

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night ; torches are better for the beating ; grapes come not to the press till they come to the press ; spices smell sweetest when pounded ; young trees root the faster for shaking ; vines are better for bleeding ; gold looks the brighter for scouring ; glow worms glisten best in the dark ; juniper smells sweetest in the fire ; pomander becomes most fragrant for chafing ; the palm tree proves the better for pressing ; camomile the more you tread it, the more you spread it.

Such is the condition of all God's children. They are then most triumphant, when most tempted ; most glorious, when most afflicted ; most in the favour of God, when least in man's ; as their conflicts, so their conquests ; as their tribulations, so their triumphs ; true salamanders that live best in the furnace of persecution ; so that heavy afflictions are the best benefactors

* *'The Pillow of the Promises.'*—Rutherford.

to heavenly affections ; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest ; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it. *Samuel Clerk.*

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;
The pure, calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern moon,
As day's wild lights decline.

Thus souls, by nature pitch'd too high,
By sufferings brought too low,
Meeting in the Church's middle sky,
Half way 'twixt joy and woe.

To practice there the soothing lay
That sorrow best relieves :
Thankful for all GOD takes away,
Humbled by all He gives. *Keble.*

Affliction falls upon some as the genial showers upon the earth's bosom, to call forth fair flowers from seeds long sterile. *Bradley.*

Look out for the sunlight the Lord sends into your days.
C. D. Bell.

Consider, O my soul, how ill our dear Lord must take it that thou refuseth to be happy in His love, and repose in His care, but givest Him reason to complain—' My people have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.' They can take delight in one another, but not in Me. They can rejoice in My works and My ordinances, but not in Me. Yea, in their very labours and duties they seek for rest, but not in Me. They had rather be anywhere but with Me. *Baxter.*

We should meekly and patiently bear that penance that God Himself gives us, with the mind of Him who was humble and obedient in His blessed Passion ; for when we have His mind then we suffer with Him. *Julian the Anchorite, 1326.*

It is much better to be *drawn* by the joys of heaven, than *driven* by the sorrows of earth. *C. H. Macintosh.*

I will feed My flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the LORD God. *Ezek. xxxiv. 15.*

The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing : thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. *Psa. xli. 3.*

Are not my pain and sickness and helplessness, the jewels of gold which Thou putttest upon me, the love tokens of my espousals to Thee? For whom Thou lovest Thou chastenest. *'Christ the Consoler.'*

THE LOVING CUP.

Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
 Pale children of a King ;
 No poison mingles in the draught,
 So while ye suffer, sing.
 'Tis Love's own Life hath won it us,
 CHRIST's lip hath pressed the brim ;
 Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
 In fellowship with Him !

Oh ! shun not thou the loving cup,
 Nor tremble at its hue ;
 There is no bitter in the bowl,
 But JESUS drank it too.
 He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,
 Yea, every woe is weighed ;
 And not a cross He bids thee bear,
 But once on Him was laid.

Come, drink ye of the loving cup !
Thou wouldst not pass it by ?
'Tis kept for every chosen one
Of GOD's dear family.
Nor, unbelieving, turn aside ;
Thy Lord, the cup bestows :
And oh ! His face above thee bent,
With love and pity glows.

Those Hands, once bleeding on the cross,
Are now outstretched to bless,
He draws thee closer to His Heart
For that cup's bitterness.
He hears thy faintly sobbing breath,
He marks each quivering limb ;
He drank it once for thee alone—
Child ! drink it now with Him.

Let earth bring forth its bitter herbs,
Soon all their power shall cease ;
Come, tribulation, if it will,
With CHRIST's abiding peace.
I take the Cup, the loving Cup,
Thrice blessed shall it be ;
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,
Thy Blood has bought for me.

Anna Shipton.

When thou callest, I will draw near unto thee ; when thou art afraid, I will uphold thee ; fainting, I will strengthen thee ; comfortless, I will come unto thee.

Lam. iii. 57 ; Isa. xxxix. 29 ; S. John xiv. 13.

It often happens that the coming of CHRIST to His disciples, for their relief, is that which frightens them most, because they do not know the extent of GOD's wardrobe ; for I think that as a king might never wear the same garment but once, in order to show his riches and magnificence, so GOD comes to us in all

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exigencies, but never twice alike. He sometimes puts on the garments of trouble, and, when we are calling upon Him as though He were yet in heaven, He is walking by our side; and that from which we are praying God to deliver us, is often but God Himself.

Beecher.

I never knew by my nine years' preaching so much of CHRIST's love, as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment.

Rutherford.

A dear, suffering Christian on a bed of sickness, which has now proved the portal of Heaven, shrank for a while from the prospect of prolonged anguish which opened before her. In the vision of the morning there appeared to her a minute crown twined here and there with thorns, and by the side of this tiny ensign of the Saviour's deep-abounding love lay another crown, composed wholly of thorns, large, murderous spines, such as doubtless composed the wreath of painful mockery that bound the brow of the holy Son of GOD. 'I thought,' said she, 'the angels might have brought it; for some one seemed to say, pointing to the large, heavy crown, "I wore this for thee, wear thou thine for Me;"' and meekly she bent her head, and wore the wreath, and now she has laid it by for the crown for which she waits. Count not the scars of the thorns, nay, count them not *scars* but mouldings of infinite beauty, which shall show forth fairer in the temple of the Lord for each touch of the Master's hand.

Anna Shipton.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Keble.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is safest for the feet.

Evans.

What is it, O my dear, bright Lord, that Thou dost require us to give up? Is not the pain thereof like the piercing of a maiden's ear to hang a precious jewel in the wound? If Thou humblest us through any sickness, through sorrow, and causest us to remember the sins of our youth, is it not to hang the

rubies of Thy own precious life-drops in the wound? If Thou woundest us in our health, in our purposes and desires, is it not to hang the pearl of great price in the wound, even sweet peace in our GOD? If Thou takest from us the companionship of men, is it not to give us the companionship of saints and angels for ever? And even in the mortal wound of death, dost Thou not hang the eternal jewel of an endless life? We may be a loser for Thee, we cannot be a loser by Thee.

'Christ the Consoler.'

The faith by which ye see Him, the hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles to Him alone will turn;
The trials that beset you, the sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations that death alone can cure;—
What are they but His jewels of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims, look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction shall win so great a prize.

St. Joseph of the Studium, 9th century.

The Cross of CHRIST is divided throughout the world. To each his portion ever comes. Thou, therefore, O my soul, cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee as thy most precious relic, and lay it up, not in a gold and silver shrine, but in a golden heart, a heart clothed with gentle charity, with patience and suffering submission.

Luther.

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set. The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet GOD chooses it for the place where He bends the arch of light.

H. Bonar.

Good is that darkening of our lives
Which only GOD can brighten;
But better still that hopeless load
Which none but GOD can lighten.

Faber.

Christian, it is mercy, it is rich mercy, that every affliction is not an execution.

Thomas Brooks.

GOD does not say that all things *will*, but *do*, work together for good. The work is on the wheel, and every movement of the wheel is for your benefit.

Daniel Rowlands.

GOD strips off the leaves whose beauty attracted us ; He cuts off the flowers whose fragrance fascinated us ; He tears one string after another from the lyre whose music charmed us. When He has shown us each object of earth in its nakedness or deformity, then He presents Himself to us in the brightness of His own glory, and thus He wins the heart.

H. Bonar.

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till GOD who makes them heals.

Cowper.

The thickest cloud brings the heaviest shower of blessings.

R. C. Chapman.

Why dost thou fear to bear the Cross which leads to glory? In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from peril; in the Cross is Divine consolation; in the Cross is spiritual strength and spiritual joy. CHRIST Himself went before thee bearing His Cross, and died for thee thereon. Thus shouldest thou take up thy Cross, with Him desire to die, that with Him hereafter thou mayest live. Behold crosses and death surround all. Go hence where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, thou shalt find no higher way above, no safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross. If thou only bear it willingly, it will lead thee there, where all sufferings cease, and desire is swallowed up in enjoyment.

Thomas.

The bee sucks sweet honey out of the bitterest herbs : so GOD will, by afflictions, teach His children to suck sweet knowledge, sweet obedience, and sweet experience out of all the bitter afflictions and trials He exercises them with ; that scouring and rubbing which frets others, shall make them shine the brighter ; and that weight which crushes and keeps others under, shall but make them grow better and higher ; and that hammer which knocks others all in pieces, shall but knock them the nearer to CHRIST, the corner stone. Grace shines the brighter for scouring, and is most glorious when it is most clouded.

T. Brooks.

Ere you were born, crosses in number, measure and weight were written for you, and your Lord will lead you through them. Make CHRIST sure, and the blessings of the earth shall be at His back.

Rutherford.

The husbandman is never nearer to the tree than when He is pruning it.

Unknown.

It is sweet in affliction to creep near to Him who handles the rod.

Unknown.

Our sufferings are washed in CHRIST's blood, as well as our souls ; for CHRIST's merits brought a blessing to the crosses of the sons of GOD.

Rutherford.

In the Christian's journey sometimes the road will go rough, sometimes smooth. To-day, high on the mount ; to-morrow, low in the valley. Now the way carpeted with moss ; anon, planted with the pricking brier, and the grieving thorn. But, remember, O child of GOD, that both one and the other is *thy Father's ground.*

Toplady.

One of the softest pillows CHRIST hath is laid under His witnesses' head, though often they must set down their bare feet among thorns, and have the frosty cold side of the hill.

Rutherford.

Whatever cross we carry is rough-hewn in heaven.

Harriett Parr.

The tribulations of life are as a hand which lifts us from the depths of earthly thoughts.

When the dove of the Spirit can no longer find a spot of earth whereon to plant her foot, she takes refuge in the ark of devotion, and the more the waters increase, so much the lighter is she raised. As steel is sharpened and brightened on the whetstone; as gold is refined in the furnace, so is the soul perfected through tribulation, till it learns to exclaim, 'Behold, even in the bitterest of bitterness, I am yet in peace!'

Gerson.

I am sure the way to honour our CHRIST is, in patience and silence to be like to CHRIST, especially when a smarting rod is upon our backs, and a bitter cup put into our hands.

Thomas Brooks.

What poor weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We too often ask with sighing,
'Who shall roll away the stone?'

S. Mark xvi. 3, 4

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And in joyous song out-gushing,
Rise in rapture Lord, to Thee.
For before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
 Never pours on us its rain ;
 Many a grief we see before us,
 Never comes to cause us pain.
 Oft' times in the feared 'to-morrow'
 Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown !
 Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
 'Who shall roll away the stone?'

Burden not thy soul with sadness ;
 Make a wiser, better choice ;
 Drink the wine of life with gladness ;
 God doth bid thee, Saint, 'Rejoice.'
 In to-day's bright sunlight basking,
 Leave to-morrow's cares alone ;
 Spoil not present joys by asking,
 'Who shall roll away the stone?'

Unknown.

A little trial ; but it passed away. How wrong it is, at the appearance of every little cloud, to cry, 'A storm! a storm!'
 Let me ever see the rainbow in the cloud.

J. Milne.

Tried faith brings experience. You could not have believed your own weakness had you not been compelled to pass through the rivers ; and you would never have known God's strength had you not been supported amid the water-floods. Faith increases in solidity, assurance, and intensity, the more it is exercised with tribulation. Faith is precious, and its trial is precious too.

C. H. Spurgeon.

When sorrows come, one must trace out the Hand which sends them, and adore it silently.

Madame Louise.

The fearing to be what GOD would have us ; the willingness to give up everything, to flinch at no cost, so that we may *learn to do His will*, are precious tokens that He who has given such desires will, by His holy discipline, prepare us for their fulfil-

ment, and THEN it matters not what *sorrow* and *suffering* may be sent as the means to effect it! With our whole hearts let us thank Him if some such discipline have been granted *us*, if He have chastened and corrected us in just such a way as was most adapted to our needs—such as should *subdue* our whole lives, and make us at every step remember, that we are to be His *entirely*. And may the imprint of that blessed lesson more and more deeply be the graving tool never so sharp, if only He give strength to bear it, and to bless Him for it! *Anon.*

To look a sorrow in the face
False magnitude imparts;
All sorrows look immensely large
Unto *our* little hearts!

Dear Lord! in all our loneliest pains
Thou hast the largest share,
And that which is unbearable
'Tis *Thine*, not our's, to bear!

How merciful *Thine* anger is,
How *tender* it can be!
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come *direct from Thee*!

Faber.

REV. xxi. 19, 20.

'I want to know them all! the twelve stones of the New Jerusalem.' . . . He stood, with his head bared as he answered, 'Yes, we want to know them all, but some of it is hard reading, we should skip some of the lines if we had our way, and wish to build a low common wall of but one stone perhaps. . . See! this crimson that lies at the beginning is the colour of passion, *suffering*; out of the crimson we climb into the blue, that is *truth* and *calm*. Beyond, is the white glistening chalcadony, for *purity*; and next flashes out the green, the *hope* of glory. Then they mingle and alternate—the tenderness, and the pain, and the purifying: it is the veined sardonyx stands for that—the *life-story*. The blood-red sardius for triumphant

love, and this is the central band, the crowning of the human, and underlying the heavenly, for then the tints grow clear and spiritual ; chrysolite, golden green, touched with a glory manifest ; the blending of a rarer and *serener* blue—the sea-pure beryl. Then the sunfilled rapture of the topaz, and chrysopraze where flame and azure find each other, the joy of the Lord and the peace which passeth understanding. In the end, the purple jacinth and pure amethyst into which the rainbow *refines* itself at last, hinting at the far distance of ineffable things. Thus the types of the stones follow each other—*suffering* and *love*, *truth* and *purity*, *hope* and *endurance*, *glory* and *serenity*, *rapture* and gladness in *rest*—the *joy* unspeakable and the perfect *peace*. ‘*Hitherto*.’

Life's mystery, deep, restless as the ocean,
 Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro ;
 Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
 As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
 Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
 Let my soul calm itself, O GOD! in Thee.

Life's sorrows with inexorable power,
 Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain ;
 And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff—
 Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain.
 Oh ! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
 Let my soul calm itself, O CHRIST, in Thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life—
 Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining :
 We ask, and Thou art silent ; yet we gaze,
 And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining :
 No crushing fate, no stony destiny ;
 Thou ‘Lamb that hath been slain!’ we rest in Thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
 The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
 From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
 Whose echo dashes o'er life's wave-worn strands ;
 This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
 Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee.

Thy pierced Hand guides the mysterious wheels,
Thy thorn-crowned Brow now wears the crown of power ;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient Voice saith, 'Watch with Me one hour.'
As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee. *Unknown.*

She said with a lovely smile : 'Oh, how can I fret at anything which is the will of God? Let Him take all beside ; He has given me Himself. I love, I praise Him every moment.'
'Life of Wesley.'

Our drops of sorrow may well be forgotten in the ocean of His love ! Come in O strong and deep love of JESUS, like the sea at the flood in spring-tides, cover all my powers, drown all my sins, wash out all my cares, lift up my earthbound soul, and float it right up to my Lord's feet, and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by His love, having no virtue or value ; and only venturing to whisper to Him that if He will put His ear to me, He will hear within my heart faint echoes of the vast waves of His own love which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at His feet for ever. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

Look not at thy pain or sorrow how great soever ; but look *from* them, look *off* them, look *beyond* them—to the Deliverer ! whose power is over them, and whose loving, wise, and tender Spirit is able to do thee good by them. *Isaac Pennington.*

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters wake,
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Keble.

When you lose the best gifts of life, consider them as not lost, but only resigned to Him who gave them. *Epictetus.*

Suppose two persons had in their gardens choice flowers : one loves to see them flourish, and cannot touch or allow them to be touched by any one ; the other loves to pick the very choicest and gather them, to present to the heart's cherished friend ; which has the highest enjoyment ? Now my sweet . . . was my heart's loveliest flower. My precious JESUS is my very best and choicest Friend. Would I withhold that flower from Him ? Would I rather see it half bloom in this withering clime, than present it to my dearest Friend, to open out fully in the sunshine-region of His immediate glory ? Most adorable Immanuel, Thou knowest I would withhold nothing from Thee. I would find all only in Thee. *Ruth Bryan.*

Were all creatures extinguished, I am happy beyond conception in the enjoyment of Thy love. *Unknown.*

Our hearts are fastened to the world
By strong and various ties ;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise. *Unknown.*

JESUS seems intent to fill up every gap love has been forced to make ; one of His errands from Heaven was to bind up the broken-hearted. *Unknown.*

There was a good woman, who, when she was sick, being asked, 'Whether she were willing to live or die?' answered, 'Which God pleases.' 'But,' said one who stood by, 'if God would refer it to you, which should you choose?' 'Truly,' said she, 'if God should refer it to me, I would even refer it to Him again.' This was a soul worth gold.

Lord, lay what burden Thou wilt upon me, only let Thine everlasting arms be under me : strike, Lord, strike, and spare not, for I am laid down in Thy will. I have learned to say *amen* to Thy *amen* ; Thou hast a greater interest in me than I have in myself, and therefore I give myself up unto Thee, and am willing to receive what impression Thou shalt stamp upon me.

O blessed Lord, I cannot but make a resignation of myself unto Thee. Lord, here I am, do with me as seemeth good in Thine own eyes. I know the best way to have my own will, is to resign myself to Thy will, and to say *Amen* to Thy *Amen*. When a Christian's will is moulded into the will of God, he is sure to have his will.

Thomas Brooks.

What the sponge is to the cannon, when hot with often shooting, hope is to the soul in multiplied afflictions ; it cools the spirit and meekens it, so that it doth not break out into distempered thoughts or words against God. *W. Gurnall.*

Some providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backwards. *Flavel.*

He spake
Of giving rest, and on the bitter cross
He gave the promised rest. O CHRIST, the King !
We also wander on the desert hills,
Though haunted by Thy call, returning sweet
At morn and eve : we will not come to Thee
Till thou hast nailed us to some bitter cross,
And *made* us look on Thine : and driven at last
To call on Thee with trembling and with tears—
Thou lookest down in love, upbraiding not,
And promising the kingdom ! *B. M.*

We are often thinking that our particular trial is infinitely more to us, than it is to CHRIST ; that He does not see it to be as large as it really is ; that He cannot feel it as we feel it, or understand it as we do ; that His sympathies are so scattered and diffused, He cannot gather them into the focus of our one grief. JESUS can cause the rays of His sympathy to converge

on one point, until He makes it glow and burn with a light and heat of love.

We must not fear, then, being intrusive, or say, 'Why should I think that my sorrow which is so great to me, should be great to Him?' He will recognise it as being what it is to us. Even if it be an exaggerated sorrow—made so from our nervousness, still to us it is real, and therefore, it is so to Him.

P. B. Power.

We must not reckon upon a smooth path to glory, but it will be a short one.

R. M. M'Cheyne.

As there is no earthly thing more comfortable to nature than bodily rest (Jer. xxxi. 26); so, there is nothing whose loss is more grievous and disheartening. . . . Instead of closing thy lids to wait for sleep, lift up thy stiff eyes to Him that 'giveth His beloved rest' (Psa. cxxvii. 2). Whatever be the means, He it is that 'holdeth mine eyes waking.' He that made thine eyes, keeps off sleep from thy body for the good of thy soul: let not thine eyes wake without thy heart. The spouse of CHRIST can say, 'I sleep, but my heart waketh' (S. of Sol. v. 2). How much more should she say, 'Mine eyes wake, and my heart waketh also!' When thou canst not sleep with thine eyes, labour to see Him that is invisible: one glimpse of that sight is more worth than all the sleep that thine eyes can be capable of. Give thyself up into His hands, to be disposed of at His will. What is this sweet acquiescence but the rest of the soul?

Joseph Hall.

Very favourable for prayer are the hours when midnight slumber wraps all round in silence. Behold, it is written, 'Arise, cry out in the night' (Lam. ii. 19). Calmly does prayer arise when GOD and the holy angels who bear it to His throne are the only witnesses. It beams with love and faith, it streams forth bright and peaceful, unmoved by noise or tumult.

St. Bernard.

Inasmuch as all prayer is but the union of the soul with God, and that union is attained by suffering, borne with submission for His sake, suffering is in reality a most effectual prayer.

Madame Louise.

JESUS invites us to give *all* to Him, and to let Him bear it—‘casting all our care upon Him, for He careth for us ;’ and yet how few there are whose first tale is not about the cares and anxieties, and worries and troubles of this life. And oh, what sore hearts—what distressed tired souls—what rasped, nervous, irritable spirits are there, not only here and there among us, but in almost every home and every house, ‘weary with their groaning.’

You will never get yourself right, but JESUS will lay it on *His* shoulder. He has power and will do it. You may say, ‘I am in such deep anxiety, amid such perpetual cares.’ Bring them to JESUS, and they will not be anxieties when trusted to Him. He knows of them ; confide in Him. Just try for once what it is to *trust*. If you give all into JESU’s hands, you *must* not, you *may* not worry ; leave it there ; speak to Him often ; but wait quietly, patiently for the result. Do we not show that we have no faith in JESUS by our continual frettings and murmurings ? Who among us can say, ‘My cup runneth over ?’ None but he who has laid the government upon the shoulder of the Lord JESUS. He is enough—enough for all. Are you in sorrow, agony, grief, care, perplexity, difficulty, need, sickness, or any other adversity ; and are you keeping away from Him who cares most for you—from Him who is most sorry for you, and from the only One who can satisfy you ? O do let us trust JESUS, not *partly*, but *wholly*, not with ourselves only, but with all our circumstances.

‘The Government shall be upon His Shoulder.’

Take my life, dear Lord, and use it ;
Wholly Thine, so let it be !
Filled each moment from Thy fulness ;
Moulded, guided, ruled by Thee.
All the mingled, broken story
Of the Past, Thou readest well ;
All the changeful shade and sunshine
Of the Future, Thou canst tell.
Glad and free with Thee I leave them ;
All my longings lost in one—
Higher, closer, nearer draw me
To Thyself till years are done.

Unknown.

JESUS seems to have a special love for His orphaned and comfortless people. A father loves his sick and sorrowing child most ; of all his household it occupies most of his thoughts. CHRIST seems to delight to lavish His deepest sympathy on 'him that hath no helper.' It is in the hour of sorrow His people have found Him most precious, it is in the 'wilderness' He speaks most 'comfortably unto them.' He gives them their 'vineyards from thence ;' in the places they least expected, wells of heavenly consolation break forth at their feet.

Macduff.

To those 'who believe, CHRIST is precious,' or preciousness—His name is 'above every name.' Then, some 'hazard their lives for the name of our Lord JESUS CHRIST ;' some are 'reproached for the name of CHRIST ;' some, 'for His name's sake, have laboured and not fainted ;' some are 'counted worthy to suffer shame for His name ;' and have their own names 'cast out as evil for the Son of man's sake.' Of all this, 'Do all in the name of the Lord JESUS.' 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my GOD, and he shall go no more out : and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my GOD, which is new Jerusalem . . . ; and I will write upon him my new name.' 'They shall see His face ; and His name shall be in their foreheads.'—Col. iii. 17 ; Rev. iii. 12 ; xxii. 4.

Anna Warner.

'Thou shalt hide me in the secret of Thy presence from the strife of tongues.' Insult an angel before the Throne, and what would he care about it ? Just such will be my feeling whilst I am *hid in the secret* of my Redeemer's presence.

Simcon.

We should ever remember in a place of trial, that what we want is not a change of circumstances, but victory over self.

Unknown.

Man's midnight is GOD's noon.

Wordsworth.

If affliction grasps thee rudely
And present the rack and cup,
Drink the draught and brave the torture,
Even in despair, look up !
Still look up ! for One there liveth
With the will and power to save—
One who knows each human sorrow
From the cradle to the grave. *J. L. Chester.*

Praised be God, the greater includes the less—*all* the tears of God's people are put into His bottle—they all betoken some sorrow ; and no sorrow that afflicts the heart of a believer, is small in the eyes of his Father that is in heaven. Those things which we look at from a distance seem small ; but they grow larger as we come near, and looking at this matter even by human rules of vision, no tear of a believer can seem small, for God looks at it, not only from the heights of His own glory, but also from the nearness wherewith as a Father he approaches His own child. Our tears at disappointment—our tears becoming hotter, and falling thicker at the remembrance of the time when we were not lonely ; all these are not let run to waste, but are gathered into the bottle of the Lord. Oh ! God does not not freeze up His people's tears, and dash them back in cold hard hail upon their uncovered heads—He crystallizes them into jewels—He does not freeze them to icicles. He turns darkness into light and woe into wealth.

'Treasured Tears.'

There is a mountain in Scotland called the Cairngorm ; the Highland peasants collect precious stones upon it in this manner : they watch for the first thunder shower, and when the storm has spent itself and the scene again appears, they detect the precious stones by the bright light reflected on them now that the earth has been washed away. It is often the shower of affliction that makes the beams of the Sun of Righteousness visibly shine on one of God's hidden ones and so disclose a jewel where it was thought there was only a common stone ; and when jewels are first discovered they need cutting and polishing ere they are fit for setting. How are they polished ?

Not by one blow or one touch, but by a long and laborious process. Some of God's servants are long on the wheel, they undergo much preparation, but the process will so brighten them that at length they shall reflect their Master's own countenance.

Dr. Cumming.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
 To distant earthly eyes,
 They only see the hedging thorns,
 On either hand that rise ;
 They cannot know how oft between
 The flowers of love are strewn,
 The sunny ways, the pastures green,
 Where JESUS leads His own.

They cannot see, as darkening clouds
 Behind the pilgrim close,
 How far adown the western glade
 The golden glory glows ;
 They cannot hear, 'mid earthly din,
 The song to pilgrims known,
 Still blending with the angels' hymn,
 Around the wondrous throne.

Unknown.

Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction,
 And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
 Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Dr. Brown.

Alpine flowers are warmed by the snow ; the summer beauty of our hills, and the autumn fertility of our valleys, have been caused by the cold embrace of the glacier ; and so by the chill of trial and sorrow are the outlines of the Christian character moulded and beautified. And we who recognise the loving kindness, as well as the power of GOD in what may seem the harsher and more forbidding agencies of nature, ought not to be weary and faint in our minds, if over our own warm human life the same kind pitying Hand should sometimes cause His snow of

disappointment to fall like wool, and cast forth His ice of adversity like morsels ; knowing that even by these unlikely means shall ultimately be given to us too, as to nature, the beauty of Sharon and the excellency of Carmel. *H. Macmillan.*

They who have rarest joy, know joy's true measure,
They who must suffer, value suffering's pause ;
They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure,
Kneel oftenest to the Giver and the Cause.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Afflictions hunt us again into God's park, when we have leapt out. They are God's furnace to burn up our dross ; God's soap and fuller's earth, to fetch out our stains and spots, God's fan, to blow away our chaff. *F. Roberts.*

O GOD, for JESU's sake, grant that when the flail of affliction is on me, I may not be like the chaff flying in Thy face, but like the wheat falling at Thy feet. *Unknown.*

It is so sweet to think that we are just passing through that very discipline which GOD sees will best work out for us our meetness for glory—that we are placed in the best outward circumstances, and have the best inward trials also, for carrying on that work. Often the little daily crosses are the hardest to bear, but they are 'divinely adapted' to our need.

A. L. Newton.

Our gracious Lord will not that His servants despair for oft failing, nor for grievous falling ; for our falling doth not hinder His love. His peace and love are ever in us, being and working, though we be not ever in peace and love. He is the ground of all our whole life in love. And this is a sovereign friendship of our gracious Lord, that He keepeth us so tenderly while we are in our sin, and furthermore that then He toucheth us, and showeth us our sin by the sweet light of mercy and grace. Then we are stirred of the Holy Ghost unto prayer, and desire

after Him ; and then our Lord showeth Himself to the soul in the friendly welcoming, as if it had been in pain and in prison, saying—‘ My dear son, I am glad thou art come to Me in all thy woe ! I have all the time been with thee, and now thou findest Me still loving thee ! ’ Thus are our sins forgiven, and our souls received in joy, so often as we return to God, by the gracious working of the Holy Ghost, and the virtue of CHRIST’S Passion.

The same love that giveth us these blessed comforts, teacheth and leadeth us to hate sin ; and I am sure, by my own feeling, that the more the soul seeth of the love of our Lord God—the more it doth loathe sin (Tit. ii. 11-15), and the more is it ashamed of sinning.

Sin is the sharpest scourge that any chosen soul can be smitten with.

Julian, 1326.

Sorrow is the royal road that leadeth unto Heaven.

M. Farningham.

Be sure that He who ‘ judges not after man’s judgment,’ weighs *everything* when He poises the scale.

Unknown.

The Lord is forced to blast our fruit sometimes, lest we should look at it, and fall in love with it.

Romaine.

A man little knows what evils lie hid in his nature and must be driven out of it, till they are made manifest by trial. As the fire and the hammer are needed to separate the dross from the coarse iron and change it into tempered steel, so trial is needed to purify and refine our nature, till it becomes true to God, and shines in the beauty of holiness.

Unknown.

Sin indulged, in the conscience, is like Jonah in the ship, which causeth such a tempest, that the conscience is like a troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest.

Thomas Brooks.

THE BANNER UNFURLED.

Cease ye from man ; O what to thee
 Can thy poor fellow mortals be ?
 Are they not erring, finite, frail ?
 What can their utmost aid avail ?

Their very love will prove a snare ;
 Then when thy heart becomes aware—
 Of its own danger, it will bleed
 For leaning on a broken reed.

Why does thy bliss so much depend
 On earthly relative or friend ?
 There is a Friend who changes never,
 The love He gives, He gives for ever.

He has withdrawn thee now apart,
 To teach these lessons to thy heart ;
 Has darkened all thy earthly scene,
 That thou alone on Him may'st lean.

His precious love that balm supplies,
 For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;
 That only medicine can make whole
 The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.

Go to that Friend, poor aching heart,
 He knows how desolate thou art ;
 He waits—He longs to see thee blest,
 And in Himself to give thee rest.

Unknown.

Let us think no cross too great to be undertaken for our
 JESUS, but rather let us give thanks if we should be counted
 worthy to bear one for His sake.

Mrs. Jukes.

There is no want to them that fear GOD. This is one of the
 tender words of Scripture—the sweet hushing answer of a love
 that understands all, and can do all. There is such joy in these
 words, ‘He knoweth.’ ‘Your Father knoweth that you have

need of such things,'—it may be heart-need, or life-need, or soul-longing—the unattained desire, the unfulfilled wish. To every pang of disappointment, to every powerless reaching forth of hope, no less than to every sigh over mere temporal need, this word comes : Your Father knoweth. Friends might call your wish a mere notion, and your longing, folly ; but the Lord does not. He knoweth that ye have need of such things. They are not 'the one thing needful,' yet the need of them is real to you, for the time ; and the Lord knoweth it. Not one of them is forgotten by Him, and yet maybe not one is granted. Why ? Be content with His own reply : 'Your Father knoweth.'

Having wealth which we cannot count, it well becomes us to bear patiently, ay, thankfully, the want of small change now and then.

Melody of Psalm xxiii.

Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
 The Master was teaching there ;
 But my eyes were dim with weeping,
 And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
 And seeing His face divine,
 So full of the tenderest pity
 For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
 'The cross that before me lay ;
 So hard and heavy to carry,
 That it darken'd the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
 And say, 'Thy will be done !'
 And the Master came not near me,
 As the weary hours went on.

THE BANNER UNFURLED.

At last in my heavy sorrow,
 I looked from the cross, above ;
 And I saw the Master watching,
 With a glance of tender love.

He turn'd to the cross before me,
 And I thought I heard him say,—
 ' My child thou must bear thy burden,
 And learn thy task to-day.

' I may not tell the reason,
 'Tis enough for thee to know
 That I, the Master, am teaching,
 And give this cup of woe.'

So I stoop'd to that weary sorrow ;
 One look at that face divine
 Had given me power to trust Him,
 And say, ' Thy will, not mine.'

And thus I learnt my lesson,
 Taught by the Master alone ;
 He only knows the tears I shed,
 For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
 Straight from the *Home* above,
 Where the school life will be ended,
 And the cross will show the love.

E. A. Godwin.

Comfortless ones, be comforted ! JESUS often makes you *portionless* here, to drive you to Himself, the *everlasting portion*. He often dries every rill and fountain of earthly bliss, that He may lead you to say, ' All my springs are in thee !' *Macduff.*

It often happens that events at the time appear to come of chance, and to have no special significance ; but when we view them in their issues, we see that they formed part of a chain ;

that they had a special place assigned them in that chain ; and that, had they been left out of the chain, or had they not occurred at that particular part of it, the end could not have been gained.

Dr. Wylie.

Since GOD takes care of human affairs, and chiefly of good men : no evil can come to good men whether living or dead.

Socrates.

One furnace many times the good and bad will hold,
Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold.

R. C. Trench.

Truly do I understand, how, in the hour of calamity, those whose hearts are overwhelmed within them, and who know not GOD as a Father through His dear and only Son, are forced, as the only alternative, to seek distraction in dissipation and folly. Either the Spirit must soar far above earthly mutabilities to heavenly peace, whilst the soul and body are thus strengthened to receive the chastening from a Father's hand, or else they must be met by stupefying the soul in indifference, hardening the heart in rebellion, or sharpening the spirit in acrimony against God and against man.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.

To weep into stones are fables, and sorrows destroy us or themselves.

Sir Thomas Browne.

How many a day of health and joy the thankless heart receives,
Mourning o'er what GOD takes away, not heeding what He gives.

Unknown.

Alas ! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave on marble ; our memories too readily treasure up the latter, the former are too soon forgotten. And from this for-

getfulness proceed our unthankfulness, discontent, and murmuring. Let not one affliction, however great, drown and swallow up numberless mercies which we have experienced.

Bishop Bull.

Religion is like the firmament, the more it is examined the greater the number of stars will be discovered ; like the sea, the more it is observed the more it appears to be immense ; like fine gold, the more it is tried in the fire the greater will be its lustre.

Ganganelli.

Our path aloft is slippery and steep,
The smooth brow of a sea-washed precipice ;
And often in an hour's unguarded sleep,
We fall from heights of years' hard toil the price.
Sorrows are thorns and stunted plants, that spring
From out the rock their rugged roots have riven,
Building for thee, if to their stems thou cling,
A Jacob's ladder mounting up to heaven.
Lay hold of them, though hands and feet be torn ;
For couldst thou see aright, each sharpened toothed thorn
Would seem an Angel's hand along the road
To drag thee in thine own despite to God.

Mrs. Charles.

Many of our afflictions are God dragging us, and they would end if we would stand upon our feet, and go whither He would have us.

Beecher.

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble ; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.

Nahum i. 7.

Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

Lam. iii. 32.

In the first anguish of the soul, when it refuses to be comforted, the mourner is tempted to despair of the good of affliction, and to say—‘*Very grievous;*’ but like Sabbath chimes on the ear fall the words—‘*Nevertheless afterward.*’ The stricken heart strives to endure in patience ‘the grievous chastening,’ believing that after many days ‘the peaceable fruits of righteousness’ will follow, *i.e.* ‘love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’

Mrs. Henry Brock.

A little tear-drop of earth hangs upon all our flowers of bliss.

Jean Paul Richter.

The children of GOD are now at school, and if they know what GOD intends by the trying tasks He sets them, they would neither murmur nor grow impatient. Every privation has its meaning; every trial its import; every bereavement its lesson; every disappointment its significance, every storm its interpretation, and every cross its results in the world to come.

Unknown.

Prolonged trial is a prolonged blessing.

Dr. Tetley.

I believe we shall only have an occasional holiday, or perhaps half holiday here: we must go back again to school—we are not to have our vacation till the Lord comes.

Unknown.

We shall not have to discharge the duties, or bear the burdens, or pass through the trials of the past year for ever; but, what a wonder of grace is this! Every thing we did for the Master, from the right motive, during that period, will come up again in forms of beauty and joy that will surprise us.

Unknown.

The Lord JESUS after His resurrection would be known by His wounds, and after His ascension willed to be known in His wounded members, identifying Himself with our sorrows.

Pascal.

Has it not been thus with you? JESUS has forgiven all your sins, but the living of your life, your joys, griefs, sorrows, pleasures—all you have done, said, read, thought, heard—all you have kept to yourself. You have given Him your sins, but you have not given Him your *will*. You have kept that for yourself. You are seeking to rule it and guide it, and the result is failure and misery. But so long as this goes on it can never be different with you. It is your want of *willingness* that makes all the trouble. You are not willing to give yourself away from yourself. You still cling to have your will your own servant; but I beseech you give your will, your whole self, unreservedly to JESUS; keep not back a part of the price!

He gave Himself for you; what will you give Him in return? Your sins? You have willingly done that, and He has received them. Does he keep them in remembrance to remind you when you forget all He has done? 'He remembers them no more.' He 'casts them behind His back,' 'into the sea.'

Will you not give Him something more, after His wondrous gift of pardon in JESUS? Poor, tired soul, be no longer your own master. Give yourself, keeping none back, to JESUS. Are you afraid of what it may involve? I can tell you it involves much, very much more than you think or know. It involves everlasting rest and peace on the breast of JESUS; and surely, lying on the heart that suffered and broke for your sake, you cannot but be thankful for all His love may lay upon you. He will never lay anything hard on you, and leave you to bear it alone. He will hold you so near Himself that He will be nearer than the trouble, nearer than the grief, nearer than the pain and hurt, and will completely satisfy you with Himself. Your life will never more be a weary thing. He will send you work to do for Him. He will say to you the 'Inasmuch.' He will make your life a *living* life, instead of a mere existence.

'How to Enter into Rest.'

SUBMISSION.

The conflict, Lord, is ended, and Thy grace
Hath now the victory won;
And taught me thankfully to say,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

I scarcely understand how the wild storm
Thus suddenly should cease,
How the long buffeting should end,
In unexpected peace.

Once it seemed hard that Thou should'st choose
What I had loved the most,
To make me say 'Thy will be done,'
At such a bitter cost.

But now I see that it was wisest Love,
Claiming its rightful throne ;
That in my consecrated heart
Thou mightest reign alone.

My soul is crowded all with silent thoughts,
A hush I cannot tell ;
Like the strange pauses in a dream,
One motion may dispel.

What though the Future with its unknown depths
Be hidden from my sight ;
I know that its untrodden paths
Lead onward into light.

Thou knowest all my need ; upon Thy care
I utterly depend,
Thy patience, that has borne the past,
Will keep me to the end. *Unknown.*

If in the deepest chasm of the salt sea, there be the still saltier drop of a penitential tear, there will be the Great Father's hand to catch it, and the bottle in which He keeps the soul's tears to store it ; He would take that tear with Him to heaven, while He left unnoticed in the ocean's depth, pearls of the rarest worth. O well is it that God keeps a bottle for human tears ; well is it for us that He crystallizes them into jewels for the Saviour's crown ; and forasmuch as there must be no tears in heaven, tears shall be taken from God's bottle, and transferred as jewels to the believer's crown. *P. B. Power.*

The highest holiness attainable on earth is to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done !'

Leighton.

Sanctified afflictions are an evidence of our adoption ; we do not prune dead trees to make them fruitful, nor those which are planted in a desert ; but such as belong to the garden, and possess life.

Arrowsmith.

God balances every cloud that flits across our way.

Unknown.

The more I think of it the more I am driven to believe that we are not right in desiring uniformly bright and unclouded experience. So long as one is kept hanging on, and clinging to CHRIST, I believe walking under a cloud is very precious experience. It tests our faith and strengthens it too.

A. L. Newton.

Trials show clearly how pleasing a work is to God.

J. B. Vianney.

By faith the soul is put into the hands of CHRIST, like paper into the hands of the printer to be unfolded, and softened, and printed with all the glorious things of God.

Unknown.

Let us remember for our comfort, *He* who has laid His chastening hand upon us, *alone* sees the end from the beginning. We are to be content to go step by step, day by day, and in the *darkest* path to look for and *expect* the *brightest* revelations of the love of God our Saviour. He may see fit to make very empty places in our hearts ; but if He fills them with Himself, we shall be more than satisfied, and looking up with humble confidence, we shall say with the Psalmist, 'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and *afterwards* receive me to glory.' Does not the very word '*receive*' imply being watched for, loved, and expected ? With such a prospect before us, may we not trust Him to lead us by '*the right way* ?'

M. A. M'N. M.

Seasons of darkness are often the Lord's instruments for quickening us in prayer. (See Psa. cvii. 4-10.) *A. L. Newton.*

With GOD it is impossible that anything, however small, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward.

Thomas à Kempis.

Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him; but He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold!

Job xxiii. 8-10.

Now I see a little more plainly, and am able to perceive how impossible it would have been for me to bear the trials with which it has pleased God to visit me, had He not mercifully made me to be but as a little child before Him. This childlike spirit is not to be understood save by experience—it is solely God's gift, and no effort of the intellect or will can produce it. God stills intellectual activity, the ceaseless whirl of reasoning and arguing with which man's heart is prone to bewilder itself, and fills it with the one simple thought of Himself. Then the soul ceases to weary itself with planning and foreseeing, giving itself up to God's Holy Spirit within, and to the teachings of His Providence without; laying aside all self-opinion, to be guided by Him alone, in a state of simple loving dependence.

Jean Nicolas Grou.

GOD reigneth! How this truth cheers the Christian, stills the murmurs which sometimes do rise to his lips in hours of deep trouble; says to grim despair, 'Avaunt! begone!' and makes him in quietness and confidence to feel his strength! Men of no faith, or little faith, when their sky is overcast and troubles hem them around, are ready to say, 'All is lost!' but the Christian in such seasons takes refuge in the Kingship of GOD. Both feel the trouble, but one is crushed by it, while the other submits and waits.

Aubrey C. Price.

Look back, believer ; think of your doubting GOD when He has been so faithful to you ;—think of your foolish outcry of ‘Not so, my Father,’ when He crossed His hands in affliction to give you the larger blessing ; think of the many times when you have read His providences in the dark, misinterpreted His dispensations, and groaned out ‘All these things are against me,’ when they were all working together for your good !

C. H. Spurgeon.

‘I don’t want to be weary of God’s dealings with me,’ said Bickersteth on his death-bed ; ‘I want to glorify JESUS in them, and to find Him more precious.’

Lo! a band of pale
Yet joyful priests do minister around
The altar, where the lights are burning low,
In the breathless night. Each grave brow wears the crown
Of sorrow, and each heart is kept awake
By its own restless pain, for these are they
To whom the night service is appointed. See!
They lift their hands, and bless God in the night.
Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink,
Are waking in His temple, and the eyes
That cannot sleep for sorrow or for pain
Are lifted up to Heaven ; and sweet, low songs,
Broken by patient tears, arise to God.

* * * * *

The Priests must serve
Each in his course, and we must stand in turn,
Awake in sorrow, in the Temple dim,
To bless the Lord by night. We will not fear
When we are called at midnight, by some stroke
Of sudden pain, to rise and minister
Before the Lord. We, too, will bless His name
In the solemn night, and stretch our hands to Him.

B. M.

When thou thinkest thyself farthest off from Me, oftentimes
I am nearest thee. *'Christ the Consoler.'*

The inside of CHRIST'S cross is white and joyful, and the far end of the black cross is a fair and glorious heaven of ease ; and seeing CHRIST hath fastened Heaven to the far end of the cross, and He will not loose the knot Himself, and none else can (for when CHRIST casteth a knot all the world cannot loose it), let us then count it exceeding joy when we fall into diverse temptations. *Rutherford.*

If GOD hath sent thee a cross, take it up and follow Him ; use it wisely lest it be unprofitable ; bear it patiently lest it be intolerable : behold in it GOD'S anger against sin, and His love towards thee in pardoning the one and hastening the other ; if it be slight, slight it not ; if heavy, murmur not. *Quarles.*

O how sweet a thing were it for us to learn to make our burdens light, by framing our hearts to the burden, and making our Lord's will a law. *Rutherford.*

'Unaccountable this !' said the Wax, as from the flame it dropped melting upon the Paper beneath.

'Do not grieve,' said the Paper ; 'I am sure it is all right.'

'I was never in such agony !' exclaimed the Wax, still dropping.

'It is not without good design, and will end well,' replied the Paper.

The Wax was unable to reply at that moment, owing to a strong pressure ; and when it again looked up, it bore a beautiful impression, the counterpart of the seal which had been applied to it.

'Ah ! I comprehend now,' said the Wax, no longer in suffering. 'I was softened in order to receive this lovely, durable impress. Yes, I see now it was all right, because it has given to me the beautiful likeness, which I could not otherwise have obtained.' *'Voices in Nature.'*

The worst of ills are often the black horses upon which the very best of blessings ride to us. *C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL.

‘Thy will be done.’

Laid on Thine altar, oh, my Lord divine,
 Accept my gift this day for JESU’s sake ;
 I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
 Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make ;
 But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
 This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small—
 And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand,
 How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see,
 Struggles of passion—Visions of delight—
 All that I have, or am, or fain would be,—
 Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite ;
 It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
 Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none ;
 Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
 The prayer ascendeth, ‘May Thy will be done.’

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
 And merge it so in Thine own will, that e’en
 If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
 And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
 So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
 So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
 I may not know or feel it as mine own—
 But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

M. Brown.

I think it a sweet thing that CHRIST saith of my cross, ‘half Mine,’ and that He divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to Himself ; nay, that I, and my whole cross, are wholly CHRIST’S.

Having CHRIST, though my cross were as heavy as ten mountains of iron, when He putteth His sweet shoulder under it, my cross is but a feather.

I should twenty times have perished in my affliction if I had not leaned my weak back, and laid my pressing burden, both upon the stone, the foundation stone, the corner stone laid in Zion ; and I desire never to rise off this stone. *Rutherford.*

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. They are in peace. For though they are punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded : for God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself. As gold in the furnace hath He tried them, and received them as a burnt-offering. *Wisdom iii. 1-6.*

Ah ! Lord GOD, when once we reach Thy holy hill, and can see all the way that we have come, will not our song of praise swell the loudest for those things which we cried the most bitterly to be delivered from on earth ? Will it not be Thine unseen deliverances, Thine unknown mercies, seen and known then, that will most overwhelm us, that ever we could distrust our Father, and murmur against our GOD ? For we shall see then that the deep waters which threatened to overwhelm us, were to us, as to the Israelites, a wall of defence on the right-hand and the left from enemies that might have hurt and assaulted the soul ; and that what seemed a cloud and darkness to us was the guiding pillar leading us in the right way. ' So He brought them unto their desired haven.'

Bishop Andrewes.

Hearts most crushed on earth shall most rejoice in Heaven.

Unknown.

They who look upon GOD's face do not feel His hand.

Rabia.

There is a word which we sometimes use in connexion with, our sorrows, and I fear we rarely think of the lesson it conveys. We speak of such and such a grief as a 'harrowing' grief ; of such a bereavement, of such a calamity, as harrowing to the

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soul. Now do we ever think that the harrow is a very important implement ; that its work is to break up the large, heavy clods, and prepare the ground for the reception of the seed ; and that thus by these sorrows GOD is breaking our stubborn wills and preparing our hearts for the sowing of the Spirit. . . . Blessing is intended, and blessing it is. But it is only to the child of GOD that this is given to be seen. The worldling sees and knows nothing but the sorrow, and the weeping, and the pain. Alas ! their tribulations are just what they seem to be. Until you connect the rod with ' Him who hath appointed it ' it is but a rod, and its strokes will only smart.

J. Halsey.

There would be no bow in the material heaven but for the cloud. . . . The cloud of sorrow is needed, its every raindrop has an inner meaning of love ; and remember that He who has put the bow of promise there, saw also a ' need be ' for the cloud on which it rests.

J. R. Macduff.

It may be said of all the trials of GOD's servants that Love appoints them, Wisdom chooses them, Providence arranges them, promises are provided for them, Grace can support and strengthen them who are suffering because of them, and Glory shall be the issue of them.

W. Cadman.

We must not only be willing to receive GOD's strokes, but we must be willing that He should strike where He pleases.

St. Francis de Sales.

' Why is it thus with me ? ' cries many a weary waiting soul, many a one knowing, as it thinks, the fulness of its need. Why but to learn, by an apparent prospect of failure in having that need supplied, that it really did not know how deep it was before ? Why is it thus ? Because thou must know yet more the depth of what thou dost want, and the depth of what CHRIST can give.

At times we think we are close enough to CHRIST, within reach of Him to get what we want ; but He means to bring us closer still, because He intends to give us more.

The preliminaries of blessing are sometimes very wonderful ; the way in which great blessings are prepared for, and come about, are amongst the deep things of GOD. . . .

There was the frequent repetition of those cries of anguish, when we should have said that one would have been enough—the indifference to them, and that no ordinary indifference, seeing that she cried to One who could help her (for He who can heal has, from that very power, a certain relationship to the one who requires that healing); and the natural uprising of hard thoughts about One who seemed so hard in thought to her—all this she had to undergo, but all to bring her nearer to the Lord.—S. Mark vii. 25-26.

Often we are inclined to say, 'Why have I to bear this?' What has this to say to the blessing I need? Is not this rather leading away from that blessing? But each trial is a link in the chain of blessing, inexplicable in itself, beautifully harmonious as part of a whole. All is thus done to bring us to the feet of JESUS.

P. B. Power.

There is a text in Job where the 'hypocrites in heart' are spoken of condemnably, because 'they cry not when He bindeth them.' I like to feel that no hard fortitude is required of the chastened child of GOD, but that it ought to feel, and may cry, under the rod, without a single rebellious thought.

Mary B. M. Duncan.

Though the people of GOD may not murmur against His proceedings, yet they may humbly expostulate with Him about the cause.—Psa. lxxiv. 1.

Joseph Alleine.

Righteous art Thou, O LORD, when I plead with Thee : yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments—(*margin*) : Let me reason the case with Thee.

Jer. xii. 1.

The rod of *authority* could take away the *murmurers* ; but the rod of *grace* could take away the murmurs.

C. H. Macintosh.

The best way to bear crosses is to consecrate them all in silence to GOD. *Dr. Fletcher.*

Yes, I understand ; this sickness, helplessness—all I have lost and suffered, are sacred relics from my Saviour ; not because He forgets, but because He remembers *me*. *Mrs. Charles.*

Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee ! *Keble.*

The lintel stones and pillars of the new Jerusalem suffer more knocks of GOD's hammer and tools than the common side wall stones. And if twenty crosses be written for you in GOD's book they will come to nineteen, and then at last to one, and after that nothing but your head on CHRIST's bosom for evermore, and His own soft hand to dry your face, and wipe away your tears. *Rutherford.*

The great Husbandman will not fail to adopt the sharpest means for the improvement of His choicest plants. *Cecil.*

If GOD allows the streams of time to be embittered to His people *it is in love*; that He may lead them more closely to Himself, to be refreshed with the pure waters of the river of life. *Breay.*

When we are depressed by bodily disease, we should endeavour to occupy our thoughts with the most *joy-inspiring* portions of Scripture, and not suffer them for a moment to brood over the gloomy feelings that prevail within. If ever we should look away from ourselves, it is when we are cast down and disquieted ; for in ourselves there is nothing but what will, if looked at, serve to deepen our distress, and to make us sink from iniquitude into despondency. *Hewitson.*

Sinking times are praying times.

Bowles.

Fiery trials make golden Christians.

Dyer.

Your Heavenly Father so loves His own glory in your life, and your own highest happiness, that He cannot suffer you to take your rest in the world. I believe that He now calls to you 'Give Me thy heart.' Your *whole* heart, with all its hopes and joys. It would be so lovely to see you, with all bright around you, yield all in a full consecration to Him who bought you. But if your heart refuses, what would be the highest token of a Father's love and care? Would it not be to break into pieces your idols—whatever you may be setting before yourself apart from Christ; and to bring you, even though weeping and broken-hearted to the foot of the Cross? How much lovelier to give Him an as yet unbroken spirit, than to wait for the discipline of sorrow to be sent. *R. Pearsall Smith.*

The Good Shepherd often leads His people by a rough and rugged way, and He hedges it up with thorns; for He knows His sheep will be ever wandering. *Hewitson.*

Even the sweetest flowers that come to us from the Lord's garden soon lose their bloom and freshness; for Christ would not that we should rest satisfied with His gifts and comforts and the tokens of His love, instead of saying, 'Thou only art my portion, O Lord.' He refreshes and gladdens us with the flowers and spices of Divine consolation, not that we may look away from Himself to them, but that, enjoying the sweet fragrance of His comforting love, we may render it back to Him in the breathings of love and joy and thankfulness.

When we find the Lord's flowers withering in our hands, we should not vex our souls, as we are apt to do; for He who gave them is Himself still the same, and we glorify Him when we rest in Him, and cleave to Him as our portion, even when

we have none of the precious gifts of His comforting grace. Nor should we say, as Satan will tempt us to do, when the Lord's sweet flowers are all dried and dead, that we have sinned away our comforts, and that therefore the Lord is now again hiding His comforts from us. He is not hiding His face, though His flowers be dry; but He would have us be ever going again, through the gently dropping dews of prayer in the Holy Ghost, to knock at His garden-gate, and ask Him for a fresh gift of His choicest flowers. He withers the flowers we have, that we may always come to Him for more.

Hewitson.

I will freely sacrifice unto Thee : I will praise Thy name,
O LORD ; for it is good.

For He hath delivered me out of all trouble : and mine eye
hath seen His desire upon my enemies. *Psa. liv. 6, 7.*



**ASLEEP IN JESUS
AND THE RESURRECTION LIFE**



ASLEEP IN JESUS

AND THE

RESURRECTION LIFE.

Seek Him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning.
.. The LORD is His name. *Amos v. 8.*

The righteous live for evermore; their reward is also with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand; for with His right hand shall He cover them, and with His arm shall He protect them.

Wisdom v. 15, 16.

Consider the stupendous immortality CHRIST recognises in the human soul, and which He threw off His glory to redeem.

Unknown.

The believer is dying, and the cold chilly waters of Jordan are gathering about him up to the neck, but JESUS puts His arms around him, and cries 'Fear not, beloved; to die is to be blessed; the waters of death have their fountain head in heaven; they are not bitter, they are as sweet as nectar, for they flow from the Throne of GOD.'

C. H. Spurgeon.

Death is unclasping ; joy breaking out in the desert ; the heart come to its blossoming time ! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower ?
Beecher.

Not knowing when death awaited him, he had learnt himself always to await death.
St. Francis de Sales.

One should go to sleep at night as home-sick passengers do, saying 'Perhaps in the morning we shall see the shore.' To us who are Christians, it is not a solemn, but a delightful thought that perhaps nothing but the opaque bodily eye prevents us from beholding the gate which is open just before us, and nothing but the dull ear preventing us from hearing the ringing of those bells of joy which welcome us to the heavenly land. That we are so near death, is too good to be believed.

Beecher.

Faint not ! the miles to heaven are but few and short.

Rutherford.

Oh ! for a closer walk with God, should be the daily breathing and longing of our souls ; but to walk with Him, we must deal much and often with the Blood of CHRIST.

Hewitson.

To me there is something almost impious in the 'preparing for death' that people talk about ; as if we were not continually, whether in the flesh or out of it, living in the Father's presence ; as if, come when He will, the Master should not find all of us watching.

Miss Muloch.

Dare not sleep in that condition in which thou darest not die.

M. Henry.

In my pursuits of any kind, let this come to mind, 'How much shall I value this on my deathbed ?'

President Edwards.

Living above *self* and for GOD, is real living for eternity.

Duncan Matheson.

A wise man ought not only not to fear Death, but also to *desire* it with submission to the Divine will.

Plato.

I want death to complete my happiness.

Halyburton.

Near the kingdom is not in it. You may perish with your hand on the latch of Heaven's gate.

Duncan Matheson.

The closest walk with GOD is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed on earth.

D. Brainerd.

He had prayed for a triumphant death. One day, when speaking about heaven, some one said, 'I'll be satisfied if I manage somehow to get in.' 'What!' said Robert, pointing to a sunken vessel that had just been dragged up the Tay, 'would you like to be pulled into heaven by two tugs, like the *London* yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set, and colours flying.'

Life of Robert Annan.

My heaven is to please GOD, and glorify Him; to give all to Him; to be wholly devoted to His glory; that is the heaven I long for—that is my religion, and that is my happiness.

D. Brainerd.

Dost fear the pains of dying when Death has poised his dart?
See all those arrows flying are gathered in His heart:
A moist wind gently sighing is now that furnace blast:
Death, in His bitter crying, thy bitterness is past.

Unknown.

That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.

1 *Thess. iv.*

Doubtless the River of Death is but a stream passing through the Lord's dominions,—not the dividing line between us and them. . . . Easy will be then the crossing of that narrow stream from one part of the Lord's country to another, the Lord Himself holding us by the right hand. *Anna Warner.*

No one cries when children, long absent from their parents, go home. . . . It is surprising that one should wish life here, who may have life in heaven. And when friends have gone out from us joyously, I think we should go with them to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time when they should walk in white, and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved ; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

Beecher.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, watched over by GOD our Father, kept by our Redeemer who has purchased our *dust* ; guarded by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Him who raised JESUS from the dead, and who keeps guard over the dust of CHRIST's redeemed ones, until the morning of the Resurrection, when death shall be swallowed up in victory. *M. Rainsford.*

Death only binds us fast to the bright shore of love.

Keble.

There sleeps the dead dust of those who have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb, and who lie so still because they listen so profoundly for the first peal of the Resurrection trumpet that brings the dead to life, and the pilgrim of a day to the house not made with hands. *Unknown.*

The Resurrection morning is a true sun-rising—the inbursting of a cloudless day on all the righteous dead. *Unknown.*

To die is to burst upon the blaze of uncreated Light, and to be sensitive to its beams.
Isaac Taylor.

Early Death! Better that the light cloud should fade away into heaven with the morning breath, than travail through the weary day to gather in darkness, and end in storm. *Bulwer.*

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.
Beecher.

I wonder when I shall see you again? In heaven surely, if not on earth; and time is so short, and eternity so long, that to fret too much over separations here is just like the child crying in the dark night for the loved faces it is sure to see in the morning.
Sœur Marie Elizabeth.

I thank Thee, my GOD, the river of Lethe may flow through the Elysian fields,—it does not water the Christian's Paradise.
E. S. Phelps.

DYING WORDS.

The last thoughts of a heart filled with the love of GOD are like the last rays of the sun, brighter and more intense before it disappears.
Mme. Swetchine.

Cling to CHRIST, He is All in all. *Mrs. Kennedy.*

CHRIST in the glory of His person, CHRIST in the love of His heart, CHRIST in the power of His arm—this is the Rock on which I stand, and now death strike!
John Rees.

O what must He be in Himself, when it is He that sweetens heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens earth, sweetens trials!
J. Brown.

I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in His arms. My guilt is all transferred. He has cancelled all I owed.

J. Graham.

Death is a sweet falling of the soul on JESUS.

T. Charlton Henry, D.D.

I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into Heaven.

W. Grimshaw.

When my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay, it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom, as the bird to its nest.

E. Erskine.

I have been almost face to face with Him ; I thought I was dying, but the nearer to death the nearer to life, and JESUS made me feel so. They tell us that from a deep pit the stars can be seen at noon. JESUS has been leading me down into the depths, that I might get a clearer view of Heaven, or rather of Himself, for He is Heaven.

I am always happiest when I am suffering most—when I am feeblest, 'tis then I feel the Saviour's hand—when I sink lowest, 'tis then I touch the Saviour's bosom.

I think that CHRIST's smile will be to heaven what the sun is to the world—it will flood it with light.

B. G.

As Richard Baxter lay dying, in the midst of exquisite pains which arose from the nature of his disease, he said, 'I have a rational patience, and a believing patience, though sense would recoil. Lord, when Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt.

It is the finished righteousness of CHRIST which is the only foundation of my hopes. I have no more dependence on my labours than on my sins.

J. Brown.

I have no righteousness of my own. There is no merit in any of my works ; but my trust has been, and is, in the righteousness of CHRIST.

R. Haldane.

They be good works if they be sprinkled with the Blood of
JESUS, and not otherwise. *George Herbert.*

The best of all is, GOD is with us. *John Wesley.*

I know I am going to die, for I feel so happy.
The Lady Constance Ashley.

A life spent in the service of GOD, and communion with
Him, is the most comfortable and pleasant that any one can
live in this world. *Matthew Henry.*

‘Now is the day of salvation.’—2 Cor. vi. 2.

There is one instance, and *one* only, of deathbed repentance
in the Bible;—the thief on the cross. *One* only that we should
not presume,—*one* only that we should not despair.

Unknown.

With more urgency than others Sir James Simpson dwelt on
the absolute folly of any one looking forward to a *deathbed*
repentance. ‘You may think you understand it, but we doctors
who live among deathbeds, know that there is scarcely in any
case the power to dwell on a subject that is new; the faintness,
distress, and pressure of disease all baffle the enfeebled mind in
any attempt to grasp a new object; besides, the senses are often
partially clouded by opiates we dare not withhold. It is a
miserable delusion to count on such moments.’

M. F. Barbour.

Time is earnest, passing by; Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be? Time and death appeal to thee!
CHRIST is earnest, bids thee ‘Come;’ paid for man a priceless
sum.

Wilt thou spurn the Saviour’s love, pleading with thee from
above? *Unknown.*

There is a time we know not when, a point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men to glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen, that crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between GOD's patience and His wrath.
Unknown.

‘JESUS said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be *with Me* in paradise’—S. Luke xxiii. 43.

In *heaven* and *with Me* do not mean the same thing. If he had crossed the ocean you would not expect to see him at your side. And why should you when he has passed over the mystic Jordan? ‘While we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord,’ and ‘willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.’

And the freed spirit is not omnipresent ; cannot be in two places at once. Would you have it continue absent from the Lord in order to be present *with you*? It *may* have the power of moving swiftly—it *may* possibly be able to visit you (though that seems very doubtful), but if that dear one *remains* with you, he remains away from his Lord.

‘Watching at the Gates.’

Our blessed Dead are wrapt
And hidden from us by Love,
Till soul be knit to soul once more
In the shining courts above.

Their burning hearts might shrink
From hearts so cold as ours ;
Beneath their eyes, which cannot weep,
Our tears might fall in showers.

Their radiant brows would shame
These careworn brows of clay ;
Ah ! it is well that we meet no more
Till we are even as they !

B. M.

Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in heaven. It is not every one that overcometh.

F. Hamilton.

Think of the storms
That tender sapling has in love been saved ;
. . . Then weep not ; but alike
Adore a 'taking' and a 'giving' GOD.
Deem not these blossoms prematurely plucked.
Let those who make this fleeting earth their all,
And its horizon bound their happiness,
Talk of untimely graves ! No flower can drop
Too soon, if ripe for glory. Early plucked
Is early bliss. . . .
An early deathbed is an early crown !

J. R. Macduff.

It appears to me that if the departed were employed in the ministry of angels, they would have been almost certain to attend JESUS when He needed aid. How gratified we can imagine David, had he been appointed to watch the sepulchre ; or Elijah to bring Him food in the desert. But no ; it is remarkable that He was thus attended *only* on the Mount of Transfiguration when His glory shone.

'Watching at the Gates.'

But if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

And He said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

S. Luke xvi. 30, 31.

Thine eyes shall behold the King in His Beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

O if you want to know what Heaven is, know what CHRIST is, for the way to spell Heaven is with those five letters which make up the word JESUS.

C. H. Spurgeon.

We speak more truly than we are aware of, when we say, as we often do, that we can form no idea of what Heaven really is, till we arrive there. The regenerate soul is already in Heaven, being, by the indwelling of the Father, Son, and Spirit, in possession of that which truly constitutes it. To be with GOD, in whatever stage of being, under whatever conditions of existence, is to be in Heaven. To be found in Him, a citizen of His lower kingdom of grace, is to possess that which gives His upper kingdom its glory. 'I beheld,' saith S. John, 'and a door was opened.' Heaven is the opening of a door ; it is the finding of a long-sought good ; the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favour which is in itself the fulness of joy. _____ *'A Present Heaven.'*

Before GOD ever brings a soul to Heaven, He brings Heaven to that soul. _____ *Unknown.*

GOD has obviously not *opened* the gates which bar Heaven from our sight, but He has as obviously not *shut* them ; they stand ajar, with the Bible and reason in the way, to keep them from closing. Surely we should look in as far as we can, and surely, if we look with reverence, our eyes will be holden, that we may not cheat ourselves with mirages ; and, as the little Swedish girl said, the first time she saw the stars : 'O father, if the *wrong* side of Heaven is so beautiful, what must the *right* side be !' _____ *E. S. Phelps.*

I want to know JESUS more ; to know what He did, and what He said, that He may be more a personal friend to me, because I am going to see Him, and He must not be a stranger. _____ *W. B. Mackenzie.*

I think one of the greatest pleasures in Heaven will be to hear JESUS speak as man. Here we speak to Him, we read His words ; but we long in vain to hear His *Voice*. One of His last sayings was,—'I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.' Then will He not say them by-and-bye ? And then we may speak to Him—nearer and more clearly than now—'face to face,' seeing no longer 'through a glass darkly.' _____ *'Watching at the Gates.'*

Blessed be God, Heaven is a place of continual and incessant devotion, though earth is dull. *D. Brainerd.*

What a bright glimpse of immortality is that Mount of Transfiguration. There is the Saviour for a centre, His face like the sun, His robes like the light. There is the Father's Voice from the 'excellent glory.' Moses, who had prayed, fourteen hundred years before, that he might go over and see that goodly mountain, now has his answer! He had no idea of going over *so*, after he had passed the Jordan of death, and left his sleeping body at Pisgah. And Elijah, who, never having tasted death, for the fiery chariot took *him* from the banks of Jordan, is there: his mortal having put on immortality. So the bodiless and the embodied; so the Law and the Prophets, come to the Mediator of the New Covenant. And they *talk*, and they *know*, and are known: and they speak of the *Cross*, with Him who foresees it all.

So we may hope to meet Him, and talk with Him, and find our prayers answered, and our disappointments undone.

'Watching at the Gates.'

'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Keble.

Surely while it will be blessed to meet the giants of faith in the realms of glory, it will be no less enjoyable to visit the nursery of heaven, and join in the trustful simplicity of the dear babes in CHRIST.

Cheyne Brady.

Day and night CHRIST standeth,
Scanning each soul as it landeth;
Over the floods He bendeth,
With a Face which hath been dead,
With a mouth which once did cry
From these waves in agony,
'The waters go over My Head!'

And when His children rise,
 To pass through the dreary River,
 To the Shore they had not trod,
 Unto the Face of GOD.—
 Though their eyes grow blind with Death,
 And they stumble at the Stream
 As men in a deadly dream,
 CHRIST stretcheth forth His Hand,—

A gentle, piercèd Hand,—
 And draws them safe to land.
 Not as the others came,
 But holding fast by a Mighty Name,—
 With trembling smiles of victory—
 As those who vanquish while they die—
 They pass through the misty River,
 To the shore of the dim For-ever.

After the Nameless Woe,
 After the dreary strife
 Of the failing life with Death,
 How sweet it will be to meet the glow
 Of His smile Who watcheth beside the River,
 And to feel that the smile shall shine for—ever!

B. M.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of GOD, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

2 Cor. v. 1.

The Presence of the Lord JESUS CHRIST in heaven is the crown that every believer shall inherit. 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty.' What a blessed thought for cross-bearers!

Finlay Gibson.

M'Cheyne truthfully remarks that 'if we loved our Lord's appearing, we would often look up wistfully at the clouds, in the hope of seeing them burst and His beautiful Feet appear.'

Sure I am CHRIST is by far the best half of heaven—yea, He is all heaven, and more than all heaven; and my testimony of Him is, that ten lives black with sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments, were all too little for CHRIST, if our suffering could be a hire to buy Him; and therefore faint not in your sufferings and hazards for Him.

Rutherford.

I am persuaded that it is wrong to long so for Death; for nowhere in Scripture is it set before us as a subject for hope, but always the Second Coming,—and therefore it is not our own selfish gratification in the release from such a life, but the glory of CHRIST in the perfected condition of the whole Body at His Coming that ought to be our hope. *A. L. Newton.*



WHEREFORE SEEING WE ALSO ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES, LET US LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT, AND THE SIN WHICH DOTHS 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.

HE BROUGHT ME UP OUT OF AN HORRIBLE PIT, OUT OF THE MIRY CLAY, AND SET MY FEET UPON A ROCK, AND ESTABLISHED MY GOINGS. AND HE HATH PUT A NEW SONG INTO MY MOUTH, EVEN PRAISE UNTO OUR GOD: MANY SHALL SEE IT, AND FEAR, AND SHALL TRUST IN THE LORD.

Psa. xl. 2, 3.

HE BROUGHT ME TO THE BANQUETING HOUSE, AND HIS BANNER .
OVER ME WAS LOVE.

Song ii. 4.



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