

DREAMS, VISIONS,
INTERESTING INCIDENTS

Etc. Etc.

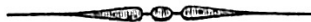
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DREAMS.

“GOD SPEAKING ONCE, YEA, TWICE.”

(JOB XXXIII. 13.)

FIRST DREAM.

“How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.” (1 Kings xviii. 21.)

“IN a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword.” (Job xxxiii. 15-18.) In this passage from the Book of Job, we see that dreams are not always the unmeaning things that they commonly are. Many are the proofs of this, in God’s word. Joseph’s dreams, Pharaoh’s, Nebuchadnezzar’s, as well as the dream of Pilate’s wife about Jesus, were *realities*, and so too

was the following dream of a lady, who partly through it was brought to know her true state before God, that in His sight there is *no neutral condition*, that it must be one thing or the other—life, or death—salvation, or eternal perdition.

The dream was as follows. She thought she was standing by the bedside of a dying friend, over whom she had been assiduously watching for months, and who had actually died but a few days before, when raising her eyes, she saw, at the opposite side of the bed, distinctly standing out in letters of light, these words, "ALL ARE CHRIST'S." For a minute or two she looked and wondered, after which, remembering her dying friend, and wishing to know if she too had seen them, and what impression they had made upon her, she turned to look at her, when she found, to her surprise, that her eyes were fixed on some object, quite in another direction, behind where she herself stood, exactly opposite to the spot where she had just read the above striking words. This naturally made her turn round to see what it was that had thus attracted her

friend, when, lo, a sentence of a totally different kind met her gaze. Not in characters of *light*, but in grim letters of *black*, she there read behind her, as distinctly traced as the former, the terrible words, "OR THE DEVIL'S!"—yes there it was—the sentence actually completed, "ALL ARE CHRIST'S, OR THE DEVIL'S!" Solemn words these, and fearful to think of, which in that brief space of time met her view. And who will venture to say that they were not traced there by the finger of God, just as that awful announcement, "THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES, AND ART FOUND WANTING," was written by Him on the wall of the banqueting room of King Belshazzar, on the night when he himself and his kingdom came to an end? That it was so, we believe; seeing that, in spite of all she had witnessed in connection with the closing days of her friend, who, strongly opposed to the truth till within a short time of her death, was at length converted to God, this lady, who all her life had been a self-righteous pharisee, was to a certain extent still

resisting the truth, and therefore needed this warning.

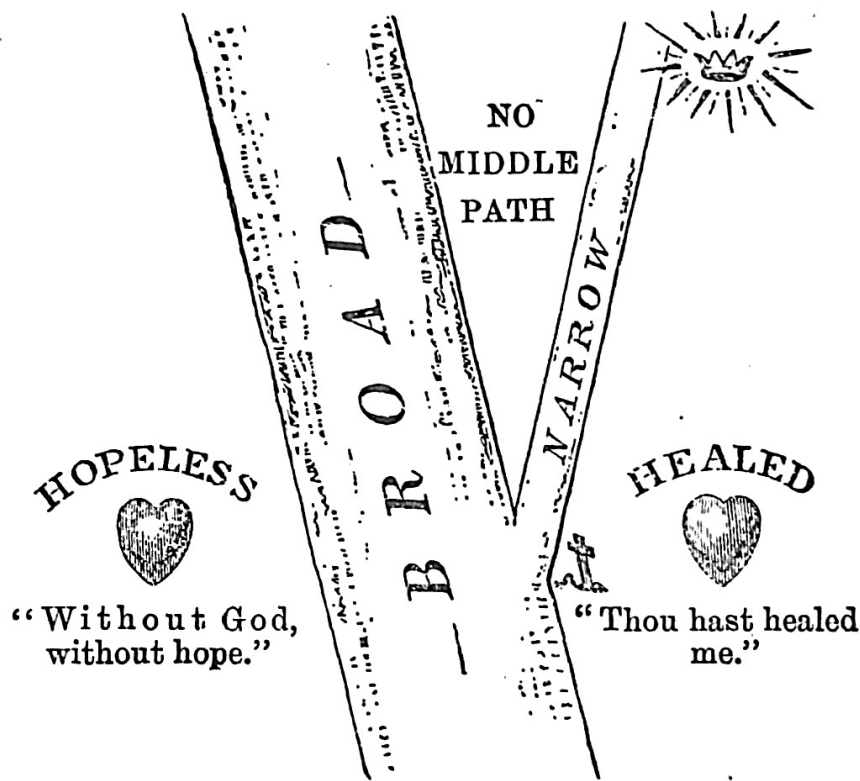
And happily this was not lost upon her. Before very long, partly through her own dream, and partly through the annexed diagram, which was invented by an old friend of hers, while speaking to her of the Lord, she learned, that there are but TWO ROADS—ONLY TWO—THE BROAD ROAD AND THE NARROW ONE, ONE LEADING TO HEAVEN, THE OTHER TO HELL.

Reader, how is it with you? How are you living? Whom are you serving? CHRIST, OR THE DEVIL? Does he who deceived our first parents in the garden of Eden, still hold you in thralldom? If so, we beseech you to break loose from him at once. In the name and strength of the Lord Jesus, do this. He died to redeem you. In our stead, as our Substitute, He bore God's wrath on mount Calvary. When He cried, "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" what did He mean? He meant what He said, that He was *actually forsaken*; that He being "*made sin*," having our

TWO ROADS THAT NEVER WILL MEET,
ON ONE OR OTHER OF WHICH WE ALL ARE ASSUREDLY GOING.

ETERNITY.

HELL. HEAVEN.



READER,
On which of these roads are you travelling?

“CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS.”

1 CORINTHIANS xv. 3.

“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. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way, and THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL.”—ISAIAH liii. 5, 6.

“BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.”

ACTS xvi. 31.

“ONLY BELIEVE.”

MARK v. 36.

iniquity laid upon Him, He was left at that awful moment without the light of God's countenance—forsaken, yes; forsaken by God. And yet it could not be otherwise, if it was, as we have said, that sin was imputed to Him, God could do no otherwise than forsake *even Him*. This shews us what sin is, how hateful, how evil, how abhorrent to God. And yet it is that in which you are living,—so living, alas! as to make you go on without God, treating His word as a fable, and the day of wrath that is coming as a thing of no consequence.

Reader, does this describe you? If it does, yours is a sad state indeed. Yes, sad, but not hopeless, seeing, as we already have shewn you, that the way of deliverance through Christ is open to you. Believe then in Him, in Himself, in His work, His atonement, and the moment you do so, you will find that your sins are forgiven, that you are a child of God, an heir of glory, a partaker of the everlasting infinite happiness that belongs to Himself, and all whom He has redeemed from death by His blood.

SECOND DREAM.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John viii. 36.)

TRUSTING that the foregoing dream may not be lost on our readers, especially such as have no bright hopes in connection with the world to come, who have not duly considered whom they are serving, whether it be SATAN OR GOD, we now turn to relate another dream equally appealing, we think, if not equally striking. In this case it was the dying friend, before named of the lady who had the dream related already, to whom the Lord spoke in the following way, more, it would seem for the comfort of her family, than of herself at the time. She was in fact as yet so dark as to be unable to understand it, so blind as to the truth, that though amiable, moral, and even religious, in her own way, she could not, when five, if not six, out of her family were converted to God, comprehend what the change meant which had taken place in their principles and ways. The result was

that painful division which ever occurs when the light of heaven breaks in to expose and rebuke the darkness and deadness of nature, according to the Lord's words : " Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay ; but rather division : for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." (Luke xii. 51, 52.)

Things went on in this way for more than two years ; prayer, earnest prayer, being made all that while for this loved one by those to whom her opposition to the truth was inexpressibly painful. At length the Lord answered their petition. On her death-bed, not long before she was taken, to their unspeakable joy, she too was converted ; according to what she said of herself the morning she died, HER SINS WERE ALL BLOTTED OUT IN CHRIST'S BLOOD.

To proceed however to her dream, which she had long before this, while as yet her heart was untouched by the truth. It was as follows. One day when one of her family, her second daughter, went to wish

her good morning, she told her that she had had an odd sort of dream during the night. She had, she said, been lying awake suffering much from a restless aching sensation to which she was subject ; when she dropped asleep, and conscious still of being in the posture in which she actually was, and still feeling pain, she dreamt that her knees were tightly bandaged round and round with long folds of linen, so as greatly to increase her uneasiness. In this way she lay for a while, looking and wondering ; at length she felt the bandages beginning to loosen, till at last they fell off entirely, leaving her perfectly free, at which moment she heard the voice of some one beside her say, "NOW YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN."

What was so remarkable in this, was that she herself had no idea whatever of the meaning and point of this dream. Had she known how it bore on, and described, her spiritual condition, she surely would not have told it. No, because here was the sorrow, the grievance, the cause of complaint, namely, her family being unable to own her as a believer in Christ as well as

themselves. Hence we conclude that the Lord in His mercy led her to tell it, unconscious of what she was doing, in order to encourage their hearts in hoping on to the end.

READER, what think you of this? How is it with you? Are you free? Has Christ made you so? Or, are you still what you were when you came into the world? If so, think, O think, what it is to be SERVING THE DEVIL, NOT GOD, a service which is pleasing to nature, but which in the day that is coming, that day of eternal realities, you will find to be terrible thralldom, subjection to a tyrant who delights in tormenting his victims, who knows nothing of mercy.

THIRD DREAM.

"HE preserveth the souls of his saints ; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." (Ps. xcvi. 10, 11.)

"I HAD a dream which was not all a dream," but rather a picture, a shadow of

much that has befallen me since then ; an earnest of the loving ways of Him who, through many a long year of much trepidation and sorrow, has again and again turned the storm into a calm ; who, by either averting the evil I dreaded, or, better still, by bringing good out of the evil, has given me to know that He was near me, and around me, at the very moment when I had but feeble and faint thoughts of His loving remembrance of me.

Me thought the heavens above me had that freckled marble-like look which they so often put on in the sober, half-sunny days of autumn. I fancied indeed that the sky *not merely looked like, but was actually made of marble, with a huge fracture therein*. It was a moment of silent, breathless anxiety. A portion thereof had become disjointed from the rest, and there the mighty fragment hung suspended over my head, threatening every instant to fall and destroy the place where I was, with all its inhabitants. I looked and trembled. For a moment, however, forgetting myself, I lost sight of the danger, but the next minute my recollection returning, I turned, and

there saw the huge fragment, which but a little before had filled me with terror, quietly laid in a hollow or valley in the side of a mountain close by. An invisible hand had arrested its fall and placed it where it could do injury to no one. The danger was over, I felt perfectly safe.

This occurred at a time when men's hearts were beginning to fail them for fear, because of the unsettled state of things in the world. I, in common with others, was alarmed, so much so that I remember lying awake at night, dreading the issue of what was going on at the time. But the eye of the Lord was upon me : He pitied my fears, and watching the occasion, He breathed upon me the spirit of slumber, and, in a dream of the night, thus spoke to my heart, and silenced my fears. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." —Such was the voice of this affecting and significant dream.

E. D.

FOURTH DREAM.

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

YOU have often told me how much you like my prophetic charts. I will tell you a little anecdote in connection with one of them, which, doubtless, will interest you, and which I wish you to think of:—

A lady once told me of a dream which she had about it, which I always think of with pleasure. She thought she was one of an evening assembly, who, all but herself, were suitably dressed for the occasion. While others appeared in all the splendour of silks, feathers, and jewels, she, to her surprise and annoyance, found that she was in her plain morning attire—a unit in this circle of fashion and worldliness. This went on for a little, when suddenly all thoughts of herself and her appearance were put an end to by, what do you think? My ‘Prophetic Stream of Time,’ unrolled by an invisible hand, was presented to her, with that device which you remember, of the eye of faith looking away

from this world of vanity to the crown—the glory that belongs to Christ and His people. At once all was forgotten but this. The jewels and silks, the gay attire of the company from that moment were nothing to her. Her heart was attracted by that which was real and satisfactory, something worthy of being admired and loved. Christ and His excellency eclipsed all the beauty and glory of this empty unsatisfactory world. She felt as a Christian should do in view of it all.

E. D.

FIFTH DREAM.

*(At my request, the following was written
down for me by dear Miss M.)*

SO many years have passed since that memorable night, when watching the last hours of my beloved friend, M. R., that I cannot now give a full account, but the impression made by the sweet; unearthly music will not be easily obliterated. It was in December, 1835, that I was asked

by Miss D. to sit up with her, as her departure was thought to be near. It was a large chamber. Our books were placed on a small table in the centre of the room, where we sat reading. I do not remember that we had any conversation, as quiet was ordered for our sick one, whom we could see, and who appeared to be in a calm sleep.

Suddenly, about one a.m., the most thrilling melody was heard by us, and the following stanza was sung by the departing Christian :

“ Why should I fear—
For Christ is mine,
And Christ is near.
Oh bliss divine ! ”

The exquisite sweetness of the voice I cannot attempt to describe. We were literally overpowered, not with fear, but with awe. Miss D. seemed unable to move for some time. I went gently to M.'s bedside and watched the blissful expression of her countenance ; her eyes were closed, but a heavenly smile was on her lips. The sounds had died away ;

Miss D. recovered from her emotion and approached the bed. After looking on M. a little while, she spoke a few words to her, and she then opened her eyes and said, "I have had the sweetest dream, I thought I was entering heaven, and One said to me, 'None can enter here but those who sing the praise of Christ the Lamb,' and then I sang a verse and entered. This is all I can now recall." I would add that she had never been heard to sing before, that she had never even joined in singing hymns of which she was very fond. Not long after she entered heaven.

Graciously and tenderly, after He had brought her to Himself, was she sustained by her Saviour in agonies I have never witnessed in any other.

SIXTH DREAM.

MY DEAR —,

Some nights before you left us I had a dream. I thought that I was living in the day when the incarnation was expected ; and one day, as I walked in the village

where I was living, the report reached us that it had taken place.

I then thought that another report reached us, that the Lord was coming into our village. Accordingly I set myself in a place which I thought would give me a sight of Him; and shortly afterwards two youths approached the place where I was. A crowd was round them. The smaller of the two was held by the hand of the other. They walked very leisurely towards me. I said to myself that the smaller of them was John the Baptist. The Lord looked very serious, somewhat sad; I could sketch His features I think, if I had any capacity that way, for He looked at me; and I said to myself, "I wonder is He thinking of Gethsemane and Calvary." I said, also, I wished I could kiss Him; but I was given to know that none but women could do that.

He held the smaller youth all the time by the hand, and I awoke, just seeing Him, after looking at me, beginning to move onward again.

Your affectionate Uncle,

J. G. BELLETT.

SEVENTH DREAM.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."

"The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away."

As I stood in the fields enjoying the sunlight and scenery, I became suddenly surrounded by wasps. Their number was such that the sun was darkened by them. They were enraged at me, and intent on stinging me to death. There was no way of escape, and I was in mortal terror. In this moment of despair a majestic lion bounded into the midst of these venomous insects, and with lightning speed they all fastened on him. They thrust their stings and poured their deadly poison into his body.

The lion then lay down on his side and died, and I was delighted to see that the wasps died too. They had stung my deliverer to death, but they had found their own destruction in slaying him. There they lay in a vast heap without life or power to hurt me.

While thinking of the import of all this,

a re-assuring voice sweetly and clearly fell on my ear : " Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah."

Then I awoke to learn precious things of Him who is the Root and the Offspring of David, and to learn the value of another character He wears—" The Lamb of God."

" Iniquities prevail against us, as for our transgressions thou shalt purge them away."

H. DODD.

EIGHTH DREAM.

" THERE are, I am persuaded, invisible links, which bind together, and which, in a more perfect state, will identify many things which appear divided in this coarsely compacted system. As a curious illustration of what I mean, I will mention a dream which was once told me by a lady truly pious and distinguished. She dreamed that she was engaged in prayer, and as she prayed, a figure, kneeling in the sun, was presented to her view. This figure seemed to answer to herself, in every

lineament and every motion. Like a celestial counterpart, it followed her in every variety and change of posture, countenance, and feature. When she lifted up her eyes, or raised her hands, this twin-sister corresponded with the finest sympathy. As the work of prayer advanced, she felt herself gently and by degrees approximating towards this wonderful and interesting object. And as she drew nearer and nearer, she grew more intensely conscious, that she saw before her another and a brighter self. At length nearness was lost in union, when she awoke, and found herself exclaiming, "*O, my God, am I in heaven?*"

FROM *Woodward's Essays.*

NINTH DREAM.

ON the 5th of this month (October, 1863), England and other parts of the world were visited by the shock of an earthquake, which caused much alarm to many of its inhabitants, though numbers were uncon-

scious of it, as it took place at half-past three in the morning, when they were wrapped in sleep. I, for one, felt it very slightly, as I was awakened only by a tremendous shaking of my bed, which at first I could not account for ; but when I was completely awake, I was certain that an earthquake had taken place, though I had never experienced one before in the course of my life. I felt very little alarmed, and in a short time fell asleep again, and had a most lovely dream.

I dreamt that I, accompanied by J. H., was on my way to a meeting of the Lord's people, at which the *Lord Himself* was expected to be present, the thought of which gave me the greatest joy. Indeed, so anxious was I to see Him, that I asked every one I met whether He had arrived ; but no one could tell me, nor was I aware of His presence till I was about to open the meeting-room door, when I distinctly heard the most lovely voice speaking, which I felt sure proceeded from none other than the Lord. On opening the door I saw that the room was filled with people, and, besides, there were bright

angels with outstretched wings present, but none of them drew my attention for a second, as the chief object of my heart was to see the Lord, who I was sure, without being told, sat opposite to me, as I stood at the door, clothed with a long robe, with a long beard, and the most lovely benign countenance I ever beheld. The moment I perceived Him, without the least fear, I rushed up to Him and fell down at His feet ; but before I could speak, He distinctly called me by my name, " Mary," which filled me with such joy, that with a loud voice, I praised and blessed Him, upon which I awoke, and found it was but a dream ; but it seemed such a reality to me, that the remembrance of it has remained with me ever since.

M. D.

GOING TO THE GOLDEN CITY.

LAME and old, lame and old,
She lived alone in a mud-built cot :
Walls and windows let in the cold ;
Desolate, desolate seemed her lot.

Food in winter was hard to win,
Fuel to warm her harder still ;
She had buried her last of kith and kin ;
She was poor and lonely, and old and ill.

Never a fire in her tiny grate
Had shone to-day with its feeble spark :
The sun was setting in pomp and state—
Setting, to leave her alone and dark.

Whence the light in her aged eye?
Whence the smile on her furrowed brow?
'Tis a beam from the Saviour's throne on
high,
A seal of His presence with her now.

Surely for some the golden gates
Are opened awhile ere they enter in,

And they taste the glory which yet awaits
The spirit ransomed from death and sin.

She knelt on the rough, uneven floor,
And bent her cheek on the broken bed ;
And want and weakness were felt no more,
For tears of joy were the tears she shed.

“ O Father in heaven, Thy love has been
Ever around me in weal and woe :
I thank Thee for all that mine eyes have
seen
Of all Thy faithfulness here below.

“ I thank the Great Shepherd that followed
me,
And brought me home to His happy fold;
And has kept me there, when wilfully,
I else had left it, oh, times untold !

“ And day after day Thy Spirit's grace
Has led me on with unwearied love,
And now I soon shall behold Thy face
In the happy home of Thy saints above.

“ Father in heaven, be with me still !
Jesus, my Saviour, oh, quickly come !

Wash me from every stain of ill,
And bear me speedily, safely home !

She raised her head, and the westering sun
Gleamed in bright glory upon her brow :
Seldom, surely, since time had begun,
Had sunk the sun in such gorgeous glow.

Yon saffron sea, with fair isles of light,
Rich purple mountains of cloud enfold
Wide crimson canopies, softly bright,
Rest o'er it, broidered with changeful gold.

The glow has faded, the vision ends,
And sleep and darkness are on the earth—
Sleep, which a sweet oblivion lends,
Alike to the children of grief and mirth.

The widow slept ; and while her eyes
Were closed in slumber, a dream she
dreamed,
Filling her soul with sweet surprise ;
So strange, and yet so true it seemed.

When morning dawns, and the widow wakes,
“ It could only have been a dream,” she
cried,

"How swift a journey the spirit takes!
I thought at first I had surely died."

Her scanty store for a scanty meal
She carried in to a neighbour's near:
"I should like the warmth of your fire to
feel,
And to eat my morsel in comfort here."

"Ay, ay, come in; there is always room,
And put thy chair in the old man's nook
And tell him something to chase his gloom,
Out of thy favourite, holy book.

"Thou hast a scanty breakfast." "Nay,
It is enough," she quickly cried.
"The promise fails not from day to day,
I know my Father will still provide.

"And if so be He should want me home,
It is a token that's easily read:
Whenever He means to bid me come,
And not before, He will stop the bread."

"You're happy, Nancy?" "Ay, ay," she
cried;
"And so would you be if you were me.

There's never a sinner for whom Christ died
Whose life on earth should unhappy be.

“ And yesternight I was dreaming, too,
A happy dream you would like to hear ;
A dream, I know, which is mostly true:
I wish the end might be true and near.

“ I thought I stood by a river side ;
And far away on the other shore
Was the golden city, its gates flung wide :
But there was no one to take me o'er.

“ I saw the ‘ shining ones ’ in the street ;
I heard their harp-strings music pour ;
I saw them waiting my soul to greet :
But there was no one to take me o'er.

“ I thought I saw where the Saviour's throne
Shone in the midst of that city fair :
Oh, how I longed to be up and gone !
And suddenly, suddenly I was there !”

She ceased ; and after a pause they said,
“ And what did you see in that city fair ?”
No answer. The spirit to heaven had fled :
Suddenly, suddenly she was there.

* * * *This touching incident is vouched for as strictly true.*

VISIONS.

FIRST VISION.*

THE week before last I went through much trial, but indeed the Lord was with me the entire time.

In this home breakfast is a very early meal, the hour between seven and eight o'clock. Before seven I came down to get it. G. met me saying: "Go to bed, for you look so ill." "I am very ill," I said; "and in an uncommon way affected." I went up. I could get no relief—the cold of my body and limbs was quite beyond description—I felt it approaching my heart. With difficulty I got on my bed; clothes on, of course; could not assist myself. There I lay for nearly an hour and a half. H. came up, could find no pulse—the cold of death upon me. The physician by my side, I heard him say, "She is dying—three minutes and she will

* Copy of a Letter from Mrs. Grace, Dublin.

be dead, if these things do not work a miracle ; her pulse is altogether gone, and her heart scarcely beats." He had me enveloped in bottles and jars of boiling water, and from my breast down to my legs in mustard plaisters, and when he got the skin perfectly tender, put flannel steeped in turpentine in place of the plaisters ; every six minutes a wine glass full of warm brandy. They asked him was it cholera ? " Quite the contrary—internal inflammation, of the most dangerous kind." An immense fire was got—the bed very near it. At last the doctor cried out, " the pulse is returning." The excruciating agony of the blood returning, can never be forgotten by me, and at that moment, I found myself in this world. Every word I heard them say, but it was as the passing wind ; the reason was, I was engrossed with the most beautiful scenery that mortal could imagine. I was standing at the side of the "still waters." I saw the green pastures, the distance was immeasurable, but it was a bird's eye view. Oh ! that light that was cast over all will never leave my memory ! But there was no living

object to be seen. I looked for Him! (Christ.) The light was so pure, that at the farthest point, I saw every blade of grass; it was not like our grass, it was verdure—a green I never saw here. Oh! the splendour of the waters! “Still” indeed, but the light that was reflected from them was life-giving freshness. I wondered I saw no one: I then recollected that my feet were at this side of the water; I was still in the body.

From the commencement, and through all, I was aware of everything, but could not speak.

“The eye was closed, and yet the mind,
“To higher visions seemed to wake.”

LETTER—COMMENTING ON THE ABOVE.

I HAVE seen dear Mrs. Grace. She tells me that the brilliancy of the light that rested on every object before her was *mellowed* in a very remarkable manner. She can never forget it. She seems now to be in the midst of the things of the

earth again as a *stranger*. She also told me, that from the face of the waters, there came a something, not a wind, but an influence, that entered her very soul with a restoring, quickening virtue.

She speaks of the light as being indescribably blessed. It closed in the scene on the right hand, and on the left ; and her eye was directed to the pastures and the waters right before her to an immeasurable distance.

J. G. BELLETT.

SECOND VISION.

ON Thursday January 23rd, 1834, my beloved Mary was suddenly seized with a violent pain in her chest, which was so acute as to cause her to faint. After some time it abated, though she continued the whole day so unwell that, having taken off some of her clothes, she lay upon a couch in her room. We were frequently with her, until she expressed a wish to doze if possible. Having closed the shutters, we left her alone. After some time I stepped

softly into the room, to see if she slept, or wanted anything. This I did twice, and the first time she said ; " O, William, I have seen wonderful things, beautiful things, and your coming has disturbed me." The second time she said that I had interrupted a beautiful scene which she had been looking at. Supposing her to be under the influence of pain still, which caused her mind to wander, and as she appeared to wish to be alone, I went away. When I returned to her, she said, in answer to my inquiries, that she felt much better, which her looks confirmed. She then alluded to what she had seen, when she was alone ; and here, I should say, that each time I went into her room, she was quite awake, and told me that she had not slept at all. She then repeated what follows in substance, but in language, and with an energy of manner which I cannot express, or convey an idea of.

"While I was here by myself, I saw a deep, dark gulf, deep beyond imagination to conceive, wide and unfathomable. I found myself upon the edge. I was filled with horror ; the edge was crumbling sand, and

my feet were on it. I thought Mrs. M. was within my view, and I was looking earnestly at her. The scripture, "Lean not on an arm of flesh" crossed my mind, and suddenly I felt myself withdrawn from it. I also saw in this place devouring shapes, monstrous and dreadful. When taken away from it by an invisible power, I was filled with joy and yet fear. I also felt greatly oppressed with an overpowering weight ; my sins were exhibited to me in a deformity, that I never before could conceive. What I before regarded as the most earnest expressions and feelings of contrition, my best thoughts, my most earnest prayers, were now made to appear marred with disgusting selfishness.

I was then brought to a place where there were scales or a balance. One side of it was weighed down to the ground, and I felt a consciousness that my sins were the weight it contained. In a moment a ray or stream of brilliant light darted, as I thought, from the ceiling of the room upon the light side of the balance, and immediately the heavy side was outweighed, overturned, and its contents vanished, I knew

not where : it was done as if a plate had been turned on its edge.

I was perfectly conscious of being on the couch. An earthly shape approached me between the bedstead and the couch ; its countenance wore an alluring smile, but there was also on it a sneaking expression that made me shudder. I felt great dread, and exclaimed, "Get thee behind me Satan." The same beautiful ray of light as before flashed down from the ceiling of the room, and the horrid shape fell cleft to the earth.

I was then led by the same unseen power to a narrow passage, there were three crooked turns in it ; it was edged with black—it appeared a very narrow edge of black. I thought it looked at first intricate and difficult, but I was carried through it by the same invisible power, I knew not how. My feet did not seem to touch the ground ; the passages were not long, and at the end of them, I found myself in a wide, wide circle. I cannot describe the light and glory of it, the mercy-seat was in the midst of it, and my Lord and Saviour sat upon it. O! William, we may sing ten thousand,

thousand tongues, but millions, millions of thousands seemed there, all peaceful, bright, and smiling. All eyes appeared fixed on Him, who sat upon the throne, and I heard all sing, "Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever, for ever, for ever."

I could look neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straightforward to the mercy-seat, and I was brought and placed at the foot of it. Yet I could see everything, I thought. At first I felt as if my sins were written on my forehead, but afterwards, I was shewn that they were not there, I was relieved from them all. I was taught to look straight forward to my Saviour, and to join in the sacred song.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.*

I HAD visited many patients, and during the evening had felt rather fatigued and languid, and anxious to seat myself comfortably in my arm chair. A little after ten o'clock, I saw the last of the persons waiting for me, and instantly felt myself severely unwell. I went up stairs, and threw myself on my bed. In a few minutes I felt inexpressibly ill. The first sensation was an amazing weight on the chest, with difficulty of respiration : the carotids of my throat striking like hammers on my head, and a feeling as though torrents of air were rushing into my brain, and the head itself expanding. The agony became insupportable, and I knocked for some one to come to me. Meanwhile, my mind acquired a wonderful vivacity. Thought upon thought came pouring in with a distinctness of apprehension, enlargement of view, and faithfulness of memory, such as I never before experienced. A power to com-

* From the memoir of Richard William, Surgeon. One of those connected with the Patagonian Mission in Terra del Fuego. Nisbet—Hamilton—Paternoster Row.

prehend my personal identity, and to understand my relations to time and eternity, was wonderfully given me. The passing moment seemed without beginning or end. I felt as though immortal faculties, immortal relations, were beginning to be recognised. The thought began to stagger me, that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. With the thought, darkness, thick, palpable darkness gathered on my soul. A mountain load seemed to crush my breast. It was girt as with bands of iron. My heart felt too big for its wonted space. A horror of anguish filled my whole being. Unnumbered sins sprang up before my astonished conscience, and death in his terror rose up to my gaze. Look where I would, there was no hope. One wide, unbounded ocean of dismay and terror, lashed with tempestuous howlings, roared on every side ; and the thought of an offended God pierced my soul with madness and despair.

In this state I lay for hours. Meanwhile, my sister, alarmed by my knocking, had come and found me speechless. Others of my friends were sent for, then medical

attendance. Recourse was had to remedial measures, but I still grew worse. The night passed, and the morning found me the same. A painfully vivid consciousness of everything going on around me added greatly to my distress.

The first faint glimmer of light that broke into my soul was when the name of Jesus was uttered. With the very thought of that Name the hope of mercy was allied, and like a drowning man I clung to that hope. In the agony of my soul I called upon that Name; and, in the meanwhile, finding that one of God's servants had entered the room, I felt a new hope, as if the very presence of a man of God, was a source of safety. He bade me look to Jesus. With the very bidding, I felt an infinite joy in so doing. Faith in that holy Name rapidly gained the ascendant. My darkness was turned into light, and in a short time I felt a sweet sense of the pardoning mercy of God. After this, I grew better and better, and all my symptoms remitted, till I felt nothing, except the langour resulting from the violence of my previous sufferings.

Towards the evening, however, a relapse took place, with phenomena essentially different. Beginning with the same contraction of the chest as before, there followed tetanic spasms ; a violent jerking of the upper part of the body from side to side, interrupted by quiet intervals ; sometimes by a complete rigidity of the neck and spine. So sensitive was I to touch, or to the impression of a breath of air, that the approach of any one evincing an intention to disturb me, would throw me into convulsions, and suspecting tetanus or hydrophobia, the three medical attendants inquired whether I had been bitten by a dog, or had sustained any mechanical injury. With short interruptions, this state of things lasted for successive days, till my strength was nearly exhausted. Towards the close of the fourth day, and during the succeeding night, my eyes were upturned in their sockets : I retained not the slightest power of voluntary breathing ; I was incapable of speech ; and the attempt to swallow a drop of water, brought on spasms which threatened suffocation.

During all this period, I was possessed of

perfect consciousness, nor had I any pain. The only painful sensation, was the impossibility of resisting the convulsive movement of my body, and the fearful constriction of my chest. At first, I was, as it were, a mere spectator and observer of the symptoms, thinking and even reasoning upon them : and when abstracted from their consideration, I felt that I could calmly meditate on God's mercies. I had no painful conflicts about my state, but a settled serenity—a tranquillity for which I could scarcely account, unless from the conviction that my salvation was sure. But during the last night of this stage, I experienced a wonderful evidence of a world to come. My friends were assembled at various distances around my bed. The curtains were drawn, and a candle yielded its obscure rays. I heard the sobbings of my relations. I knew that they looked on my life as fast fleeting. I was myself convinced that I should not recover. I had pictured my body carried to the grave, and had marked in my mind's eye all the attendant circumstances. Mentally I had taken leave of earth, and I lay in perfect

peace, assured of my salvation. A dead silence now reigned around ; and as I waited the moment of my final change, it was an intense and deeply absorbing thought, that soon the great scene would be revealed. Whilst lying thus, I thought I heard a gentle knocking. My soul started in expectation. Inwardly I exclaimed, "I come, Lord Jesus!"—Relapsing into quietude, I felt all but dismissed. It had the affect of so far arousing me, that I got power to speak, and called to my kindred, who came around me in surprise and anticipation. I took leave of them. I told one to be watchful, and spoke to the others, till power of speech again forsook me. As I lay, I drew my hand to my breast to examine its beatings. I felt they were small, and weak, and I was content, for I should soon be in another world. I was even anxious to die: for I feared lest, living again, I might lose what now seemed so sure.

Then it was that a new order of feelings came over me. I had the most extraordinary sense of the bodily presence of the power of darkness standing by the side

of my bed ; not that I imagined I saw anything, but I felt as if I could have put my hand on the very spot where he stood, and I shrank from that side with horror and loathing. But blessed be God ! on the opposite side stood, equally revealed to my spiritual senses, the Power unto salvation, the very embodiment of love, and to this I turned as a refuge. I shrank from the evil one, and poured out my prayers to Christ, whose protection was evident to me. There I lay, when, all of a sudden the most brilliant light darted into the room, and filled me with astonishment. Now, I thought, the time is surely at hand ; God is visibly making manifest His approach ; quickly will the angels of God be descending, and I shall behold my Redeemer. By the vigour thus imparted I was enabled to sit up in bed ; and with a feeling like that which Lazarus might have experienced, conscious of a supernatural presence, I called out to my friends, "Did you see that light?" Next minute the impression came over me, that I was yet to live : and at the same time inspired with the certainty of knowing what I ought to

take, I told my assistant to bring me forty drops of the tincture of opium, and twenty drops of the muriated tincture of iron, and to repeat the dose every twenty minutes. After taking the first dose, I continued sitting in bed, feeling as though entranced, and what is singular, my arms, when extended at an early part of the evening, had remained so, evincing the cataleptic state. I took the second dose and lay down. These doses, so large that my assistant afterwards wondered what could have possessed him to give them, were the means of my recovery. After a miserable interval, during which the body seemed to be sinking in corruption, and the mind itself, seemed to have lost all power of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, a profound sleep closed my eyes. It lasted upwards of twelve hours, and, awaking as from a dream, there remained no trace of my former state, except extreme debility, I never had the slightest relapse, but made rapid progress in recovery.

His subsequent experience.

IT was on September 15th, 1846, that I

was taken ill. It is now September 1847, when I am writing this. The delightful feelings of the first few days of convalescence, I well remember. Joyfully exulting in the interposition of Divine Providence and mercy, which had brought me out of thick darkness into the glorious light of truth. Oh, what a heaven flitted through my soul! Holiness with its celestial gilding seemed to tinge every object around me. The world was no longer the same world; its people no longer the same beings. Myself and my fellows I no longer regarded as creatures of a moment's duration, but I saw eternity impressed as a seal on the whole generation of men. The universe was no longer a confused assemblage of indistinct parts, moving towards a gloomy terminus, but as far as the divine purposes were concerned, a bright whole of uniform perfection, and the entire expanse filled with love, unbounded love. God Himself seemed to move everywhere. All was joy to my soul. I looked on myself as a brand plucked from the burning, and rejoiced in the sure hope of salvation. Jesus was most precious to me

—my glory, my infinite joy. The Bible, hitherto a sealed book, was now a river of water to my thirsty soul. I was astounded with its contents. As I turned over its pages, wonder upon wonder ravished my delighted heart. I felt that I would care to live, only for the sake of reading it. It was a glorious light. At times its heavenly rays would subdue me into a mellow and peaceful benignity: at others, rouse me into ecstatic bliss. Everywhere was the authority, the love of God recognised. Its power to command my obedience was as the thunderclad arm of Omnipotence; and its pleadings for holiness were as the gentle whisperings of love, to which my heart, my mind, my soul answered assent. How I wondered at my former darkness! How amazed did I feel, that the precious light had so long shone in my way, and I never had perceived it! I resolved to make it the absolute rule of my life.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MORETON BAY FIG TREE.

I HAVE ascertained the truth of a peculiar habit of the Moreton Bay fig about which I was incredulous until I saw it, having seen such fine stately trees of this kind. It is this: a seed being deposited in the branches of another tree, (perhaps where one of the enormous stag-horn ferns provides a certain amount of decayed material for it to germinate in,)—throws down its roots until they reach the ground; it then begins to grow round the tree clinging like a vine (which it is) until it completely envelopes it, the sap wood uniting where it meets, and the bark covering the joint, so that none can be seen. This kills the tree inside and after a lapse of years all traces of it disappear to a casual observer, and a fine Moreton Bay fig only is seen. But in many cases I have found openings where the wood of the old

tree is plainly visible. This process is to be seen in all its stages in some of the scrubs. Is it not another illustration of the two natures. Oftentimes a stately tree appears and flourishes until at some point decay and death appear forcing themselves upon the soul (see account of Dr. McKern's conversion, *God's Glad Tidings*, June)—God takes this opportunity of planting a seed of another kind destined to swallow up the old ; and though the old will never be swallowed up entirely, until we see Him who has conquered death, yet should the tendrils feel after and feed upon the provided nourishment, and the suckers grow stronger, and spread themselves over more and more of the rough surface of the old tree (the old is generally a rough gum bark, the Moreton Bay fig a beautiful smooth one), until, though the old is known to be there, the new alone is to be seen. It is often slow work ; but if going on, how blessed when nature retires more and more and Christ alone is seen. The Lord grant it continually.

G. J. S..

TILL HE COME.

“TILL he come.” O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between,
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, “Till he come.”

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast
All our life-joy overcast ?
Hush, be every murmur dumb,
It is only “Till he come.”

Clouds and conflicts round us press :
Would we have one sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper “Till he come.”

See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread :
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some
Severed only, “Till he come.”

THE EFFECT OF PRAYER.

*(Shewn by an incident related by G. V. W.
in a letter.)*

MY DEAR —,

There is a court stronger than any court on earth, one to which prayer goes. I had a beautiful proof of it just now. A widow who was cited by a writ to the Vice-Chancellor's Court, to prove that she was not responsible for the mal-use of a very large sum of money left by a person whom she did not know, I think, but upon the ground of her character. She fell a-praying ; but, as I understood, would not answer the writ.

The case came on before the Vice-Chancellor, and he gave it in her favour. The case was moved to a higher court, and appeal made against the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor. She fell a-praying again ; and the judgment was again given in her favour.

I said to her this morning, " They can only now appeal to the House of Lords, and you can carry the day there also in the same way." A groan to God about any matter is never lost.

G. V. W.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE child of about two years old, being very weakly in body, was ordered a fresh egg every morning. On one occasion, the supply of country eggs being exhausted, his mother said to him at the breakfast table, "There is no egg for Georgy this morning. The little child paused, and looking up said, "Lord, Georgy, negg, negg. Amen." The mother in astonishment said, "Well, we shall surely have an egg to-day, no matter where it comes from."

No more was thought of the matter until the mother in the course of the day called at the butcher's to purchase some meat, not imagining for a moment that the prayer of her infant boy would be so markedly answered. The butcher said to her, "Madam, would you be offended if I were to send up a lovely fresh egg for the baby? It is just laid, and I thought, as he is delicate, he might like it." Now, he had never done aught like this before, nor has ever done it since, neither was he aware

of the fact that the child really needed the egg. The Lord, I believe, made him think of it, in order that the infant's prayer might be answered, and the unbelief of older hearts be rebuked.

Oh for a more artless, childlike confidence in Him who is the Hearer, the Answerer, and the Lover of believing prayer.

DISCIPLINE.

"O LORD, by these things men live. And in all these things is the life of my spirit." (Is. xxxviii. 16.)

PORPORA, one of the most illustrious masters of music in Italy, conceived a friendship for a certain young pupil of his, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course he should mark out for him, however wearisome it should seem. When the pupil answered in the affirmative, Porpora wrote upon a single page of ruled paper, the Diatonic and Chromatic scales, ascending and descending, the intervals of the third, fourth, and fifth, &c. in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with the trills groups, appoggiaturas, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and scholar *during an entire year*; and the *following year* was also devoted to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but the master reminded him of

his promise. The *fourth year* slipped away, the *fifth followed*, and they were always at the one eternal page. The *sixth found them at the same task*; but the master added to it some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and lastly in declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still in the elements, was much surprised, when one day his master said to him, "GO, MY SON, YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO LEARN, YOU ARE THE FIRST SINGER OF ITALY, AND OF THE WORLD!"

He spoke the truth, for this singer was none other than the celebrated Gaetano Caffarelli, who was born at Naples in 1703 and died in 1783, the above anecdote of him being recorded in Fetis's History of Music.

Such an anecdote as this, like a parable, well illustrates the Lord's way with us. Thus, from one day, from one year to another, we are learning the same unvarying lesson, getting more deeply acquainted on the one hand, with our own utter unworthiness, and with His infinite grace, on the other. Often truly a perplexing, a tedious lesson to the heart; so much so,

that it seems *as if it would never come to an end*. But it is not so. As Caffarelli was told by his master, "You have nothing more to learn, you are the first singer of Italy, and of the world," so we, in the higher sense, having learnt our lesson, shall find to our joy and amazement, that *we are perfect musicians*. And oh, what a song will be ours! such strains as no ear ever listened to before; telling out, as they will do, the praises of Him who is infinitely worthy—who was slain—who has redeemed us from death by His blood, and with whom our God and Father has assigned to us, poor creatures of the dust as we are, the nearest place to Him, the Son of His love, in that circle of glory and blessedness, of which He, in "THAT DAY" (2 Tim. i. 12) will be both the light and the centre.

LINES:—

*(Written by a Covenanter on his prison wall, on
the morning of his execution.)*

My last sun has risen,
It is far on its way ;
My soul quits her prison
Ere the close of the day.

Farewell hours of sorrow,
I shall know you no more ;
Ere day dawns to-morrow
Our union is o'er.

A bright ray is glowing
O'er the river of death ;
I fear not its flowing,
With that light for my path.

Blest beam of His tracing
O'er the gloom of that river,
Who, its horrors embracing,
Hath calmed it for ever.

“JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLORY.”

EDWARD PAYSON'S DYING EXPERIENCE.

SUFFERINGS WEIGHED IN THE LIGHT OF THE GLORY.

A FRIEND with whom Edward Payson had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings, and his high spiritual joy, observed, “I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack.”—“No,” said he, “I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes (to speak within bounds) twenty times as much as I could in being burned at the stake; while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings, not only tolerable, but welcome. ‘The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.’”

HAPPINESS NO DELUSION.

"While my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here and feel those convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know*, that my happiness is but begun: I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now,—Is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than a reality; but no, it is not a delusion, I feel that it is not: I do not merely know that I *shall* enjoy all this; I enjoy it *now*."

GOD A SUN.

"Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed Star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds: but now He is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. I see clearly that all these same glorious perfections,

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which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and melt my soul down into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire if I were an impenitent sinner.”

THE SUN COMING STILL NEARER.

“The celestial city is still in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached. And now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun ; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem

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altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

"Why do I speak thus of *myself and my feelings*? Why not speak only of OUR GOD AND REDEEMER? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of Him, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects His presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little."

A GLEAM AMID GLOOM.

Lines suggested by a little picture, painted by a mad girl. It was of a bird perched on a chimney top at early dawn—the sun, not yet risen from behind the mountains, but already lighting the scene. The bird, a crazy looking creature, of no known species, with madly ruffled feathers, was singing out its heart from its strange perch, and seeming to joy in the coming day. It appeared like a personification of the poor artist's wild ruffled spirit, glimpsing a better future drawing near.

Mad! am I? Mad—
Because I sing while others weep—
Through cold and gloom my vigils keep,
And watch the dawn while others sleep?

An exile from the land of light,
To sing, when bursts a vision bright
Of Home-land on my weary sight?

Because my heart finds home on high?
Because on wings of hope I fly,
And, earth-bound still, enjoy the sky?

Because my hope a glory flings
Over the mist that sorrow brings,
And faith makes present future things?

Mad! am I? Mad—
Because I have a ruffled wing?
Because I am a prisoned thing,
Left in the world to hope and sing?

Smoke and toil and lonely watching,
Darkness, through the cold night
stretching—

These my dreary, life-long teaching!

See how the shadows flee away
When touched by joy's approaching ray,
Dear harbinger of glorious day!

Mad! am I? Mad—
That on the frosty morning haze,
Like incense clouds of prayer and praise,
I breathe my wild triumphant lays?

I send them forth all cold and white,
But, as they rise beyond my sight,
They're caught and gilded by the light.

All thanks be to the nipping cold!
In softer hour my praise, though told,
Had never held that ray of gold.

F. TH. W.

“HE THAT LOVETH HIS LIFE SHALL LOSE IT.”

BESSIE WALTON was a young girl in a fashionable millinery establishment in D., and was with others invited to attend a Bible class specially intended for young persons engaged in business. She was gay and thoughtless, fond of dress and worldly amusement. She came at times to the class, but was more frequently absent. Having gone to the house where she was employed to inquire for her, after a longer absence than usual, the visitor heard that she was ill, and called at her mother's house to see her. Poor Bessie was not pleased, and asked if she was supposed to be worse than other young people that it was thought necessary to visit and speak seriously to her. However, a few kind words, and an assurance that the visit was not from any idea that she was worse than others soothed her, and she listened quietly while a few verses were read from the word.

She recovered so far as to be able to

return to business for a time, but did not come to the class, as she was not well enough to be out late. She was visited from time to time, and though she no longer objected, it was evidently more from civility than enjoyment. Her health again gave way, and soon it became evident that consumption was rapidly doing its fatal work. Still there was no evidence that her conscience had been reached by the word, and those who watched for her soul, became doubly anxious.

The first evidence of interest she shewed was one day when Romans iv. was being read to her, and the reader paused at verse 3, and repeated slowly: "Abraham *believed* God, and it was *counted into him* for *righteousness*." With startling earnestness Bessie suddenly asked, "Where is that?" She said nothing more, but her visitor felt assured that a ray of light from God had reached her, and this assurance was confirmed when, at the next visit, the same subject being before them, it was remarked that Abraham had nothing but God's word to rest on, he was shut up to faith; apart from that, all was hopeless impossibility.

The speaker glanced up at the girl's face, as she lay back with closed eyes, and as she looked, two great tears forced themselves from beneath the tightly-compressed lids and rolled silently down the wasted cheeks, while a deep though silent thanksgiving went up to God from the visitor's heart. After this, the reserve which Bessie had hitherto maintained gradually gave way, and she gladly welcomed any who came to speak to her of the Lord. She was always ready for the word, and soon was rejoicing in Jesus as her Saviour. Never afterwards, with one exception, did her joy seem to be interrupted for a moment.

That exception, and her countenance and manner at the time, after years could never efface from the heart of the young Christian who witnessed the exercise through which her soul was passing. Going into her room one day, the contrast to the usually happy peaceful face and bright greeting was too apparant not to be noticed, and her visitor asked, "What is the matter, Bessie, has Satan been tempting you to doubt the Lord?" "No, no," she replied ;

“I have neither doubt nor fear, it is not that.” “And what is it, then? something is wrong.” She had not hitherto raised her eyes, but now lifting them, she said, with a never-to-be-forgotten look, and a tone of the deepest sadness, “O, Miss —, I have lost my life!”

At once her friend understood what she meant; it was not that she was dying, it was not that she was being cut down in her youth; no, it was that the brief life with which she had been entrusted had been spent for her own pleasure, and now it was over, it was *a lost life*. There was silence; no word was spoken between those two—one with the wilderness path stretched out before her still to be trodden, the other about to be called away just as she had entered it. It was a solemn moment. God was exercising each heart, and she who seemed likely to have many years still before her, thought—If one only converted when dying feels like this, how must it be with those who have long known the Lord as their Saviour, and have lived for themselves and not for Him who laid down His life to save them. The

cloud passed away; not so the impression it had made; and it may be that the God of all grace permitted that cloud for the accomplishing of His own will, and that dear Bessie's has not been altogether a lost life.

As the disease progressed, her sufferings increased, and were at times intense: her mother said she had lost other children in consumption, but their sufferings were as nothing compared with Bessie's. But she bore all with quiet patience, seldom spoke of what she suffered, and her peace was undisturbed.

One day, when her friend entered her room she was almost startled by the radiancy of her face, and asking how she was, the answer came slowly and with difficulty, for she was hardly able to speak: “Oh, Miss ——, I can hardly feel the pain, I'm *so* happy!” A few days more and the pain was over for ever, and she was present with the Lord. Bessie's one deep anxiety from the time she had peace herself was for the conversion of her mother, and her own happy death-bed was, it is believed, the means of her mother's conversion.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body."

"And he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

C.

CALVARY.

CALVARY shows us a wondrous sight—*the death* of the Son of God—a death quite of its own kind. Ours is the wages of our sin—the due reward of our deeds—the natural moral result of our condition and character. But Jesus was not in this state. He was “separate from sinners.” No sin, no principle of death, was in Him. If death, therefore, touch Him, it must do so in a way altogether peculiar. And so it does. “He was made sin for us.” He presented Himself to God, as One who, though carrying life, and title to life, was ready to surrender it for us, who carried death, and the righteous sentence of it, in ourselves. Jesus offered Himself to God for sin, or as sin, and God accepts this offer. For man death is but the issue of his having departed from God, according to the early threatening. But now something new and strange was going on. One had presented Himself to God to die, though He carried in Himself all title to life, and was in no debtorship to

death. And He did this that He might destroy him that had the power of death. Sin, in every other death, was dealing with the creature ; but here God was dealing with sin. And God must take His place accordingly. If He accept the offer, He will see *sin* on the cross, and must withdraw Himself. And the cry, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " expresses this. It tells us of God's taking His place in relation to this object, and thus His acceptance of Christ in the sinner's place, as made *sin* for us.

What strong consolation is this ! What solid ground under our feet is here ! In the simplest form, God gives witness that He is dealing with sin now. The billows and waves of divine wrath flow in to fill the place, instead of the kindly shinings of the divine presence. All retires but the soul of Jesus and the judgment of sin, the victim and the hand that bruised Him. *The offer is accepted.*

This is all comfort to poor sinners. This is the first great and solid standing under the feet of the consciously guilty one. He who offered Himself to the righteous God,

as sin in the sinner's stead, has the offer here solemnly accepted, as is witnessed by this terrible desertion.

But there is more. There is the acceptance of the *work* as well as of the *offer*. And this is next witnessed to us. For the moment the work was accomplished, its acceptance by God, or the victory of the Lamb of God, is felt in heaven, earth, and hell. As the life was rendered up, the veil of the temple is cut from top to bottom; the rocks of the earth are rent, and the graves, where the power of death held its prisoners are opened. Heaven gladly opens to let sinners in, and the enemy's hold is made to open to let them out. Willing or unwilling, all have to own the victory of the bruised seed of the woman. The bands were loosed, prison doors forced, and the captives of darkness walk, in pledge of this victory, in the light of the holy city. And earth owns it also. Its rocks are rent at the same instant of the blood-shedding of this precious Lamb. For the earth will confess this great transaction at Calvary, as heaven delighted to own it, and hell was forced to own it. *The work is accepted.*

All this is further peace and comfort to the sinner. The ground is still firm under his feet. He leans the whole burden of his conscience now on the sureness of the accepted *work*, as before on the sureness of the accepted *offer*. And the resurrection publishes all.

J. G. B.

" A Man there is, a real Man,
With wounds still gaping wide,
From which rich streams of blood once ran,
From hands, and feet, and side.

'Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak ;
The same dear Man in heaven now reigns,
That suffered for our sake.

This wondrous Man of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God ;
He bought our souls from death and hell ;
The price—His own heart's blood !"

LOVE.

LOVE is a stranger here
A heaven-born guest,
That seeketh in the soul
Her place of rest.

Love has a silken wing
Of angel plume,
And silently it comes
As angels come.

Love is a tender thing
Which a look would shake ;
But 'tis a mighty thing
Which nought can break.

Love is the brightest flower
That grows on earth ;
'Tis sweet as desert fruit
Amid the dearth.

Love is a stranger here,
A heaven-born guest
That seeks within the soul
A place of rest.

Love is reflected warmth
From worlds above ;
Love is a thought divine,
For God is Love.

Love is a costly gift,
A priceless good,
For which I would not pay
E'en if I could.

Father requite this love
Poured out on me ;
Let it be written down
In heaven by Thee.

F. Th. W.

A THOUGHT ON PSALM LXV. 9.

“Thou visitest the earth and waterest it.” (*Or according to the marginal reading, “Thou visitest the earth, after thou hadst made it to desire rain.”*)

IF I find myself led to pray on any especial subject, may I not feel assured that the Lord means to answer the prayer? Surely I may. Prayer is not natural to us. It originates not with ourselves—it comes from God. It is the utterance of the Spirit within us; it is the new man giving expression to those hopes and desires which are peculiar to that which is born from above. Let us therefore take courage, if we find ourselves led to supplicate God for aught that would redound to His glory, and be for blessing either to ourselves or to others.

The above marginal reading, in a figurative way, sweetly expresses this thought.

“O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.” (Psalm lxiii. 1.)

E. D.

IN QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE
SHALL BE YOUR STRENGTH,

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful
Or too regretful,
Be still.

What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in this thine own delight,
His will.

Why shouldest thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true ;
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be stedfast : never waver
Nor seek earth's favour ;
But rest.
Thou knowest what God's will must be
For all His children, so for thee—
The best.

PAUL FLEMING (A.D. 1609-40).

HAPPY REMINISCENCES OF TWO OLD FRIENDS.

MISS JANE PORTER, well-known in the world about the beginning of this century as the writer of several works of fiction, I met at the house of a friend, Mrs. Patterson, then Miss Denny, in the year 1809, when I was only a boy of twelve years of age. I remember thinking it a wonderful thing to know a great Authoress, the beauties of whose works I had so often heard discussed by my friends at home. But there was nothing of a great Authoress about her manners. I soon saw that, though she had by this time (she not being very young) attained to a name in the literary world, she was strikingly free from assumption; most simple both in spirit and manners. More than once I accompanied her in a visit to her mother and sister, at their cottage at Longditton, near Kingston. After this I, having removed to distant parts, lost sight of her for several years. During this interval the Lord found me, and brought

me to the knowledge of Christ. I remember at the time often thinking of Miss Porter, and wishing to write to her, in order to put the gospel before her. This, however, I never did, and hence I knew but little about her. At length I had a long letter from her, in which she sought to awaken my sympathies in behalf of a poor family known by her. In this letter she spoke of her brother, Sir Robert, and her sister Anna Maria, who both, like herself, had been distinguished as Authors. She told me that she had lost them both, and she wrote in the most confident way of her happiness about them as to the life to come. Her letter, I own, gave me little or no comfort ; for though she spoke of them both as being saved, I knew how much of romance, of ideality there was in her notions of truth, so that I gave her little credit for what she said about them. Her brother was the model of virtue, in a human sense.

How I answered her letter I do not remember ; but when I visited Bristol a short time after this, I called upon her. She was living in complete retirement, under the roof of her brother, Dr. Porter, and then

I heard from her all about herself and her relations.

She told me, that after the death of her sister, and her sister-in-law, she and her brother, Sir Robert, being deeply attached to one another, had resolved to live together, never again to be separated. Their first move was to visit St. Petersburg, where he had a married daughter residing. His wife had been a Russian lady of rank, the Princess Shcerbatoff, hence he and his sister moved in high life ; the more so, as he in some diplomatic way had been connected with Russia. It so happened that the winter of that year was intensely cold, and had a very bad effect on Sir Robert's health, consequently he was ordered home by the doctors. A few days before the intended departure, he unfortunately went in an open carriage to pay his farewell respects to the Imperial family. There was a sudden change in the weather from extreme cold to intense heat. He drove in an open carriage in a fiercely hot sun, got a sun-stroke, and was brought home in a state of insensibility. He was laid on the sofa unconscious. His sister had at first no

suspicion of there being danger. After a little time she perceived that the doctors were talking very seriously to one another, and she said to them, "What is the matter?" They had but one answer to give, "We grieve to tell you, Miss Porter, that your brother is no more." Upon this she uttered a loud shriek, feeling, as she told me, that the whole world was wrecked under her feet. The doctor said, "Oh, Miss Porter, I thought you were a person of more strength of mind than this." "Do not talk to me," she replied, "of strength of mind ; if I could not turn to the Lord for help I should lose my reason." Upon this, she sank down on the sofa, buried her face in her hands, and cried to God for mercy. Mercy was at once accorded to her. As the Lord once spoke to the waves, so did He speak to her soul. "Peace be still " was the word in each case. At once her whole soul was perfectly tranquillised, perfectly happy ; and not only then, but up to the moment when she told me what I have related. Soon after this, on her return to England, she was visited by a friend—a lady, who, on sitting down said, "I have no ability to speak

to the broken-hearted." "I am not broken-hearted—I am happy," was Miss Porter's reply.

After she had related to me this touching tale of the way the Lord had met her in the moment of her heart-agony, heard her cry to Him, and stilled the inward tempest, I felt at once, *This is reality*. "Oh, Miss Porter," I said, "I had no idea of all this. I confess to you that your letter did not satisfy me, but now I *am* satisfied. I am sure you are one of the people of God." I then put the truth more fully before her, and gave her some books which, when I saw her the following year at Bristol for the last time, she told me had much established her.

One thing more occurs to me which will corroborate what she told me. It was the way by which she learnt the truth of salvation through Christ. It was not through what I have related above, but long before that, when on turning over the volumes in the library of a friend with whom she was on a visit, she lighted on one that told her the wonderful secret which doubtless abode with her all the time that she was mixed

up with the world. "Fancy," said a mutual friend in writing to me, "Jane Porter in a Court plume!" But the Lord came in, and after a course of conformity to the world and its fashions, rescued her in the way I have related.

HAVING in the above little narrative alluded to our old friend Mrs. Patterson, I will now say a little of her. We first knew her in 1802, when we were living near Dublin. She was then Miss Denny, and thinking that she might be a relation of ours, she wrote to my mother, introducing herself to us. This resulted in a short visit from her, I being only six years old. After this, having married her cousin, Captain Patterson, she went to reside in London; and when we went to England, my mother and myself were invited to her house in 12, York Place, Portman Square.

Shortly after this my intimacy with her and Miss Porter began. She was quite in the gay, fashionable world ; and in my frequent visits to her, I accompanied her to those vapid heart-sickening parties with which I soon became altogether disgusted. And not only was it so with me, but after some time with Mrs. Patterson also, who fled from it all to her quiet little villa at Stanmore.

About this time I was converted, and of course lost no time in putting the truth before her. She having had a Christian mother, was not a stranger to the teaching, but slowly received it. I, however, was slow in believing the reality of the work in her soul till shortly before the Lord took her to Himself. She was ill and dying. I went to see her, and the first word she uttered when I approached her bedside was, "*You find me only half alive, but I shall wake up to an eternal day.*"

This was delightful to me. I retraced all the years from 1802 to that moment, and thought, "What has God done !" *What use has He made of the little fellow of six years to this old friend of ours !* In her case

as well as that of Miss Porter, it was truly
meat coming out of the eater: sweetness
coming out of the strong; life out of
death.

E. D.

HOPE THAT MAKETH NOT ASHAMED

ROMANS V. 5, VIII. 24.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

the point from whence the Christian, having believed in the sacrifice of Christ on the CROSS, looks on to the GLORY.

THERE are two distinct kinds of hope. One of these of necessity implies UNCERTAINTY, DOUBT, leaving the heart that relies upon it, discontented and restless. And why? Simply because it is based MERELY ON CHANCE, ON CONTINGENCY. A man hopes to succeed in his business, to get rich, get on in the world, become distinguished therein, and so on. But all the while it must be a matter of doubt at the best:

As to the other, resting, as it does, on God's word, on His faithfulness, it implies ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY, admitting nothing of doubt ; being connected, moreover, not as people often imagine, with the *pardon*

of sins but with the result of that pardon, even with *heaven, with glory*. The believer is not one who hopes to be saved, because he is saved already ; what he hopes for is heaven, and heaven is assuredly his, as though even now he were there. The point he has reached is THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Up to this he is saved—saved up to hope*—not up to glory as yet, though that is as certain to him as though he were in it already. We here speak of Christians, not according to what practically they too often are, *unbelieving and fearful* ; but according to God's purpose and thought touching them, *rejoicing and hopeful*.

READER, is this your kind of hope, the hope of one already accepted ? Or are you blindly looking for heaven, without knowing Christ ? Such hope as this is presumption, ending, alas ! (may you awake to the conviction that such is the case !) in disappointment, confusion, and despair.

* "We are saved *up to hope*." (Rom. viii. 24.) This, according to the judgment of a dear Christian now with the Lord (J. G. B.), is the *true rendering* of this passage.

If, on the other hand, you are a true believer in Christ, we bid you God speed, and tell you still to go on, still to rejoice in the bright prospect before you, and (if we may add a little word of advice) to walk worthy of Him to whom you belong, aiming to please Him in all things, keeping apart, as one born of the Spirit should assuredly do, from that world that rejected your Lord, that has crucified Christ, and despising and hating Him still, is at a distance from God, is lying in wickedness (*in the wicked one, Greek*).

E. D.



The last proof of this collection was revised by the Compiler, May, 1889, a few weeks before he fell asleep in Jesus.

It may be added, that it is by his expressed wish that his title does not appear in the title page. In giving directions about the book in view of his departure, he said, "I will have nothing but Edward Denny—no title. I'm done with all that."

A P P E N D I X.

LAST WORDS.

THE beloved Compiler of this little book entered into rest while it was in the press. It consists of papers and scraps from his own portfolio, which he felt an interest in collecting and putting together; for in all the decline of his bodily strength, his mind remained perfectly clear up to the last few hours of his life.

As many pieces in this collection relate to the last days on earth of believers, it may not be unsuitable, and will, we feel sure, be interesting to those who loved him, to add to it a few utterances of his own, made to friends in the simplicity which so markedly characterised him, when he was himself in view of that blessed change, which throughout his long christian course he had ever longed for.

When he was first taken ill—the illness which eventually ended in his death, he was confined to his bed in a darkened room, and his eyes were closed. At this

time he sent the following message to an absent friend : "Tell her that I am wonderfully happy, and have been brought nearer to the Lord than I ever expected to be on earth, and I believe this illness will be a blessing to others." The one who wrote this message added—"He is so satisfied with the Lord Jesus, and so more than happy at being alone with Him, that he has no wish to mix with earthly things." About the same time, his sister asked him one day, "Are you happy?" "Oh, yes," he replied. She said, "But *you* are always happy." "But I am ten times happier now," was his reply. Soon after this, when the friend to whom he had sent the above message arrived, he told her of what a wonderful way the Lord had revealed Himself to him in his illness. He said, "I could only weep for joy ; they thought it was depression that made me weep, but it was happiness. . . . " When she rose to leave, saying that she feared he would be tired, he said, "I should never be tired talking of Him. Oh, what a One He is !"

Before his illness, indeed always, but

more and more so as years advanced, he used constantly to be reading the word, and had peculiar delight in it. Remembering what a resource it was to him, he was asked if he missed it when he was too ill to read, and he replied, "Not a bit." "The Lord's presence was more to you?" "Far more," he replied. And then he spoke of the Lord's manifestation of Himself to the two disciples in Luke xxiv. being even greater than His exposition of the scriptures to them by the way.

After this, he rallied in a measure, and was able to read a little again himself, and used frequently to ask to be read to. One day, when he was very bright, and had been conversing much on scripture, he spoke forcibly of the value of the word, and wished that all Christians felt it more. He said that we shall never be done with the Bible, for we shall have the living Word throughout all eternity, and shall ever be studying Him. He dwelt with delight on the types of the church in the Old Testament, saying that the secret of God's heart was constantly coming out in those types.

In speaking once of being taken, and of our being all together with the Lord, he said that he thought the Old Testament expression used of the patriarchs, "Gathered unto his people," a beautiful one for us. "The Jews were gathered unto their fathers—we are gathered unto our *own* people above." He was asked if he thought we shall know each other there. He replied, "How can you ask such a question? of course we shall." He dwelt on Jacob's death-bed being so bright after his failing life; said that the only thing he feared for himself was bodily pain which he always had a physical shrinking from. "But," he added, "the Lord could lift one above all that." One day he said that the contemplation of the *purity* of heaven had been so precious to him. The hymn, beginning

"Oh bright and blessed scenes.
Where sin can never come,"

was repeated to him, and he asked that the third verse might be repeated twice—

"Yes, in that light unstained,
My stainless soul shall live,
My heart's deep longings more than gained,
Where God His rest shall give."

He exclaimed, "How beautiful that is!" and then spoke of how wonderful it will be to be with the Lord.

Another day he spoke of the solemnity of standing as it were on the threshold of passing into the presence of the Lord, and being done with all here. And then he dwelt on the judgment-seat of Christ, the blessedness of all being manifested in the light of His presence, and also the solemnity of it, and especially for those who have dishonoured Him here. He recalled the dying experience of a beloved friend who had walked very near the Lord, and who had been taken to Him some years ago. He said that for some days during her last illness it seemed as if her whole life, in all its minutiae, were passed before her mental vision in such a solemn way; every part of it, and every failure was seen and judged in the light of the Lord's presence. There was no fear, but the solemn sense of getting His thoughts about it all. And after that, he said, her soul was filled with such joy. Speaking of one who had been saved in his youth, but afterwards ensnared by the world, he

exclaimed, "Oh, the sadness of a wasted life!"

One day, after an interview with his solicitor and winding up his earthly affairs, he spoke of the relief of being done with earth and all its concerns. "Oh," he exclaimed, "the relief of being done with the Denny estate, and to think I have no more to do with it. I have sometimes thought that if I were dying I should like to see a mountain of gold before me that I might say to it, 'I'm done with you—I'm done with the world—I'm done with everything.'" He said this day, that he had not so much joy as he had some weeks before, "but," he added, "that is partly physical [he had become much weaker], and when I look up there is nothing but brightness there; not a cloud, not a shade." A friend and brother called to see him that day, and when he came down from his room he said, "He has not so much joy as when I saw him last, but he has deep peace."

A few days after this, he said, "I feel happier to-day; I could pray and praise from morning till night." He was better in body that day, and it was said, "Perhaps

the Lord will leave you longer with us—would you like it?” He shook his head slowly, and, after a pause, he said thoughtfully, “I hardly know.” “You are like Paul in a strait betwixt two.” He replied, “That *exactly* describes what I feel.” A verse of a hymn was then repeated :

“ I know not which to choose,
Jesus ! Lord or see ;
Then let the Father do
What is best for Thee.”

And he said, “That *is* beautiful.”

This day he was dwelling much on the Lord's death and sufferings. He exclaimed, “Fancy those hands and those feet being nailed to the cross, and a crown of thorns being put on that head !” He said that so few apprehend the depth of His sufferings, especially what He went through when forsaken of God ; that an eternity of distance from God was gathered up into a moment, as it were, when on the cross He said, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?” And then, speaking of His death, he said, that the Lord passed through the second death in bearing the judgment

of God before He gave up His life: Then He rose and led captivity captive.

He spoke again of the types in the Old Testament especially of Jephthah's daughter, whom he regarded as a type of the Jewish remnant which was brought into the church. Jephthah's daughter, when she went out to meet her father after his victory, expected to share in his triumph and exaltation, but instead of that she found she had to wander as a pilgrim. So the remnant was expecting to share in the glories of the Messiah, but instead of this, she, as the church, has to be in pilgrimage here first. After stating this he repeated the following lines :

“ Her spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joys apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away—
The Bridegroom of her heart.

A few days later, dear Sir Edward was very weak in body, but full of peace. He said that thirty years ago he was so longing to be taken home, and used to pray for it ; but now, how he could thank the Lord that He did not take him then, for that he would have missed so much that he had

learnt of Him since. He said, "Oh how I can thank Him for my whole life when I see the results of it." A line of a hymn was quoted—

"My heart's deep longings more than gained."

"Yes, *that's* it," he ejaculated. After this he was heard murmuring to himself, "I thank Thee—I thank Thee."

Once he said, "I think I am the most favoured Christian that ever lived." The friend to whom he said this replied, smiling, "You are a favourite child," and he exclaimed in his emphatic way, "I'm *sure* I am."

The day after this he spoke of his death with such calmness—gave detailed directions for his coffin, funeral, and tombstone; his chief anxiety being that everything might be as simple and plain as possible, and that the usual accompaniments which are connected with the gloom of death, mourning carriages, plumes, scarfs, &c., might be avoided; for to him it was all brightness. He dictated the following inscription for his tombstone, "In joyful assurance of rising to an endless day. 'Oh death where is thy sting, oh grave where is

thy victory.' ” It was this day that he said that he had now lost the fear which he had of bodily suffering. In the beginning he had asked us to pray that if it were the Lord's will he might be spared suffering of body. The reply was, “ We will pray that you may lose the *fear* of it.” Thus, the Lord had answered in a two-fold way ; first taking away 'the fear of it, which was peculiar to him, as he had always been so physically sensitive and timid ; and then when the time came, taking him to Himself without a touch of pain or struggle.

Shortly before his death, he said, in speaking of a friend who had just been taken to the Lord, “ When I think of him I say, Hallelujah ! and when I think of my own future, I say, Hallelujah ! ”

The last Scriptures he asked to be read to him were the closing chapters of Revelation, and he gave token of deep enjoyment, lifting up his hands and eyes.

Soon after this a deep sleep came on, so that for the last few hours he was unconscious, and he just slept away into death—or rather into life. The breathing became softer and softer until it was perceived that

the spirit had fled. His countenance in death was the very expression of his own poem—

THE VESSEL FILLED.

“Filled in all the fulness of God.”—(Eph. iii. 19.)

Εἰς πᾶν τὸ πλήρωμα τοῦ θεοῦ.

“A few more breathings in this dull and oppressed element, then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace.”

OH! is it come—the sweet and blessed
calm,

Foreseen and hoped for thro’ those dark-
some years

Of anguish and of dread? Here, here at
last,

I, a deep vessel in the shoreless sea
Of thine own fulness, O eternal God!
Filled in that fulness, find my prayers, my
hopes,

All, all fulfilled, and nothing more to crave.

The bright reality, the thing itself
Transcends all thought, eclipses every hope;

Dwelling in God, by God indwelt, I know
Love in its fulness, life to me is bliss;

All, all within, beneath, around, above,

Speak but of Thee, and tell me what I am,

The happiest of the happy ! O Thou peer-
less One !

Great God revealed in flesh, the living link
'Twixt Godhead and my soul ! be Thine
the praise,

The loving worship of a loving heart
Rich in Thyself ; for, oh ! however filled,
Howe'er exalted, holy, undefiled,
Whatever wealth of blessedness is mine,
What am I, Lord ! an emptiness, a nothing,
Thou art my boast, in whom all fulness
dwells

Of the great Godhead, Thou whose name I
bear,

Whose life is mine, whose glory and whose
bliss,

All, all are mine.

