



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

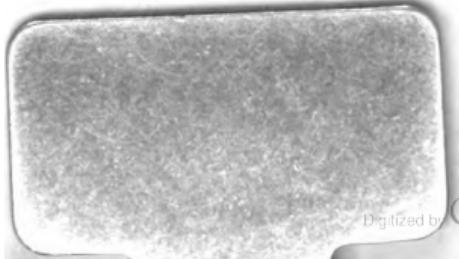
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Christ
Is Ever with You.

O. WINSLOW, D.D.



Digitized by Google

CHRIST IS EVER WITH YOU.

Illustrated by Experiences

DRAWN FROM THE

**PRAYER-MEETING, AND FIELD AND
HOSPITAL LIFE.**

BY THE

REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW & CO.,

48 PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 27 SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

1864.

141 Google



Ballantyne and Company, Printers, Edinburgh.

AMERICAN PREFACE.



THE writings of Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D., are known and appreciated over the whole Christian world. . . . The little work, "**CHRIST IS EVER WITH You**," was published at the beginning of this year, and in the first quarter of the year thirty-five thousand copies had been printed and circulated—a good proof of the appreciation of the work on the part of the Christian public. The merits of the work justify the means we use to give it increased value and circulation.

We have broken the text of the author into chapters, and interspersed them with

Digitized by Google

H PREFACE.

words explanatory of its
form may be necessary
be pen of the Author of

originally appeared in the
es which the writer is
ue at the commencement
elling its way across the
moured by republication,
of Religious Experience
Fulton Street Prayer-
Board of Publication of
testant Dutch Church,
editorship of the Rev.
RONG, D.D., of New
again to this country in
attractive and improved

illustrations drawn from American Christian life. These experiences have been gathered from the Fulton Street Prayer-Meetings and from the Army and Navy. We thus add a feature to the book which will make it more interesting and useful to the youth and children of our Sabbath schools, to the general reader, and to our noble and heroic men on ship and shore who are engaged in the service of their country. We send this little volume forth with the prayer that it may be made the means of winning many souls to the love and service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

ENGLISH PREFACE.



FEW words explanatory of its present form may be necessary from the pen of the Author of this little work.

Its substance originally appeared in the series of Addresses which the writer is accustomed to issue at the commencement of the year. Finding its way across the Atlantic, it was honoured by republication, with Illustrations of Religious Experience derived from the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, under the able editorship of the Rev. THOMAS C. STRONG, D.D., of New York. Returning again to this country in its present more attractive and improved

mould, it is re-issued with the hope that the triumphs of Divine grace which it records may, with God's blessing, render it an acceptable and useful work for circulation in the British Army and Navy at home and abroad, our Sunday-schools, hospitals, and parochial lending libraries.

The Author gladly avails himself of this opportunity of expressing his warm Christian love and deep veneration for the distinguished body of Christians known in America as "**THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA,**" than whom there does not exist in Christendom a more sound, spiritual, and useful branch of the Church of Christ. It has been his privilege personally to know, and actively to labour with, several of its most eminent clergy, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep."

O. W.

BATH, Dec. 1863.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	THE FAREWELLS	9
II.	CHRIST A PRESENCE	24
III.	CHRIST A GUIDE	41
IV.	CHRIST A SHIELD	49
V.	CHRIST A TEACHER	61
VI.	CHRIST A SAVIOUR	69
VII.	CHRIST IN SERVICE	79
VIII.	CHRIST IN SUFFERING	86
IX.	CHRIST IN RETIREMENT	92
X.	CHRIST IN BEREAVEMENT	99
XI.	CHRIST IN SICKNESS	107
XII.	CHRIST IN TEMPTATION	116
XIII.	CHRIST IN ADVERSITY	124
XIV.	CHRIST IN DEATH	132



CHAPTER I.

THE FAREWELLS.

HERE were two *farewells* of our Lord on earth, and they formed two of the most touching and instructive epochs of His history. As the sun, setting amid a flood of liquid gold, invests the whole heavens with variegated tints of beauty long after the majestic orb has run its race, so there clustered around the two earthly sunsets of Christ the most divine assurances, the most precious promises, the most brilliant hopes that ever shed their light and glory upon the pathway of the Christian Church; and which will linger upon its spiritual sky in death-

less splendour until He come again in His glory to set no more for ever.

The *first* farewell of Christ was when He parted from His disciples on His return to heaven. To them it was a time of inexpressible grief. To part with Christ was to part with their all. Yet He would not leave them comfortless; nor will He, beloved, ever so leave you. Blended with His departure was the most precious promise and the most costly gift Heaven could bestow or the Church receive—the promise and gift of the Holy Ghost, as the Comforter, Teacher, and Indweller of the Church: “*If I depart, I will send the Comforter.*” What an hour of blessing was this! What a glorious setting of the Sun of righteousness! What spiritual benedictions, what resplendent hopes gather, like a glowing halo, around the sinking of this Divine Orb! And still the glow lingers. And still the setting rays tinge with unfaded light and glory the gloomy clouds which often drape in woe earth’s

pilgrimage. We have abiding with, and dwelling in, us the Holy Ghost the Comforter, sent of Christ, to lead us to Christ, to testify of Christ, to assimilate us to Christ, and to sanctify us to dwell with Christ for ever. Oh, could the personal departure of our Lord have been blessed and graced with an assurance more transcendently great, precious, and glorious than this?

Our Lord's *second* farewell was when He closed the sacred canon of Scripture, fencing it with the most solemn warning, and sealing it with the most illustrious promise. And, as the threatening of woe to them who should either take from, or add to, the perfect Word of God, resounded solemnly on the ear, it was succeeded and softened by words which will live and linger in the sweetest cadence until the promise they contain shall be fulfilled: "*Behold, I come quickly!*" *Then* shall all that is dark in providence and grace be lucid, and all that is discrepant be har-

monised ; the bliss of the saints will be complete, the mystery of God will be finished, and God will be all in all. O believer in Jesus ! long for that day that shall bring the Beloved of your soul arrayed in all His Father's and His own glory. He will come quickly, suddenly, unexpectedly,—His advent surprising both the Church and the world—the one slumbering in the light, and the other in the dark. But let us who are of the day be sober, watchful, hastening unto His coming, prepared as a bride for her husband—loving and desiring Him with a single, ardent, wakeful affection. “*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !*”

But it was in connexion with His *first* farewell that Christ spake the memorable and precious words—“*Lo, I am with you always.*” It is not to a future, but to an *ever-present* Christ with His saints, that these pages will direct your thoughts. What the Lord has laid up for us, by what road He will lead us, what lessons He

will teach us, by what discipline of trial He will mature us for present service and prepare us for future rest, we will not be too curious to divine. Enough that it is all in the covenant, and in His hands who administers the covenant. And whatever new lights and shadows may be pencilled upon life's picture, though our song be of *mercy* and of *judgment*, we will patiently wait and calmly trust its gradual and timely unfolding, assured that all our trials will be shrouded blessings, and all those blessings will be bright stepping-stones aiding our progress in the divine life, our nearness to God, and our meetness for heaven. Embarking upon a new stage of your pilgrimage, I propose placing the pilgrim's true STAFF in your hands, upon which, if you lean in childlike faith, you will be firmly upheld, safely led, securely kept, divinely strengthened, cheered, and comforted every step of your journey. It was left by our Lord for the use of His one and whole Church when He ex-

changed the scene of His humiliation for the throne of His glory. He Himself placed it in the hands of His apostles, who, now that their pilgrimage is closed, have transmitted it to us. In the name of Christ, I now put this divine STAFF in your hand, and bid you firmly grasp it and set out anew for heaven. "**Lo, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY, [all days,] EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.**"

Let me for a moment concentrate your thoughts upon HIM whose promise is thus pledged : "*I am with you.*" Were you assured of the personal presence, ever attending, ever clinging, ever abiding, of a beloved friend selected from a wide and choice circle ; and were that one friend the most wise, the most powerful, the most true, the most loving, confiding, and sympathising, would you not be content to link with Him alone all your future lot—to make him the confidant of your bosom, the partaker of your every joy, the sharer of your every sorrow ? ***That Friend is***

CHRIST! He occupies the preëminent position of being ever near to His people ; everywhere, and at the same moment, His presence is the atmosphere that enfolds them, the shield that encircles them, the sun that guides and cheers their path to the celestial city, where His glorified presence fills each soul with ineffable happiness, heaven with its sweetest song, and eternity with its transcendant splendour. When Jesus left our earth, He entwined the personal interests of His members around his heart, and bore them with Him to heaven ; leaving the gracious promise, that, though personally and visibly withdrawn from the scene of their journeyings, trials, and conflicts, His spiritual presence should ever and everywhere engirdle them, until like Himself they should exchange earth for heaven. “ Lo ! MARK ! BEHOLD ! I the Incarnate God, I who opened my bleeding heart for your redemption on Calvary, I who am your dearest Friend, your Elder Brother,—I am with you

always, in all places, and at all times, unto the end of the world." Saint of God ! this is the promise of promises, the richest pearl of all the promises, exceeding in its mightiness and preciousness, while it is the substance, sweetness, and pledge of all the rest. Christ is ever with you, and were this the one and only assurance of the Word of God upon which He had caused your soul to hope, you may gratefully and truthfully exclaim, " Lord ! it is enough ! with this STAFF I will travel onward ; and if through fire and through water Thou dost lead me, upheld by Thy power, and soothed by Thy sympathy, I will press forward until Thou shalt bring me into a wealthy place."

Christ's presence with His people was once, though not now, *corporeal*. He was bodily in the midst of His Church. Oh, it is a marvellous truth, the belief of which imparts a conviction of verity to the whole Gospel, that, eighteen hundred years ago, the incarnate God actually tabernacled

upon this earth, trod its soil, sailed upon its lakes, drank of its springs, admired its flowers, bedewed it with tears, and consecrated it with blood. That babe of Bethlehem smiling in its mother's arms—that mechanic of Nazareth shoving the plane and plying the saw—that young man, pale and thoughtful, standing at Pilate's bar,—that victim of woe impaled upon the central cross—listen, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth—was "*the fulness of the Godhead bodily!*" It is written by the pen of the Holy Ghost, and let no profane hand dare attempt its erasure—"The WORD was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Yes! your flesh, O believer! laden with infirmity, sorrow, and woe. And He wears it still in a spiritual and glorified form, and is with you in suffering and weakness and infirmity, ever sympathising, ever sustaining. Try your spirit, whether it be Christ-taught, Christ-loving, Christ-trustful, by its firm, realising faith in this cardinal and precious truth, for,

“every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.”

In addition to this, there is Christ's *representative* presence with His people in the embassy, fulness, and preaching of the Gospel. The Gospel is glad tidings of Christ, it is the message of His grace, the proclamation of His love to lost sinners. The Gospel is Christ first, Christ last, Christ midst, Christ without end. Christ is the *prophet* of the Gospel, teaching His people His doctrines. Christ is the *priest* of the Gospel, bearing and making atonement for their sins. Christ is the *king* of the Gospel, reigning in the hearts of loyal and loving disciples. Thus, Christ is present wherever and whenever the good tidings of that Gospel are preached, to “*bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, to comfort all that mourn.*” Remember, O thou neglectful, unbelieving hearer of Christ's

Gospel, that it is not the minister you slight nor the message you scorn—it is Christ Himself. “*We beseech you IN CHRIST’S STEAD*”—as though Christ Himself were pleading with tears and blood—“*beye RECONCILED TO GOD.*” O blessed, yet solemn thought, that, whenever my ears are saluted with the joyful sound, infinitely sweeter than angels’ chimes, it is Christ’s voice I hear, it is Christ’s presence I feel, it is Christ’s love that thrills and warms my soul, it is Christ’s invitation to my weary spirit, Christ’s words of sympathy to my sorrowful heart, Christ’s promises of grace and strength and hope to my depressed and desponding mind. Oh, welcome, thou divine and precious Gospel ! bringing with thee Christ’s presence with a realising power so personal, so conscious, and so soothing to the soul.



Illustrations.

We can bid farewell to things most near and dear to us for the sake of Christ. The following was related in the Fulton Street Meeting, by a gentleman from Boston. It reveals the power which the love of Christ has over the heart of the young believer :

He heard a French sailor relate his own religious experience very briefly. He came into Boston from off a French ship. He was so bad, and wild, and undutiful, that his father had sent him to sea. He belonged to a rich family, and was "heir apparent" to a large property. He was well educated and intelligent. He went some time ago to a prayer meeting in Boston, where the place was so crowded that he turned to go away. But as he turned some one beckoned him to come forward to a seat on the pulpit stairs, which he took. That little gesture of a stranger's hand was God's instrument of the man's

conversion. He said that if he had gone he should probably have never come again. He felt it to be a great kindness. He could understand but little English, but he continued to attend. He found that the meetings were "all about Jesus." The more he heard, the more he wanted to know, and the truth soon found its way into his heart. He found that he was a sinner doomed to die, but that through the blood of Jesus Christ his sins would be washed away. At length, in one of the prayer meetings in North Street Chapel, he experienced a consciousness of sins forgiven. He wrote home of the great change. His father, who was a Roman Catholic, in his wrath disinherited him at once. But the son continued to write home and tell them of his love of Christ. He kept sending forward his letters, and praying for his parents ; and as a result he soon had the unspeakable joy of finding that his father and mother, and one sister, had been converted. They have since written him the

most urgent letters to come home, assuring him of a most hearty welcome, desiring, above all things, to see him once more. "And he has resolved to go," said the gentleman giving this relation. "I heard him make his last address to that prayer meeting. It was touching in the extreme, as with eyes streaming with tears, he said, 'It was on this floor I was kneeling when Jesus spoke peace to my soul. I here look on those who first told me of Jesus, who first begged me to come to Jesus, who first rejoiced with me when I had found Jesus. And oh! how my heart is grieved, that I am come to bid you all farewell, to see your faces no more. The very boards in this floor are dear to me, no place is so dear to me as this. Will I ever forget these dear brothers, these dear sisters? No—no—no—my heart tells me no. Oh! I am grieved that I have to go away from you.' And then his voice became almost inaudible, and his fine intelligent face became overcast with sadness; but all

at once he seemed stirred with a new sensation. He smiled and said, ‘It will be only a little parting and for ever meeting. I shall soon see you all—every one—and we shall see Jesus, whom I love. And we shall sit at His blessed feet, under the smiles of His glorious countenance. Oh! if I had language. Oh! if I could tell it,—as he stood gazing up into heaven—‘but I cannot tell how I love Him, and how I will praise Him.’ And then looking on the wall, whereon hung the card, in large letters, ‘Stand up for Jesus.’—‘Yes, I’ll stand up for You, blessed Jesus, though they mob me, though they strive to kill me, I will stand up for Jesus, I will never be afraid, I will never turn my back, I will confess Him everywhere, I love Him, and I know He loves me. All power is committed to His hands—He will take care of me. No power shall pluck me out of His hands.’”

And he sat down amid a flood of tears, with all the audience weeping around him.



CHAPTER II.

CHRIST A PRESENCE.

BUT it is the *spiritual* presence of Christ thus promised and pledged to His people : “*Lo, I am with you always.*” This promise of Jesus, as precious as it is marvellous, is predicated upon His essential DEITY. Were He, as some represent, human only and not absolutely divine, what confidence could we have in this promise? What comfort would it impart, what hope would it inspire, what protection would it afford? Where is the created being, be he man or angel, who could in truth speak in language so lofty and sublime as this? “*Lo, I am*

with you always, even to the end of the world." Would it not be the utterance of the boldest blasphemy in him thus to speak, and would it not be the veriest delusion in us thus to believe? But because our Lord Jesus was GOD, He spake with authority, Godlike and divine. "*I am with you always.*" Oh, sublime thought! there is not a world, a being, a spot in the universe, however remote, insignificant, or obscure—there beams not a star, there flames not a sun, there breathes not a spirit, there exists not an empire, where Christ's government does not rule, Christ's power is not felt, Christ's glory is not displayed. Could the believer take the wings of the morning and fly to the most distant planet, or touch the utmost limit of space, *there* the smile of Christ's love would illumine him, the accents of Christ's voice would cheer him, the atmosphere of Christ's presence would encircle him, the power of Christ's omnipotence would uphold him—he would feel the right hand

of Christ gently laid upon his spirit; and in the awful stillness and fathomless depth of that profound solitude, he would exclaim, “**THOU art NEAR, O Lord!**”

We repeat the inquiry for the purpose of pursuing it more fully: *Whose* presence is thus promised and pledged? It is the presence of **CHRIST**. The Christ of God. The Christ who *is* God. “*Immanuel, God with us.*” The Christ who made all worlds, created all beings, governs all empires, controls all events. The Christ who replenishes earth with beauty, heaven with glory, eternity with song. The Christ before whom angels and archangels, principalities and powers bend, and at whose name every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is **LORD**, to the glory of God the Father. The Christ whose glory is divine, whose beauty is peerless, whose wealth is boundless, whose love is as infinite as His being. The Christ who took your veritable nature,—that same infirm, suffering nature which

now wearily you wear,—and in that nature bore and put away for ever your sins, uplifted and for ever removed your curse, paid all your great debt to Divine justice, sorrowed for you in the garden, suffered and expired in your stead on the cross, rose from the grave, irradiating it with the hope of the “first resurrection,” ascended up to heaven, lives and intercedes for you, representing your person and presenting your prayers and praises with ineffable acceptance and delight to His Father and your Father, to His God and your God. The Christ who loves you with an affection whose depth no line can sound, whose constancy no change can chill, whose care of, whose sympathy for, whose watchfulness over, you flings as to the torrid zone the warmest, tenderest love that ever pulsated in a human breast. The Christ who acknowledges Himself your Brother, has proved Himself your Friend, and who assures you that as the head is in union with the body, and the vine is one with the

branch, so is He ever with, ever one with, ever close to you in an invisible, yet real and conscious presence, from which neither life with all its changes, nor death with all its solemnities, shall be able to sever you. Such, child of God, is the Being who breathes these gentle, assuring words into your ear—“*I am with you!*” O honoured saint of God ! O favoured disciple of Jesus ! who has such a one ever at your side. The Divinest in the universe to love you, the Mightiest in the universe to shield you, the Loveliest in the universe to delight you, the Dearest in the universe to soothe, cheer, and gladden you. Tell me, if, of all you have ever loved, or who have loved you, the one who was given to your youth to love you more tenderly than all, yea, the being who loved you yet more deeply, tenderly, and unchangeably still—who loved you as a *mother* only could,—is there one of all these whose presence *ever* with you, you would prefer to Christ’s? The question grieves you, you shrink from the

comparison, and with uplifted eye, moistened with tears, yet beaming with affection, you exclaim, from the profoundest depths of your soul, "*Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*"

But we must remind you, before we proceed further, that the presence of Christ with His people involves equally the presence of the First and Third Persons of the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity. It is a *triple staff* we place in your hand, in grasping which, your faith leans upon infinity in its *threefold* manifestation. We can have nothing to do truly, spiritually, and savingly with one Person of the Godhead without an equal faith in, and love to, the others. When Christ pledges His presence with you, He unites with it the **FATHERHOOD** of God, its boundless sources of love, wisdom, and strength. Christ came to make known the Father's mind, to reveal the Father's love, to bring home to heaven the Father's family, predestin-

ated to the adoption of children. “*No man knoweth the Father, but he to whom the Son will reveal him.*” “*He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.*” That great God, that eternal Father, who thus spoke to His Church, speaks equally to you: “*Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.*” “*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.* For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, the Saviour. Oh, seek to realise this precious truth in all your journeying: the presence of Christ is the assurance that your Heavenly Father is with you. Christ’s voice speaking to you in love, is the echo of the Father’s voice. Christ’s smile of delight beaming upon you, is the

brightness of the Father's smile. Christ's precious promises sustaining and soothing you, are the "*exceeding great and precious promises*" of God, which are "*all yea and amen in Christ Jesus, unto the glory of God the Father.*" It is a truth, equally as revealed and equally as precious, that the presence of Christ with His people involves also the *presence of the Holy Spirit*. Oh that we had a more spiritual, vivid, grateful apprehension of the Divinity, personality, and gracious work of the Spirit, our Spiritual Quickener, our Divine Comforter, our Indwelling Sanctifier, our Infallible Teacher. "I believe in the Holy Ghost," is one of the vital articles of our Creed; is it equally the deep, experimental, sanctifying sentiment of our heart? Do I firmly, practically believe in the Divine personality of the Holy Ghost, in His official relation to my salvation, in His absolute necessity in regeneration, in His tender, changeless love as my Comforter, in His indispensable necessity as my

Teacher, and in His gracious, sanctifying power, as ever abiding with, and dwelling in, me? Such is the magnitude and extent of the promise of Christ, "*I am with you.*" We repeat, it involves the love of the Father who adopted you, the grace of the Son who died for you, the power of the Spirit who quickened you, the Triune-Jehovah,

"That triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin."

Before I refer to the *circumstances* in which you may anticipate a full realisation of this precious promise, let me remind you of the *offices* of Christ it involves, the *materials* of this triple **STAFF** which Jesus places in your hand.



Illustrations.

Where two or three are gathered in my name there am I in the midst of them.
We must have Christ ever near.

A gentleman said he had been several times of late on board the North Carolina, to assist in the conducting of the daily prayer meetings, which have been lately revived, and he had good news to tell.

Some months ago, every pious seaman who was on board of this old ship had been drafted and sent off to some other ship in the naval service, so that none remained to sustain the prayer meeting, and the consequence was it was given up. The number on board also was very small. It was thought best to wait till the ship filled up with men, and then it would be proper to make an effort to renew the meetings. Since the business men's prayer meeting convention, the desire had been much stimulated to go on board, and, with the leave of the captain, resume the daily meetings. So a few pious seamen from the shore made known their wishes to the commander, and he readily assented to the request, to hold them. The hour appointed was at "two

bells of the dog watch," which is five o'clock P.M.

At the very first meeting the Spirit of God seemed to come down with power. Toward the close of the meeting twenty-four men arose and requested to be made the subjects of prayer. At the next meeting thirty-six arose for prayer, at the next fifty, and the last evening sixty signified their desire to be remembered in prayer. It is now a very solemn time on the old ship.

STORY OF A SAILOR'S CONVERSION.

I was in Boston, said a gentleman, a clergyman, and heard a sailor tell his religious experience. Now that prayer has been requested for these men of the sea, I want to speak of that man's account of his own conversion. He ran away from home when young and went to sea. He had a pious, godly mother, whom he had not

seen for seventeen years. He often had letters from his mother, begging him, when he came into port, to come and see her, but he never would go. He was often under a promise to go, but when he came home from his long India voyages, with one hundred dollars, or two hundred dollars, in his pocket, drawn as back pay, he would go ashore and fall into the hands of the land-sharks, and there he would be tossed about among them, until his money was gone, and then he would go to sea again to be gone for another long voyage. All this time his mother kept on praying, and writing to him, and still begging him to come and see her when he should come ashore. This mother had been in the habit of praying with him when he was a little boy, but he had long since forgotten her prayers.

So he had gone on in a career of wickedness for seventeen years, disappointing all the fond hopes of his pious mother. One night he said his ship was overtaken by a

terrible hurricane, so that it seemed as if the sails would all be blown away. He was ordered to go aloft to endeavour to take in the sails to save them. It seemed to him that, in spite of all he could do, he should be blown off into the raging billows. In that terrible gale, when it seemed as if destruction and death were yawning beneath him to swallow him up quick, he said he thought he heard his mother's voice crying for mercy for him. The thoughts of his poor, praying mother came rushing over his soul. He listened, and still he thought, in the midst of the howling tempest, he heard the prayer of that same blessed, but neglected mother, praying God to save her son. Then and there it was, said this sailor, when I was hanging on for my life, to keep from being blown overboard, all my mother's prayers, when I was a little boy, came up to my mind. I seemed to hear them all over again.

He said as soon as he could come down from aloft, overwhelmed with a sense of

his sins, he ran down into the forecastle, and there fell on his knees and cried to God for mercy. He confessed what a vile sinner he had been, and he asked God to hear his poor mother's prayers and his own cries for mercy, and forgive him.

He hoped he that night obtained forgiveness. From that time all his manner and his plans of life were changed. He came into Boston, a new man in Christ Jesus. The land-sharks could not get hold of him. He had saved up his wages, two hundred or three hundred dollars, and he said he was going right home to see his dear mother, who for these seventeen long years had been praying for him; and whatever he could do, or his money could do, all should be done to make that dear faithful mother happy.

**THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN
AT SEA.**

He rose at the very close of the meet-

ing. "I must speak," said he. "This meeting must not close until I tell you how mercifully the Lord has dealt with me. I was, as I hope, converted at sea less than a year ago. I am a stranger in this meeting, but I learn, from the exercises, something of those who compose it. There stood a gentleman, a little time ago," pointing to a part of the room, "who requested you to pray for the young Roman Catholic Italian, who comes in here to learn what he shall do to be saved. And near me is the man who speaks of an awakened young man, near to death, who wishes to be prayed for. And then one of the requests for prayer asks us to pray for an awakened young lady, now in the room. And another said a little time ago, do pray for my infidel young friend, who says he has been an unbeliever, but the foundation on which he has stood has all been removed, and he finds him sinking to perdition.

"Oh! hear me I say—I have been

through all this. As you hear me now for the first—and will never more—remember that I say to every one, who is, as I was, a sinner: come to Jesus. There is nothing like going to Him, nothing in the place of going to Him, nothing but going to Him. So it was with me, away in mid-ocean, and so it must be with you in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. I find just such spiritual wants press down upon the soul here as everywhere else, when men are out of Christ. I must ask you—I must entreat you to take sanctuary in Him and be saved. That is all I want to say."

There was an urgency and earnestness in the appeal which moved the hearts of all present. Men forgot, for the moment, that the hour for closing had fully come, and, prompt to the minute, the leader arose, and asked the meeting to sing one stanza—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious
Till not a spot remains."





CHAPTER III.

CHRIST A GUIDE.

CHrist is with us as a—*Guide*. How deep our need of Him as such, and how endeared does it make Him! So blind are we, so dark our future, so perplexing our present path, the very next step might be a false one—taking us into a wrong direction, entailing untold anxieties and sorrows, or hurling us from a precipice into total ruin. Yes, we need just such a leader as Christ. What Alpine traveller would attempt the ascent of a steep glacier, or cross the dangerous pass unattended by an experienced guide—one who knew the route, whose skilful eye could

detect the treacherous crevice, and whose nervous arm could fence the narrow, winding way? Our path to eternity demands just such a one as the prophet foretold Christ should be. "*I have given Him,*" says God, "*for a LEADER and Commander to the people.*" His own gracious words corroborate this statement when speaking of Himself as the Shepherd of His flock, who "*GOETH BEFORE them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice.*" Oh, what a privilege—in every path of doubt, in every circumstance of danger, where human judgment is either warped or beclouded, and your own hesitate and falters—to have at your side such a wonderful Counsellor, such a divine Guide as Christ! As such He is ever with you. He will guide you with His eye of providence, and with His hand of power, and with His heart of love. He knows the way that you take, for He has ordained it. He knows every crook in your lot, for He has appointed it. He will roll away the stone

of difficulty, will level mountains and fill up valleys, make the crooked path straight and the rough place smooth ; this will He do unto you, and not forsake you. Oh, be honest and upright with Him ! Go to Him first, consult Him first, acknowledge Him in all your ways before you consult a human oracle—let Christ, in all the minute details of your life, have the *pre-eminence*. Learn to lay your own judgment at His feet. “*The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way*”—not *our way*—but “*His way*.” We must first surrender our way and will before He will teach us His. The “*meek*” He will guide : the childlike, trustful, unquestioning disciple, that humbly locks his hand in Christ’s and says, “Lord, lead me and guide me, not in my own way, but in *Thine*.” Oh, take a firm grasp of this **TRIPLE STAFF**, and you shall travel safely, surely, through all your unknown future. Be honest and sincere only to know and to walk in the Lord’s way, the way in which

*He would have you to go ; and then will
He fulfil His most gracious promise, "Lo,
I am with you alway."*

Illustrations.

Christ must be our guide in the midst of the utmost peril and dangers. Many a soldier on the battle-field is consoled with the belief that Christ is his guide though leading him to death, and through death to glory.

The following notes were written in pencil by Samuel F. Willard, of Madison, Conn., captain in the fourteenth Connecticut regiment. They were addressed to his wife, and within an hour after the last record, which was found on his person, was made, he had fallen on the battlefield. On Sunday morning, September 14, he wrote : " To-day we started on our long march on hard bread and coffee alone ; marched till four o'clock. We are now in line of battle

in the Middletown Valley—right in sight there is an artillery engagement—nothing very serious.”

“MIDDLETOWN VALLEY, Sept. 15, 1862.
Monday Morning.

“These may be my last words ; if so, they are these :—

“ I have full faith in Jesus Christ my Saviour ; I do not regret that I have fallen in defence of my country ; I have loved you truly, and know that you have loved me, and in leaving this world of sin I go to another and better one, where I am confident I shall meet you. I freely forgive all my enemies, and ask them for Christ’s sake to forgive me. If my body should ever reach home, let there be no ceremony ; I ask no higher honour than to die for my country ; lay me silently in the grave, imitate my virtues, and forgive all my errors.

“ I prefer death in the cause of my country, to life in sympathy with its enemies.

“ And now, my precious wife, good-bye.

May the grace of God sustain you, and we will meet at last in heaven.

“Signed in the valley on the battle ground,
near Boliver Heights, Md.

“SAMUEL FRANCIS WILLARD.”

“TUESDAY MORNING, Sept., 16, 1862.

“The Division moved yesterday at about 10 A.M., passed through the region of the battle on the previous day—dead rebels on every side. Our surgeons administered to the wants of many of the wounded rebels. Saw hundreds of wounded rebels as we passed through different villages, in barns, houses, hospitals. It was a very sorry sight for our boys—rebels were strongly intrenched on the mountain and held a good position, but fled as the army approached. Generals M‘Clellan and Burnside passed in front of the army—immense cheering—rebel prisoners being brought in all the time; poorly dressed but fine-looking fellows—act as though they were glad to be taken in”

“ TUESDAY MORNING,—later.

“ The battle has commenced, one man killed within twenty rods of me by a shell. My faith is in God ; if I die, I die in the faith of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died that I might live. We are now to go into battle. God save my men, God save me, God save the United States of America, God bless you my own dear wife, and may we meet at last in heaven where there will be no war or sin.”

“ CAMP NEAR PETERSVILLE, Md.,
Wednesday Morning, 17th.

“ We are on the eve of a great battle. Yesterday, there was an artillery engagement close by us, and we were dodging shells and balls for about three hours. One man was killed within fifteen or twenty rods of me. Several others were wounded. We have an immense army here ; M‘Clellan and Burnside are in command ; I cannot say more ; we are ordered off with eighty rounds of cartridges ; cannon are

booming on every side ; my faith is in God.

“I passed the battle ground Monday ; saw the dead and dying on every side ; I pray God we may be successful, and that you may see me again”——

And just there the pencil notes close suddenly. An hour later he lay dead on the field of victory, and this pencil story remains to tell how he died.





CHAPTER IV.

CHRIST A SHIELD.

AS a *Shield* and *Deliverer*, Christ is ever with His people. Our estimation of this truth will be proportioned to our intelligent apprehension of the number and potency of our enemies —the costliness and preciousness of the treasure thus divinely protected. With what unslumbering vigilance, with what divine power, with what changeless love does the Lord Jesus shield the work of grace in the soul of His people! Who keeps that spark alive in the ocean? Who guards this vineyard of red wine night and day lest any hurt it? Who preserves faith

from faltering, love from chilling, hope from dying? Who strengthens the work when it is feeble, raises it when it droops, restores it when it relapses, keeps it in the cold of winter and the drought of summer, and, when the frosts and winds of autumn would nip and scatter its foliage, clothes it with the freshness and bloom of spring? Oh, it is Jesus, encircling with His all-protecting shield the work which His death accomplished and which His Spirit wrought. Trembling believer in Christ! cast not away this holy confidence, for it hath great recompense of reward. The work of grace in your heart shall never die; the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in your soul is indestructible. "*They shall never perish,*" is the declaration of the Shepherd who bought you with His blood. Watched over by Christ, you are kept by the power of God. And although the tide of spiritual affection may ebb, and the shadows of twilight fall thickly upon your soul, and you be ready to regard your

conversion a mistake, your religion a delusion, and your hope a fallacy—thus casting away your confidence; yet there is One who knows His own work, recognises His own image, reads His Spirit's writing in the soul, and must Himself cease to be ere He allows those living embers of love He has enkindled upon the altar of your renewed heart to die. The rain may descend, the winds may blow, the flood may surge—

“But the inextinguishable flame burns on,
And shall for ever burn.”

And then there are external assaults from which alone Christ can shield us. Innumerable and invisible, sleepless and restless, working with a power almost almighty, and everywhere with an ubiquity almost omnipresent, ever plotting our ruin, are the spiritual enemies of our soul, and the sworn foes of our faith. The world and its fascinations, Satan and his devices, the flesh and its tendencies, error and its

disguises, are all confederate against the child of God, opposing his every advance in holiness. But Christ is our ever-present shield, near at the moment of assault, and skilful to parry and disarm it. "*Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield,*" are words addressed to all who have like precious faith with him. Listen to Paul when defending Christianity before Nero : "*At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. . . . Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.*" Severed from the protection and sympathy of man, he was all the more conscious of the presence and love of God. This is the manner of the Lord with us. The stage shall be swept of the human to give place to the Divine. When the last human prop bends, and the last spark of creature-hope expires, hail it as the harbinger of Christ's nearness, that the more signal may appear His loving deliverance, and the more complete and undivided His glory. Oh yes! the Lord encompasses

you. Encircled by danger, you are also encircled by Christ. When you embark in His cause on foreign service, enter the carriage of a railway, launch upon the treacherous sea, bend your steps of mercy to the bedside of infection, travel the lone and dreary road, be your experience what it may, let your mind be kept in perfect peace, trusting in this truth: the ever-present protection of Jesus. The unhealthy clime shall be harmless, the sickening malaria innocuous, the perilous transit safe, curtained within the pavilion of your Saviour's love. Swelling above the tempest, louder than the voice of many waters, or whispered in the still solitude, softer than the Æolian's breathing, shall be heard the words of Jesus, "*Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God.*" Lord, it is enough! My heart trusted in Thee, and I am helped!

Christ is with His people as the *Head and Depository of all their spiritual supplies.* The resources of the believer, al-

though not from himself, and often, like Hagar's well, veiled from the eye, are yet, like that well-spring of water, flowing at the very side of the needy saint. Destitution may reign far and wide, and the plaintive cry ascend from many a famished lip, "Who will shew us any good?"—yet his soul, fed with the hidden manna and quenched from the river, the streams of which make glad the city of God, is kept alive in famine and in draught, and is like "*a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.*" And what explains this mystery? The nearness at his side of a full Christ, overflowing with a redundancy of grace, love, and sympathy, suiting every circumstance, answering every call, supplying every demand. New exigencies may occur in his daily history, new demands made upon his mental and physical powers, trials of a new form may transpire, infirmities but just discovered, sorrows hitherto untasted, temptations before unknown, all marking

a new epoch in his history, a new phase of Christian experience, and all clamorous for the grace that is to sustain, the sympathy that is to soothe, the wisdom that is to guide. And shall they ask in vain? Never! Christ is with us, furnished, given, and pledged to supply amply and fully all the necessities of His people. "*And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace,*" that is, grace following grace, grace answering every call for grace, more grace, grace outmeasuring all past supply, all present want, "*exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.*" O blessed truth! in the world's insolvency, the believer has a safe bank; in the world's famine, he has a full granary; in the world's drought, he has springs of water; in the world's heat, he has his pleasant and grateful shade. And all this is concentrated in Christ; for Christ is all. O favoured saint! to have a full, overflowing, redundant supply, so near; exiled from all other resources, other supports

failing, other springs drying, other shades vanishing as in a night, and he, perchance, sitting him down to die in hopeless grief, lo ! words fall upon his ear softer, sweeter than angels' chimes, "*I am with you alway* ; with you in this lone place and at this trying moment, to unseal your eye to the boundless fulness that it pleased the Father should dwell in Me for you, the Father's child."



Illustrations.

"Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." In a certain regiment fifty-seven men were men of prayer. Before a great battle they all fell on their knees and asked Christ to take care of them. All survived while hundreds of the regiment were killed.

WHAT SET HIM TO THINKING.

"Glad to see you. I shall never forget the medicine you gave me below Frederick."

This was said by my ambulance driver, a young man who had been directed by the surgeon to go with me on a tour of distribution. I did not recollect him for the moment. He seemed happy as we started off, and inclined to converse. "I didn't think much of religion," said he, "before I came to this war, but I've had a great many serious thoughts here. I mean to lead a different life."

"What set you a thinking?"

"Ball's Bluff was one place."

"Were you there?"

"Yes, all day fighting. I tell you it was solemn work; my comrades falling dead on either side of me. I felt that I wanted religion."

"That set you a thinking?"

"Yes, it did; and another thing was a young man by the name of W—, a brave fellow and a Christian, when on the morning of the battle he knelt down in front of our tent and prayed."

"Tell me about that," said I.

“We had been detailed from our regiment as orderlies of General Lander, and occupied a tent together. We were not obliged to go to the battle, but hearing that our company were going, we could not stay away, and both obtained permission to fall in. Off we hurried. W—— ran back for his cartridge box, and then, as if he had forgotten something else, dropped upon his knees at the door of the tent, and began to pray most earnestly. I never heard such a prayer as that. I took my hat off, but did not kneel. The captain of his company (not a Christian) stood by and shook his head at the boys to have them keep still, saying in a low tone, as he pointed to the one praying, ‘That’s a good boy;’ and General Lander, when he heard of that prayer, remarked: ‘*That is the kind of soldiers I want. That boy is worth his weight in gold.*’ We went to the fight, and neither of us was hurt. God helped us through.”

MUSIC AND LIGHT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A brave and godly captain in one of our western regiments told one of us his story, as we were removing him to the hospital. He was shot through both thighs with a rifle bullet; a wound from which he could not recover. While lying on the field, he suffered intense agony from thirst. He supported his head upon his hand, and the rain from heaven was falling around him. In a little while a little pool of water formed under his elbow, and he thought if he could only get to that puddle he might quench his thirst. He tried to get into a position to suck up a mouthful of muddy water, but he was unable to reach within a foot of it. Said he, "I never felt so much the loss of any earthly blessing. By and by night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field; and I began to think of the great God who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there—up above the scene of

suffering, and above those glorious stars ; and I felt that I was going home to meet Him, and praise Him there ; and I felt that I ought to praise God, even wounded and on the battle-field. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn,

‘When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I ’ll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.’

And,” said he, “there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain ; and beyond him another and another caught it up all over the terrible battle-field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God !”





CHAPTER V.

CHRIST A TEACHER.

CHRIST is with His people as—a Teacher. There exists no office of Christ that is not openly impugned and denied in the present day : and not one more so than His *prophetic* office. The instruction that causeth to err everywhere and alarmingly abounds. The teaching of men is exalted above the teaching of Christ, and, as a consequence, Infidelity and Popery are rife, and the people are wondering after the false prophet and the beast. This is a day in which the Lord's true people must exhibit their loyalty to

Christ in His prophetical office: as the sole, divine, authorised Teacher of the Church. To Him, as our Teacher, must we only look, and His teaching must we only follow. There is no safety but at Christ's feet; accepting no doctrine and observing no practice but what comports with the teaching, example, and simplicity of His word. If true and faithful disciples, *to Christ* we must closely and exclusively adhere. We have but one master, Christ; to Him we stand or fall. Beware, in religious sentiments, of the fascination and influence of ecclesiastical authority, cultivated intellect, and polished bearing: all this is of man, and partakes of the infirmity and sinfulness of man. Untaught by the Holy Spirit, and unsanctified by God's grace, we have seen the most brilliant and eminent gifts prove but as decoy lights, glimmering along the bleak, fatal shores of Infidelity and Romanism, alluring, and then wrecking, upon the rocks, quicksands, and shoals the too confiding, unsuspecting

mind, “*handling the word of God deceitfully.*” Oh, be Christ’s true disciple : loyal to His person and faithful to His truth! It is the word of Christ that quickens you, sanctifies you, comforts you. Nor can you part with one doctrine of Christ without inflicting the most serious injury upon your soul, and shading His glory. “*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.*” The more experimentally you know, and the more simply you walk in Christ’s truth, the holier and the happier will you be. Oh, how increasingly glorious to your eye and precious to your heart will Christ become! You will more and more clearly see that all truth centres in Christ, and that Christ is the substance of all truth ; that to know Christ is to know the truth ; and to know the truth is to be freed from the blinding influence, erroneous teaching, and ghostly authority of man. Blessed Jesus! thou Divine Prophet of Thy Church ! “ happy are Thy men, happy are these Thy servants,

which stand continually before Thee, and that hear Thy wisdom."



Illustrations.

Christ must be made of God to us wisdom in the midst of ignorance. He must be our Teacher, for He can teach without any man at all. The following are cases of this Divine illumination :

AN ANXIOUS ROMAN CATHOLIC.

It was a young man. His eyes were red with weeping. He had attended these meetings for a few days. He came at first without the knowledge of his friends. He became anxious about his soul, almost from the first time of his coming to the prayer meetings. His friends found out his state of mind—that the poor young man was anxious to know what he should do to be saved—and they hurried him out, at night, into the streets.

"Last night," said he, "I had to walk the streets all night, to keep myself warm;" and he looked down at his worn-out shoes.

The Saviour, we told him, "had not where to lay His head." His eyes filled with tears. We conversed with him, counselled him, prayed with him, and he went out to seek employment, saying, "I shall be in the prayer meeting to-morrow."

ANOTHER.

He came wishing to know where he could go to sign the temperance pledge. He had a family. He had formed drinking habits, though not a drunkard; but his conviction was, that, to be consistent in seeking an interest in Christ, he ought to begin by abandoning strong drink. He is earnestly seeking. He is at our meetings every day, and begins to give pleasing evidence that he has experienced the "great change."

ANOTHER.

This is the case of a lady. She put into the meeting the following request for prayer:

“A lady (Roman Catholic) who came to this meeting at first out of mere curiosity, but who heard at this meeting such things as she has never heard before, would be *very thankful* if the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting will pray for her all this week, that she may be taught how to believe on Christ. She does not think she is a Christian, but desires to be one. She will attend every day.”

She was inquired of if her priest would allow her to attend these prayer meetings.

“My priest,” she replied, “cannot hinder me. The step is my own. It is taken with great deliberation. I act under the dictates of my own conscience. I must do what I am convinced my own welfare requires. I believe these are Christians. I believe this is prayer.”

“What has wrought such a great change in your feelings and opinions?”

“The wide difference between the members of my own Church and those who come here to pray, is enough to induce me to inquire what it means. These are praying people. My people are cursing, swearing, prayerless people. I believe these are Christians. I fear that very few of my Church are Christians; I think some are.”

“Are you concerned about yourself?”

“So much so that I am very miserable. I did not close my eyes in sleep last night, by reason of my anxiety.”

“Can you give up all hope from your own merits, or any meritorious acts which you may perform—all expectation of pardon on account of penances or absolution, and rest solely on the merits of Christ’s atoning sacrifice for all your hope of justification with God?”

“I can, and do so. I know I must. But I do not have peace.”

"Is there anything you are unwilling to give up?"

"No, nothing. I am willing to give up Church, my former religion, every thing else, if I can only have forgiveness of sin, and peace and joy in believing in Christ, such as you Protestants have."

"You must not make a merit of even giving these up. You must simply trust your soul in the hands of Christ, as a Saviour, with confidence and love."

Can any doubt that this poor Catholic lady has been led of the Spirit, thus far? She does not doubt it. She says none but Divine power could have led her to the ground on which she now stands.





CHAPTER VI.

CHRIST A SAVIOUR.

CHIRST is with us as—*a Saviour*. Oh, how the heart thrills, and the eye beams at the mention of the name of JESUS! What we chiefly need is, not wisdom to guide, or power to shield, or sympathy to soothe, or might to strengthen ; it is SALVATION—the soul saved—a Saviour to save us to the uttermost. We want guilt-atoning blood, soul-justifying righteousness, sin-subduing grace ; a Saviour that has done all, suffered all, paid all, and leaves us nothing to do but, Believe and be saved. This is Jesus. My reader, salvation is the finished work

of Christ, and the free gift of God ; and nothing less and nothing more is required of you than that, with a penitent and believing heart, you trust in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. God has laid all your sins, all your curse, and all your condemnation upon Christ ; and all that He asks of you in return is, a believing, loving, obedient reception of His Son. Oh, then, grieve not, dishonour not the Saviour by doubting His willingness or ability to save *you* !

Let us employ the few remaining pages in suggesting some of those more peculiar and pressing *circumstances* in our history, in which the presence of Christ may be especially anticipated by the child of God, the believing apprehension of which will impart nerve to the hand that grasps this strong and beautiful staff.



Illustrations.

Christ is the all-sufficient and only Saviour and Redeemer for all those who will truly put their trust in Him. He saves to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

COMING TO CHRIST AT ONCE.

“Are you the Missionary of this old Church?” said a plain, intelligent, energetic-looking man, as he came up into the upper lecture room in Fulton Street.

“I am,” said the Missionary.

“Well, I wanted to see you and talk with you a moment.”

“What do you want?” said the Missionary. The man stood with his chin quivering, and his eyes suffused with tears, as he answered, “I want to become a Christian.”

“You do!” said the Missionary. “Why do you want to become a Christian?”

"I am a farmer," said the man, "well-to-do in the world. I have everything in the world that a man needs, but I have no religion." And he looked like a despairing, lost man, who knew he was lost.

"What roused up your attention to the need of religion?"

"I read in the revival article, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, a scrap headed 'not till the next communion.' It told how the poor man kept saying, when urged to come to the church and make open profession of his attachment to Christ, 'Not till the next communion:' till one day when he was called for, at his room, it was found that he was gone. And when inquiry was made for him, the unfeeling answer was made that he died right here, dropped down dead, one day, and we cleared him out to Greenwood. I read it, and it struck terror to my mind. I thought, what if I should be stricken down in the same way, all unprepared as I am."

"And what would become of you?"

"I should be lost," said he, with deep feeling, "lost. I know I should go right down to hell, for I am a great sinner."

"How was it that you came in here?"

"I am a farmer in Hunterdon County, New Jersey; I had heard of these prayer-meetings here, so I thought I would come here at once. I was in the meeting yesterday. And I must go home to-day; and I cannot go till I am a Christian."

The Missionary closed the door and thus precluded interruption, and said, "I do not see but you must become a Christian *now*. Are you willing to submit to Christ now, to believe on Him, and trust Him and His finished righteousness for all your hope of salvation?"

"Yes."

"To repent of, and forsake all sin, and devote yourself for ever to Him?"

"Yes."

"To pray with me now, to go home and pray in your family, and under all circumstances lead a Christian life?"

“Yes.”

The Missionary led in prayer. The farmer followed, in a prayer of earnest humility, penitence, self-renunciation, and unreserved consecration to the service of God.

He went into the prayer-meeting, which was just about to open. After it was over, he went on his way, rejoicing in the hope that his sins had been forgiven, and resolved on a new life of devotedness to God. From the time of his first awakening, he gave his attention to the subject of personal religion with an earnestness which asked for no delay. “Such a prayer as that man made,” said the Missionary, in relating these facts, “I scarcely ever heard; and I felt in my own soul, that that man had found an interest in Christ, and had made the surrender and the consecration which he professed.”

Some one touched the writer as he was leaving the prayer-meeting. He turned, and saw the face of a well-known Christian

brother ; and close at hand stood a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, with whom he had been conversing—standing there, a child of sorrow. The big tears were slowly rolling down her cheek, and then she would wipe them away, as if she had been half unconscious of their falling.

“Here is a lady,” said the gentleman, “to whom I wish you to say a few words. She says she is ‘uncertain what to do.’” I soon saw that she was in spiritual trouble.

“Why are you uncertain what to do?” we inquired.

“I do not understand the next step to be taken,” said she.

“Where are you now?” we asked.

“I have been coming daily to these meetings for four weeks, and all that time I have felt anxious about my soul, but all I do does not seem to make my case any better.”

“And what do you try to do?”

“I have striven to convince myself that I am a sinner; as I know I am. But

though I know it as a truth, I do not feel about it as I should."

"How would you feel about it if you could?"

"I would have deep conviction."

"What is your present impression about yourself?"

"That I am a great sinner; that is all."

"And what would you have more?"

"That is what I do not understand. My next step should be for deeper conviction. But what further can I do?"

"Your mistake is a very common one. Your next step, and only step, is to go to Christ, just as you are. Go to Him at once. You can do nothing. Hitherto you have been relying upon yourself. Renounce all this as a dishonour done to Christ as a Saviour, and go to Him for all the help you need hope for, or desire."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. You must repent now and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Go to Him, who says to you, 'Him that

cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' All you have to do is, with true penitence, to believe in His mercy."

"Oh," said she, as if a new light had dawned upon her mind, "is *that* my next step?"

"Not your *next* step, as if you had already taken one or more right steps in religion. Going to Christ is your first step. He does not say, Come to conviction, come to a deeper sense of sin. But He says, Come unto *Me*."

"Oh! what a self-righteous creature I am! I see it all now. I have been refusing Christ, while all this time I thought I was preparing to come to Him." She said this, evidently disappointed in herself.

"Will you go to Jesus, now?" was hastily asked.

She looked up with a smile, and great resolution depicted in her intelligent face, as she answered,

"I WILL."

She *will*, indeed, if the Spirit was truly making her “willing in the day of His power.” There and then we parted. The sequel is yet to come.





CHAPTER VII.

CHRIST IN SERVICE.

CHRIST is with you—*in service*. The religion of Jesus is an active, self-denying religion. The Divine Master has left the scene of His own toil, but He has given to every disciple his work. Each has his mission: something to do for souls, something to accomplish for the Saviour, some glory to bring to God. Realising in some degree what a debtor to the Lord he is, what he owes to the love that chose him, to the blood that ransomed him, to the grace that called him, to the Saviour that gave Himself a sacrifice, the believer exclaims

from the depth of his grateful heart,
“*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*”
And now, to labour for Christ is his highest desire and ambition; be the service home or foreign, pleasant or self-denying, distinguished or obscure, to rule an empire or to sweep a crossing. In this service for Christ, Christ is with you. Unseen and unheard, He is close at your side, guiding your judgment, strengthening your faith, nerving your heart, sustaining and cheering your spirit, honouring, blessing, and rewarding your labour. Oh, think not that Christ can quit you for a moment, active and toiling for Him. He knows all your difficulties, marks your discouragements, is cognisant of your infirmities, sees your faintings and deficiencies, how onerous, delicate, and humbling the task. Think you, while engaged in a service of love for His name, the sweat upon your brow, the pressure of your mind, anxiety and exhaustion absorbing life itself, foes threatening, friends chiding, your own heart

often misgiving, that Christ will leave you? Oh, never! "*Lo I am with you always*"—*all days*—are the words with which He seeks to strengthen and cheer you on in your work of faith and labour of love which you shew for His dear name.

Illustrations.

Christ must ever be with us in all the duties of life. We must have His presence as a power in our hearts. "*Ever with you,*" has cheered thousands of hearts in the midst of arduous labours in His service.

ONE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK'S MEN.

As soon as the prayer was concluded, an old British veteran arose, and began to speak with a strong Scotch accent. He said he was glad to hear that young chaplain to the army ask for prayer. For his

part he believed in prayer; he rejoiced in prayer; he lived in prayer. He had known the power of prayer. He had felt it. He knew God heard and answered prayer. Oh! how wondrously does He answer! What displays of His grace, said he, have I seen in answer to prayer! When General Havelock was captain of a company, I was a non-commissioned officer in the same company. I knew him well. He was not then a pious man. He began even then, however, to manifest those qualities which afterwards so distinguished him. It was not until he rose to a higher grade that the great change took place. Then he was for the salvation of his men, out of every kind of evil: present and to come. At first he began with temperance. Then he went on to religion. He was a noble commander, brave as he was good. He dared to do right, no matter who opposed. When his chaplains were gone, or disabled, he would be his own chaplain. He had heard him

preach the Gospel many a time. He was a power in the camp : that you may well believe. The men all respected him. They knew he was a thorough soldier : fearless as a lion, as well as a Christian. Many eyes would be wet when Havelock was speaking. There was such earnestness and tenderness at times. At other times he would make your very hair stand on end. It was not strange that many were converted. Their hearts melted under his appeals, and great numbers turned to the Lord. When they received Jesus, and great numbers did, and professed their faith in Christ, then he went one step further, and baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Oh ! what solemn times I have seen away in India among these men !

Some of the officers became his enemies. They wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, complaining of General Havelock, and saying that he

did things unbecoming an officer, and took upon himself to do what he had no right to do. The Chief in command appointed a Commission of Inquiry. They came and made a thorough examination into the conduct of the General and the condition of the men. They found Havelock a most rigid disciplinarian—thorough in discipline, as he was fervent in prayer, and they found no portion of the army in so good a state as the soldiers of Havelock. They said to him, after all their examination, “Go on with your temperance; go on with your praying; go on with your baptizing; the better these Christian men, the better the soldiers.” They reported to the Chief in command that they found no such soldiers as the praying saints, as they called them, of General Havelock. If there were men wanted for any post of duty and of danger, Havelock’s saints were the men.

I have been in many a hard-fought battle, the old soldier added, and our men

never went into battle without prayer. They committed themselves to the Lord Jesus, and then they were ready for life or death.

Our armies, said the old veteran, should be praying armies. We *must* have prayer. Prayer prevails with God. How was it with Joshua and the kings and prophets of Israel? What men of prayer they were, and how the Lord heard and answered them. Let us pray for the men in arms; pray for the chaplains.

The old warrior spoke with great earnestness, and the tears rolled down many a face as he gave his personal experience and hearty, honest testimony to the *power of prayer*.





CHAPTER VIII.

CHRIST IN SUFFERING.

CHrist is with you in—*suffering*. Himself a sufferer; oh, suffering never looked so lovely, martyrdom never wore a crown so resplendent, as when the Son of God bowed His head and drank the cup of woe for us! Himself a sufferer, is there a being in the universe who could take His place at your side in all the scenes of mental, spiritual, and bodily suffering through which your Heavenly Father leads you, comparable to Christ? What are your sufferings contrasted with His? And what was there in the unparalleled greatness and intensity

of His to disqualify Him from entering with the warmest love and deepest sympathy into yours? Suffering for His sake, or suffering His will, He is with you to sustain, to mitigate, to sanctify. It is given to you not only to believe, but also to suffer for Christ. Removed from the active sphere of your Christianity—the sphere and the service which, perhaps, you too fondly idolised—He has placed you in the school of passive endurance, a position to you the most irksome and trying. Look into the burning, fiery furnace of the three children of Israel: "*Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God,*" (Dan. iii. 25.) So is Christ with you in suffering. You shall pass through the furnace, the flames but destroying your bonds and setting you free from some dominant sin, some potent spell, some slavish fear, bringing you more fully into the happy, holy, realisation of your adoption, pardon, and

acceptance of God. Treading that furnace at your side, controlling its flames, tempering its heat, is the same Son of God who trod it with them, and who says to you, "*Lo, I am with you always.*"

Illustrations.

The blessed Saviour is never more with His people than in suffering. He himself has been a sufferer, and He knows how to pity His people when they suffer, and if best for them, He can send them quick relief.

An old sea captain, with great emphasis, exhorted men to have faith in God, as a hearer and answerer of prayer. He urged faith as certain of a blessing in some form or other, and often in the very form in which it was looked for. He mentioned an illustration in his own history. After he became pious, and while he yet commanded a ship, he was blown off from the

coast of America, out to sea, in a gale. He had his wife and two children on board. All hands, passengers, officers and crew, were put on short allowance, and very short at that, a mere morsel of meat to each. When they had been out thirty days, and had not seen a sail, he brought up all the provision he had, and spread it on a cotton bale, and fell down on his knees by the side of it, and prayed God that He would make that like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, that He would not allow it to be spent, that He would vindicate His own name as the hearer of prayer, and send them quick relief. He cast himself implicitly upon the promise of God. And while he was yet on his knees, he felt such a sweet assurance that his prayer was heard and already answered, that he went down into the cabin and told his wife that they should have succour, and that speedily. She could scarcely believe it. They had been now thirty-four days, and had not seen a sail,

and no prospect of seeing one. His wife stood in a state of incredulous amazement.

“What makes you think we are to have succour?” said she.

“Because I have been asking, and God has assured me that it is coming, and close at hand.”

While I was yet speaking, there was a cry on deck, and from the lookout, aloft, “Sail, ho,” “Sail ho.” I ran on deck; “Where away?” said I, and was answered; and within ten minutes from the time I arose from my knees in prayer, there was a ship under full sail, bearing down for us, and when it came near, I saw them lower the boat, and put into it four barrels. The boat was cast off, and pulled away for my ship. You would hardly have expected that such a little cockle shell of a boat could live in such a sea. But she rode like an egg. When the officer came on deck, I inquired of him what he had in his boat.

“Two barrels of meat, and two barrels of bread,” he answered.

"What made you bring them here?" said I.

"God put it into my heart. I thought you must be short of provisions, sir, and so I brought them along."

So within an hour from the time I was praying for food, I had two barrels of meat and two barrels of bread added to my stores, and we were all saved.

He said that he could give many like examples from his own history, but the five minutes' rule would forbid.





CHAPTER IX.

CHRIST IN RETIREMENT.

CHIRST is with you in—*retirement and solitude*. It was in this path of loneliness, consecrated to contemplation and prayer, that our blessed Lord was the most effectually trained and girded for His mission of love. He frequently and habitually sought retirement. Sequestered from the world, withdrawn from His disciples, He would thread the mountain defiles and seek in its deep ravines and hidden recesses the solitary place for prayer. Entering that lonely garden “*over the brook Kedron*,” amidst its hallowed shades, its leafy grottoes, and

its solemn stillness, He spent the night preceding his crucifixion in agonising prayer, imploring strength from His Father for the morrow. How simple and concise, yet how pregnant with meaning, the narrative of Christ's habits of solitude; "*And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.*" How holy and instructive, and how melting the pathos of this spectacle! Child of solitude! whose social position, or whose mental idiosyncrasy, or whose refined and sensitive nature, or whose bodily infirmities separate you from your fellows, cloister you from the world, oh, deem not your path untrodden by your Lord! He walked it before you, and He will delight to come, and by the soothing of His love, and the succourings of His grace, and the manifestations of His glory re-tread again those footprints He has left upon your shaded way, cheering and comforting you with His presence. Oh, you cannot be alone:

alone with Christ! Blessed loneliness, hallowed solitude, shared and sweetened and sanctified by Jesus! Around that sleepless pillow, by that couch of pain; in that room of stillness Christ's presence hovers. Holy the lessons He will now teach you, sweet the truths He will now unfold to you, soothing the words He will now speak to you, unutterable the blessings, into the experience of which He will now bring your soul. It has pleased Him, perhaps, to deny you home and friends and means, thus severing and separating you from all but Himself. Be it so, He still is yours. In separation and solitude He will unfold to you the secret of His covenant, the secret of His love. And now your soul, unclasping her pinions, rises nearer to heaven, nearer to God. Disengaged from the world, severed from the creature, cut off from resources, Christ will have more of your heart, and you will have more of His, than ever. Solitude shared with His presence and sunned with

His smile, supplies more immediately traced to His hand, will increase your knowledge of God, strengthen your drooping faith, deepen your personal holiness, give development, symmetry, and perfection to your entire Christian character; and when you emerge from it, thus trained and disciplined, you will go forth to active duty, "*as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.*"



Illustrations.

Many a soldier has gone back to his fond mother's instructions in his last moments. The last words have often been the prayers which a mother taught him.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It was the evening after a great battle. All day long the din of strife had echoed far, and thickly strewn lay the shattered

forms of those so lately erect and exultant in the flesh and strength of manhood. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he at first thought him dead ; but the white lips moved, and slowly in weak tones he repeated,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take ;
And this I ask for Jesus’ sake.”

As he finished he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, “My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. ~~fore~~ the morning dawn I believe my soul for ‘Jesus’ sake ;’

but before I die, I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. He was calm and peaceful. Just as the sun rose, his spirit went home, his last articulate words being,

"I pray the Lord my soul to take ;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died William B—— of the Massachusetts Volunteers. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his far distant northern home, and he whispered it in dying, when his young life ebbed away on a southern battle-field. It was his nightly petition in life, and the angel who bore his spirit home to heaven, bore the sweet prayer his soul loved so well.

God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young,

only second to our Lord's prayer in beauty and simplicity. Happy the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervour of our dying soldier.





CHAPTER X.

CHRIST IN BEREAVEMENT.

CHRIST is with you—*in the hour of bereavement*. He, too, drank of this cup. He offers you not a heart unacquainted with your grief. He had much to do with death when on earth. He sympathised with its sorrow, awoke its slumbers, robbed it of its prey, became its Victim, and then its Victor. He has permitted this bereavement to visit you. Not without His will and His purpose of love, has He smitten you with this woe, visited you with this loss. Has your Heavenly Father written you a widow, an orphan, childless, friendless? Has He re-

moved the joy of your heart, the light of your home, the hope of your family, the strong and beautiful staff upon which you leaned for support? Is your door darkened with the funeral that bears from its threshold all that was so fondly loved and precious? Oh, deem not yourself forsaken, desolate, and bereft! Christ was never nearer to you than now. The Christ who bedewed the turf of Lazarus's grave with tears of bereaved affection for the dead, and of sacred sympathy with the living, is spiritually at this moment by your side. He offers you a heart touched with your grief, throbbing with a love that more than compensates for the affection now cold in death; an arm that shall be equal in its strength and support to your emergency; a shield that will encircle your person, your position, and your interests, infinitely more potent and safe than that which at one fell stroke God has laid low. Christ sensibly, manifestly with you now, oh wish not to displace Him by recalling

the treasure from which you have parted. It is recorded of the amiable and pious Fénelon, that in the eulogy he pronounced over the Dauphin, his illustrious pupil and friend, as the corpse shrouded with the pall was placed in the church before the pulpit, where,

“Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay !”

he uttered these words : “There lies the hope of his father! the delight of his court! the object of the nation’s joyful anticipation! But so convinced am I of his happy state, that, if the turning of a straw would bring him back, I would not turn that straw.” Weeping mourner! bereaved Christian! in the bright sunshine of hope which bathes the coffined remains of “one so dear,” read you this holy lesson of cheerful acquiescence with the will of your Father, and express your perfect satisfaction in the eternal happiness of the departed one now sweetly sleeping in Jesus. If the turning of a straw would recall him

from the realms of glory, would you be willing to turn that straw? This new, deeper, and darker sorrow shall bring Jesus with it. Its anguish will be solaced by His love, its loneliness will be shared by His presence, its gloom will be brightened with His smile, its calamity will be sanctified by His grace, and all its new-born exigencies will be met by His boundless resources of wisdom, power, and love. “*Lo, I am with you alway.*”



Illustrations

Christ is specially with His people in bereavement. In the sad hour when the heart is full of desolation, His voice is heard saying, “Let not your heart be troubled.” We may be despoiled of the heart’s richest treasures, and yet Jesus may fill it with His richest consolations.

“MOTHER, I WANT TO SAY MY PRAYERS.”

A pious man, and a physician, said:

“ You will all remember that I was in this meeting a few days ago, and told you of my losing a little boy eight years old. Since I was last here, we have lost another still younger. The oldest was a child remarkable for his intelligence in the things of religion. He seemed to have a full comprehension of the way of salvation, through repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Chrst. He had long expressed the hope that he might be a minister and a missionary of the Lord Jesus. To this work a father’s and a mother’s heart had consecrated our bright little boy, if it should please the Lord to spare him. But it was not so to be. In a most unexpected moment that child took his leave of us, rejoicing in the going, and soared away to be for ever with Christ. For we could not doubt that the dear boy was a real Christian, made so by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

“ The last child sickened with the same

disease. His case was very painful, for he suffered intensely. It was evident very soon that death had marked him for his prey. We have always taught our children to pray, even before they could speak their words plainly. We have not been among those who believe that children can be saved otherwise than by the washing away of all corruption and moral defilement in the blood of Christ. So we could teach them to pray in all sincerity, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ We could teach them that they must never expect to go to heaven by reason of their own innocence; but they must be *saved* by the blood of Christ. They must be *sanctified* by the Holy Spirit. They must be rendered *meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light. So we believed; so we prayed; so we taught our children to pray.

“When this little boy was in his death hour, he looked up, with a most wishful look, a pleading look, as if he feared he might be denied, and said:

“‘ Mother! I want to say my prayers.’ She knew the heart of her little boy, and immediately answered :

“‘ My dear child, you shall say your prayers.’

“‘ Not here,’ said the little sufferer, ‘ but on my knees.’

“ He was lying on her lap. She raised him on his knees, when he clasped his arms around her neck, and laying his head upon her shoulder, poured out his heart in prayer to God. He was so weak and feeble that he could only say a word at a time. At length his prayers were finished, and he unclasped his little arms and fell back upon her lap. A smile of heavenly sweetness stole over his face, he drew a few inspirations—slow—slower—and he was gone. Oh!” said the pious father; “the blood of Jesus, that cleanseth from all sin, never appeared so precious to me as it did then. I looked upon my dear little boy as one whom I might hope had been *redeemed*

and *saved* through the merits of that blood.

“I want to urge all fathers and mothers here, to consecrate their young children to Jesus. Teach them, oh! teach them, to trust in Jesus Christ, to be saved by His blood.”





CHAPTER XI.

CHRIST IN SICKNESS.

CHIRST is with you—*in sickness*. There are some trials which in an especial manner bring Christ near to us. There is a secret in all sorrow, there is a deep one in this. To whom can the sufferer confide it? The disease, perhaps, perplexes the judgment or baffles the skill of the physician. The nervous irritability, the cerebral sensitiveness, the extreme weakness, the acute agony which renders the concussion of the gentlest foot-fall too powerful for the frame, may be but little understood by the most considerate, tender watchers at your side.

They, perhaps, but little know what heroic fortitude, what patient endurance of spirit lie concealed beneath all this uncomplaining suffering, what an incessant conflict is waging, and by what a superhuman struggle the mastery is obtained of the mind over the body, and of God's grace over both. How difficult it is to suppress irritation, and how hard to express gratitude, when even the smile of love and the tear of compassion can awaken no responsive feeling, where all is pain, uneasiness, and despondency! But Christ is with you! You may not always be sensible of it. As the drapery of your bed and the deep shadows of your room may conceal from your view the nearness of a loved friend, so your physical infirmities may absorb all thought and consciousness but that of suffering and languor, depriving you of the *sensible* enjoyment of the Lord's presence. Notwithstanding, He is at your side, watching you with sleepless love, succouring with His own grace

the spiritual depression of your soul, and mitigating with His own power the anguish of your bodily sufferings. Think of the human and tender considerateness of Christ! He knows your frame, and remembers that you are dust, and exacts and expects not from you more than you are capable of experiencing. Blessed sickness! that leads the mind more fully into the conscious presence of Christ, that pillows the restless head upon His changeless love, that realises the encircling of His arm of power beneath the sinking frame, that attunes the discordant will into sweeter and more perfect harmony with His, that gently moulds the soul to His own meek and patient spirit! Oh, holy lessons, precious truths, costly blessings learnt and experienced on a bed of sickness and of suffering! And were this the only one, the clinging, soothing, sustaining presence of Christ with the sick one He loves, it were enough.

Illustrations.

We will give one single example which illustrates the presence of Christ in sickness. We might give many drawn from the scenes in hospital. The following is from a lady who has devoted all her energies and her very life in attending on suffering soldiers in hospital :

I very cheerfully comply with your request to write to the children of the Sabbath school. I would thank them for the books and tracts I have received through their generosity. I take great pleasure in distributing these, since I know how they have been furnished. I think they are doing a good work in two ways: First, I think they may be very useful here among these soldiers who are much in need of all the good influences that may be brought around them ; and beside this, I think they are teaching the children at home to be unselfish, and to care kindly for the wants and interests of

others. This alone I consider a great and good work, but I hope this will be the little seed that will grow into a great and beautiful tree, to bud and blossom, and bear fruit for themselves and others, throughout their whole lives.

I would like to relate some incidents which lately occurred here, shewing what Christianity will do for a man.

On the 30th of last August, a great many wounded men were brought into Alexandria; so many that the hospitals were filled, and the wounded were lying crowded on the side-walks about hospital doors. Among the rest was a Virginian, but a true-hearted Union man. He was wounded very badly in the thigh, and suffered very much, so much so that he moaned and cried out continually. You will think every one felt sorry for him, but not so. All the other wounded men around him had just as much as they could do to bear their own pain, and they had no patience with this man who disturbed

them night and day with his cries. They would frequently mock and make fun of him. I would sometimes ask them, for my sake, to forbear; and I would go to him, and try to comfort him, so that he should not feel that every one was against him.

But a better Comforter than I was there; God's Holy Spirit was in his heart, and instead of feeling anger or annoyance at those who mocked him, he only prayed more earnestly that God would enable him to bear his pains with fortitude. This prayer was most surely answered, for he soon became one of the most patient and uncomplaining men in the whole hospital. A placid, gentle, submissive expression rested on his countenance, that was really most touching to behold. He never manifested the least unkindness towards those who made fun of him, but, on the contrary, he was always anxious to share any delicacy he had with them, and would often ask me to send out and buy peaches and grapes

for him "to give round to the boys," as he called them. He was often deranged at night, and would sing and pray most of the night ; but they all felt so kindly to him now, that this did not disturb them, and they spoke of him as kindly as if he had been a brother. When he knew there was no hope that he could live, I asked him whether he was willing to die, if it was God's will he should not recover. He answered, "Yes," with as pleasant and peaceful a smile as if I had asked him if he wanted to go home ; and home I trust he has gone : to the dear heavenly home of his Father above, where His children shall ever rejoice in His love. After he died, I looked around to see if I could find anything that I could send home to his sister, of whom he often spoke with great affection. I found a little book at the head of his bed that a kind Christian friend had given him. "Words of Jesus," was the title. I almost cried for joy when I thought how glad that sister would be to get this

book, that had been such a treasury of comfort to her poor afflicted brother in his last moments. I enclosed a lock of his hair in a letter, and sent the little book, hoping and praying that these "Words of Jesus" might be very precious words to her, comforting and sustaining her.

"FATHER, IS JESUS THERE?"

A gentleman said he just came from Massachusetts, where he had gone at the request of a daughter, made when near heaven, that he would take her to her native place for burial. She died, said he, as we call it, a few days ago, in Philadelphia. Just before she died, she asked, "Father, is Jesus in the room?"

"Why do you ask, my daughter? I inquired," said the father.

"Because it seems to me He is here," she replied.

"And you love Him?"

"Yes;" just whispered with a sweet smile beaming on her face; and in five

minutes she was gone. I had not a doubt Jesus was in the room, and I delighted myself in staying in that room to which the blessed Saviour had come to take His loving and rejoiced disciple home. It was a place of all on earth most blest,

“Quite on the verge of heaven.”





CHAPTER XII.

CHRIST IN TEMPTATION.

CHRIST is with you in—*temptation*. The hour of temptation in the believer's experience is one in which he may especially and safely rely upon the nearness to him of the Lord. Tried Himself in this crucible, as none ever were, He is prepared by all the appliances of His power, all the restraints of His grace, and all the sympathy of His love, to succour and deliver them that are tempted. Tempted in all points as you are, He knows how to foil the adversary, to quench the dart, and to enable you, the single and the weak one, to put to flight ten thousand

foes. Tempted believer! your faith in the truth of the Bible, your confidence in the God of the Bible, your loyalty to the Saviour of the Bible, your acceptance of the salvation of the Bible, your comfort from the promises of the Bible, your enjoyment of the hope of the Bible, assailed and tampered with by Satan, fear not! Greater is He who is with you than they who are against you. "*The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.*" Take heart, then, tempted believer! you shall come forth from the fiery furnace, from this painful discipline, of which all the saints of God are partakers, with your faith more firmly grounded, your love more deeply rooted, your heart more thoroughly purified, your hope of glory more unclouded, and that Divine Intercessor for His tempted ones, all the more precious to your heart, who says, "*Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.*" O thou Satan-tempted soul, "*Lo, I am with you always!*"

Illustrations.

Many a man has found his life a failure. He sought, but never found what he seeks. All a man can desire may be found in Christ.

One day after the leader had read the thirty-fourth Psalm, in which occurs this promise: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing;" as soon as a proper opportunity occurred, a young man arose and said—

"There was a time when the question of my salvation was just reduced to a matter of dollars and cents. The naked question was, whether I could afford to become a Christian. I had been for a long time under conviction of sin. I knew I must perish if I should die as I then was. I thought I was anxious to be a Christian. I had been an ambitious young man, ambitious to be rich; I had fair prospects of becoming so. I saw at once

I must make great sacrifices if I became a Christian. I must give up all my cherished plans and schemes. Giving up all these, I knew not how much more was involved. I saw that I might be poor all my days, instead of being rich, and *how* poor was more than I could tell. The adversary assailed me just in this way :—

“ You are doing very right to give attention to the subject of religion. It is a very important subject. But you are doing very wrong to make the sacrifice you must to become a Christian ; it is unreasonable. You cannot afford it. No one has a right to throw away his blessings. Wealth is a blessing, and you are discussing the question of being poor all your days, when you have every advantage for becoming rich. Be religious if you will, but by all means be rich ; and then with a contended mind you can afford to be religious.

“ At the same time the words of Jesus

rung in my ears and knocked at my heart : ‘ He that will not forsake all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.’ ‘ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.’ ‘ How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.’

“ The devil said, You do not quote the Scriptures correctly. It is hard for them who *trust* in riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven. You can have riches and not *trust* in them. You are not called to make a beggar of yourself all your life long in order to go to heaven. This would be very unreasonable ; and you are never required to do anything *unreasonable* to get to heaven. Be religious if you will, but by all means be reasonable. Do not make a fool of yourself, and in your folly throw your blessings away from you.

• “ I knew that Christ required me to give up all for Him. I knew that I could not have my own way in the matter of salvation. There I hung, just on that

hinge ; balancing the question whether I would be rich and be without salvation, or whether I would be poor and have salvation.

"It was a dreadful struggle, and Satan helped me into trouble all he could and made it seem hard. I thought I was willing to give up all dishonest and wrong ways of getting riches. But why should I be called upon to give up honest ways of seeking and obtaining the good things of this world for the sake of Christ ? That was the point of the struggle.

"It was when I was in just that state of perplexity that my eyes fastened upon that tenth verse of the thirty-fourth psalm : 'They that seek the *Lord* shall not want *any good thing*.' I said to myself, what more do I want than that ? What more could be promised ? Here is something more and something better than uncertain riches—uncertain about gaining them—uncertain about retaining them after all. But if I seek the Lord I shall not want any good thing.

"I needed just that passage at that time, and God by His Spirit helped me to believe in His faithfulness to fulfil His own word. On that text, as on a hinge, my heart turned to seek the Lord, and I gave up cheerfully all my fancied wealth for the sake of a saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. The load of guilt was gone, and I felt that I had salvation through the blood of the Lamb. The struggle was over, and my peace flowed as a river.

"Some unconverted, awakened sinner here may ask me, 'How about that promise?' I will answer. When my heart began to trust God I forgot all about the promise. I had all my heart desired in Jesus Christ. But God did not forget *that* promise though I did. Of this world's goods I have had all I could have asked, and even more. But best of all, *I have been made alive unto Christ for ever.* I am going home to die no more. For me it is not *death* to die. I thank God for

that thirty-fourth psalm ; it ied me to trust God through Jesus Christ."

"Oh make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His love confide."





CHAPTER XIII.

CHRIST IN ADVERSITY.

IN the *temporal calamities and adversities* of this life, the vicissitudes of commerce, the depression of trade, the pressure of want, it is equally our privilege to plead in prayer and faith this appropriate and precious promise of the Saviour, and invoke His interposition, succour, and aid. Our Lord, when on earth, never shewed Himself indifferent to the *temporal* necessities of man. We read that He had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat, and in the exercise of His sympathy, and in the interposition of His power, fed

thousands with bread. He is still the same. Have your commercial transactions met with a reverse? your enterprises with an untoward and unlooked-for check? Are you actually under the pressure of want? Your wife and your little ones crying for bread? Go in prayer, my brother, and plead in childlike faith this gracious promise of Jesus—“*Lo, I am with you always,*” and you shall not plead in vain. Ah, yes! He has sent, He has permitted this calamity but to shew you how near He is to you, how He will, as of old, tenderly compassionate your need, and then, in the boundlessness of His divine resources, abundantly supply it. See Christ, and Christ only, in your present distress. Bow uncomplainingly, cheerfully, to His will. Lean confidingly, unwaveringly upon His arm. Trust His goodness, faithfulness, and power. And, oh, if this temporal calamity, this worldly sorrow, but draw your soul to Christ, if now you are aroused to prayer, are le-

turn to God, to seek spiritual blessing, the “bread of life,” without which you perish, the “true riches” of grace on earth and of glory in heaven, through eternity you will praise the Saviour for the overwhelming calamity which saved your soul as by fire. Turn you now, amid crushed hopes, wrecked fortune, the biting and the cries of want, to Him whose providence can cause the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil not utterly to fail, and whose grace can so sanctify your affliction and chasten your sorrow as to make this present adversity the sweetest, holiest, costliest blessing of your life.

Yes! Christ is with you alway, all days; in the inexperience and temptations of your youth, to counsel and keep you; in the cares and anxieties of manhood, to sustain and soothe you; and in the feebleness, infirmity, and loneliness of old age, to be your staff and comfort. Christ is with you in widowhood, to vindicate your rights and cheer your desolation; in your

lone orphanage, to be to you as a father and a friend ; and in all the adversities and vicissitudes of life, its changing scenes and dying friends ; in the total absence of the kind sympathy for which you yearn, the affection for which you pant, the counsel and protection which you need, Christ will in your experience make good to the letter His precious promise, "*Lo, I am with you.*" Oh ! to have *His* presence with you in these circumstances, you can well afford to part with all others.

You are perhaps anticipating a trial, and, like the disciples in the transfiguration, you fear as you enter into the cloud, the portentous shadow of which is darkening and closing around you. But how groundless were their fears ! and equally so are yours. Christ was with them in the cloud, and a Father's voice issued from its bosom. Never were they more honoured or more safe. The same Christ, the same almighty, loving Friend is with you in the cloud which now you so much dread. Oh,

trust your trembling soul to Him ! Is it the heart's wrench you fear ? Is it mental despondency you dread ? Is it bodily suffering from which you shrink ? Is it temporal loss you anticipate ? "*I am with you always,*" is the soothing, assuring promise with which Jesus would have you meet it. He will strengthen, sustain, soothe, and comfort you with His blissful presence *at the moment* of the trial. Trust Him now ! He never yet belied Himself, never broke this precious promise in a solitary instance. "*As thy day, so shall thy strength be.*" "*As thy day !*" His presence will dissipate the gloom, quell the fear, hush the murmur, deaden the suffering, and, thus encircled by His arms, He will bear you through it, to the eternal praise and glory of His name. Friend of sinners ! Lord of saints ! my trembling spirit shrinks; I fear as I enter into this cloud ! Be Thou sensibly near. Let me *feel* Thy hand, *hear* Thy voice, *realise* Thy presence, then shall I fear no

evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff will support and comfort me. "*Lo, I am with you; I will be with you. Fear not.*" Enough, my gracious Lord! I will now enter into the cloud; I will gird me for the trial, and, supported by Thy grace and soothed by Thy love, will glorify Thee in the fire.



Illustrations.

In all our distresses and adversity Christ is ever with us. The following is an example drawn from humble life :—

In the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting a few days since, a pleasant and venerable-looking stranger arose and said, "While walking up Broadway yesterday, having lost my spectacles, I looked around to see where I could purchase a new pair. Finding a stand near, I stopped to select a pair.

Noticing that the dealer was an intelligent man, who had evidently seen better days, I entered into conversation with him.

“‘ How long have you been engaged in this business, sir ? ’

“‘ Only a short time, sir. I have not always been so poor. I formerly lived in Charleston, South Carolina, and was in good circumstances, but myself and family were compelled to fly to save our lives. We barely succeeded in getting on board of a vessel about sailing for New York, and secreting ourselves in the hold. We had no time to save anything, not even money enough to pay our passage.’

“‘ But how have you lived since you came here? You cannot make enough at this business to support your wife and children?’

“‘ God has cared for us thus far, sir. We had no money to pay rent, but we found a *cellar* up-town that we get for nothing, and my wife and I make enough to keep us in food and clothing. We are

very thankful, very thankful to God, sir,
that we came here.'

"How, sir, can you be thankful that
you were compelled to give up all your
property, leave a pleasant home, and live
in a cellar?"

"Oh, sir, it is because we have found
Jesus Christ since we came here, or rather,
He has found *us*, and we are more happy
and content than when we lived in our
pleasant southern home; for though we *do*
live in a cellar, JESUS CHRIST *is with us.*"'





CHAPTER XIV.

CHRIST IN DEATH.



CHRIST is with you—*in the hour and article of death*. Never did a believer in Jesus die alone! Alone he may be as to all human aid and Christian sympathy. But he cannot be really and actually alone; for, if ever Christ fulfils this exceeding great and precious promise, “*I am with you always*,” it is when His blood-bought, ransomed saint enters and passes through the shaded valley, He is with you to speak the promises, to mete out the grace, to stifle fear, to repel the tempter, to apply the blood, to

strengthen faith, and to waken the echoes of the silent valley with the music of His voice : “*I am with you.*” “Amid the prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future, when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird, lies struggling in the dust, with broken wing and wailing cry, longing for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the rest and quiet of the grave ; in that hour of earthly dissolution, He who has the keys of death at His girdle, nay, who has tasted death Himself, and better still, who hath conquered it, draws near in touching tenderness, saying, ‘Lo I am with you. I am with you to cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you ; I will be at your side in all that trying future ; I will make my grace sufficient for you, and my promises precious to you, and my love better than all earthly affection. The one is changeable : the one must perish ; I am the strength of your heart

and your portion for ever.’’ Blessed Lord !

“ Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without Thee I cannot die.”

Oh ! seek much, living and dying, of the sensible presence of Christ. Let this be the grand, essential character of your religion : a religion, the essence, the sunshine of which is the conscious presence with you ever of Jesus. Walk daily at His side. Cultivate confidential transactions with Him. Suffer no sin to grieve Him, no distrust to wound Him, no coldness, shyness, or distance of fellowship to lessen one throb, to suppress one desire, to congeal one current, or to prevent one act of your love. As his disciple and follower, separate yourself from the world, and bear His cross after Him boldly and uncompromisingly, yet meekly and heroically. Be happy in all His dealings with you ; all that He sends or withholds, gives or re-

moves, for He hath said, "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" No! He will be with you until He brings you home to glory. Precious presence of Christ on earth! it is the dawn of glory, the earnest of heaven, the foretaste of celestial bliss, the first-fruits of the golden harvest of eternity!

Illustrations.

The writer knew the parents and grandparents of this dear young man, among his personal friends. The happiness of this devoted Christian youth might be expected from his life. Christ was with him in the dying hour.

Among the many noble young men who have given their lives for the cause of human independence, we may class Jasper Stone Laughlin, who died in the twenty-third year of his age, at the West End Military Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, May

16th, 1862. He was an only son, born in M'Connellsburg, Ohio, of pious parents, where he spent nearly all his life with his mother and sister; his father, who was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, having died when Jasper was yet a child. It may truly be said of him that "None knew him but to love him." In the summer of 1858 he stood up for Jesus, and united with the Presbyterian Church. Such was his Christian deportment, that in 1861 he was elected and ordained a ruling elder in the same Church in which his father lived and died. His place was *never vacant*—when at home—in the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, the public gatherings of God's people.

In the fall of 1861, under a deep sense of duty to his country and his God, after prayerfully considering the whole matter, and obtaining the consent of his widowed mother, he volunteered under Captain T. M. Stevenson, Seventy-eighth Regiment

O.V.I., Colonel Leggett. He carried his religion with him. His Bible and hymn book were his daily companions. His captain, in writing about him since his death, says : "He was beloved by every one of his regiment. His conduct was so lofty and noble, his life so spiritual and heavenly minded, that the greatest despisers of religion were cowed before his very appearance. Once he said, 'I never before felt the power and importance of religion as I do here. Cut off from home and the public means of grace, I feel the necessity of leaning upon the Saviour, and committing myself entirely to a kind and good Providence.' "

His regiment was at the surrender of Fort Donelson, and in the battle of Shiloh during the second day. After having passed through that fearful struggle, and enduring many hardships, he was found to be failing in health ; so much so, that Captain Stevenson determined to send him home. When the hope was held up before him

that he would soon be conveyed to his mother and sisters, he replied: "I am going to a far better home than any on earth. Tell my mother and sisters that I die happy. I am entering the upper kingdom only a few days before them. They rejoiced when I came into the lower kingdom, how much more should they rejoice to have me enter the upper kingdom. Tell them to sing "**JOYFULLY**" when they hear of my *high promotion* from the army, and the high service of my country, to the bright climes of bliss!" After he was placed on the boat at Pittsburgh Landing, May 7th, he seemed to rally, and expressed himself as being quite comfortable. On the evening of the 9th, however, he felt that he was drawing near his "time to die," and being asked by his attending physician if he had any message to send to his friends, he dictated the following letter :—

"DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS,—I am

just entering the glorious portals of eternity! Jesus has not yet made His appearance, but *I know* that He will. Do not regret that you permitted me to volunteer. The happiness of the present moment makes up for all the suffering I ever endured. I soon expect to see dear father, grand-parents, and above all, JESUS! One of the greatest objects of my gratitude is, that God has granted me the privilege of sending you this message from the chambers of glory. I never enjoyed myself so much as while in the army. You ought to be proud that you have a son to fall in so glorious a cause as that of human independence. Tell our Church to be faithful unto the end, and get the glorious crown of life. Tell my dear pastor to continue in his faithful labours; that I know the blessing of God will follow them. Thank Mr Chambers, the Baptist minister, for the interest he took in me at the good old Union Prayer Meetings.

'Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,'

will be sung by me in nobler strains in a short time, and

‘Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee :
Ev’n though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee—I would be, and still
 nearer to Thee.’”

He was conveyed to the West End Military Hospital in Cincinnati, where he was brought under the kind care of relatives and friends. Dr Dodge, who spent much time with him, in a letter says:—

“ He was perfectly rational as long as he had strength to articulate. Realising fully that his work on earth was done, he departed with a confident assurance of meeting the Saviour. The memory of his example and faith in the Saviour will never be effaced from the minds of scores of sympathising friends.”

His remains were brought home, and interred by the side of his father.

“ Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ :
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.”



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Third Thousand, 18mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth,

The Man of God;

OR,

SPIRITUAL RELIGION EXPLAINED AND
ENFORCED.

"The work before us, which is the author's latest, has not in point of intrinsic excellence been surpassed by any of its predecessors. There is not a page, we had almost said not a single sentence, which has not a more or less direct bearing on the faith and practice of the believer."—*Morning Advertiser*.

Third Thousand, foolscap 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

The Fulness of Christ:

AS UNFOLDED IN THE TYPICAL HISTORY
OF THE PATRIARCH JOSEPH.

"The work is full of instructive teaching. It exhibits Christ as pointed to in the Old Testament; the anticipation of ancient saints being more than realised in the richness of the salvation which, when He came, He actually wrought out. We heartily hope that God may bless its perusal to very many."—*Church of England Magazine*.

JOHN F. SHAW & Co., Paternoster Row and
Southampton Row.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Divine Realities; or, Spiritual Reflections
for the Saint and Sinner. Imp. 32mo, 2s. 6d. cloth, post
free.

Morning Thoughts; or, Daily Walking
with God. A Portion for Every Day in the Year.—January
to June. Imp. 32mo, 2s. 6d. July to December. 2s. 6d.
cloth.

Evening Thoughts; or, Daily Walking
with God. A Portion for Every Day in the Year.—January
to June. Imp. 32mo, 3s. July to December. Imp. 32mo,
3s. cloth.

Hidden Life: Memorials of F. Whitmore
Winslow. Eighth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

Life in Jesus: A Memoir of Mrs Mary
Winslow. By her Son, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. Six-
teenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"It is indeed a most precious addition to the stores of our
Christian Biography. . . . The volume is admirably written,
and the fine materials of which it consists are well disposed of.
. . . We sincerely thank Dr Winslow for this invaluable con-
tribution of his prolific pen. We wish all our readers to become
acquainted with Mrs Winslow."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

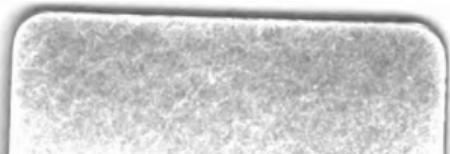
No Condemnation in Christ Jesus. As
unfolded in the Eighth Chapter of Romans. Sixth Thou-
sand. Post 8vo, 7s. cloth.

"We recommend this work as worthy of a place in every
closet."—*Christian Times*.

JOHN F. SHAW & CO., Paternoster Row and
Southampton Row.

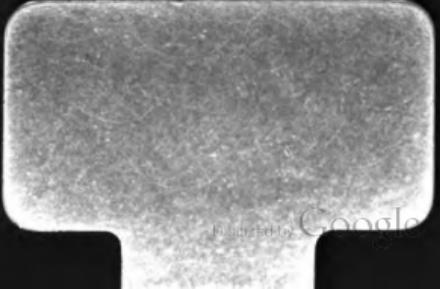


Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

HEART CHEER
FOR
HOME SORROW



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Pri~~farr~~.

IT has often been said that a baptism of personal sorrow is the best preparation for the ministry of consolation to others. It would seem that the rock of the heart requires to be smitten before the fountain of sympathy can be fully opened, and its healing, soothing waters flow freely forth. Since the writer proposed to himself this ministry of **HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW**, his own heart has been thus sorely and unexpectedly smitten. Experimentally, he can now "weep with those who weep."

He would fain hope that the bond of sympathy thus formed, may deepen the interest and stimulate the prayerfulness of some members of the Home Circle of sorrowing ones who may read these pages.

Many of the extracts are original, and have been specially contributed by their respective authors.

St. NICHOLAS' RECTORY, WORCESTER.
November, 1865.

Our Father . . . in Heaven.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"—St. MATTHEW vii. 11.

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

A. H. PARRY.

HEART CHEER

FOR

HOME SORROW.

The Comforter.

 GOD, O Spirit, Light of Life,
In Death's grim shadows grandly
shining :

Darkness and light have ever strife :
Thus we for light in vain are pining.
O Spirit ! from whom none can flee,
I let Thee all my sorrow see.

Lay bare my bosom, and destroy
What with Thy pure light fiercely fighteth,
And though Thou kill my cherished joy,
Swift comes a peace that more delighteth :
And I, redeemed from darkness dread,
Find light, that from the cross is shed.

Feeble, we cannot war with sin ;
Anoint Thou us—we march victorious ;
Not till we are renewed within,
Can we be soldiers—valiant, glorious :
O Spirit, be my spirit's shield ;
Without Thy help, I craven yield.

Thou breath of the Eternal Will,
Stream mighty through my deepest being,
My soul with mystic riches fill,
Through the unseen O teach me seeing :
Let faith, and love, and holy fear,
Exalt and strengthen, save and cheer.

In my resolves, and aims, and deeds,
May I Thy mandates childlike follow ;
And when my heart the keenest bleeds,
May I abhor all pleasures hollow !
In serving Thee, alone be bold ;
In serving sin, alone be cold.

Spirit, evolved from the abyss
Where wondrous, boundless Godhead
slumbers,
Where, far from lowly worlds like this,
Are stars which no archangel numbers ;
My thirsty lips draw near to drink,
Then in Thy Fount of Life I sink.

I give my breast—my all to Thee,
No longer for earth's phantoms fretting ;
I wait, resigned, the last decree,
Sense, sorrow, self, and sin forgetting ;
My soul to Thee ecstatic darts,
Thou Comforter of human hearts !

FROM THE GERMAN OF TERSTEEGEN.



Mistaken Comforters.

THE effort to console must guard against many things, if it would be effectual.

Sorrow is a great test of truth. Nothing which has the slightest tinge of unreality, whether in the form of exaggeration or of affectation, has a chance of acceptance with persons in deep trouble. There must be, as a first condition, the recognition of the existence in the sufferer's case of that which is hard to bear; and there must be, as a second condition, the presentation of that which is perfectly supporting, because absolutely true, to meet it, if a man would minister with any effect to one on whom pain or loss, anxiety or desolation, has laid a heavy hand. Too often there is an attempt to ignore the sorrow; to treat it as if it were made too much of; almost to reprove it, as if it were fanciful or

voluntary. It is difficult for health and sickness, ease and distress, a whole heart and a wounded heart, to meet and sympathise: grief is suspicious of gladness, and is slow to be persuaded that he who comes to the house of mourning from the dwelling of cheerfulness can bring with him a just appreciation of the calamity which he seeks to soothe. To be able to **WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP** is a necessary requisite in one who would be, in the Divine sense, **A SON OF CONSOLATION**.

It is the first object of sorrow, if we recognise in it any object at all, that it be felt. If there is a remedial purpose in it, or if there is even a chastising and a humbling purpose in it, this can only be answered by the entrance of the pain itself into the very soul's soul. This is what an inexperienced comforter will no let it do. He acts with his spiritual comfort, just as he thinks it wrong and shocking for another to act with his worldly comfort. He counts it a great

in to drown sorrow by letting in the din
of the world upon it; but does he not
himself seek to overbear sorrow in an
opposite manner, by haste and precipita-
tion in administering the remedies of the
Gospel? Truths which will be valuable
and efficacious a month hence, may them-
selves be inoperative and inaudible to-day.
And the wise physician, like Him whose
hand is working with him from above,
will abide and watch his time. He will
be satisfied, in the first instance, that the
soul should lay itself low and let the wave
pass over it. Its foot must touch the
bottom of the deep waters before it can
safely rise again to their surface. All
that we can desire to hear from the rent
heart, in the first hours of anguish, is the
simple confession, IT IS THE LORD.

And here sometimes is the defect of
books which would comfort the mourner.
They precipitate consolation. They do
not convey the impression of the writer's
having first suffered. If he had, he would

know more of the first crush and of the first bewilderment of sorrow. He would not only make allowance for the difficulty of accepting solace, but he would scarcely desire that solace to be too instantly accepted. The certainty that God is at work—the “ whatsoever your sickness is, know you certainly that it is God’s visitation ”—would be almost enough for his first lesson. He would know that in that one point there is not only a groundwork of infallible truth, but also an element of unassailable consolation. If I am in God’s hands, then, whatever the process, whatever the end, all must be well. But if I am expected, when all life is a blank, to see it instantly repeopled with objects of interest and of satisfaction ; if I am expected, when life is felt to be insufferably long, to respond at once to the call which reminds me that it is but for a moment ; if I am expected, when calamity is so real, and so strong, and so grinding in its pressure, to say all at once that it is a

ream and a phantom ; if I am expected, when I am enveloped in the thick darkness, not only to say that I doubt not that God is in the midst of it, but that I actually see Him there and can rejoice in His sight ; then I say that you are too quick for me—you are building me up before I have been taken down—you are seeking to confound what God ever discriminates, the night of sorrow and the morning of joy, the time of my wealth and the time of my tribulation.

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D.



Tears.

TEARS are not always fruitful ; their hot
drops

Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim
the eye :

Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened
cry.

Oh, better not to weep than weep amiss ;
For hard it is to learn to weep aright—
To weep wise tears, the tears that heal and
bless,

The tears which their own bitterness
requite.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe ;
To fling away the spirit's finest gold ;
To lose, not gain, by sorrow ; to overflow
The sacred channels which true sadness
hold.

To shed our tears as trees their blossoms shed,
Not all at random, but to make sure way
For fruit in season, when the bloom lies dead
On the chill earth, the victim of decay ;—

This is to use the grief that God has sent,
To read the lesson, and to learn the love,
To sound the depths of saddest chastisement,
To pluck on earth the fruit of realms
above.

Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief
Should into vain, self-pitying weakness
turn ;

Weep not too long, but seek Divine relief ;
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness
burn.

Husband your tears; if lavished, they become
Like waters that inundate and destroy :
For active, self-denying days leave room,
So shall you sow in tears, and reap in joy.

It is not tears but teaching we should seek ;
The tears we need are genial as the shower;
They mould the being while they stain the
cheek,
Freshening the spirit into life and power.

Move on, and murmur not ; a warrior thou—
Is this a day for idle tears and sighs ?
Buckle thine armour, grasp thy sword and
bow,
Fight the good fight of faith, and win the
prize.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.



The End of Affliction.

GOD afflicts us for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. The flowers smell sweetest after a shower; vines bear the better for bleeding; the walnut tree is most fruitful when most beaten; saints spring and thrive most internally, when they are most externally afflicted. Afflictions are the mother of virtue. Manasseh's chain was more profitable to him than his crown. Luther could not understand some Scriptures till he was in affliction. The Christ-cross is no letter, and yet that taught him more than all the letters in a row. God's house of correction is His school of instruction. All the stones that came about Stephen's ears did but knock him closer to Christ, the corner-stone. The waves did but lift Noah's ark nearer to heaven; and the

higher the waters grew, the more the ark was lifted up to heaven. Afflictions lift up the soul to more rich, clear, and full enjoyments of God. “Behold, I will lead her into the *wilderness*, and speak comfortably unto her” (Hosea ii. 14), or rather, as the Hebrew has it, “I will earnestly or vehemently speak to her heart.” God makes afflictions to be but inlets to the soul’s more sweet and full enjoyment of His blessed self. When was it that Stephen saw the heavens open, and Christ standing at the right hand of God, but when the stones were about his ears, and there was but a short step betwixt him and eternity? And when did God appear in glory to Jacob, but in the day of his troubles, when the stones were his pillow, and the ground his bed, and the hedges his curtains, and the heavens his canopy? Then he saw the angels of God ascending and descending in His glittering robes.

THOMAS BROOKS. 1680.

B

The Furnace.

BEHOLD, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction (Isaiah xlviij. 10).

Not with such furious heat as is requisite to melt down silver, for then thou wouldest have been utterly consumed. I have taken this method to purge thee from thy dross, and render thee a chosen people to myself: I have tried or proved thee in the furnace of affliction.

W. LOWTH.

Nowhere canst thou so magnify thy God
As in the furnace-fires! Submissive tears,
Wrung from the griev'd yet unrepining
heart,

In silent eloquence proclaim the power
Of Christian faith ;—a living evidence,
In an ungodly world, that Gospel peace

Is no vague theory. Mourner in Zion !
In this thou hast a mean of glorifying
The Lord who loved thee, angels cannot have.
Meek acquiescence is a grace unknown
In heaven, where trial enters not. No cup
Of anguish'd sorrow there to drink, no tears
Through which with murmuring lips to
breathe,
“ Father, Thy will be done !”—Oh, mayst
thou not
(If thy submission has one sinner led
To magnify the grace which thee sustain'd
So wondrously) with humble praise rejoice ?
And, looking forward to eternity,
Would not thy sorest tribulations prove
Their own best recompense, if, through the
years
Of never-ending bliss, one voice were heard
To own that these thy sorrows, sanctified,
Had proved the means of leading it to
heaven ?

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Trust.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."—ISAIAH xxvi. 4.

 FELLOW CHRISTIAN ! whosoe'er
thou art,
This is for thee and me—
This wine of Trust, that maketh glad the
heart
In its adversity :
Drink, therefore, and so bear a braver part ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

"Thy days " may be a life-long battle-field,
A warrior's history,
Where every weapon Satan's arm can wield
Shall each be aimed at thee :
But strive in Trust, and thou shalt *never*
yield ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

“Thy days” may be a weary pilgrimage
Through wastes of poverty ;
The vulture’s hunger and the lean wolf’s
 rage

Be ever threatening thee :
Thy childhood joyless, and thy youth like
 age ;
Yet as thy days, thy strength shall be.

“Thy days” may be a voyage, full of fear,
Over a stormy sea,
And thou the sleepless helmsman sworn to
 steer
The good ship warily—
The sharp rocks there—the roaring whirl-
 pool here—
Yet as thy days, thy strength shall be.

“Thy days” may be a dull and vacant
 range,
A long captivity,
Nought brightly wonderful or sweetly
 strange
To quicken time for thee :
Less pain or more the only interchange ;
Yet as thy days, thy strength shall be.

“Thy days” may be a long experience
 Of much perplexity;
The light it longs for, amid clouds so dense,
 Thy mind may scarcely see:
Then on thy Father cast thy confidence;
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

O burdened sufferer in a world of woe,
 Thy sorrow’s mystery
Shall pass: *believe*, and one day thou shalt
 know;
Above thine eyes shall see,
Be not impatient of the veil *below*;
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

O wakeful toiler in a world of pain,
 A long rest waiteth thee:
Seek it not here, but bravely lift again
 Tired hand and feeble knee:
If thou wilt *trust*, thy Master will *sustain*,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Yea, fellow Christian! whosoe’er thou art,
 It is for thee and me—
This wine of Trust, that maketh glad the
 heart
In all adversity:

Drink, therefore, and so bear a braver part;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Amen! until there shall be no more “days,”
Until the shadows flee,
Until the cloud be lifted from our gaze,
Until in Certainty
Trust die, and Faith in Sight, and Prayer
in Praise,
In God’s ETERNITY!

S. J. STONE, B.A.



“Is the Cross Heavy?”

IS the cross heavy? doth thy sorrow tire?
Never fear;
When the refiner’s gold is in the fire,
He is near:
Whom the Lord chast’neth most, He loveth
best,
Harming never;
By Golgotha the way to heav’nly rest
Passest ever.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Believer's Recognition of God in Providence.

WE do not wonder that worldly men should be filled with disquieting apprehension, and murmuring mistrust, under adverse circumstances. When plans are defeated and speculations fail, when sufferings agonize the body or anxieties harass the mind, the natural man cannot but exclaim, "All these things are against me!" In prosperity he may talk of "faith in Providence:" but Providence, on his lips, is another word for "fortune" or "fate." In the day of affliction, when the storm bursts upon him, he has no anchor for his soul—no rock upon which he can plant his foot. But it should not be so with believers. They should be sure there is a God in providence, and act

as if they believed it. Anxiety, dark and oppressive, should not find a dwelling-place in the breast of one whose full persuasion it is that “God is love”—that His wisdom is infinite—that His care over us is such that “not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge.” “If the Lord careth for thee,” says Leighton, “be thyself at rest; for why shouldest thou care, and He care too?”

Yet, alas! how few can testify that it is always thus with them! We may not, like the worldling, talk of chances, and fate, and a meaningless Providence: but do we not often refer events to second causes, as if God had little or nothing to do with the world He has made—and thus forgetting God in providence, find the cares and anxieties of this life disturbing our peace and impeding our spiritual progress? We forget the truth we profess to know, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof” (Matt. vi. 34). We put upon ourselves the burden of to-

morrow ; and beneath to-morrow's burden we fail to seek to-day's grace, and neglect to discharge to-day's duty.

Christian experience may well be tested by the Christian precept which enjoins us, as believers, to be "careful for nothing" (Phil. iv. 6). Afflictions, trials, disappointments, rightly regarded, would help us in the application of this test. We might safely reason thus :—If we cannot commit the ordering of our earthly way to our Father, who hath loved us, and "blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus" (Eph. i. 3) ; if we cannot confide in His wisdom, and trust in His goodness, under the trials and afflictions He may send us ; have we not reason to examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith at all ? Assuredly, the measure of our faith in the God of grace will find no uncertain index in the measure of our faith in the God of providence. If God be our Father—if we know it and realize it—we shall be content to let the vessel of

our life drift whither He will : if Eternal Love guides the helm, it cannot fail to fall upon the right track. But if we murmur at God's providences, we may well ask, can we have the faith of a child of God, who knows that " all things " are " working together " for his real " good "? (Rom. viii. 28).

Oh for an increase of that simple faith which teaches the believer to suffer according to the Divine will!—the simple faith which hesitates not to venture wherever God's providence leads ; the simple faith which assures the soul, in its most trying experience, " Like as a father pitieith his children, so the Lord pitieith them that fear Him " (Psalm ciii. 13) ; " He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear " (1 Cor. x. 13) ; " His grace is sufficient for thee " (2 Cor. xii. 9).

Let the sons and daughters of affliction remember faith is the gift of God, and let them seek the increase of faith at His

roy-seat. "Lord, we believe; help
ou our unbelief."

C. B.



Afflictions Sweetened.

IT is with your affliction, as with sea-water. Take the water as it is in the sea, and it is salt and brackish; but drawn up by the sun into the clouds, it becomes sweet, and falls down in sweet rain. So, take an affliction in itself, and it is salt and brackish; but drawn up by Divine love, it is sweet: and if a soul can but taste the love of God in it, and see what a loving end the Lord will make, he will find it is very sweet, and say, I could not have been without this affliction.

W. BRIDGE.

The Words of Jesus.

I.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—ST. MARK ix. 23.

LORD, I am sorely troubled ! lo, each
wave
Of Thy displeasure rolleth over me.
Is there no succour to be found in Thee ?
Is Thine arm shortened, that it cannot save ?
Oh ! if Thou canst do aught, Lord, hear my
prayer !

In my deep agony, I yet will cling
Unto the Cross ; there all my sorrow bring ;
And if I perish, I will perish there !
Hark ! through the darkness comes Thy still
small voice ;
Unto my soul its tender accents speak :
"My power is boundless, but thy faith is
weak ;
No longer in despairing anguish grieve ;
Resting on Me, thy heart shall still rejoice,
For all is possible to him that doth be-
lieve."

A. H. PARBY.

II.

" My sheep hear my voice."—ST. JOHN x. 27.

TRANGE voices mingle round us; this
world's din
Is never silent. Words are heaped on
words,
And sounds on sounds, like the fierce flash
of swords
In a wild battle; and the cries of sin
Are mingled with the bitter wail of pain.
We hear but echoes of the angels' song;
Its music is forgotten; 'tis so long
Since man in Eden joined the heavenly
strain.
But yet *one* voice we know. 'Mid the rude
noise
And tumult of the world, so strange and sad,
Its loved, familiar tones can make us glad:
And when, in death, all other sounds are
still—
The wail of grief, the clang of earthly joys—
With perfect melody that voice our souls
shall fill.

A. H. PARRY.

III.

“ It is expedient for you that I go away.”

ST. JOHN xvi. 7.

Tis expedient, Lord, that Thou art gone
To yon pure heaven, where every grief
is o'er;

That Thou dost tread our sin-stained earth
no more.

Henceforth our hearts can never be alone.
Where'er we walk, the Comforter is near,
Showing us all Thy love and all Thy grace.
Judea's hills no longer hide Thy face.

Our weary feet no pilgrimage need fear :
Where'er we kneel we find the mercy-seat.
And if the words Thou spakest to Thine
own

When here on earth were sweet, surely their
tone

Is sweeter when we listen unto Thee
From yonder sinless heaven. Yea, death is
sweet;

'Tis but Thy voice that saith, “ Where I am,
ye shall be.”

A. H. PARRY.

IV.

"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."—ST. JOHN xi. 11.

HOW doth our blessed Saviour speak of
death?

As the dark curse that once at Eden's gate
Came on man's fallen race?—a cruel fate
Tracking the sinner from his earliest breath?
Ah no! "Our friend is sleeping," saith the
Lord.

And we, with hearts rejoicing, hear this
word
From Him, our true, our never-changing
Friend.

It speaketh of a life that ne'er shall cease;
When He shall give us the eternal crown.
And though, when wearied, some dear one
lies down

To his last rest, we cannot choose but weep,
Yet like sweet music sounds the word of
peace,

"I come that I may wake him out of sleep."

A. H. PARRY.

Why the Worst does not Come.

THREE is often something that looks very bad in my affairs or prospects; yet, I observe, the worst does not come. Things do not come to extremities. The evil may generally be traced to my own folly or perverseness; yet still the case is the same. Still I am spared, still I am not brought to extremities. And, on looking around me, I make the same observation on all sides. It holds good with respect to others. Danger does not come to its full extent. We are constantly anticipating a crisis, but do not experience it. Thank God, we have not yet been brought to extremities. Now, how shall we account for this? Some one, perhaps, will answer, "It is Divine Providence." Yes; but let us go a little deeper. I think I see the true reason in the cross of

Christ. Matters came to an extremity with our crucified Lord on Calvary. He there endured the utmost ; the whole pain, the whole shame. Hence, when "they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh," "He received it not." The wine would have allayed His thirst for the moment ; the myrrh might have proved a temporary alleviation of His sharp pains. But he put back the proffered help—"not sullen nor in scorn"—Keble's construction is the true construction—

"Thou wilt feel all, that Thou may'st pity all :
 And rather would'st Thou wrestle with **strong pain**,
 Than overcloud Thy soul,
 So clear in agony,
 Or lose one glimpse of heaven before the time."

Thus we escape. Thus unknown trials, perplexities, calamities, extremities, are ever threatening us—are ever deserved ; but do not come.

J. C. BOYCE, M.A.

Tribulation.

WE all know in a general way that the word “tribulation,” which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin “tribulum;” which was the threshing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandmen separated the corn from the husks; and “tribulatio” in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image, for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, and distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the

solid and the true—their chaff from the wheat—therefore he called these sorrows and trials “tribulations”—threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now, in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word “tribulation” a graceful composition by George Wither, an early English poet. You will at once perceive that it is all wrapt up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given; it is as follows:—

“ Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men’s persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,

Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections ;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit winnowed from us ;
Until from us the straw or worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered ; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire ;
But then we shall ; and that is my desire."

This deeper religious use of the word "tribulation" was unknown to classical, that is, to heathen antiquity, and belongs exclusively to the Christian writers ; and the fact that the same deepening and elevating of the use of words recurs in a multitude of other, and many of them far more signal, instances, is one well deserving to be followed up.

R. C. TRENCH.

A Filial Claim.

WHEREFORE wilt Thou not hear me,
Lord of me ?
Have I no claim on Thee ? True, I have
none
That springs from me, but much that springs
from Thee.
Hast Thou not made me ? Livest Thou not
in me ?
I have done nought for Thee, am but a want;
But Thou that art rich in giving canst give
claims,
And this same need of Thee that Thou hast
given
Is as a claim on Thee to give Thyself,
And makes me bold to rise and come to Thee.
Through all my sinning, Thou has not re-
claimed
This witness of Thy Fatherhood, that pleads
For Thee with me, and for Thy child with
Thee.

MACDONALD.

“In Patience Possess ye your
Souls.”

LET us “possess our souls in patience:” for he is neither the brave nor the believing man who says, “Let me die, for the cup is bitterer than I can drink;” but he who under the sorest grief can say, “Let me live on and be useful, whatever may be the bitterness of the cup.”

BONAR.

It is, indeed, a precious thing
When patience in us dwelleth,
And firm in God’s eternal love,
Of glad submission telleth.
No matter if we lowly pine,
Or if the sun should brightly shine,
’Tis “Patience” life maintaineth.

Then up, my heart, and tremble not,
Whene’er the cross oppresseth;
Flee thou to God, His blessed light
The weary soul refresheth.

He speaketh but in love, this God ;
Then kiss, yes kiss, the chastening rod,
For "Patience" overcometh.

In faith press onward through the fight,
Until the storm-wind ceaseth ;
For, through the cross, each fleshly lust
In strength and will decreaseth.
The soul gets strength beneath the rod,
When resting on the will of God,
For "Patience" overcometh.

God sendeth help in every need ;
He who to Jesu fleeth,
Death hath released him from its hold,—
E'en here the crown he seeth.
God standeth by ; will comfort be ;
He leads the soul right fatherly,
For "Patience" mercy winneth.

Thou God of comfort and of grace,
From whom our patience floweth,
Oh, give this virtue unto me,
Its need my spirit knoweth.
Let me, beneath each weary rod,
Grow like unto my Saviour God,
Till I at length behold Him.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The "Fireside" Hour of Sorrow.

Q THOU, whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—

To say, though lying in the dust,
" My Father's will be done!"

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace ;
That oft, in dark attire, He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met my God.

J. D. BURNS.

Home Bereavement.

"I was dumb."—Psalm xxxix. 9.

THE Psalmist, under affliction, tells us he was "dumb"—dumb before God as the Author of his affliction. God is not only with His people in their afflictions, but He is the Author of them. He "appointeth the rod :" and it is something to be able to see, when the blow falls, that "it is the Lord."

Feeling that the Lord was the Author of his affliction, the Psalmist was "dumb"—dumb before God, and dumb, too, in the presence of his fellow-creatures. We are, perhaps, prone to converse too much with the dear ones around us in the hour of affliction. We *may* converse with them, and sweet is the sympathy of true Christian communion—sweet and strengthening, if sanctified by the Divine Comforter : but

there is a danger lest God's voice should be drowned even by the loving voices of tender and affectionate friends. It is well that we should frequently enter our closet, and, in the presence of God, be "dumb."

If we thus enter that solitude in which we are "not alone, because the Father is with us," we may easily discover fitting reasons why, under the special trial of Home Bereavement, we should be thus dumb.

We should be "dumb" whilst we ponder the mystery of the Divine Providence.

We should be "dumb" whilst we acknowledge the righteousness of the Divine infliction.

We should be "dumb" whilst we contemplate the graciousness of the Divine revelations of God's blessed Book.

We should be "DUMB" whilst we ponder THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Yes! the mystery of the Divine Pro-

vidence. There is a mystery in God's providences, even to His dear children, who have learned to cry "Abba Father." We may be too ready to quiet our minds, as if there were no mystery to ponder. We may fasten upon the great and glorious truth, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and forget that, nevertheless, God hath determined that this "working together" shall itself to us be "mysterious." Jehovah's dealings with His people are often perfectly inscrutable. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." "His way is in the sea, His paths in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." He will bring His people to a condition in which the words apply to them—"What I do thou knowest not now,"—although in grace He adds the promise, "but thou shalt know hereafter."

In this condition it is for us to be "dumb." We know not why "one is taken" and "another left." We know

not why the useful life suddenly terminates—the sun going down whilst it is yet noon,—and the unprofitable life is prolonged to old age—like a fruitless and withered tree, “cumbering the ground” which it ought to occupy for God’s glory and man’s good. We know not why the tenderest ties are severed—the happiest associations are broken up. We know not why what might have been almost an earthly paradise, is suddenly changed into the house of mourning and desolation. We know not, and we must be content to be ignorant. We must cease to speculate—cease to attempt to solve what is inscrutable. On our knees, in the presence of the All-wise God, we should be “dumb.”

But, again, we should be “DUMB” whilst we acknowledge THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THE DIVINE INFILCTION.

Yes ! the “righteousness” of the Divine infliction. God is a righteous God, and the believer knows it and feels it. There is nothing, indeed, in God’s

Spirit be our Teacher, and open our eyes, we shall, indeed, in these pages behold “wonderful things.” The revelations of this Holy Book so “excel in glory,” that even the eye of faith is dazzled in the attempt to bring them within the field of its vision.

We cannot conceive “what God hath prepared in heaven for those who love Him.” Even here, in the realization of all that Christ is to His people, we may—we ought—to rejoice “with joy unspeakable and full of glory;” but the highest experience of this joy is but a foretaste of the joy that is the everlasting portion of the redeemed. Who can “paint the moment after death?”

“Our knowledge of that state is small;
The eye of faith is dim :
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him !”

Oh! sweet comfort to the Christian mourner, weeping, as Christ wept, by the grave of buried love—of friendship inter-

red ! The dead who sleep in Jesus are “not lost, but gone before :” the treasure is in heaven. The grave is but the shadow—the gate of life is the reality. “We see Jesus” at the tomb. “We see Jesus ;” Jesus, who died for our loved ones ; Jesus, who was dear to them as poor guilty sinners who felt their spiritual need, and beheld their interest in His atoning blood ; Jesus, who gave them of His Spirit, and wrought all their works in them, so that they were His “epistles” on earth, speaking for Him, living for Him ; though in themselves but “earthen vessels,” ever lamenting their own unworthiness. “We see Jesus,”—and we see our loved ones “with Jesus, where He is.” And we no longer “see death.”

Believing mourner ! raise those tear-blind eyes. The sunlight of the Divine revelations of future bliss illumines the dark passage of mortality through which the heirs of immortality pass to their sinless home. Think not they are called

too early. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : Even so, saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours." Hearken to the sweet tones of that heavenly voice falling softly and soothingly upon the listening ear : contemplate the unutterable bliss of heaven ; and, in the hour of bereavement, whilst the riven heart is bleeding, God will help you to say with the Psalmist—
"I WAS DUMB."

C. B.



I Believe in the Resurrection of the Body.

DEAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid,
My heart lies down with Thee.
Oh, not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
But from a hope that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength
My place on earth to fill,
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will ;
Firm against every doubt of Thee
For all my future way—
To walk in heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.
Ah, such a day as Thou shalt own
When suns have ceased to shine !

A day of burdens borne by Thee,
And work that all was Thine.
Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom speed,—
Till my whole life in concord say,
“The Lord is risen indeed.”

Oh, for an impulse from Thy love
With every coming breath,
To sing that sweet undying song
Amid the wrecks of death !
A “hail !” to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the blessed life
Which Thou hast brought to light.

I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise,—
To find the germs of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies,—
To feel the spring-tide of a soul
By one deep love set free ;
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with Thee.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end now full to bless !

How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness !
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our home complete,
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes—they shall meet, and face to face
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.
For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine, then, Thou Resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine !
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
Now, in this changing, dying life
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

A. L. WARING.

Submission.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God
With His own children, which none
others know,

That sweetens all He does; and if such peace
While under His afflicting hand we find,
What will it be to see Him as He is,
And, past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose, to contemplate,
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which His wisdom has prepared His
saints

For the vast weight of glory which remains ?
Come then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend. A friend that
frowns

Is better than a smiling enemy.

We welcome clouds which bring the former
rain,

Though they the present prospect blacken
round,

And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may
yield

A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

SWAINE.

Sanctified Affliction.

SANCTIFIED affliction is God's medicine—a healing, strengthening, invigorating medicine for sin-sick souls. It works finally, for those who look not at things temporal but at things eternal, "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But its influence is also immediate; its beneficial results are realized here; and hence the frequent testimony of the tried children of God—"It was good for me to be afflicted." This "good," too, is not confined to the afflicted one. Affliction in the household often proves an angel visitant, "entertained unawares" by those who dwell there.

C. B.



Bereavement.

WHEN some beloveds, 'neath whose
eyelids lay
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
And I astonished fell, and could not pray ;
A thought within me to myself did say,—
“ Is God less God, that thou art mortal sad ?
Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth
clad,
“ As in that purple ! ”—But I answer, “ Nay !
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite ? What can he but, with sobbing
breath,
Embrace the unwilling hand which chas-
teneth ?
And my dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and
praise.”

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

The Sepulchre in the Garden.

BE prepared, then, as knowing that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,—be prepared for the finding of the bitter mingled with the sweet, the having to weep over as blighted what thou hast rejoiced over as blooming. For to the end it must be the appointment of God, that if a garden be given to any of His people, it shall be like that of Joseph of Arimathea, in the midst of which there is a sepulchre.

ANON.



Not Lost, but Gone Before.

Not lost, but gone before
 To find a new bright career;
 Will now all his time and energies
 Will all the precious hours till morn,
 Be spent in vain, & for but of little
 Can he make of him whom and bring

Not lost, but gone before
 To find a new bright career;
 Will now all his time and energies
 Will all the precious hours till morn,
 Be spent in vain, & for but of little
 Can he make of him whom and bring

Not lost, but gone before
 To find a new bright career;
 Will now all his time and energies
 Will all the precious hours till morn,
 Be spent in vain, & for but of little
 Can he make of him whom and bring

His childish thoughts were upward bent,
The pilgrim-river kissed his feet ;
The Master of the city sent
Into his soul a message sweet ;
He saw far off the gates of pearl,
And long lines of the shining street.

The hour before he died we read
That Holy Book he loved to hear ;
We spread its pictures on the bed,
And spake of Christ, the Shepherd dear ;
The summer night was well-nigh spent—
We little thought *his* dawn so near.

Silent as water spilt on sand,
His ebbing pulses sank to rest ;
His mother held one little hand,
The other lay upon his breast ;
So calm, so still—the angel wing
Scarce fluttered as it left the nest.

ALFRED STARKEY.



Soon—and for Ever.

SOON—and for ever!
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust ;
Soon—and for ever—
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er—
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more ;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever—
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away ;

Soon—and for ever—
 We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been.
When fightings without us,
 And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
 In the warfare of sin—
Where tears, and where fears,
 And where death shall be never,—
Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon—and for ever.

J. S. MONSELL.



Heavenly Recognition necessary to Heavenly Love.

LOVE, we are told, "is of God" (1 John iv. 7), and is at once a distinguishing characteristic of the Christian and of heaven. But knowledge is necessary to the very existence of love, and perfect knowledge to the exercise of perfect love; and therefore, if in heaven we are to love one another perfectly, we must know each other perfectly. And such will be the case; for love is to the moral creation what attraction is to the material creation—it is the bond of union. It binds each to the other, and all to God. So far, then, from being a merely animal emotion, which is to be destroyed by death, love is a divine implantation, which can only find its full and free

exercise in heaven. Love to the creature is not at all incompatible with love to the Creator ; for the law which obtains here will obtain hereafter, and whilst throughout eternity we shall love God supremely, we shall also, throughout the same eternity, “love our neighbour as ourselves.” Earthly relationships, indeed, terminate with this present life ; but the *remembrance*—the *recollection* of those earthly relationships will sweeten our intercourse in heaven with those whom we have loved on earth. Our increase of knowledge will only intensify, refine, and strengthen that love. And therefore we quite agree with Southey when he says—

“They err who tell us Love can die :
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell :
Earthly, those passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is THERE.”

“I must confess,” wrote Baxter, “as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them, after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such: but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those of them who are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven; and I love them with a heavenly love as the heirs of heaven, even with a love which shall there be perfected and for ever exercised.”

J. M. KILLEN.

Sorrow Healed.

JOB ii. 12.

JIS thy sorrow very great?
 What were mortal words to thee?
 Wait on God—poor mourner, wait;
 Thy sole Comforter is He.
 'Tis the Maker of the heart,
 'Tis the Sender of the grief,
 Can alone the balm impart
 That shall yield thee sweet relief.
 Tell to man thy bitter woes,
 Thence may spring yet worse to bear;
 Tell them unto God—who knows?
 It may prove prevailing prayer.
 Weak to make the body whole
 Of sore hurt, is human skill;
 But to heal the stricken soul,
 It for this is weaker still:
 While, so great is God above,
 That to hear His truth revealed,
 And to trust its words of love—
 This alone is to be healed.

THOMAS DAVIS.

E 2

Digitized by Google

God's Way of making us Happy.

GOD has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as each was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had told me some time ago that He was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me that He should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing this purpose; and yet how is His wisdom manifest even in this!—for if you should see a man shut

up in a close room, idolizing a set of lamps, and rejoicing in their light, and you wished to make him truly happy, you would begin by blowing out all his lamps, and then throw open the shutters to let in the light of heaven.

DR. PAYSON.



Life Through Death.

 A DEWDROP falling on a wild sea-wave,
 Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this
 grave;"

But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Into a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to
 die ;

Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean-bed ;
 O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam
 Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

R. C. TRENCH.

Affliction Training the Mind.

HOW fast we learn in a day of sorrow ! It is as if affliction awoke our powers and lent them new quickness of perception. We advance more in the knowledge of Scripture in a single day than in years before ; we learn "songs in the night," though such music was unknown before. A deeper experience has taken us down into the depths of Scripture, and shown us its hidden wonders. Luther used to say, "Were it not for tribulation, I should not understand Scripture." And every sorrowing believer responds to this, as having felt its truth—felt it as did David, when he said, "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, and teachest him out of Thy law." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes."

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

The Midnight Song of Bethlehem.

TIt came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
“Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King!”
Oh would that every ear could hear
By faith these angels sing!
With what dark woes of sin and strife
Mankind have suffered long!
Since that seraphic strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong!
And men at war with men hear not
The love-song which they bring,
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
And ye, beneath life’s crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;

Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

ANON.



Patience.

THE derivation of words, especially of those which inculcate any Christian or moral duty, is not only interesting and curious to an inquiring mind, but also throws considerable light on their meaning and force. Take, for example, the word "patience." It is derived from a Latin word, "patientia," which has for its root the verb "patior," which signifies "to suffer." Hence the word "passion," in its first sense, means "suffering." So a sick person is called "a patient," which we fear is, in too many cases, a misnomer. The Greek word which is used in the New Testament to signify "patience," is derived from a verb, the literal meaning of which is to "remain under," or to sustain any load which oppresses either the

mind or the body, or both. By the union of these two derivations, we arrive at a correct definition of the word "patience," —viz., to bear affliction with firmness, and without murmuring, in an entire and quiet submission to the will of God.

Patience, then, in its highest and best sense, is a Christian grace, and not a natural quality. The natural "spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity." The constitutional temperament of some will enable them to bear pain of body, or distress of mind, with unflinching courage, and much endurance. The exercise of their reason and common sense will also dispose others to put in practice the old adage, "What can't be cured, must be endured." They may not be heard to murmur or repine under their affliction, whatever may be its character, from selfish and prudential considerations, knowing that it will only be aggravated thereby. But such heroic endurance and stoic firmness, and philosophic calmness, is not

Christian Patience. It is true it is *part* of it, but it is only a small part. It lacks that fundamental and essential principle, which as it is of an unearthly origin and character, so it is the only sure warrant of the sufferer being enabled to "endure unto the end," and to "let patience have her perfect," or finished "work." That principle is FAITH. St. James, after bidding his Christian brethren to "count it all joy when they fall into divers temptations,"—trials which are sent by God,—urges on them this consideration, "knowing this, that the trying of your *faith* worketh patience." There can be no *real* patience unless there is faith. It is one of the branches which spring from its root.

We learn, moreover, from this passage, that a *new* element, and one to which the natural man, whatever may be his own power of endurance, is an utter stranger, enters into Christian patience,—namely, "joy." Hence also St. Paul, describing

the character of the true Christian, writes, “We *glory* in tribulation also;” and again, “Ye took *joyfully* the spoiling of your goods.” If an uncomplaining sufferer be an object of admiration, how much more, when he can (in a spiritual sense) rejoice in that, which to flesh and blood “is not joyous, but rather grievous!”

And, it should be remarked, this fundamental principle of faith is not only a general acknowledgment and experience, that whatever God lays upon us is sent by way of trying our Christian principles (for we know not how deeply rooted the tree is till the storm blows, or how safe the anchorage till the waves rise), but it is also of a specific character. It is an unshaken belief in Christ, implanted in the soul by the Holy Spirit,—a belief in all that He has done and suffered, and purchased for the salvation of His people, and a growing conformity to His image, especially in that lovely feature of His character, patience. The more lively view

we have of the sinless and suffering Saviour, the more experimentally we can appropriate to ourselves the blessed effects of His vicarious sufferings,—“He bore *my sins* in His own body on the tree;” “By His stripes *we* are healed,”—the closer shall we tread in His heavenly footsteps. For the same Divine power which led us to His cross for pardon, will also lead us to copy Him as our example.

But alas ! He who leans on that cross most steadfastly, and who follows that example most closely, has too much reason to acknowledge with shame and with sorrow, that he is very far from the mind and image of the Saviour. And no wonder ! For He was perfect, but we are, at the very highest attainments of faith and holiness, imperfect ! To lie like a child in the lap of a parent, uncomplaining, when the hand of our God is upon us ; to have no other will but His ; to desire not to have one pang less ; to be able to say in sincerity and

truth, “*What Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, as Thou wilt,*” is a lesson that is very seldom “learnt by heart” by the Christian sufferer in the school of affliction. Not by way of inventing a subterfuge for our shortcoming in this matter, let us hope, that, although “Faith,” like her sister “Charity,” *can* enable us “to bear all things,” and to “endure all things,” constitutional temperament—the peculiar character of the disease under which we are suffering—the lengthened period of those sufferings—may operate in preventing us from exhibiting that *uniform* spirit and attitude, of “quietly waiting” *on*, and patiently waiting *for*, God!

“The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.” Let us hope that that tender Saviour, who made that gracious apology for His three slumbering disciples in the garden of Gethsemane, will regard our bodily infirmities, provided they have not the nature of wilful sin, with the same compassionate eye, and

say of us, as He did of them, in our moments of bodily weakness, and haply when even our faith is thereby languid, “The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

Still, although in some respects, with regard to physical matters, grace in purifying what is corrupt does not entirely subdue it, sure I am of this, the clearer and the stronger our faith is, the greater will be our patience. For they are, as I have shown above, inseparable. Like the branches of some trees, which are said (I know not how truly) to spread as far as the roots extend, so will our faith and patience be commensurate. Then let us pray earnestly as Christian sufferers, “Lord, increase our faith.” And then let us plead that precious promise, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

One more thought I would suggest to any suffering ones who may read these pages. Remember patience is a work—a work of God *in* your soul, and a work *for*

Easter Morning.

IF thou hast stood beside the form
Of one whom thou hast loved in life,
And marked the crisis of the storm,
When death wins in the fearful strife :
If thou hast watched the brow grow pale,
Damp with the chilling dews of death,
Lips that in love would speak but fail,
The faint gasp of the parting breath,—
Hast known the hour when, chilled by fear,
Love which would help can render none—
Hast all unmurmuring shed the tear,
But could not pray, “Thy will be done :”
Then thou hast learned a bitter lore,
Yet earned sweet comfort by thy loss,
For thou hast borne what Mary bore,
Who stood beside her Master’s cross
Through agonizing hours, and stayed
Till with loud cry His Spirit gave
Signal to death—then calmly laid
Hope, like death’s garland, in His grave.

But love, when hope is quenched, will glow,
Else is thy heart but little worth ;
And love will bid thy footsteps go
To one dear spot of hallowed earth.

Thus Mary goes while morning dew
O'er grass and herbs and leaf is spread ;
With her, true hearts—a loving few—
To pour fresh ointment on the dead.

They think the unawakened sleep
Seals the cold eyes of God's own Son,—
Oh mark ! their vigils angels keep :
The morn hath dawned and life is won.

New grief for tears. She mourns her Lord,
And questions of a stranger near.
“ Mary !” That stranger speaks one word,
One well-known voice falls on her ear,

She deemed was hushed for evermore.
She turned, she saw His living form ;
Marked the deep prints His body wore,
Of shame and anguish newly borne.

Oh, in our hours of deepest woe,
When the dark grave is closed to hide
Some cherished hope—we do not know
How Jesus comes and stands beside !

True Lord of life, Thy voice will raise
Our lost ones from their earthly bed ;
We will not weep for them, but gaze
On Thee, the first-fruits of the dead.

We will not weep, though many a year
Their dust in peaceful slumber tell,
For we with them have hope to hear
Thy voice, O Christ, Immanuel !

S. W. STRATTON, B.A.



Breaches in the Family Fireside.

THEY will come. They may be very near. We ought not to shrink from forecasting them. They ought not to take us by surprise. As we gaze on the loved circle that fringes the winter hearth, as we hold sweet fellowship with them around the family altar, we ought to keep in mind how soon their places will know them no more.

The thought should sober; it should not sadden. It should constrain us to associate all our affections, our hopes, our joys with heaven; to look upon this as our lodging-place, that as our home. It ought to stir us up to strive with all earnestness, that each dear olive-branch may be grafted into Christ; that the ties of the flesh may be sanctified by the ties of the Spirit.

Our communings ought to be often about departing and being with Christ, which is far better. It behoves us to familiarise our minds with the idea of union in spirit, notwithstanding separation in body. *That* is the true union, which does not depend on sense and sight, but lies in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Even a heathen sage could say—"Friendship is one soul in two bodies." How much more truly may saints say, "Christian friendship is one spirit in two souls!"

That friendship never dies. How can it? It belongs to an undying life. It is not of the flesh; therefore the death of the flesh cannot affect it. "You talk to me of death," said a departing child of God; "where is it? I cannot see it: I see life, but not death." How beautifully true! "Verily, verily, I say unto you," said Jesus, "if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Death to such an one is the gate of life, and the grave the garden of immortality.

Well might the saint about to enter into fuller life, say to his mourning friends hanging round him, as Jesus said to His disciples, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to our Father." As the Lord so sublimely said, "All live to Him."

Ought then the survivors of the righteous to "seek the living among the dead?" "They are not here: they are risen." *We*, in truth, are the dying, *they* are the living; *we* are on the way home, *they* are at home; *we* are tenants at will, *they* everlasting inhabitants. Then ought we not to think of them, to speak of them, to feel towards them as the "living?" We are "come to the spirits of just men made perfect." We surround one throne with them, only *they* on the topmost step, *we* on the lowest. We draw near to one Father, through one Mediator, by one Spirit, only *they* in the inner court, *we* in the outer; *they* in praise alone, *we* in mingled prayer and praise.

Let us realize this to our consolation and joy. Christians insensibly glide too much into the language of the unbelieving world respecting death, and respecting those who have departed in the Lord. I have heard believers say, "They did not like to observe birthdays, because when their circle became thinned by death, the missing links were more sadly realized." But is this right? Is this of faith? Oh, no! It sounds more like the language of selfishness. Ought we to be saddened by the thought of their blessedness? Ought not the sense of our own bereavement to be swallowed up in the assurance of their unutterable gain? Be "our conversation" more "in heaven," and we shall more think, and speak, and feel as become the citizens of "the Jerusalem which is above."

We will not weep as others do,
Though toil and pain attend us here:
We have a blessed home in view,—
To faith's bright eye, how calm, how clear;

A blessed home where all is pure,
A home from every storm secure.

The weary there shall sweetly rest,
Far from the very thought of ill ;
The wicked shall not there molest,
But every jarring sound be still :
The day shall never know a night,
Nor shadow dim the living light.

And many a little lamb is there,
Who loved the Shepherd's voice below,
And now beneath His heavenly care,
Is far removed from want and woe ;
Then we, poor little ones, may try
To win that home beyond the sky.

Yes, welcome toil, and loss, and pain,
If these our Father should assign ;
Lord, we will count them all but gain,
So we may reach that home of Thine :
Oh glorious hope ! through life's dark road,
It lights us onward to our God !*

HUGH STOWELL, M.A.
(April, 1865.)

* A Hymn written for my dear Sunday scholars shortly after the departure of a lovely and singularly holy daughter, at the age of eleven years.

Faith.

I KNOW Thee, who Thou art, Thou Holy
One ;
Oh, leave me not,—Thou shalt not leave
me,—I

Will grasp Thy sacred mantle with the hand
Of faith, and wrestle with Thee till I die.

My soul is dark,
And without Thee,
My God ! my Light !
I cannot see.

Deep in my inmost heart corruption lies ;
In me no good exists—all, all is sin ;
I cling to Thee. My being's stony gates
Do Thou unbar, O Lord, and enter in.

My soul is dark,
And without Thee,
My God ! my Light !
I cannot see.

Death has no power, the wormy grave no
gloom
To him whose soul holds Thee within its
shrine.
Time leads me onward with remorseless
haste,
But Thou hast conquered time and Thou art
mine.

My soul is light,
O Christ, for Thou,
My God and Lord,
Art with me now.

J. J. HATCH.



Difference between this Life and the Next.

IN this life we grow up to our full stature; and then we decrease till we decease: we decline and die. In the other, we come at first to "perfect stature," and so continue for ever. We are here subject to sorrows and sins; the first grievous to us as we are men, the other as we are good men; lo, we shall one day be freed, be perfect. It is a sweet meditation that fell from a reverend divine, that many vegetable and brute creatures do exceed men in length of days, and in happiness in their kind, as not wanting the thing they desire. The oak, the raven, the stork, the stag, fill up many years; in regard of whom man dies in the minority of childhood. This made the philosophers call nature a step-dame

to man, to the rest a true mother. For she gives him least time that could make best use of his time, and least pleasure, that could best apprehend it, and take comfort in it. But here divinity teacheth and revealeth a large recompense from our God. Other creatures live long, and then perish to nothing ; man dies soon here, that hereafter he may live for ever. This shortness is recompensed with eternity. Dost thou blame nature, O philosopher, for cutting thee so short that thou canst not get knowledge ? Open thine eyes—perfect knowledge is not to be had here, though thy days were double to Methuselah's. Above it is. Bless God, then, rather for thy life's shortness : for the sooner thou diest the sooner thou shalt come to thy desired knowledge. The best here is short of the least there. Let no man blame God for making him too soon happy. Say rather with the Psalmist, “ My soul is athirst for God ; O when shall I come to appear in the

glorious presence of the Lord?" Who would not forsake a prison for a palace a tabernacle for a city, a sea of dangers for a firm land of bliss; the life of men for the life of angels?

THOMAS ADAMS.

The Saviour's Sympathy.

THOU knowest, not alone as God, all knowing,—

As *man*, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;

On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,

O Saviour! *Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved!*

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

ANON.



Thy Way, not Mine.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

fireside, and dream with unclosed eyes, and think how that when our little one left earth it was a "child." Then, mayhap, we shall be able to draw nigh the spirit-land ; our timid hearts will shrink the less, when we see therein "a child"—our child. And if bright days are past, we shall believe in bright days yet to come. Oh, think not for a moment that there is any pause in the being of thy child ; that the music of its life is gone ! Let no tear of sorrow start because thou seest other children at their sport; they gleam upon the waves of troubled waters, thine glitters as on a lake of glass.

P. B. POWER.



The Service of Song.

THE ministry of the Service of Song, as a medium for the communication of "Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow," is too generally lost sight of; and yet its value and importance could scarcely be over-estimated,

Even in extreme cases, the efficacy of this ministry has often been strikingly evidenced. A pastor who for two long years had sought in vain to alleviate the bitter sorrow of one of his afflicted people, tells us that eventually God was graciously pleased to open the heart that seemed hermetically sealed to all comfort by the unexpected hearing of the simple melody of a familiar hymn.

Many similar instances might be adduced. Those who move amongst the sons and daughters of sorrow know well the

interest which is awakened by the mere repetition of some words of sacred song; such a hymn, for example, as that written by Dr. Bonar:—

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

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘ Behold, I freely give
The living water. Thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘ I am this dark world’s Light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I’ll walk
Till travelling days are done.”

Accompanied by the melody of sweet sounds, it would seem impossible for any sufferer to resist the soothing, melting influence of this inimitable hymn.

But if the ministry of the Service of Song possesses so remarkable a power in cases of extreme affliction, ought it not to be more diligently cultivated than it is as a ministry of Heart Cheer for the *ordinary* every-day trials and sorrows of Home life? Ought not Family PRAYER always to be preceded or followed by Family PRAISE?—loved and loving ones delighting to “speak together,” after the example of the primitive Christians, “in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.”

Words of counsel cannot be needed to commend this medium of Heart Cheer, but as an illustration of its advantages (though in this instance the singing was not confined to the home hearth), we transcribe a passage gleaned from the

recently-published Memoir of the late Dr. Leifchild, and we also append, as a contribution to Family Hymnology, a few original hymns by the Rev. Thomas Davis, of Roundhay.*

“My father’s habit of hymn-singing,” writes his biographer and son, “was perhaps partly hereditary; for his own father’s relief also from exertion, and his resource in anxiety, was to raise a solemn tune. When in peril from a highwayman on Finchley Common, my grandfather sought to encourage himself and his son by exclaiming, ‘Now, child, let us sing Ottford,’ and the tune Ottford was sung after a fashion of fear and trembling! It required some faith in the charm of hymn-singing to practise it almost at the pistol’s mouth; and, of course, under happier circumstances, the same inspiriting habit was more freely indulged.

* “Hymns, Old and New, for Church and Home.” London : Longman, Green, and Co.

“ What contributed to foster and confirm the habit in my father was the like inclination on the part of my mother, who confessedly had a charming voice, admirably adapted to harmonize with that of her husband. These two sang through life together, and their whole life was a song in many parts, and with many variations.

“ Notwithstanding the solicitudes of domestic affairs, and all the cares which came upon them from unexpected quarters, as well as the unavoidable adversities of ordinary humanity, never was there a more tuneful pair in sacred song. In the earlier years of wedded life their delight was to resort to some rural spot, and there, humbly seated on a river’s bank, or on a rough seat, to sing favourite hymns to favourite tunes. I also in due time added my childish, and then my boyish voice. The duet then enlarged into a trio, and to my latest day I shall call to mind the places which became vocal to

Hymns for Home Harmony.

GOD IS LOVE.

LET every voice for praise awake ;
Let every heart the joy partake ;
And with this truth sweet music make ;
Our God is Love.

Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son,—bid each to say,
Our God is Love.

How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is Love.

O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody ;
Our God is Love.

Then when the brief, low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore ; 
Our God is Love.

UNSONDED DEPTHS.

N the ocean vast, profound,
Father, of Thy love supreme,
There are depths we cannot sound ;
Where what erring mortals deem
Discords, are, and still shall be,
In sublimest harmony.

By Thy light within, O Lord,
We descry that ocean vast ;
By the faith Thou dost accord,
Own that harmony ; and cast
Far away each doubt that stays
Fervent and adoring praise.

God, in harmony divine,
Let Thy gifts within us dwell ;
And with blended force incline
Evermore our hearts to tell,
How the depths we cannot sound
Wake but reverence profound.

PEACE THROUGH FAITH.

FAITH alone breathes calm devotion ;
 Faith can see, all fear above ;
 Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
 Of immeasurable love.

Doubt is fraught with care and sorrow,
 Though bright gifts around may crowd :
 Faith can, like the sunlight, borrow
 Beauties from each earth-born cloud.

Doubt wakes fear in fairest weather ;
 Prompts to anxious, restless strife :
 Faith and love repose together
 Sweetly 'mid the storms of life.

Lord, be ours that calm devotion,
 Which believes, all fear above,
 Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
 Of immeasurable love.

TRUST AND REJOICE.

MY spirit, be not faithless ;
 God delights to save :

Trust wakes love, and love is deathless,
E'en despite the grave.

Life is love's short path to heaven :
Why should life be sad ?
All things good to faith are given :
Why not then be glad ?

Life's great Author, God, is blessed :
He regards thy lot :
Would He have one heart distressed ?
Nay, believe it not.

God is Love, and Love delighteth
Joy to shed abroad :
To all good He thee inviteth :
Oh, rejoice in God !

LIBERTY.

FROM the dust of earth to rise,
Walk as children of the skies,
Strong in love, and free in good,
'Midst the happy brotherhood ;
This, O God, we ask of Thee,
This is noble liberty.

Day by day to grow in light,
 Joy in faith, yet hope for sight,
 More and more to good incline,
 Have no other will but Thine ;
 This, O God, we ask of Thee,
 This is brightening liberty.

Then to calmly sink to rest ;
 Then, to wake amid the blest ;
 Then, to see Thee, love and know,
 As no mortal may below ;
 O our Father, let it be !
 This is heavenly liberty.

DWELLING IN UNITY.

GENTLE words and actions, telling,
 Day by day, of holy love,
 Make the humblest earthly dwelling
 Image the pure heaven above.

Happy they, such home possessing !
 Rich, whate'er their worldly store !
 For the Lord there grants His blessing,
 Even life for evermore.

Linked on earth in sweetest union,
They, through grace divine, shall rise,
Soon to share the high communion
Known by seraphs in the skies.

There, amid the bright hosts telling
Of their God and Father's love,
Memory still shall bless the dwelling
Which once imaged heaven above.

PRAYER.

THERE is a God, who heareth prayer
Both night and day :
Oh pray to Him ; pray everywhere ;
And ever pray.

Fervent or cold, in voice or heart,
Still persevere ;
Till every sin and grief depart,
And every fear.

Ask God for light, for faith, for peace,
For joy divine,
In Jesu's sacred name ; nor cease
Till each be thine.

And, oh ! ask Him that grace to give,
All gifts above :
He only yet has learned to live,
Whose life is love.

HUMILITY AND PRAISE.

SONS of men, Jehovah bless,
And in heart adore ;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

Quench the thought of claims on heaven :
So, for Jesu's sake,
Life's least blessing, freely given,
Gratitude shall wake.

From profound humility
Springs exalted joy,
Making loving praise to be
Man's sublime employ.

Firmly, then, high thoughts suppress ;
Humbly, God adore ;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

CALM DILIGENCE.

 NHASTING, yet unresting,
Work calmly day by day :
Sow for the skies, my spirit,
And on thy Maker stay :
Within the quiet garden
The sweetest flowerets blow ;
Within the tranquil bosom
The loveliest graces grow.

Unhasting, yet unresting,
Like the bright orbs on high,
The blessed saints and angels
Spread blessings far and nigh :
Fervent, serene, unwearied,
Still doing good, they sing,
And, singing, serve for ever
Their never-resting King.

Unhasting, yet unresting,
Then pass thy destined time ;
But, outward work esteeming,
Count inward work sublime :
To quench each hateful passion,
To feed the flame of love,
Be this thy prime endeavour,
And thou shalt reap above.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

THE gift all other gifts above,
G Shall not be lost in death ;
Too strong, too great, is holy love,
To fail with failing breath.

The light divine, that seems to die,
But sets to rise at morn ;
The life, all quenched to mortal eye,
Becomes but life new-born.

Our first birth wakes a note of pain,
The next a thankful song,
The last and best a rapturous strain
'Mid heaven's immortal throng.

O Fount of Life ! O Quickening Breath !
Still in our souls abide ;
Then love shall chase the fear of death,
And every fear beside.

THOMAS DAVIS.



The Blessing of Adversity.

PROSPERITY is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore,

the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

BACON.

The Sympathy of Jesus.

"In all their affliction He was afflicted."—ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

OUR compassionate Redeemer knows all the avenues to the human heart, and in myriads of ways, to us unknown, can support, can strengthen, can comfort. "He can, for *He is power*; He will, for *He is love*." His sympathy and regard are not confined to the highest order of His adherents—to those who have done and suffered much in His service—but extend to the least and lowest of His flock.

H. STOWELL.

ALL ILLS WITHIN.

1 JOHN iv. 18.

ALL ills are in the soul :
O child of fear and doubt,
There—there exert control,
And leave the things without.

The things without are strong,
Countless, and oft perplexed ;
And who would rule that throng
Shall ceaselessly be vexed

While in the soul one grace,
Fervent and glowing there,
Can with still might displace
All fear and doubt and care.

Oh, seek until thou know
That filial, trustful love,
Whose fruit is peace below,
And bliss past thought above.

THOMAS DAVIS.

The Gain of Affliction.

AFFLICTIONS are God's most effectual means to keep us from losing our way to our heavenly rest. Without this hedge of thorns on the right hand and on the left, we should hardly keep the way to heaven. If there be but one gap open, how ready are we to find it and turn out at it! When we grow wanton, or worldly, or proud, how doth sickness or other affliction reduce us! Every Christian, as well as Luther, may call affliction one of his best schoolmasters, and with David may say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word." Many thousand recovered sinners may cry, "O healthful sickness! O comfortable sorrows! O gainful losses! O enriching poverty! O blessed day that ever I was afflicted!"

Not only the green pastures and still waters, but “the rod and staff” they comfort us. Though the Word and Spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart, that the Word hath easier entrance.

BAXTER.

God's Jewellery.

THE Church is God's jewellery—His working-house, where His jewels are polished for His palace; and those He especially esteems and means to make most resplendent He hath oftenest His tools upon them.

LEIGHTON.



The Leaf and the Stone.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare:

But first must skilful hands essay
With file and flint to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart:
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. WILBERFORCE.

"It is Well."

2 KINGS IV. 26.

DO not think this great and sweet lesson is to be learned at once. God teaches His children little by little; somewhat by this affliction—more by another; and as our crosses, so neither do our comforts come all at once; the fruit of affliction is not gathered presently. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous." The fruit must have a ripening time;—faith must be tried, before it will come out precious, as gold does out of the fire.

HILL.



Love's Right : The Father and Art.

ROMANS viii. 3. PRAISE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

 He that doth know the yearnings of
desire,

Is in communion with a tender father,
To cast the burden of a host of cares
Upon his father-heart, to feel thyself
His child, and in that blessed privilege
To ask his sympathy, his care, his love,
And with a deep familiar earnestness
Blond all thy thoughts with his, with filial
fear,

Yet fearless in affection? If thou hast,
Thou knowest an emblem, faint indeed and
dim,

But yet the brightest, loveliest earth affords,
Of the joy-fountains gushing in the heart
Of one who, from the world a fugitive,
And from despair, and darkness and thick
doubt,

Finds there is yet one heaven where to cast
His sorrows, and in his father's heart that glows

For him, and yearns to greet him as a child.
Entranced, imparadised in joy, I knelt
There at the footstool of my Father's throne,
My Father's and my God's, and from His
smile

Drank life, drank beauty, drank intensest
love,
From love, and life, and beauty's fountain-
head.

I may not tell thee more; but when that
dream

Of glory (if those things be reckoned dreams
That have a deep and vast reality
Beyond all certainties of sight and sense,
As reaching the unseen eternal world)
Had passed me, like a golden sunset cloud,
My soul was as a sea of light, whereon
No grief did cast a shadow; such as oft
Thou mayst have seen within a summer sky,
Sleeping untroubled in calm mellow light,
Above the spot where the sun's chariot wheels
Sank slowly into ocean. Yes, it passed:
But yet I felt it was my own for ever—
A wealth, a rapture, an inheritance.

E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A.

True Comfort:
THE TRIED BELIEVER UNDERSTANDING THE
LOVINGKINDNESS OF THE LORD.

GOD means us to feel our afflictions, and He means us to seek for their sanctification. There is an easy way of comfort, and there is a sanctifying way of comfort. The world commends the easy way of comfort. And if we shut our eyes to the Divine purpose in sending affliction—if we allow TIME to be the healer instead of CHRIST—we may soon seem to ourselves to be comforted, and even resigned. But we have certainly missed the comfort which is real, and spiritual, and sanctifying—the comfort which springs from an enlightened “understanding” of the “lovingkindness of the Lord.” Psalm cvii. 43.

SECRET:
UNDERSTANDING THE
WISDOM OF THE LORD.

o feel our afflictions,
is us to seek for their
here is an easy way of
e is a sanctifying way of
world commands the easi
And if we shut our eyes
irpose in sending affliction
TIME to be the healer in-
st—we may soon seem to
e comforted, and even re-
we have certainly missed
uch is real, and spiritual, and
the comfort which springs
ghtened “understanding”
ngkindness of the Lord.”

Such an understand-
reached so speedily;
Job was a long time
And the afflicted k
discouraged—must
spair, though he, t
“walks in darkness”
God afflicts His peo
painful way because

The easily comfo-
to marvel, and it
counting it very st
should not be com
they are not “wise.”
a heavy affliction, a
it soon. Some of I
signed to be life-less
ing process may be i
kindness.”

It is, indeed, th
affliction which acco
workings—accounts
“understanding th
the Lord,” when ir

The Lord's lovingkindness is not like *human* lovingkindness. *That* is easily understood. It is so because it works as we expect it to work, though now and then some fellow-creature, wiser than ourselves, manifests his goodwill towards us in a way that perplexes us. But what is thus the exception in man's case, in God's case is almost the rule. His loving-kindness almost always works as we should *not* expect it to work.

This was Job's experience : the sanctifying process in his case was very mysterious—the lovingkindness of the Lord, as David again and again describes it, was “wonderful.” Doubtless his comforters—“miserable comforters,” because they were not spiritually “wise”—thought it a strange issue of his trials when, renouncing all that in their judgment constituted righteousness, he exclaimed, “I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee : wherefore I abhor

myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” Yet this was the very moment when he first really “understood the loving-kindness of the Lord” in the afflictions He had brought upon him.

Our chief anxiety, as believers under affliction, ought not to be to have the affliction removed, or to have the wound healed—ought not to be to find comfort *easily*: but to see in ourselves spiritual, *sanctifying results*.

Are we more humble? Are we more sensible of the evil of sin? Are we more ready to mortify self—to cease from self-pleasing and self-seeking—to spend and be spent for Christ? Are we more willing to “cut off the right hand” and “pluck out the right eye”?

If so, the true comfort—the comfort which the Holy Spirit ministers—will not be far distant. He will make us “wise” to “understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

C. B.

The Cry of the Bereaved.

OH for one word of that Almighty Voice,
Whose tone, though gentle, pierced
the ear of death—

TALITHA, CUMI! Oh, that He might stand
Above this faded flower, and breathe back
life !

Was there no way, my sister dear, but this—
That in the fulness of thy life of love,
Expanding duties, daily strengthening ties—
And with this new-born treasure lately found,
Thou must drop off and die ? Mysterious
God,

In whose high hearing nothing Thou hast
made

But sounds in heavenly harmony entire,
Teach us the master-note that may reduce
To concord this heart-breaking dissonance—
Shine on us with that Sun, whose mighty
rays

Have shone upon our sister, so that all

Left on this earth, though dear a thousand-fold
To her, whose heart is filled with purest love,
Moves not one sigh,—so blessed is she now.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

How can you Sing?

A KING was once hunting alone in a wood, when he heard a very beautiful voice singing very sweetly. He went on, and saw it was a poor leper. "How can you sing," he said, "when you seem in so wretched a condition?" The leper replied: "It is because I am in this state that I sing, for, as my body decays, I know that the hour of my deliverance draws nigh, when I shall leave this miserable world, and go to my Lord and my God."

RACHEL GRAY.

The Christian under Depression.

BE not, as one is apt to be, depressed *because* of your depression: I mean by reproaching yourself with it. I believe the Christian's appointment is not to be happy always, but to be peacefully content to be otherwise when it pleases God. It is well, by heaven's grace, to make up our mind to accept as unseen good, what seems evil; to submit to idleness when God lays us aside, as a proof that He has nothing for us to do; and to joylessness as an evidence that enjoyment would do us harm.

Do not reproach yourself for sadness and ingratitude: what you feel is the result of physical exhaustion, the after-misery of too much anxiety and exertion. Treat it as such, and not as moral, far

less spiritual defection. . . . It is a hard matter, when we know ourselves, to believe that anybody can love us long; and as day by day we find out that we are nothing of all the great things we have thought ourselves, there is an involuntary apprehension that others will find it out too, and cease to care for us. Happily, there is no fear of this from Him whose love is best, for He knew all at first.

Whenever the spirits are depressed by outward circumstances, the nerves shattered by disease, or the enjoyment of spiritual things overclouded; Satan, who knows his opportunity too well to miss it, comes in to disturb what he cannot destroy. "Too wicked, too wicked to be safe." Recollect who it was that said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Give the same answer, and his power is gone. A perpetuity of joy and peace is the hard-won victory (if ever it be attained on earth) of many

hard-fought battles and vanquished enemies; aye, and many wounds received, and battles lost.

CAROLINE FRY.

—•—
Sorrow's Mission.

F If sorrow came not near us, and the love
 Which wisdom-working sorrow best
 imparts,
 Found never time of entrance to our hearts,—
 If we had won already a safe shore,
 Or if our changes were already o'er,—
 Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,
 Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,
 Where there shall be no sorrow any more.
 Therefore we will not be unwise to ask
 This, nor secure exemption from our share
 Of mortal sufferings, and life's drearier
 task—

Not this, but grace our portion so to bear,
 That we may rest, when grief and pain are
 over,

“With the meek Son of our Almighty
 Lover.”

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

The Lent Jewels.

A JEWISH TALE.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent:
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon
the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, let him in,
And with these words, preventing, did begin :
“ Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now : for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely
tried
Upon one point, which you shall now
decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave,—rich, precious gems
they were ;
But having given them in my charge, this
friend,

Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield
them back,
And with no murmuring — so henceforth
to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned
to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee?"

"What question can be here?—Your own
true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but
lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent:
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy so long."

"Good is the word," she answered; "may
we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,

And there she showed him, stretched upon
one bed,
Two children pale—and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

ANON.

Afflictions aiding the Christian's Flight Heavenward.

IT is said that migratory birds commonly in their vast journeyings keep very high in the air, and require a wind that blows *against* them, in order to make progress and keep their elevation, for it assists in raising them. So the soul of a Christian winging its way through this world to a better, is aided rather than impeded in its spiritual migration by the contrary winds of trial. Those storms that seemed against us do only, when encountered in a right direction, assist to raise us, and keep us steadily soaring towards heaven.

CHEEVER.

Pitying Love.

ABA, Father! is a Gospel word. A father bending over the sick bed of his weak or dying child,—a mother pressing, in tender solicitude, an infant sufferer to her bosom,—these are the earthly pictures of *God*. “Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him.” “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you!”

When tempted in our season of overwhelming sorrow to say, “Never has there been so dark a cloud, never a heart so stript and desolate as mine,” let this thought hush every murmur, “It is your *Father's* good pleasure!” The love and pity of the tenderest earthly parent is but a dim shadow compared to the pitying

love of God. If your heavenly Father's smile has for the moment been exchanged for the chastening rod, be assured there is some deep necessity for the altered discipline. If there be unutterable yearnings in the soul of the earthly parent as the lancet is applied to the body of his child,—infinitely more is it so with your covenant God as He subjects you to these deep woundings of the heart.

Trust Him when you cannot trace Him. Do not try to penetrate the cloud which *He* “brings over the earth,” and to look *through* it. Keep your eye steadily fixed on “the Bow in the cloud.” The mystery is God’s, the promise is yours. Seek that the end of all His dispensations may be to make you more confiding. Without one misgiving, commit your way to Him. He is saying what he said of Ephraim of old (and never more so than in a season of suffering)—“I do earnestly remember him still.” Whilst now bending your head like a bulrush—your heart breaking,

with sorrow—remember His pitying eye
is upon you. Be it yours, even through
blinding tears, to say, “Even so, FATHER!”

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Divine Sympathy.

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

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

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

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

THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.

"Weep with Them that Weep."

PRECIOUS and holy is the Divine precept, "Weep with them that weep"—illustrated and enforced by the Divine example, "Jesus wept." Oh, it is the richest luxury on earth to share by sympathy the sorrow, to soothe by gentleness the grief, to wipe away by kindness the tears of another. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them"—sharing their chain; "and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body" exposed to like weaknesses and assaults, calamities and griefs. Aspire to be a drier of human tears; to have a hand always ready to wipe them away. Who can estimate the worth of such sympathy? To have soothed one human sorrow, to have met one pressing want, to have unbound one crushing load, to

have dried one tear of grief, to have shed one beam of light upon a dreary path, to have reclaimed one wanderer, to have made the widow's heart to sing for joy, to have befriended and soothed one orphan,—oh, it is a work to be measured in its importance and its blessedness only by a life! Let, then, your life be an outflowing sympathy with the distressed and the needy, the widow and the fatherless. Be Christ-like, "who went about doing good;" raise the fallen, strengthen the weak, comfort the feeble-minded; and if tears of compassion and sympathy will soothe and mitigate the tears of penitence and adversity, then be it your mission and your privilege to "weep with them that weep!"

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW.



Resignation.

LORD, not this poor, weak will !
Not these vain yearnings of the clinging
dust !
Not this o'erwhelming sense of present ill—
This sinful want of trust !
I would not speak, nor move ; I would lie
still :
O God ! all-wise, all-merciful, all-just !

I would not speak, nor move,
Nor question seek, but patiently endure ;
Though all things else should fail me, yet
Thy love
Remains for ever sure.
Thou wilt my strength and my salvation
prove ;
And in deep darkness I may rest secure.

Lord, I am all thine own !
No other help or hope have I, save Thee !

To Thee my burden and my griefs are known—

Thou my support wilt be !

Whilst Thou art with me I am not alone—
My rock, my refuge in eternity.

H. B. B.

X Doubting Heart.

HERE are the swallows fled ?
Frozen and dead,

Perchance, upon some bleak and barren
shore.

O doubting heart !
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once
more.

* * * *

O doubting heart !
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

MISS PROCTOR.

The Only Child.

WITH silent anguish when the soul is
rending,
While heav'nward is the ceaseless sigh as-
cending,
And to that brooding grief appears no ending;
When the tired heart with added weight is
heaving,
As day by day brings a fresh space for
grieving,
Till the unhealèd wound feels past relieving;
When, from the busy life around you
shrinking,
The heart retires into its secret thinking,
And mem'ries of the past is slowly linking;
When each fond word, when ev'ry turn and
grace,
Each winning glance and smile that lit *his*
face,
In cherished vision still you sadly trace;

And when, once more, the yearning wish
grows warm,

To clasp again that well-remembered form,
And find around your neck his loving arm—

Oh, then, weep on ! weep, but look heav'n-
ward still ;

Let this deep trust your vacant spirit fill :
“ *Thou knowest all*, my God—it is Thy will ;

I trust Thee, though I writhe with bitter
smart ;

I trust Thee, e'en with this weak, wounded
heart ;

I cling to Thee—my Refuge still Thou art.

For Thou art Love; in Love Thou didst
remove

My budding flower to milder soil above ;
Yea, though bereft, I *know* that Thou art
Love :

And when the lambs are gathered to Thy
breast,

Thou wouldest but teach us whom Thou
lovest best,

And lure *our* lingering footsteps on to rest !

He was my life-joy—he my hope and pride ;
My soul so bound with his, that at his side
I could have calmly laid me down and died.

And though no more on earth his form I'll
see—

Never again—he comes not back to me—
Yet 'I shall go to him'—to him and Thee !

No more my soul with waves of grief be
driven,

But anchored by the hope that Thou hast
given,

My heart be where my treasures are—in
heaven,

Whence gleams this light afar 'mid earthly
gloom,

To tell the pilgrim that at last shall come
Th' unbroken union of a deathless HOME!"

W. GRAHAM MURPHY, B.A.



“Blessed are the Dead.”

NOT only the dead are the living, but since they have died, they live a better life than ours.

In what particulars is their life now higher than it was?

First, they have close fellowship with Christ; then, they are separated from this present body of weakness, of dishonour, of corruption; then, they are withdrawn from all the trouble, and toil, and care of this present life; and then, and surely not least, they have got death behind them, not having that awful figure standing on their horizon waiting for them to come up with it. They are closer to Christ; they are delivered from the body, as a source of weakness, as a hinderer of knowledge, as a dragger-down of all the aspiring tendencies of the soul, as a source

of sin, as a source of pain ; they are delivered from all the necessity of labour which is agony, of labour which is disproportionate to strength, of labour which often ends in disappointment, of labour which is wasted so often in mere keeping life in, of labour which at the best is a curse, though it be a merciful curse too ; they are delivered from that “fear of death” which, though it be stripped of its sting, is never extinguished in any soul of man that lives ; and they can smile at the way in which that narrow and inevitable passage bulked so large before them all their days, and, after all, when they came to it was so slight and small.

If these be parts of the life of them that “sleep in Jesus ;” if they are fuller of knowledge, fuller of wisdom, fuller of love, and capacity of love, and object of love—fuller of holiness, fuller of energy, and yet full of rest from head to foot ; if all the hot tumult of earthly experience is

stilled and quieted, all the fever-beating of this blood of ours ever at an end, all the “whips and arrows of outrageous fortune” done with for ever; and if the calm face which we looked upon, and out of which the lines of sorrow and pain and sickness had melted away, giving it back a nobler nobleness than we had ever seen upon it in life, is only an image of the restful and more blessed being into which they have passed—if the dead are thus, then “BLESSSED ARE THE DEAD.”

REV. A. M'LAREN.



"And the Light shineth in Darkness."

JESUS, all-wise and kind!
Helpless, and weak, and blind,
This was my prayer:—
"Dark is the path before,
Thick-strewn with dangers o'er,
Make me Thy care."

Wildly the billows rose,
Wildly my ghostly foes
Raged in their might;
Each star of earthly joy
Passed like a meteor by,
Quenched in thick night.

Wildly the billows rose,
Wildly my ghostly foes
Laughed at my woe;
Dark though the path before
(Black as hell's deepest floor),
On must I go.

How shall I pass along,
Where such strange terrors throng ?

How shall I meet
Horror, and doubt, and pain,
Pressing my fevered brain,
Dogging my feet ?

Led by Thy kindly hand,
On to the further strand,
Over the deep :
There could I feel my way,
As for returning day
Watching to weep.

And on my aching sight
Burst a rich flood of light,
Light from above ;
Sprent with fresh hope from Thee,
Life had new joys for me,
Lightened with love.

Hearer of anxious prayer,
Oh, for Thy guardian care,
Past and to be :
Let my whole life now raise
Anthems of grateful praise,
Jesus, to Thee !

THOMAS RACE.

The Personality of our Incarnate Lord, a Source of Comfort.

CHRIST'S Gospel has supplied the world with truth, His life with history, and His character with a living model of every Divine perfection and human excellence. But our nature craves for more than this. We want fellowship, not with a sentiment, nor with a tradition, nor with an ideality, but with a real, living, *personal* being. We seek communion with, and sympathy from, a Saviour in alliance with our veritable nature, endowed with real, deep, holy sensibility, disciplined by personal sorrow like our own, and thrilling with a quick response to every note of

“The still, sad music of humanity.”

We must know Jesus as once tabernacling

in the flesh, and dwelling among men as man, hallowing earthly spots with His presence, entering the dwellings of men, sitting with them at their tables, noticing and blessing their children, mingling in the scenes of domestic life, smiling upon our loves, sanctioning our marriage feasts, healing our diseases, pitying our infirmities, weeping at our tombs, consecrating our loneliness and solitude—in a word, unveiling a bosom the perfect reflection of our own in all but its sinfulness. Read in the clear, steady light of this fact of our Lord's personality, what meaning and what beauty appear in these inspired declarations concerning Him: “Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.” “Verily, He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.” “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.” “In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He

is able to succour them that are tempted.” Such is Christ, and such His sympathy with His people. And although we no more “know Christ after the flesh,” yet, dealing by faith with His personality, we may realize that our humanity is now represented in heaven by the Head of all creation, the “first-born among many brethren,” a Redeemer, in whom are mysteriously yet truly united, the sympathetic nature of man with the infinite mind of God. The soft and cheering lustre of His personal presence rests on our homeward path.

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.



Covenant Hope?.

Rom. viii. 23.

ALL things, dear Lord ! Is there no
thread of woe,
Too dark, too tangled for the bright design ?
No drop of rain too heavy for the bow
Set in the cloud in Covenant Divine ?
I know that all Thy full designs are bright,
That darkest threads grow golden in Thy
hand,
That bending lines grow straight, the
tangled right,
The bitter drops all sweet at Thy command.

Command the sweetness ! make the crooked
straight !

And turn these dusky, tangled threads to
gold !

Swifter, dear Lord ! I cannot longer wait ;
Faith hath grown weary, longing to behold.

I know the promise, but I crave the sight :
I yearn to glimpse the beautiful design,
To hail the rose-tints of the morning light,
To watch the straight'ning of the bended
line.

Why these enigmas ? wherefore not receive
Their bright solution ? Then a voice drew
near :

“ Blessed are they who see not, yet believe ! ”
And One I knew approached, and wiped my
tear

With wounded hand, and sighed. Ah ! then
I fell

Down on my knees, and held Him by the
feet,

And cried, “ My Lord ! my God ! all, all is
well ;

With Thee the dark is light, the bitter
sweet ! ”

ANON.



God hath led me.

WHEN a Christian, towards the close of life, looks back upon his pilgrimage, as a whole and in its parts, the only way in which he can describe it is that suggested by the words of Scripture, "God hath led me all these years." I see it now so plainly—how there has been a hand over me, the hand of a real and living Person, giving this, and withholding that, both alike for good: placing me, perhaps, where I would not, and then showing me that it had been well: not suffering me to forget, or else recalling me to recollection: denying me, or else taking away from me, something on which my heart was too much set, and then giving me something else which, because ~~less~~ desired, was safer; chastening me

when I fell away, and often by sharp and painful strokes bringing me back to Himself.

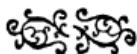
Doubtless, heaven will be full of such remembrances of earthly life, each remembrance ending in the ascription of praise. And cannot earth anticipate these recollections, these ascriptions of praise ? Yes ; the youngest life has had some such experiences ; middle life has them in abundance.

Oh, how we forget God when we are in prosperity ! When life smiles on us, how do we think scorn, as it were, of the pleasant land beyond ! how do we provoke God by our murmurings ? How do we dishonour Him by setting our affections on things below Him. When He slays us, we seek Him, as it is written ; when He hides His face, we humble ourselves ; when He delivers us again, we sing His praise ; but within a while we forget His works ; we live carelessly ; we scarcely pray ; we cleave to the dust of this world.

Again the stroke falls; again we repent; again we amend; alas! again it is a short-lived effort: and in many such backslidings, and a few such returns, life slips away; the call comes, and is the door still open?

God is leading us—offering at least to lead us—all our life long; and, oh the safety, oh the happiness, oh the deep peace, of those who early accept that offer! . . . Every morning let our prayer be, “*Lord, lead me.* If I stray, follow me into the desert and recall me. If I faint, carry me in Thy bosom. When I walk at last through the valley of the shadow of death, be Thou with me. Let Thy goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life, and then let me dwell in Thine house for ever.”

DR. VAUGHAN.



Christ's Comfortable Words.

WHEN wakening to a sense of guilt,
 I dread the wrath of heaven,
 And trembling doubt if sin like mine
 Can ever be forgiven ;
 How shall I quell the anxious fears
 Which agitate my breast ?
 " Come unto me," the Saviour says,
 " And I will give thee rest."

When, struggling with the cares of life,
 From day to day I toil,
 And vainly look for quietude
 Amid the world's turmoil ;
 Oh, let me not, with flutt'ring heart,
 Be careworn and distrest,
 For " Come to me," the Saviour says,
 " And I will give thee rest."

Should earthly comforts be withdrawn,
 And sorrows o'er me roll ;

Should loss, bereavement, suffering, grief,
Oppress my wearied soul ;
Still cheer thee up, my heart, for God
Designs it for the best,
And still the gracious Saviour cries,
“ Come unto me for rest.”

Should all the powers of hell combine
To drive me to despair ;
Should Satan tempt by fierce assault,
Or spread some cunning snare ;
Should wars without and fears within
At once my soul molest ;
I dare not doubt while Jesus says,
“ Come unto me for rest.”

When the last struggle comes, and death
Dissolves this frail abode ;
When God's decree recalls the breath
Which He at first bestowed ;
Saviour, I fear no ill, for Thou
Wilt call me to Thy breast ;
“ Come home to me, thou wearied one,
And I will give thee rest.”

LEIGH RICHMOND AYRE.

"Thy God, Thy Life, Thy Cure."

MY soul, there is a countrie,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentrie,
All skilful in the wars;
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And (oh, my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst but get thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

L

The Resolve.

“**N**OW for a swifter race,” was the resolve of one over whose path sorrow was beginning to darken heavily. . “Now for a busier and more active life,” was the utterance of another, as he rose from his knees, after pouring out the bitterness of his grief into the ear of God.

THE MORNING OF JOY.



Look Around.

A WISE man in abject want was eating some garden stuff which he had picked up; and he said to himself, “Surely there is no one in the world more poor and wretched than I am;” and he turned round, and beheld another wise man eating the leaves which he had thrown away.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

The Sun Gone Down.

YOU say that your sun has gone down while it is yet day; and that your path looks bleak and dreary in the gathering twilight. I know it, my friend ; I know that the brightness has vanished from your life, and that from henceforth you must endure hardness even unto the end.

But take courage ; advance in perfect faith. Mercies you do not dream of now, will be strewn around your footsteps. Powers which till now have lain as sleeping shadows within you, will awake to life ; powers of faith, of hope, of love ; and of that perfect patience which will enable you to lift your streaming eyes to heaven, and say, "Lord, I am Thine ; do with me what Thou wilt ; strip me of all earthly coverings ; only save my soul

alive.” Then let the shades of evening fall ; let your path be dark and desolate ; but in the surrounding stillness you will hear voices from the Everlasting Hills, and the sound as of the waving of angels’ wings around you. One also, mightier than the angels, will make His Presence felt ; and as you place your trembling hand in His, and cry, “ Lord, guide me, for I cannot see,” there will descend a stream of light upon your darkening path, and peace so perfect, that with songs of praise and of thanksgiving you will pursue your way, willing to wait, willing to endure, willing to do all things, and to suffer all things, for His dear sake, who is leading you through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to the fountains of living water, to the Land of everlasting joy.

ANON.

The Safe Harbour.

ONE end—a chief end—of trial is to bring our wills into perfect submission to the will of God. A work of humiliation indeed! God knows, if we do not, how much of trial we need, to *show* us the rebellious unbelief which, often unsuspected, lurks within us: and then how much of trial we need before we are compelled to yield up, unreservedly, our self-confidence and self-sufficiency, and, like despairing mariners who have long laboured to brave the storm unaided in the open sea, take refuge, where refuge only can be found, in the hour of human extremity, in THE SAFE HARBOUR of God's sovereign and gracious will.

C. B.

“Parted.”

THEY are not far—in aëry flight
Their wingèd hosts around us sweep—
Though all concealed from mortal sight
The guards that sleepless vigil keep.

It is not far—a moment’s space
May waft us to the blissful band :
E’en now their pinions wave and chase
Above us and on either hand.

The weak flesh faints, the strength declines,
The hours of life are numbering fast ;
The old churchyard beneath the limes
Shall be our resting-place at last.

No *Spirit’s* home ! They pitying mark
The grief which lays the dust to rest,
Joyous up-soaring like the lark,
Mingling with hosts of spirits blest.

No *everlasting* home ! We trust
That once the dead shall wake and sing,
The peerless soul enrobe the dust,
Breathing the fresh dews of the spring.

More gorgeous than the lily's hue,
More dazzling than a monarch's dress,
Lord, we Thy glorious face shall view—
Our raiment, Thine own righteousness.

W. STRATTON, M.A.

—••—

The Tear of Sympathy.

NO radiant pearl which crested fortune
wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's
ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch
adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that treaks
For others' woe down virtue's manly cheeks."

DARWIN.



“ I'm Going Home.”

A poor and aged Christian, who had passed upwards of seventy years on earth, seeing her friends weeping around her death-bed, exclaimed, “ Mourn not : I'm going home.”

I'M going home—prepare the bridal
wreath ;
My Saviour bids my happy spirit come :
Damp not with tears the Christian's bed of
death ;
Rejoice,—I'm going home !

Earth hath its cares ; for threescore years
and ten
My lot has been 'mid thorny paths to
roam :
I would not track those desert scenes again ;
'Tis past,—I'm going home !

The dove hath found her nest ; the storm-
toss'd found
A place of rest beyond the dashing foam
Of grief's wild billows : thither am I bound ;
Joy ! Joy !—I'm going home.

Earth's flowers all fade—there fadeless roses
blow ;
Earth's sunniest light is shaded by the
tomb ;
Earth's loves all slumber in the vault below,
Death dwells not in *that* home.

I see the City of the Blest on high,
With the freed spirit's ken. I come, I
come,
Ye calling voices ! Catch my heart's reply—
Home ! home ! I'm going home.

THOMAS RAGG.



W. M. Wadsworth.

"Wise of the night." The morning comes!

With the sunlight and the day are
gone
The hours have passed by their leaves
are gone
The sun has gone like ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ like the
sun
It is now time to ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~sun~~
goes

With the sunlight and the day are
gone
The hours have passed by their leaves
are gone
The sun has gone like ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ like the
sun
It is now time to ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~sun~~
goes

'Tis dark, 'tis sad, and 'tis unsafe, this road,
Alike unfriendly both to faith and sight :
O guide and keep me by Thy hand, my God,
And lead me through this darkness into
light !

But hark ! a voice is sounding in my ear—
“What of the night ?” How pass the
hours away ?

An answer straight awakes the silent air—
“The morning cometh !”—'tis the watch-
man's cry.

Sleep on, ye sleepers, sleep !
The night is not yet gone ;
Weep on, all ye that weep,
Your grief is not yet done !
The night is swiftly ceasing,
The moments one by one
Are ever still decreasing,
And the morning cometh on !

'Tis night ! and we are left, while lov'd ones
sleep,
And think it long before the day-star rise ;
But see, from out the densest, darkest deep,
The dawn of Morning streaks the op'ning
skies.

I feel the waking of the sleeping dead ;
I see the dawn of that long-wished-for
day ;
I hear the moving throng, the measured
tread
Of saints and angels on the heavenly way !

Sleep on, and take thy rest,
Sleeper, beneath the tomb !
And yet, how long, O Lord, how long,
Till that bright morn shall come ?
O Death, give back thy dead,
For thou thyself must die !
O Grave, thou silent sleeping-bed,
Where is thy victory ?

“What of the night?” O watchman,
say !
Watchman, what of the night ?
Behold, the dawn and break of day !
Behold, the rising light !
And we who wake, and ye who sleep,
In robe of light adorning,
Both they that joy, and we that weep,
Shall see THAT GLORIOUS MORNING !

ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.



“**J** **A** **M**:”

“THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT:”

“THE GOD OF HOPE:”

“THY SALVATION.”



“BE OF GOOD CHEER:”

“IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID.”





W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldermanbury Street, London, E.C.

Sixpence Monthly, Illustrated,

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

EDITED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK,

Rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CONTRIBUTORS.

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

CANON STOWELL (late).

MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

J. B. OWEN, M.A.

W. H. DAVENPOORT ADAMS.

CANON MILLER.

J. MC CONNEL HUSSEY, M.A.

Mrs. WEBB, Author of 'Naomi.'

R. MAGUIRE, M.A.

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Mrs. ELLIS, Author of 'The Women of England.'

REV. THOMAS RAGG.

RANDOLPH PIGOTT, B.A.

W. H. G. KINGSTON.

GORDON CALTHORP, M.A.

"The English representative of pure literature."—*Oxford University Herald*.

The Volume for 1866 will contain

I.

**Oliver Wyndham: a Tale
of the Great Plague.** By Mrs.
Webb, Author of 'Naomi.'

II.

**Our School: and other
Sketches.** By J. B. Owen,
M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's,
Chelsea.

III.

India and the Hindoos.
With full-page Engravings on
toned paper. By the Editor.

IV.

**Pictures from Parlour
Walls.** By Mrs. Ellis, Author
of 'The Women of England.'

V.

Fireside Music.

Edited by S. G. Hatherly
M.B., Composer of the *Orato
riette*, Baptism.

VI.

**The Evidences of our
Faith.** By Rev. T. Ragg,
Author of "Creation's Testi-
mony to its God."

VII.

Lives that Speak. By the Editor and others.

"The existence of 'Our Own Fireside' is a national good. It is
not sensational, but it is attractive."—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

[OVER]

THE "FIRESIDE SERIES" OF FAMILY BOOKS.

I.
"OUR OWN FIRESIDE." The Volumes for 1864
and 1865, in royal 8vo, crimson cloth, bevelled, gilt, illustrated.
Price 7s. 6d. each.

"The bound volumes of '*Our Own Fireside*' will grace the most elegant drawing-room in the land."—*Christian World*.

II.
THE WAY HOME: an Earthly Story with a
Heavenly Meaning. By the Editor of "*Our Own Fireside*."
Fifth Edition. 2s. 6d.
"It breathes the poetry of affection."—*Homilist*.

III.
THE HOMES OF SCRIPTURE. First Series. By
J. B. Owen, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea. 1s. 6d.

IV.
FIRESIDE MUSIC. By W. H. Havergal, M.A.,
Editor of "*Old Church Psalmody*." 1s. 6d.

V.
SIN AND ITS CURE. By the Editor of "*Our Own Fireside*." Cheap Edition. 1s. 6d.
"Replete with Gospel truth."—*Dr. Bonar*.

VI.
HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW. 1s. 6d.

Also, by the REV. CHARLES BULLOCK,

1. **Bible Inspiration:** What it is, and What it is Not. 1s.—"A very valuable work."—*Bishop of Worcester*.
2. **Infant Baptism and the Fatherhood of God.** 4d.
3. **The Key of the Controversy; or, Faith's View of the Second Advent.** 2d.
4. **Missionaries and Anthropologists; or, Christian Facts versus Asopho-Philosophical "Day-dreams."** 6d.
5. **Breaches in the Family Fireside.** By the late Canon Stowell. Price 2d.

LONDON: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

