

APPLICATION

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
v. 1. An Emperor of Germany long ago
offended the Pope. Before the Pope would
pronounce forgiveness, he made
the poor Emperor stay for
three days outside the castle
gate. It was winter time and the snow was
deep, and the unfortunate man suffered
greatly, but he thought it all necessary to
have his sin removed. Christ does not ask
any such penance on our part. His pardon
is full and free. There are no bitter hours
of waiting. At once the poor sinner is
blessed who seeks His pardoning love; and
all who desire His forgiveness can have it.

In whose spirit . . . no guile, v. 2. A number
of gamblers were in the room of an inn, and
they were making night hideous by their
noise and blasphemy. The
"A Soft Pillow" famous preacher, Whitefield,
happened to be staying at the
same inn. He could not endure to hear the
name of his Saviour thus profaned. It took
away his sleep. At length he said, "I will
go and reprove them". He did so, but the
profanity did not stop. His companions,
who had tried to restrain him, now asked,
"What did you gain by speaking to those
men?" "A soft pillow", was Whitefield's
answer, and he lay down and was soon
quietly asleep. He had relieved his con-
science. He had delivered his soul from all
sense of guilty compromise. The guileless
man who has the clearest conscience has the
softest pillow.

Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin, v. 5.
Some Orientals used to have a very simple
way of keeping their books. They used a
wax tablet, and when anyone
owed them money, they took
a sharp pencil and indented a
mark in the soft wax. Afterwards, when the
debtor came and paid his debts, they would
take the flat end of the pencil and press it
over the marks in the wax and obliterate
them all, until there remained no more
charges against the man. All our sins are
recorded in the book of God's memory, and
there they must forever stay, were it not that
Jesus Christ has made an atonement for
them, and now, if we confess our trans-

gressions, God will blot them all out, and the
past will never be charged against us; for
He has said, "I, even I, am He that blotteth
out thy transgressions for Mine own sake,
and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. 43 :
25).

Kind hearts are here, yet would the tend'rest
one

Have limits to its mercy : God has none!
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
And yet he *stoops* to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only
heaven

Means "*crowned*", not "*vanquished*", when
it says "*forgive*".

Thou shalt preserve me from trouble, v. 7.
Very wonderful are the ways God takes to
deliver His children from distress. When
Queen Mary ruled in England,
Never At a Loss she gave orders near the end of
her life for a persecution of the
Protestants in Ireland. The commission
was entrusted to Dr. Cole, who, on his way,
stopped at Chester, where he was waited on
by the mayor. He told him his errand in the
inn, where he was overheard by its mistress,
herself a Protestant. This worthy lady
secretly removed the commission papers, and
substituted a dirty pack of cards, with the
knave of clubs facetiously turned uppermost.
Imagine the doctor's chagrin when he un-
wittingly presented these unexpected docu-
ments to the Irish Privy Council! He has-
tened back to London to get his commission
renewed, but in the meantime Queen Mary
died, and the Irish Protestants were thus
mercifully delivered from a calamity that
might have involved irretrievable loss of life.
God is never at a loss to find instruments for
His purposes, however unlikely they may
seem. The experience of this psalm will find
thousands of witnesses.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, v. 10.
There used to be no thistles in Australia, until
a Scotchman, in mistaken attachment to the
emblem of his race, sent a few
seeds out to a friend. He
thought it was a sad misfortune
that any country should be without a thistle.
The seeds could have been stopped on their

Will Not
Remember

Thistles in
Australia