

as the Depository of our every woe, the Sympathiser with our every care, the One who pitieth every infirmity, the patient Listener to every complaint we have to make against ourselves. All this is learned under the knowledge of the blessedness of the truth of "Righteousness without works;" yea, is comprised in that blessedness. It is confidence in this divine way of righteousness which emboldens us to say, "Thou shalt preserve me from trouble." And is any trouble equal to soul trouble? How few are able to take the honourable place of suffering either for Jesus, or for righteousness' sake! such may rightfully rejoice. But spirit-broken, heart-sick, self-weary, whither can we go? God is our hiding-place; He "comforteth those that are cast down;" He is "the Father of mercies (pitifulnesses) and the God of all comforts," (2 Cor. vii. 6; i. 3); He can make us rejoice out of our sorrow. And surely it is not right for the song of redemption to be sung once only on the shore of the Red Sea, and then the notes of praise to die away, and to be succeeded by murmurings. Alas, it is often so practically; the joy of conversion is frequently followed by murmuring and complaining. The beginning of our confidence is not held fast. The truth of the blessedness of God's imputing righteousness without works is let slip, as though we no longer needed it. Saints have to learn to justify the wisdom of God in redemption in all its fulness, by learning, in the progress of their own experience, that nothing short of it would