

advise him. I do not conceal that I am outside the camp. It makes people angry sometimes ; but I am deliberately outside the camp, altogether and totally, and I think I know what I am about from Scripture. If I go there I mix myself up with what is in the camp, and I give an uncertain sound. My deliberate judgment is that in the present state of the church of God one should be outside these connections. I think it is all going on to judgment as fast as it can, and it is not charity to go on with it so as to enfeeble the testimony. I have seen it going on these forty or fifty years nearly, with persons attempting to go on with it ; and I have never seen such persons either grow up into the truth or make others clear in their walk. After an experience of many years I am perfectly clear in my judgment about it.

As to how far one could wish God speed to, or have fellowship with, any work going on outside, if I knew of a person preaching Christ, even of contention, I would rejoice, as the apostle says. I could not go and join with a man that was doing it in contention, yet I am glad he is preaching Christ.

With certain preachers I would not have fellowship for special reasons. It is a matter of discipline. I separate between having fellowship with Christ preached, and co-operating with the men that preach. Do you think I should join with a man that preaches from contention? I am glad he is doing it in one sense, because Christ is made known by it.

In this way I can own all ministry where it is true, apart from recognising a man in the sense of co-operating. It is the thing that gives a character to the evangelising itself. My experience is that it is not the way to get souls on. I have seen both done. I have seen brethren doing it: of course they stand or fall to their own Master. I would go with them in preaching the gospel, but not

with the camp—I think it is a great thing for souls to get hold of at once—that there is this immense system, ‘the camp,’ which is not of God, though there are many people of God in it. Therefore you must leave individuals to judge in each case. But that which associates me with it I cannot do. It would be building again the things which I destroyed. If I am to associate myself with it, why did I leave it? I never should attack anybody nor ask anybody to come. I never would and never did ; but I am not going to be driven out of what is plain in Scripture.”—J. N. D. Col. Writings, Vol. xxvii., p. 119.

THE PRETTY PICTURES.

An old Scotchwoman went to her pastor in her extremity, and told him of her poverty. He kindly asked her if she had no friend or member of her family who could support or help her, and she said she had a son, a bonny lad, but he was in India, in the service of the Government.

“But does he not write to you?”

“Oh, yes, he often writes to me, and sends the kindest letters, and such pretty pictures in them.—But I am too proud to tell him how poor I am, and, of course, I have not expected him to send me money.”

“Would you mind showing me some of the pictures?” said the minister.

And so Janet went to her Bible and brought out from between the leaves a lot of Bank of England notes, laid away with the greatest care. “These,” she said, “are the pictures.”

The minister smiled, and said, “Janet, you are richer than I am. These are bank notes ; and every