A Question for a Questioner.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Hast God forgotten to be gracious?—*Psalm* 72 : 9.

Asaph was very grievously troubled in spirit. The deep waters were not only around his barque, but they had come in even unto his soul. In the time of his trouble he was attacked with doubts and fears; so that he was made to question the very foundations of things. Had he not taken to continual prayer he had perished in his affliction; but he cried unto God with his voice, and the Lord gave ear unto him. Nor did he only pray, but he used the fittest means for escaping from his despondency. Very wisely this good man argued with himself, and sought to cure his unbelief. He treated himself homœopathically, meeting like with like. As he was attacked by the disease of questioning, he gave himself questions as a medicine. Observe how he kills one question with another, as men fight fire with fire. Here we have six questions, one after another, each one striking at the very heart of unbelief. "Will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" If questions are raised at all let us go through with them; and as the Saviour answered one question of his opponents by another, so may we also silence the questions of unbelief by further questions which shall strip our doubt of all disguises.

I. TO THE MAN OF GOD IN DISTRESS,

this question is commended, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

What kind of distress is that which suggests such a question? Where had Asaph been? In what darkness had he wandered? In what tangled wood had he lost himself? How came he to get such a thought into his mind?

I answer, first, this good man had been troubled by unanswered prayers. "In the day of my trouble," he says,—"In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord;" and he seems to say that though he sought the Lord his griefs were not removed. He was burdened, and he cried unto God beneath the burden, but the burden was not lightened. He was in darkness, and he craved for light, but not a star shone forth. Nothing is more grievous to the sincere pleader than to feel that his petitions are not heeded by his God. It is a sad business to have gone up, like Elijah's servant, seven times, and yet to have seen no cloud upon the sky in answer to your importunity. It tries a man to spend all night in wrestling, and to have won no blessing from the covenant angel.

Besides that, he was enduring continued suffering. Our text says, "My sore ran in the night." Pain of body, when it is continuous and severe, is exceedingly trying to our feeble spirits; but agony of soul is worse still. Give me the rack sooner than despair.

In addition to this, the man of God was in a state of mind in which his depression had become inveterate. He says, "My soul refused to be comforted." Many plasters were at hand, but he could not lay them upon the wound; many cordials offered themselves, but he could not receive them—his throat seemed closed. His mind had become confirmed in its despondency, and his soul refused to be comforted.

More than that, there seemed to be a failure of the means of grace for him. "I remembered God and was troubled." Some of God's people go up to the house of the Lord where they were accustomed to unite in worship with delight, but they have no delight now; they even go to the communion-table, and eat the bread and drink the wine, but they do not receive the body and blood of Christ to the joy of their faith: Anon they get them to their chambers, and open their Bibles, and bow their knees, and remember God; but every verse seems to condemn them; their prayers accuse them, and God himself seems turned to be their enemy; and then it is little wonder that unbelief exclaims, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

Moreover, there was one thing more: he lost the faculty of telling out his grief: "I am so troubled that I cannot speak." There are some people to whom we would not tell our trouble, for we know they could not understand it, for they have never been in deep waters themselves; there are others to whom we could not tell our trouble, though they might help us, because we feel ashamed to do so. To be compelled to silence is a terrible increase to anguish: the torrent is swollen when its free course is prevented. A dumb sorrow is sorrow indeed. The grief that can talk will soon pass away; that misery which is wordless is endless.

Having thus, you see, put the doubt in the most apologetic style, and mentioned the excuses which might mitigate the sin of the question, I am now going to expose its unreasonableness and sinfulness, by considering what answers we may give to such a question? I shall endeavor to answer it by making it answer itself.—

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Answer: Hath God forgotten anything? If he could forget could he be God? Not even the least thing is passed over by him. He hath not forgotten the young ravens in their nests, but he heareth when they cry. He hath not forgotten a single blade of grass, but giveth to each its own drop of dew. He hath not forgotten the sea monsters down deep in the caverns of the ocean. He hath not forgotten a worm that hides itself away beneath the sod; therefore banish the thought once for all, that thy God hath forgotten anything, much less that he hath forgotten to be gracious.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Then hath he forgotten an old, long, ancient, aye, eternal habit of his heart. Did he not light up the lamps of heaven because of his mercy? Since the creation hath he not in providence always been gracious? Did he not give his Son to redeem mankind? Hath he not sent his Spirit to turn men from darkness to light? After having been gracious all these myriads of ages, after having manifested his love and his grace at such a costly rate, hath he forgotten it?

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Why, then, he must have forgotten his purpose! Hast thou not heard that or ever the earth was, he purposed to redeem unto himself a people who should be his own chosen, his children, his peculiar treasure, a people near unto him? Banish, then, the thought of his forgetting to be gracious.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Then he must have forgotten his own covenant; for what was the purport of his covenant with Jesus Christ, the second Adam, on behalf of his people? Is it not called a covenant of grace? Is not grace the spirit and tenor and object of it? The Lord hath not forgotten his covenant with day and night, neither will he cast off his believing people. He can not, therefore, forget to be gracious.

More than that, when thou sayest, "Has God forgotten to be gracious?" dost thou not forget that in such a case he must have forgotten his own glory? for the main of his glory lies in his grace.

Listen, and let unbelief stand rebuked. If God hath forgotten to be gracious, then he must have forgotten his own Son, he must have forgotten Calvary and the expiatory sacrifice offered there; he must have forgotten him that is ever with him at his right hand, making intercession for transgressors; he must have forgotten his pledge to him that he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Canst thou conceive that? It is verging upon blasphemy to suppose such a thing; yet it must be that he has forgotten his own Son if he hath forgotten to be gracious.

I think I hear some one say, "I do not think God hath forgotten to be gracious, except to me." Doth God make any exceptions? Doth he not speak universally when he addresses his children? Remember, if God forgot to be gracious to one of his believing people might he forget to be gracious to them all.

Now, let us attend to the amendment of the question. Shall I tell thee, friend, thou who hast put this question, what the true question is, which thou oughtest to ask thyself? It is not, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" but "Hast thou forgotten to be grateful?" Why, thou enjoyest many mercies, even now. It is grace which allows thee to live after having asked such a vile question. Grace is all around thee, if thou wilt but open thine eyes, or thine ears. Thou hadst not been spared after so much sin if God had forgotten to be gracious.

Listen: Hast thou not forgotten to be believing? God's word is true, why dost thou doubt it? Is he a liar? Has he ever played thee false? Which promise of his has failed? Time was when thou didst trust him; then thou knewest he was gracious; but thou art doubting now without just cause; thou art permitting an evil heart of unbelief to draw thee aside from the living God. Know this, and repent of it, and trust thy best Friend.

Thus much to the chil of God. May the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, apply it to every troubled heart.

II. Furthermore, I desire to talk a little with the seeking sinner in despondency. You have not yet found joy and peace through believing, and therefore I will first describe your case, and what it is that has made you say, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

You labor under a sense of guilt; you know that you have transgressed against God, and you feel that this is a terrible thing, involving wrath to the uttermost. The arrows of God are sticking in your soul, and rankling there.

Moreover, a sense of weakness is increasing upon you. You thought that you could pray; but now you cannot pray. You thought it the easiest thing in the world to believe; but now the grapling-irons will not lay hold upon the promise, and you find no rest. You cannot now perform those holy acts which you at once thought to be easy. Your power is dried up, your glory is withered. Now you groan out, "I would but I can't repent, then all would easy be. Alas, I have no hope, no strength; I am reduced to utter weakness."

My friend, I perfectly understand your case, and think well of it; for the like has happened to many of us. You must be divorced from self before you can be married to Christ; and that divorce must be made most clear and plain or Jesus will never make a match with you. You must come clear away from self-righteousness, self-trust, self-hope, or else one of these days, when Jesus has saved you, there might be a doubt as to whether he is to have all the glory, or to go halves with self. He makes you nothing that he may be all in all to you. He grinds you to the dust that he may lift you out of it forever.

Let me show how wrong the question is, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" If he has, he has forgotten what he used to know right well. David was foul with his adultery—remember that fifty-first Psalm—but how sweet was the prophet's message to the penitent king: "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die!" "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," was a prayer most graciously answered in that royal sinner's case. Remember Jonah, and how he went down to the bottom of the mountains in the whale's belly, and was brought even to hell's door; yet he lived to sing "Salvation is of the Lord," and was brought out of the depths of the sea. Remember Manasseh, who shed innocent blood very much, and yet the grace of God brought him among thorns, and made him a humble servant of the Lord. Remember Peter, how he denied his Master, but his Master forgave him, and bade him feed his sheep. Forget not the dying thief, and how in the extremity of death, filled with all the agonies of crucifixion, he looked to the Lord, and the Lord looked on him and that day he was with the King in paradise. Think also of Saul of Tarsus, that chief of sinners, who breathed out threatenings against the people of God, and yet was struck down, and, before long, was in mercy raised up again, and ordained to be a chosen vessel to bear the gospel among the heathen. If God has forgotten to be gracious, he has forgotten a line of things in which he has wrought great wonders, and in which his heart delighted from of old.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Then why are all the old arrangements for grace still standing? Oh brothers, while Calvary is still a fact, and the Christ has gone into the glory bearing his wounds with him, there is a fountain still filled with blood wherein the guilty may wash. While there is an atoning sacrifice there must be grace for sinners. I cannot enlarge on these points, for time flies so rapidly; but the continuance of the divine arrangements, the continuance of the Son of God as living and pleading, and the mission of the Holy Spirit as striving, regenerating, comforting—all this proves that God hath not forgotten to be gracious.

I shall come to close quarters with you. I know your despair has driven you to the question, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" and I would silence it by putting other questions to you. Is it not you that have forgotten to believe in Christ? "I have been praying," says one. That is all very well, but the gospel is, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," not "he that prays." "I have been trying to come to Christ." I know that, but I read nothing about this *trying* in Holy Scripture, and I fear your trying is that which keeps you from Jesus. You are told to believe in Christ, not to try to believe. A minister in America, some time ago, was going up the aisle of his church during a revival, when a young man earnestly cried to him, "Sir, can you tell me the way to Christ?" "No," was the answer, very deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ." The young man answered, "I beg pardon; I thought you were a minister of the gospel." "So I am," was the reply. "How is it that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?" "My friend," said the minister, "there is no way to Christ. He is himself the way. All that believe in him are justified from all things. There is no way to Christ; Christ is here." O! my hearer, Christ himself is the way of salvation, and that way comes right down to your foot, and then leads right up to heaven. You have not to make a way to the Way, but at once to run in the way which lies before you. The way begins where you now are, enter it. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ now, and you are saved; and then you will no more ask the question, "Is his mercy clean gone forever?"

"Oh, says one, "but I have been looking to reform myself and grow better, and I have done a good deal in that way," That is not the gospel; it is all very right and proper, but the gospel is, "He that believeth in him is not condemned." The other day I saw my bees swarming; they hung on a branch of a tree in a living mass; the difficulty was to get them into a hive. My man went with a veil over his face and began to put them into the skep; and I noticed that he was particularly anxious to get the queen bee into it; for if he once had her in the hive the rest would be sure to follow, and remain with her. Now, faith is the queen bee. You may get temperance, love, hope, and all those other bees into the hive; but the main thing is to get simple faith in Christ and all the rest will come afterwards. Get the queen bee of faith, and all the other virtues vill attend her.

III. The time has gone; therefore THE DISAPPOINTED WORKER must be content with a few crumbs. You have been working for Christ, dear brother, and have fallen into a very low state of heart, so that you cry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" I know what state you are in. You say, "I do not feel as if I could preach; the matter does not flow. I do not feel as if I could teach; I search for instruction, and the more I pull the more I cannot get it." "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Can he not fill thine empty vessel again? Can he not give thee stores of thought, emotion and language? He has used thee; can he not do so again? "Ah, but my friends have gone; I am in a village from which the people remove to London, and I lose my best helpers." Or, perhaps you say, "I work in a back street and everybody is moving out into the suburbs." You have lost your friends, and they have forgotten you; but, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" You can succeed so long as the Lord is with you. Be of good courage; your best friend is left. He who made a speech in the Academy found that all his hearers had gone except Plato; but as Plato remained, the orator finished his address. They asked him how he could continue under the circumstances and he replied that Plato was enough for an audience. So, if God be pleased with you, go on; the divine pleasure is more than sufficient. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Did not Wesley say when he was dying, "The best of all is, God is with us"? Therefore fear not the failure of friends.

Perhaps I speak to some dear brother who is very old and infirm; he can hardly hear, and scarcely see, so that he reads his Bible with difficulty. He gets to the service now, but he knows that soon he will be confined to his chamber, and then to his bed. His mind is sadly failing him; he is quite a wreck. Take this home with you, my aged brother, and keep it for your comfort if you never come out again: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Oh, no; the Lord hath said, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." Having loved his own which were in the world, the Lord Jesus loved them unto the end; and he will love *you* to the end. When the last scene comes, and you close your eyes in death, blessed be his name, you shall know that he has not forgotten you. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," is the Lord's promise and his people's sheet-anchor. Therefore, let us not fear when our frail tabernacles are taken down, but let us rejoice that God hath not forgotten to be gracious. Though our bodies will sink into the dust, they will ere long rise again, and we shall be in glory forever with the Lord. Blessed be his name. Amen.

Mrs. Slack's Journal.

This journal of Mrs. Margaret Slack was not found in a chest in an old garret or among the papers of my grandmother. With the author of them I have often talked, and when I found the papers, they were neither old nor musty. She has not mentioned the town in which she lived, and in transcribing her journal, my judgment is, that the reader should remain in ignorance of town or state, else, the character being so well known, the fictitious name could not shield her from the notoriety which, undoubtedly, the publication of her journal would give her.

Sept. 1.

To-day is the anniversary of our marriage. I thought of it when I first awoke, and as I lay awake in the early morning hours, I went over the last twenty years of my life. I wondered, as I have so often before, if I did make a mistake in marrying Guillaume. He is so practical that he has never been able to understand the longing for beauty with which my soul is filled. Everything common and coarse is so repulsive to my nature, while with William—no, I mean Guillaume, the French of his name is so much prettier—with Guillaume is no thought but a well cooked steak, light bread, or a handsomely-ironed and good-fitting shirt-bosom and collar. With a sigh I breathed as I thought of the misery that man has caused me just on the one question of shirts and collars. He says he can't afford to buy them ready-made when I have a seamstress half the time, and every half-dozen he has they are sure to be either too tight or too loose in the neck, and the collars are either too stiff or wrinkled in the ironing; he never puts on a clean shirt or collar but he keeps up a running fire of sharp words till the last button is fastened and his mind is turned to something else. I shouldn't mind his telling me they were not right, say once or twice with each of the six shirts, but to take up the same subject several times each week seems a great waste of time and words.

Then Guillaume does not like the same reading as I do. I dote on Tom Moore, and Byron, and Keats, and Shelley, while Guillaume never touches anything but Carlyle, and Emerson, and Macaulay and Ruskin, and calls my reading "trash." As though a woman of my age—no, I mean of my ability—did not know what to read. Only yesterday he came home to dinner and found me deep in "Childe Harold," and he said he should think I'd more sense than to fool my time away on such nonsense; no wonder I made such a wretched housekeeper. Those were just his words, and how they did cut! Because I was made for something better than to scrub and cook and wash dishes, to have a husband who cannot realize it, that *is* dreadful. Here I have been without a girl for three months, and I am sure all my friends think I do wonderfully. To be sure, they only see the parlor, but I often treat them to cake I've made and give them most delicious lemonade. There is not a lady in town can make better cake or better lemonade. I do wish my husband could appreciate me.

It was dreadful to lie there on the morning of the twentieth anniversary of our marriage and think these hard things about my husband, but how could I help it? At last I went off to sleep again, and did not awaken until the clock struck seven. Just then the children came into my room, and William came from the kitchen saying he should think I'd better get up if I was ever intending to rise. I told him to call Angelina, but he said he'd called her all he was intending to. If a daughter eighteen years old had been brought up by her mother to lie in bed until noon, he was not intending to waste his breath on her.

The two little girls had dressed themselves before I got out of bed, and before I could dress myself, William had gone to his office

I found *such* a looking place when I got to the dining-room. I did not wash the dishes last night, and William had pushed them all to one end of the table and covered them with one of my best clean table-covers, and eaten his breakfast at the sideboard. He had made himself coffee; he brought up last night a can of peaches, a box of sardines, and a loaf of bread, and what he had left of these things the children had nearly finished, nothing being left for Angelina and myself but coffee and sardines.

I stirred up some griddle cakes, making the milk sour with vinegar, but I had no soda, so I had to send the children over to Mrs. Linn's to borrow some. They came back with just one teaspoonful. Mrs. Linn is getting real mean about being willing to lend. I must find a new neighbor, but I'm sure I don't know who; after a little while every one has served me just the same way.

By the time I was through breakfast, Angelina came down with a headache, and did not want to cook her own griddle-cakes, so I cooked hers. Of course, she did not feel able to wash the dishes, so I told her I would after I'd arranged the parlor.

Everything there was at sixes and sevens. I'd had the sewing-circle the day before, and the scraps of work were left in every conceivable place. In picking up the patch-work for a crazy quilt, I came across our secretary's book on the piano, and in it was a letter addressed to her. Of course, I know it was awful to read the letter, but they say she is engaged to John Mark, the blacksmith, and I thought—as it was a man's hand-writing—I'd just see if 'twas from him. But was from our minister, Mr. Duncan, and I could not help reading it. Mr. Duncan has been somewhat attentive to Angelina, and though I do not particularly desire Angelina to become a minister's wife, still I could not say "no" if such a rising young man as Mr. Duncan should propose.

The letter only contained directions in regard to her district for calling on the poor, but he commenced it "My dear Miss Brent," which I consider quite unnecessary. I put the letter in her book, but I thought it would be quite safe to ask him to tea offener, and have him sing duets with Angelina.

Just before I had the palor put to rights, I happened to pick up the last magazine, and in looking it over I became interested in an article on "Culture," so I sat down to read it. There really is no time like the present for reading with a women if she desires to read at all. The only trouble with me is, I read too long. I read that article, and was very much interested in a continued story, when the whistles at the shop blew for noon.

I sprang up and rushed out to the kitchen, hoping, to say the least, that Angelina had washed the dishes, but she was nowhere to be found. I went out to the children's play ground, and there she was in a hammock reading a novel, and the children making mud-pies and using my best plates and knives.

I hustled them all into the house. Though Lily was only four, I set her to paring potatoes and sent Blanche to the market for steak. Angelina and I washed dishes in cold water as fast as we could. Just as Blanche came with the meat, the potatoes began to boil, and I had the table partly set. William looked out into the kitchen and remarked that the whole house looked as though we'd not done a stroke of the morning's work till the whistle blew for dinner. I told him I did wish he would not always find fault, and asked him if he knew what anniversary it was. He said he did not see any signs of the day being any different from other days. I asked him if he didn't remember what happened twenty years ago this very day, and he said he should think he'd had every reason to remember.

He talked a little with Blanche and Lily, and went back to his office without a word except, "What shall I bring up for supper?" I told him he might bring bread and cheese, a can of pears or pine-apples, a glass of jelly, dried meat, cookies, and a loaf of cake, for I thought of inviting Mr. Duncan to tea.

"Duncan's gone to Oakland. Shall I bring up the traps for ourselves? Seems to me we might have a decent supper once if no one was here," William said, standing in the door. I told him that I did wish he would not be so coarse, and he went off muttering, "Twenty years, is it? Seems like a thousand." I do wish that he was not so fretful and fault-finding. The children are growing to be just like their father.

After he'd gone, I thought I'd go out and make a few calls. I told Angelina to wash up the dishes, but she was going to ride with Amy Brent, so I told the little ones that they might do up the work. They wanted to, and there is nothing like letting a child learn, when she is young, how to do housework. I think it is an excellent idea to air beds well, so I thought I'd let mine be open until I come home.

I put on my best black silk; it is rather tight, and my new boots hurt my feet, and I must say I did not feel real comfortable as I tramped around in the hot sun. I believe I never was so tired in my life as I was when I reached our gate, but I was congratulating myself that I had done a good afternoon's work and could rest this evening with an easy conscience, when whom should I spy turning the corner but William with his arms loaded with baker's bundles, and, walking by his side, Mr. Duncan. I felt as though I should sink. There I had left the little ones to do the work, and no knowing what mischief they had been in, and not a thing done for supper. I met William at the front door, for it would have been just like him to have taken the minister right to the side door. I took the bundles and then rushed upstairs to change my dress. Such a looking house as I found when I got to the dining-room! The children had partly washed the dishes, then paddled in the water until they got tired of that; then played at baking, and the flower, sugar, and spice were trodden into everything in the kitchen and dining-room and pantry. I found both children asleep in the hammock—the dirtiest children I ever saw. Blanche is eight, and she knew better than to have acted so, but I couldn't whip her when Mr. Duncan was in the house, Angelina was not at home, and wouldn't be all the evening.

I built the fire and cleaned out the dining-room. Then I thought I'd make a bouquet for the tea-table. That took me longer than I expected, and before I was done with the flowers, William came out to see if the tea was ready. He said I always began my work at the wrong end; I should have left the flowers for the last. But I flew round then and opened the bundles. He had brought home everything but the bread. I was just going to send Blanche clear back to the bakery, when I happened to remember that Mrs. Linn always baked on Saturday, so I sent over there and got a loaf.

My tea, for a wonder, was good, and the children behaved well, but I was too tired to talk, and William is always rather silent, so I am afraid it was not very pleasant for Mr. Duncan. William took him back to his office after supper, and I had to do all the dishes and clean up the kitchen after dark.

I was too tired to write in my journal, but I could not bear to let this anniversary pass and not make a record of the day. I don't know what we shall have to eat to-morrow. I ought to go down town and get some bread. What an unsatisfactory day this has been!—*Zion's Herald.*

Drifting.

"We be Abraham's children," said the proud Jerusalem Pharisees, when the Lord spake to them of their sins, and on that plea they expected to gain an entrance into Abraham's heavenly home. But they were plainly told by Jesus that they were the children of the devil, and would die in their sins.

It often happens that the young people of a Christian home, even before they are converted, grow into a habit of counting themselves as belonging to God and his people, and expect just to drift into a religious life, because their father and mother are Christians. In some communions this mistaken belief is fostered by a fatal habit of thrusting upon young people of a certain age the solemn vows of consecration; without looking for any sign of renewed hearts. Now in one sense it is true that the children of Christians "belong to the church;" they are the church's to teach and train; the privileges of the church, its sweet and helpful influences, are theirs, and the God of the covenant waits to be their God.

But this is not enough; this is not salvation; these are all chances in your favor, but your salvation depends upon whether you make good use of your chances, for the drift of things is the other way!

If you do not act, if you do not lay hold of Jesus as the Saviour of your own soul, if you do not confess him before men, if you do not regulate your lives by his word, if he is not your Lord and Master, your Christian birthright will no more avail you than their Abraham ancestry did those Jews of old. "Ye shall die in your sins" will be your awful fate as it was theirs.

And now is your time for action; every day that you delay makes your safety more doubtful and difficult; let yours be part of the poor ignorant man, blind from his birth, who, as soon as he knew Jesus for the Son of God, fearlessly confessed him in the face of his angry accusers, and showed his faith by his acts. "And he said, Lord, I believe; and he worshipped him.,'—*Morning Star.*

Little Things.

No man is fit for God's service who is not willing to do little things. The people who are always waiting for an opportunity to do some great thing never accomplish anything. If you want to be wise in winning souls, you must be ready to do just what the Spirit prompts you to do. It may be he will call you to go to the home of the drunkard, and stay there and mind the children while he or his wife goes out to listen to the word of God. If this were done by Christians generally, streams of salvation would break out in every quarter.

If you are going to work for God you must let him take care of your reputation. If you look for your reward here you will be doomed to disappointment. The reward will come hereafter. This is the time of Christ's humiliation, and we are to go "outside the camp being his reproach." The nearer you live to Christ the meaner will be the things that wordly people will say about you. If you want the applause of the world, you had better give up Christian work, because you can not be useful in God's vineyard without the world beginning to slander and abuse you.—*Moody.*

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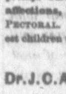

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