

of mine just now. Why, there is nothing in trials to frighten one of the Lord's very own, whether they come single file or four deep. Look at them very closely, my brother, and see if you don't know your friends when they visit you. Step up a little nearer, my timid sister, and peer right into their sombre faces, gaze at them fixedly, until you see the smiling face behind the disguise.

Did it ever occur to you that even the lightest affliction was your *servant*? You never thought of that; well, now, I can assure you it is Gospel truth. Listen, these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, *work out* for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Praise the Lord! they really do come to *work* for us. Let them work. No sensible persons will object to being helped when they need it. These servants come along and do work for us, that never would get done, were it not for them.

Sometimes we get so far behind with our life-work, that our dear Master finds it necessary to send on a large staff to get us out of our muddle. Did you ever think of it in that light? Well, now, next time your helpers arrive, don't grumble and scold about them, as though they were intruders, but give them a chance to do their work, and the sooner they will get away. And if so be that God sees you need a little help of this kind by the month or year, thank Him out of a full heart that you were not left to struggle away all by yourself. Yes, praise the Lord I have trials.

Said a man to me, not long ago, "I cannot, for my life, think of and see things as you do." And in that he said truly. Of course, he couldn't, for the simple reason that I was looking at the Sun of Righteousness through the great Gospel telescope, the only medium through which the heavenly places can be seen, and he was taking an occasional squint through a little, short, smoky looking-glass, called "human effort," which was so discolored by doubt and fear, that it threw spiritual things into a sort of jumble. He wouldn't look through the divine magnifier, and, consequently, could not see those bewildering delights, so discernible from the Beulah observatory.

"Commit and trust" is the great telescope that sweeps the spiritual heavens. There is no other way but God's way. There are other glasses that look right into a man, but they fail to bring nigh the hills of God.

Yes, I rejoice in the God of this moment, for it is He who turns on my life, moment by moment, and thus all moments are what they ought to be, while His dear hand pays out the precious thread.

Do you know, I think our lives are like the illustrated canvas that issues from the child's toy alphabet. You will remember that this alphabet is coiled up on a spring, like a tape measure, and can be drawn out at length, as you desire. Every letter is different, the color is different, so throughout the entire length there is much variety, all on the same canvas. Just so, our lives are coiled up in God, and we only know what they are like, and what they should be, as they are passed from His hand.

How I rejoice in this beautiful, wonderful life. This is what it is to have God work in us, to will and do of His good pleasure. There is nothing prosy or monotonous about it, and no hurly-burly either. The incidents and circumstances of life do not troop up to our door in mob fashion; the rain falls just where and when it should fall. The weather is always satisfactory; you feel just as well as you ought to feel; you are not interrupted once too often; success comes as quickly and easily as it ought to come, and you are as popular as you need be.

The waste places in our lives are built up, every one of them. There is not even *one* waste place left for us to exhibit, even to meet the popular desire for a *show* of humility. I don't know whether I could endorse a clean sweep like this, if I had not discovered that to possess even one defect is not an evidence of spirituality. To steal *one* dime does not establish our reputation for honesty. *One* tiny drink of brandy does not prove us to be abstainers. And to economize on *one* little fact does not add lustre to our naked word. Personally I have decided to accept the life as the Lord sends it, and when it becomes so gilt edged that it troubles my friends