

heart won and held by Christ Himself. How apt we are to make more of the place than of the Person (who makes the place what it is); more of the blessings than of the Blessor; and the soul is thus subtilly beguiled from its first simplicity, from its cleaving with purpose of heart unto the Lord ("thou hast left *thy first love*").

There is ever the tendency to drift into mere religiousness, and, "having the form," to relegate everything to the coming together into one place; coming together very often as those who—like clocks—require to be wound up for another week, instead of being drawn by the power of irresistible attraction around Himself, to pour out of hearts, He has been causing to overflow throughout the week, what they can no longer contain in His presence. Even to Israel it was said, "None shall appear *before Me* empty" (Ex. xxiii. 15; xxxiv. 20; Deut. xvi. 16).

If we think of God manifest in the flesh, how was He so manifested? Was it not by, and in, *dwelling among us*; and, as it is put in that heart-touching word referring to His public ministry, "*All the time* that the Lord Jesus *went in and out* among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that He was taken up from us," and this has its voice *to us*, has it not, beloved Saints of God? That is to say, in all the common places, as *we* speak, of every-day life, the going out and the coming in—yea—as we find it in the first Psalm, in every attitude of the body, whether