

WRITTEN TO AN INVALID
FRIEND.

I am pained and distressed that you continue to suffer so much. I can say nothing to comfort you save in the words of the only source of consolation, which you well know and solely rely on. Well, if that be true, as I know it is, that is worth any amount of suffering, though we must plead with our loving Father not to allow our share to be above our ability to bear. If we can only, in resignation to His will, get through the wearisome nights of our pilgrimage, we can see this as compensation for all we bear. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

I have been trying to realize what it will be when the spirit is separated from the body, and have gained a little in the assurance that the latter in its present form is not essential to our being. It will not be you or me at all after the separation. That happiness of the spirit will not be affected by the separation, though it will wait the reunion for the perfect consummation in bliss, both in body and soul. He who has so fearfully and wonderfully made us can modify the conditions of our being to suit any change of circumstances, and we have the Saviour's assurance that he *will* for all those who love Him. Then tears will be wiped away from all eyes. With this hope for our anchor we must patiently keep on our appointed way, believing that it is ordered by One who loves us and asks that we cast all cares upon Him. For myself, my great trouble is that my faith and love are so weak, and that

I do not feel the assurance of God's love as I desire—not that I doubt His promises, but my own unworthiness. Yet I hope I am drawing nearer. It seems to me to have the undoubting assurance (and it is our fault that we do not), would make my experience of suffering light.

SAFETY.

When S. Chrysostom was brought up before the persecuting Emperor, that potentate thought to frighten S. Chrysostom into obedience to him, and said :

"I'll banish you."

"No, you cannot," was the reply, "for in Christ I live and have my being."

"Then I'll confiscate your wealth."

"You cannot," was the response, "for in Christ I have all riches."

"At least," said the tyrant, "I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast."

"But you cannot," Chrysostom exultingly replied, "for I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

How safe we are when to us, as to His servant Chrysostom, Christ is "all in all!"

Supposing that you wished to walk through all the streets and lanes and alleys of London, and were able to arrange your trip so that you never traversed the same one twice, you would have to walk ten miles every day for nine years before your journey would be completed.

A face that cannot smile is never good.