

plexing circumstances, and tel' them if we received any light about them, as if we might get some revelation from heaven in their behalf; as if two persons were in familiar conversation with a prince, and the one should ask the other, in a loud whisper, to make known his wishes to their common friend and benefactor. How absurd the thought! How much more absurd to turn our back on the ever-present Holy Spirit, and beseech a fallible mortal to be spokesman for us. Is it not an insult to our best Friend, and is it not worse than presumption for another to comply with such a disrespectful request? much more is it perilous to play Sir Oracle for those who made no such request at our hands.

Now, it will be seen at once that there is no danger to us in the gift of the Holy Spirit as an interpreter of the Bible, when it is confined within scriptural bounds. So sight is given for ourselves and not for another, but just as we may use our vision to assist those who have it not—may become eyes to the blind—so we, whilst we may not see for another, may be somewhat helpful in bringing them to the pool of Siloam, to wash and see for themselves.

But now the question comes up as to how we are to obtain individual help in understanding the Scriptures. We reply that—

“God is His own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”

And what He undertakes He can perform. When we undertake to assist we simply hinder, by proving our want of perfect faith in Him.

For example, if one wishes direction concerning some matter, and, in accordance with some rule adopted, takes up his Bible and opens it at random to be directed by the first verse which catches his eye, does not such a course take the matter out of the hands of the Spirit, and make a mere fetish of the Bible. But, says one, I have often had remarkable direction in this way, and the result has been most satisfactory. Nevertheless, without disputing the correctness of those instances, we maintain they do not prove that that is the way to obtain the Spirit's help. It would be passing strange if He could not reveal to us His mind through Scripture without the aid of sudden opening of the book, and apparent random selection.

When He speaks we hear, and know His voice, and it matters not if Scripture comes to us as a memory, from perusing whole chapters or books, or from a momentary glance at one sentence. “My sheep know my voice,” said Christ. To bolster up our faith by dwelling