

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Moderato

J. R. M.

1 When our earth - ly life is end - ed And our earth - ly mis - sion done, We shall go a -

cross the riv - er At the set - ting of life's sun, And in God's ce - les - tial man - sions,

Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone be - fore us, We shall know each o - ther there'

2 Yes, we'll meet them in the city
That is just across the strand,
And our hearts shall leap with rapture
When we take them by the hand.
Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting,
Faithful words can ne'er declare,
We shall know the bliss of heaven,
When we meet each other there!

3 Do not tell us that our lov'd ones
Lose their earthly mem'ries quite,
When they sing among the angels
In the heavenly mansions bright.
Oh, I know that we shall know them,
Tho' the angel robes they wear,
When they bid us welcome over,
We shall know our lov'd ones there!

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY REV. JOHN THOMAS

"And the Lord said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?"—1 Kings xix. 11—13.

GOD was in that voice! Yes, Elijah, there is thy God! He comes not as thou thoughtest He would come—in storm, in earthquake, in fire—not in some form more terrible and disturbing than these. He comes in sweet and gentle words, in tender whisper, bringing soothing peace—*rest* with Him, in Him, to the trembling heart. He comes in gentle love, a voice still and small, when thou art ready for His tender loving friendship. There must be first the storm, the earthquake, and the fire—that thou mightest lose all hope in thyself, and be filled with the solemn consciousness of His Almighty grandeur, glory, and power; and that thou mightest know how small and weak and helpless thou art beside Him. And, when thou hast no self, no hope in anything thou hast or art, then He will come, not as the mighty majesty who fills all worlds with the glory of His name; not as a mighty Judge, nor One who will reprove in fierce wrath and indignation, but in the calm silence of thy waiting, empty heart He (God) will come to meet thy lowliness, thy nothingness, with quiet gentleness—the gentleness which in its very peace and stillness will proclaim His presence more than storm and earthquake and fire. So comes Elijah forth with bowed head, with muffled face, to meet Jehovah, and to stand before Him.

I think Elijah felt and knew in his day very much what God's servants feel and know to-day. True, he had miracle and supernatural manifestation, but they symbolised what revelation and experience teach us now. How many of us have had mistaken estimates of God and His kingdom. How often we have misjudged, harshly judged our Lord, our Master, our FATHER. How often we have murmured that our labour has been for nought and in vain, have said in spirit, "I have

been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," but of what avail? for Israel, for the Church, for sinners, still forsake the covenant of the Lord, still throw down His altars, still hold back from serving Him, and my very faithfulness to God brings me into sorrow and trouble. How often have we "judged the Lord by feeble sense," and in the folly of our human wisdom charged Him, or His providence, or else His choice of servant, with all that we deem to be failure. Or, in other aspects of our lives, how we have mourned and murmured under the mysterious dispensations that hedge us around and overshadow us with trial, and pain, and sorrow. And God has called us away into some lonely wilderness, away from all things, and every one away into solitude and silence, and when no one was near, no one, not pastor, nor brother, nor friend, has He not left us alone? The rushing wind came, and there was no God! The earthquake rumbled under us, and the earth trembled and shook, and there was no God! The fire came, awful, scorching, withering, as the blast of death, and there was no God! O, it has been fearful, the blackness of darkness, the storm of terror, the overthrow of all things, the fierce fire of terrible searching, and no God in it all! And we were brought low, down to the dust, at the bottom of the cave, and we hid our faces in the thick darkness, and then, and then a voice came to us, a still small voice, piercing with unutterable sweetness the dreadful stillness of our lonely sorrow and woe, thrilling through our soul, calming the storm of passion, melting the ice of despair, soothing the pain of fear, and bringing quietness and peace to the heart. And thus God had come! God had come down to us, and in a still small voice had given us rest! It is God's way. So God had led Elijah away to Horeb, the place of the unconsumed burning bush, and the place of the law's dreadful enrollment, and taught him that He was not in wild storm and upheavings and fire, that these things, the cares and sorrows and burdens, the fierce afflictions and the terrible tossings, these were not the chariot of God; but calm and quiet, and sweet precious restful revelations brought in them God, and He brings perfect peace.

Learn we the lesson too, my readers. Our God comes to us in peace, not in anger and storm. When our bark is tossed by angry billows, and deluged by descending torrents, it is God whose whisper comes softly to our heart, distinct as our own thoughts, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." The place