

faith that habitually regards God as the Father and immediate Governor of the universe. You will find yourself in a cold dreary atmosphere where everything is apparently governed by *general laws*. You may indeed occasionally catch glimpses of a more genial clime, warmed by the presence of the "Sun of Righteousness," but it is when you look to the Bible, the Word of Revelation, that you see an ever-present personal loving God ever interesting Himself in our welfare, and guiding His Church onwards to happiness and to rest. It is this personal, close connection that is plainly recognized in the words before us, and it is in recognizing that much of our strength and happiness consists—that the holiness of the individual and the Church may be promoted, and the final happiness of both secured. Still, therefore, let us strive to acknowledge this truth—still let ours be the wish of the man of God; and while we, with him, pray for the downfall of evil in the world—"Arise, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered," let us not forget the resting prayer for the welfare of the Church universal—"Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

A second truth suggested by the words of our text, is the very consolatory one—that the enemies of the Church are the enemies of God. "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered," prayed the servant of God as the Ark moved onward, and the great host of Israel were just ready to move from their encampment. Yet why, it may be asked, such a prayer and at such a moment? Was not that great army of itself quite equal to the task of triumphantly making its way to the land of promise? What power could again reduce to a state of bondage those 500,000 men who now feel they are free? Onwards they march through the desert, with tread of conquerors. One foeman sleeps beneath the Red sea wave. Amalek, too, has fallen before them. God has often interfered in their behalf, and the land of Canaan is already theirs by promise. Yet Moses trusts not in his army, flushed with victory, for his final success; he rests not his confidence in their prowess in arms. As for him, he looks to a higher source for victory. He appeals to the great God of battles—"Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate thee flee before thee." And has not this been the experience of the Church in her purest and most prosperous times? Is it not true that just in proportion to the simplicity of her faith and the thoroughness of her trust in God, has been her success and prosperity. In her wilderness journey she has often been strong in numbers and well equipped for the work before her. Her soldiers have been brave—her resources numerous—her prospects bright; and looking exultingly at the triumphs of the past, she has been confident of greater things for the future. Yet, in her prosperity she forgot the

grand secret of her success, and ascribed that glory to her own strength and skill which belonged to her Redeemer, and to Him alone. Resting her confidence in man, she soon lost confidence in her Maker, and the arm of flesh soon failed—the reed upon which she leaned became broken, and her glory and strength began to diminish. And how fully does history confirm the fact that often when externally weak, has she proved herself possessed of the most marvellous power! When her enemies were ready to rejoice over her as fallen, has she risen superior to all her struggles, and went onwards, in her Master's might, conquering and to conquer. Go we back to that upper room in Jerusalem—glance we at the small company there assembled—let us think of the great work entrusted to their hands, and are we not ready to exclaim—Surely it cannot be—they cannot withstand the influences against them—they cannot prosper. Among them we cannot reckon the learned, the influential, the powerful. Some of the most influential among them were once humble fishermen by the quiet lakes of Galilee, and others were called from callings equally humble. Little was their knowledge of the world, yet to them was entrusted the world's evangelization. Still, when we examine them a little more closely, we can see latent power which may escape the notice of the casual observer. Throughout that little company there reigns the greatest harmony. Among them there are no jar-rings—no discord. Before them lies the work. The gospel must be preached to every creature. The day is far spent, and it is time to begin. But no—they move not—they cannot go until the Master equips them for the great work. The warfare in which they are about to engage is to be undertaken against a common enemy—*His and theirs*. He must gird on their armour—He must fit them for the day of battle. The Holy Ghost has been promised, but as yet they have not fully felt its influence, when, lo! there is a rushing noise as of a mighty wind, and a strange fire rests on each head, and a stranger fire burns in each breast. And behold, what mighty results spring from that small beginning, and what wonderful things have, by the grace of God, been accomplished by that little band! See them, with confident ardor, rush from city to city, and from country to country, that from all nations they may gather jewels for the crown of the Redeemer, and, if possible, bring the heart of the great world to prostrate itself at the foot of the cross of the despised Nazarene. As they advance in their conquests, it is with no faltering tongue and no hesitating footsteps. They speak like men invested with authority—they act like men possessed with some extraordinary secret power. The inveterate and deeply-rooted prejudices of the Jew—the highly wrought and intricate philosophy of the Greek—the pride of human extraction—the