occupied with myself and the loss of any channels of comfort. God must wean. Oh! what bitter soul tears are shed while the soul is weaning from some long-enjoyed mercy. Is it that our God would not indulge us? Is it that He who gave His son would deny us anything? No! But *He must wean us*, or we should never know what it is to depend on *Him apart from any* human or natural intervention. Paul, no doubt, often spoke of having no confidence in the flesh, but it was in the prison at Rome that he felt he was entirely weaned. Any soul who has marked his own progress from the moment of deprivation until he was weaned (that is resting in God and independent of his loss) can tell the momentary lulls and rapidly succeeding agonies again, which marked the desperate dark tunnel, until he reached the light and joy of God's presence. Oh! how He pities us in all the anguish! He cannot give in or relax His hand, but He furnishes us with many lamps to modify the chill of our subterranean travel. If I have learned the righteousness on which God's love is based, I should better understand how much it must correct and subdue me, before it can enjoy itself with me. If I judge myself in the light of *His love*, I must see how much I need weaning.

How blessed for God not to let us alone then till we can truthfully say:—"Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child." —(Psalm cxxxi. 2).