

depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall *not* depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord which hath mercy on thee." Blessed be the name of the Lord! the security is good enough for me. I have been in domestic straits,—the difficulties ever connected with household affairs—my soul was burdened and fretted with anxiety. But in this Beulah Land I am kept in perfect peace. Jesus can do it every time. I have been in financial straits—cramped very close—and would think how to extricate myself until my brain ached. But in this good land God is my Financier. He supplies *all* my need—don't want me to fret about a dollar, and I don't, seeing my Father is so rich. What difference is it to me whether I have a large bank account or not, so long as Father has plenty and gives it to me just as I need it; and He never fails to do it just at the right time. Why, lately He has just o'erwhelmed me with His love in offering me money, and when I was not asking Him for it either. Oh, but I belong to a big firm!—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. They furnish all the capital, run the business, and give me all the proceeds, and make my business life a song. Glory for ever! Glory to my adorable Jesus! Oh, I wish all business men would live in Beulah, and import their goods direct from the Eternal warehouse! What is the use of fretting one's life away, when we can cast *all* our care upon One who cares for us? I'm so glad the Gospel offers to take *all* the worry out of a man's life (don't care who he is), and make him *completely* happy. "If any man will *do* His will, He shall know of the doctrine." No half-way work with our Jesus. I have already mentioned the religious straits in which I passed the greater portion of my life; but now I'm in a *broad place* where there is no straitness. I feel that I can now *run* in the way of God's commands, because He has enlarged my heart. Bless the Lord! I've moved from Duty Street to Privilege Avenue, and I find it a fine place to live. The air is too transparent for doubt. I feel as much like stealing as doubting my precious Jesus. How joyous are all the exercises of the soul! Prayer is just talking to God face to face. We ask and receive, and our joy is full. At times when I draw near to God, He sends the blessing so quickly and abundantly that I cannot do anything but laugh it out in the gladness of my heart. Never shall I forget a season of prayer I had with a dear brother a few weeks ago. We had just commenced to talk to Jesus, when we were