

fulness of joy, all need supplied, my body the temple of the living God—I was filled with peace; and I had the promise, “God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.” (2 Cor. ix. 8). I fell asleep, believing that I should awake in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and never shall I forget the joy of that day. It was the Sabbath indeed, and no burden carried, according to His word. Since then God has fulfilled in me His promise, and I have found His grace springing up continually; indeed, often like an impetuous current, and, again, as the deep and quiet stream, calm and settled. His peace has been mine and mine has been in harmony with His word—peace as a river. I can well understand that man of God, Mr. Fletcher, when he asked the Lord to stay his hand in the bestowment of His grace. I do not think I could have borne it continuously; it was a little taste of His fulness. Speak I must; preach, I could not help myself. I was as a vessel that must have vent. My happy soul rested in His love, and bounded as a young hart on the mountains of Bether.

I went and told my people. Some wondered, some rejoiced and shared the blessing. For myself, I could only do as the Samaritan in Luke xviii. 15, who, “when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at Jesus’ feet, giving Him thanks.”

Again, it may be asked, “*Have you any new views?*” No; the old truth firmly believed; that is all. The promises not a distant, beautiful theory, but realised. The Psalmist says, “My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth;” and as I look at yonder sun, and remember that the living God has filled it with light without a moment’s intermission for six thousand years, I am sure that it must be a very easy thing for Him to supply all my need, and I am happy in His power, grace, and love from morning to night. I see plainly that faith is superior to *all circumstances*, and I begin to know something of the deep meaning of Christ’s words, “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” And again, “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” I am feeding on promises

from morning to night, and real meat they are. Harkening diligently to His voice, my soul rejoiceth *in faith*. It is a blessed life, this life of faith on the Son of God.

I am not troubled about the future, and I have given up the expectation of being wayward, and falling into sin. Watching and praying, I expect to be held up, and not suffered to fall, because *He* says, “He is able to keep us from falling,” and “greater is He that is on our part than all that are against us.” And again, “He that abideth in Him sinneth not.” I make no comment on these words—they speak the mind of our blessed Lord.

It would be a melancholy mistake should any suppose that I think a sort of climax has been reached. I regard holiness as progressive even unto heaven. I anticipate very much more progress now that unbelief is broken and laid aside. To use the language of another, “The Lord is indeed unto me a place of broad rivers and streams; and, by His grace, no galley, with oars of human effort, or gallant ship of man’s devising, shall pass thereby, but the Lord shall have His good pleasure in carrying me onward on the bosom of His own tideless love. It is so delightful to feel no plank of unbelief between the soul and Jesus’ measureless love, and trusting that henceforth it shall ever be so. It certainly is heaven on the way to heaven. “The just shall live by his faith.” (Rom. i. 17; Gal. ii. 20; Heb. x. 38).

I am very much struck by the hungering I have for the word of the Lord. Truly it is not living by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live. As for the word itself, it wants all reading over again.

Some of God’s children have known the joy of the Lord as their strength ever since their conversion, but many thousands have not, and to these I speak, and long that they may have the same fulness of joy.

I verily believe, if I had shrunk from believing this, my soul had dwelt still in straitness. I have seen not a few already hindered because of the fear of man. For myself, I can only say, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.

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