

lips. We think of him in the wilderness, wearied with a rebellious people who seemed incapable of entering into any worthy thought of their high calling, vexed at the delays and wanderings; wearied, too, by the unchanging dreariness of the desert. He, a whole heaven above the people in the nobility of his spirit, turns from all this to find comfort in God, and prays, "I beseech thee, show me Thy glory." There is given this gracious answer: 'Behold, there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. . . . I will put thee in the cleft of the rock. I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee.' We think of him going up into the secret place of the Most High—away from the multitude into the unbroken calm and stillness; up from the dreary monotony of the desert into the Mount of the Lord, with new beauties opening before him at every step; up from the languid heat into the fresh wind of the early morning; on to where God Himself waits with all-gracious welcome, and then into the cave. And there the Lord, the Lord God, passed by and proclaimed Himself. And there Moses finds God as his own—"My God"—and puts Israel into His keeping, and prays Him to come and make His abode with them.

That mountain height, that secret place, is within our reach. It is Calvary. There are the clefts of the rocks wherein we abide while God comes down to make His goodness pass before us. Then may we draw near to say of Him, "My God," and to find in Him our dwelling-place and home.

Our home in God! Let the thought sink down into the heart and become a desire, a purpose, a possession. It is for us, for each of us, to know it if we will; to go up out of the way of the wilderness, and to find our rest and dwelling-place in Him. Outside are biting winds and bitter rains; outside are stony ways and stony faces too; outside are the fleeting hopes that find no place to light upon; wishes that are swiftly swept away by fear; outside all that suggests hurry, and toil, and want, and uncertainty; a hungry world, not knowing what it seeks, but believing that its satisfaction lies a little further on. To step out of this into the secret place of the Most High—what is it? To find one's self no more a bubble flung on lawless seas; no more a fallen leaf, the sport of wintry winds; but round and about us are the everlasting arms, and we rest against the very heart of our Father, God: to be known through and through—all the weakness and the want, the dreadful possibilities of evil within us—and yet to be loved infinitely; to be known in all our dull thought of things, our clumsy failure, our quick forgetfulness, our shallowness and cowardice, and yet to hold as our own such exceeding promises