

they may shine as lights in the dark places of the world; but the day of ingathering will come, and this partial and temporary dispersion will but make the final meeting more sweet. It will but heighten the joys of reunion when believers will be for "ever with the Lord."

Finally, *death* separates the people of God for awhile one from the other. The home circle is invaded by the destroyer, the happy circle is broken. By repeated inroads it becomes less and less, till one feels himself almost alone in the world. A sense of solitariness creeps over him, as though there were none left with whom to take sweet counsel, as in days that are past. But all is arranged in infinite love, and all will work together for his good. Our hearts must be cleansed, self must be abased, the work of the refiner must be done. Who does not know that the loss of a something that we loved will often lead us to seek with earnestness a more precious good? Who does not know that, in proportion as the heart is broken, the soul will often soar heavenwards, as on eagle's wings? Who does not know that their best lessons in spiritual truth—their clearest views of the glories of heaven—their largest apprehensions of the work of the Mediator—their fullest conviction of the preciousness of Christ—were all acquired when joy after joy had departed, and sorrow after sorrow had been given them to bear!

Nor does the believer wonder at this, as though some "strange thing had happened unto him." He finds there is nothing singular in his own case, but that his predecessors in the faith have also been his predecessors in suffering. He finds in their history a counterpart of his own, and as with them, so he, too, finds that difficulties and trials do not hinder but help. He remembers, too, that though man's life is full of trouble, it is but short—that death will soon discharge his debts, finish his cares, and veil all his infirmities—that then all tears shall be wiped away from every eye, and all sorrow from the heart. So that, though trouble after trouble, like wave upon wave, may come upon him, yet these things move him not. He knows that all the trials and changes of this mortal life are working together for the final good of God's chosen people, are carrying out the purpose and the Word of God when He says, "Gather my saints together unto Me."—*Selected.*

THE ENGLISH PURITANS.

FROM A LECTURE BY DR. RYLE, BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

The following is an extract from a Lecture delivered some years ago, in Exeter Hall, London, before the *Young Men's Christian Association*. It is a loving tribute to the memory of those whose principles were much misrepresented in their own day, and to whom, in many circles of society, the finger of scorn is still frequently pointed. In the vocabulary of many persons the epithet *Puritanic* is a synonym for ignorant, ascetic, Pharisaic, and seditious. It is a happy circumstance that, in the midst of so much ignorance and supercilious contempt of men "of whom the world was not worthy," God is raising up, from time to time, "men of