

on the ground. O how deeply the soul judges that that could not have been His way among the people, though it was equally perfectly His way before the Father! He had indeed already met the occasion in communion, and now He is only above it.

Such was His journey through this chapter; we see the path of His soul through these distinct stages. Was ever anything like it? *We* have need to be set to right in the time of trouble. The Psalmist had such need in Psalm lxxiii., and again also in Psalm lxxvii. Poor Job was conquered. It touched him and he fainted, though he had often before strengthened others. The stoutest, as an old writer says, are "knocked off their legs." Peter sleeps and Peter lies, and our own poor hearts again and again have told us secrets of ourselves in such moments. But in sorrow, the like of which never was tasted, Jesus is borne through every change of circumstance and connection, and all is sure to be perfection. Gold it was indeed; and when cast into the furnace, it comes out the same mass as when cast in, *for there is no dross.*

What a sight! what faith! It is found unto admiration in our eyes, beloved; and unto what acceptance was it found with God.

I feel as though I could not look at it, or speak of it longer. Having just traced this brilliant path of faith, tried in the furnace to the end, I must leave it. My own heart is so unacquainted with it. May the good Lord strengthen with might by His Spirit! "If thou faintest in the day of adversity thy strength is small."