

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers  
Have all lost their sweetness to me:  
The midsummer sun shines but dim;  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May."

"Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?"

"What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill."

Still it is *equally true* that by far the larger proportion of those who do "*believe on the Lord Jesus Christ*" do not enjoy this assurance; not, however, because they *desire it not*, for they long for it, but because they *lack*, what we lack, that *mysterious* something to enable them to do so.

*Minister*.—You ask me if I enjoy full assurance. I answer that I do not.

*Sick man*.—Why? Do you not desire it?

*Minister*.—I certainly do.

*Sick man*.—Why then do you not? You

surely do not stumble at the "*simplicity*" of the promises?

*Minister*.—I confess my inability, God, for some wise purpose, does not see fit to give to all the "same measure of faith."

*Sick man*.—Exactly so, exactly so. I do not "*believe*," not because I *will not*, but *cannot*. You do not enjoy the blessing of "*full assurance*," not because you *will not*, but because you *cannot*. I will not, however, call you "*a liar*" as you do me.

*Minister*.—I do not see that good is to be accomplished by a continuation of this conversation.

*Sick man*.—Nor do I. I thank you most kindly for your visit. Still I must be frank with you, and state that I am greatly disappointed at the result of the interview. While, however, I have not been profited by what you *have said*, there is much food for thought in what has *not been said*. When left alone I shall endeavor to meditate on it. I have heard it stated that what the Bible has *not said* was inspired equally with what it *has said*. Good bye.