A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load,
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing for a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love—
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see;
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me:
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise to me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time;
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without him, nor would I if I could,
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food;
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient, and morn His long delay;
I never can be settled while He remains away;
But we shall not long be parted, for I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together in that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine.
Then, in my Father's dwelling, where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk with me.

Visitor Pulpit.

THE DIVINE FORBEARANCE.

By Rev. Henry H. Tucker, D.D. Atlanta, Ga.

Ours is a world full of sin—a world *of* sin. The echoes of the song of the morning stars and of the sons of God had scarcely died away, when he, for whose abode the earth had been prepared and made a Paradise, trampled on the authority of its Maker, the Author of life, and the Giver of all good. Inherent antagonism to the Almighty broke out in posterity, and the first born of earth, hating his brother whom he had seen, and of course hating God whom he had not seen, committed murder. From that evil hour until this, no child has been born upon the earth (except the heaven-sent Redeemer of the race,) who has not, with the earliest dawn of intelligence, betrayed symptoms of the same depravity. The moral distemper never runs out; generation receives it from generation; centuries upon centuries pass, but there is no abatement; and if the race were to continue to all eternity, there would be no change. Like begets like, and thus there is no prospect nor possibility of anything but the perpetuation of a race whose whole nature is determined forever against God. Before nations began fairly to exist, the human family became utterly corrupt, and God, selecting eight of the best, overwhelmed the rest with a flood, and thus gave the earth a new opportunity and a new starting point. But there was no improvement. Almost before the earth was dry from the flood, it was defiled again with drunkenness and debauchery. Sodom soon succeeded. Centuries past, during which Infinite Goodness sent prophets into the world to instruct and reclaim. Their teachings were accompanied with lessons from God himself, who, by miracle after miracle, would have restrained his creatures from evil and led them to good. He even selected one particular branch of the race: the best family of the race—the descendants of Abraham—and taught them as a father teaches his children; yet, after fifteen hundred years of this tuition, that very family, instead of becoming better had grown worse. Finally, the Son of God came in person, and even *after* they had heard *his* teaching, who spake as never man spake, and from whose lips were distilled the wisdom and the love of the Infinite, even *then*, they exceeded the enormous guilt of the day when the storm of fire and brimstone destroyed the cities of the plain. Sodom and Gomorrah, and Tyre and Sidon, renowned for pre-eminence in sin, will, in the judgment day, stand innocent by comparison. Finally, from mere hatred of goodness, and loathing of purity, and malice against infinite moral superiority, and from no other motives, they murdered the Prince of glory, and spat upon the Son of God. They hunted down his disciples for no other fault but this, that they loved him, and respected his pure and gentle teachings. They destroyed them with the sword and with fire, and gave them to be torn to pieces by wild beasts. The history of his followers for succeeding centuries is the history of martyrdom.

The history of the whole race is a history of perpetual war. The sun has never made his daily circuit without revealing scenes of violence and of blood. Instruments of cruelty are in all our habitations. Individuals hide the dagger and the poison in some secret place, while whole nations publicly unite to purchase and to keep in frightful working order huge engines of wholesale slaughter. Men by the hundred thousand meet on fair fields which God has spread out to produce bread and sustain life, and there they butcher each other. Curses and blasphemies, and fiendish laughter, when whole ranks are torn to pieces by bursting shell, mingle with the groans of the dying. The battle ends from mere exhaustion, but men hate on. The very women of gentler nature, who do not see the conflict, it might be hoped, would partake less of its spirit, but alas, in deep and bitter hate they cannot be outdone.

Sometimes a portion of the race will enjoy for a short time what is called peace. Then private bickerings, wrangling and strife take place wherever as many as two are found together, and if not as fearful in their results as public war, are as depraved in their origin.

Then come in envyings, and jealousies, and covetousness, and fraud, and deceit, and lying, lying with malice, lying for gain, lying from mere wantonness from the mere love of lying. From early dawn till dark the whole race is busy in wickedness. Whether their hands be idle or at work, their hearts are always industrious in sin. Nor does the work stop with night. When her mantle is thrown over the earth, it covers more sin than the light revealed. Then thieves, and robbers, and assassins prowl the earth; then adulterers and adulteresses hie to their chambers; then fornication and harlotry run riot; then maddens the bacchanal; then reels the dance; then the cool gambler plucks his frenzied victim. If the sun could burst out at mid-night, it might show the race plunged in depths of infamy, such as day never saw.

In the midst of it all the gospel is preached! Who but God Almighty, God all merciful, God infinite in goodness, ever would have sent a gospel into such a world as this? Who but he could have borne with it for one year or one day? Who could stand off at God's stand point and see one diurnal revolution of the earth, bringing up clime after clime, each rivalling each in violence, fraud, lies and lust, without cursing to death the miserable race? And if, instead of seeing it thus in panoramic view by peacemeal, one could see it all at once as God sees it, what but the infinite restraints of eternal and boundless benevolence could save the wretched world from instant damnation! But it is not the sin of one day, that God sees. It is the sin of the whole race, from the first sin in Eden, down to the last sin that shall be committed before the trump shall sound to wake the dead. The aggregate, all consolidate, not omitting the secret thought of any heart that ever throbbed, is all, and always in full view before him in all its hateful and horrid, and disgusting enormity.

Aside from salvation for such a race of demons, who but God, all gracious, would ever bless them with light and air, and spring time, and harvest, and rain, and dew, and life, and health, and empty upon them nature's cornucopia of good? Would not the most benevolent angel in heaven, at least refuse continued blessing upon continued ingratitude, and at least *let alone* those who would burst through every barrier that goodness could throw around sinful, and persist, each to his latest breath in baseness and vileness?

But it be amazing that *any* being even one of Infinite Goodness, should send the blessings of providence and the glorious gospel besides, to such a race, what shall we say when those blessings are all consumed upon our lusts, and that gospel for eighteen hundred year steadily rejected, and its invitations spurned, and notwithstanding all this the race still exists, and the invitations and promises of that gospel are still renewed? Can eternity ever show anything that will exceed this? Has infinite mercy anything more to exhibit? Or is this the *ne plus ultra*, the last effort of Godhead—we speak with reverence and awe—to develope the final resources of Infiniteness in love? Amazing as it may seem, we have not yet reached the end. God, seeing that we would not accept his offers, sends his Spirit and *makes us willing* in the day of his power, and changes our nature in a new birth that we may be able to enjoy his pleasures, and then takes us forever to his bosom! Is there anything more? Eternity alone can answer.

How glorious does the divine forbearance appear, when viewed against the deep background of human depravity! Can the universe furnish another such overpowering contrast?

Can we ever admire, and adore, and love as we ought? Let our prayers be that God will give us such enlargedness and such purity of heart, that we shall be able in some more adequate degree, to appreciate his unmeasured and immeasurable goodness. Can we ever be too consecrate? What act of obedience is too great to be done when such a God as ours commands.

If he bears with us, can we not in obedience to him bear with one another? The wrongs that are wrought against *us* are but nothing compared with the wrongs against *him*. If infinite holiness is outraged, and God can forbear, how much more ought we to forbear in whom there is so much less of excellence and dignity to suffer. If the wrongs perpetrated against us are by the wicked, God will punish them. Can we not leave them in his hands? If by the righteous, God will forgive them. If *he* can forgive them, ought not *we*? Let us remember that we need infinite forbearance ourselves, and that if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses.

Let us see who can be most courteous, most kind, most forgiving, most *forbearing*. Let continued assault provoke nothing but continued forbearance. The best way to show our appreciation of the divine forbearance is to be forbearing ourselves; the best way to secure for ourselves the divine forbearance, is to obey his command, to "*walk with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.*" Eph. iv. 2.

THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard."—Isa. 19.

The glorified weep no more, for all outward causes of grief are gone. There are no broken friendships nor blighted prospects in heaven. Poverty, famine, peril, persecution and slander are unknown there. No pain distresses; no thought of death or bereavement saddens. They weep no more, for they are *perfectly sanctified*. No "evil heart of unbelief" prompts them to depart from the living God; they are without fault before his throne, and are fully conformed to his image. Well may they cease to mourn who have ceased to sin.

They weep no more, because all fear of change is past. They know that they are eternally secure. Sin is shut out and they are shut in. They dwell within a city which shall never be stormed; they bask in a sun which shall never set; they drink of a river which shall never dry; they pluck fruit from a tree which shall never wither. Countless cycles may revolve, but eternity shall not be exhausted; and while eternity endures, their immortality and blessedness shall do so also with it. They are forever with the Lord.

They weep no more because all [illegible] *desired*. They [illegible] wish for anything which they have not in possession. Love, will, heart and hand, judgment, imagination, hope, desire, will, all the faculties are completely satisfied. And imperfect as our present ideas are of the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, yet we know enough, by the revelation of the Spirit, that the saints above are *supremely blessed*. The joy of Christ, which is an infinite fullness of delight, is in them. They bathe themselves in the bottomless, shoreless sea of infinite beatitude. That same joyful rest remains for us. It may not be far distant. Erelong the weeping willow shall be exchanged for the palm branch of victory, and sorrow's dew-drops will be transformed into the pearls of everlasting bliss. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Can we not exclaim with Dr. Watts:

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more.
My inward foes shall be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again."

LOVING KINDNESS.

L. R. PHITTEPLACE.

Loving kindness is the kindness of love. Kindness is the natural outgrowth of love. "Charity (love) suffereth long, and is kind."

The Lord showeth loving kindness to thousands, not only of those that love him, but he is kind to the unthankful and unholy. He is especially kind to the penitent. When he cry, "Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me," then the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward us appears, through his saving mercy, by the washing of regeneration and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

An illustration of the loving kindness of the Lord is found in Psa. cvii., where the leading, feeding and delivery of God's people, the setting at liberty of the slaves of sin, the rescue of the mariner from the perils of the deep and the blessings of righteousness, are all attributed to the goodness of God. "Whosoever is wise and will observe these things, even they understand the loving kindness of the Lord." Again, the preservation of the righteous amid the direst foes is a striking manifestation of his love. For this David prayed, "Show thy marvellous loving kindness, oh, thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them. Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings, from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about."

These kindnesses sometimes come in disguise, and because we cannot always plainly discern them we must not think they have ceased to exist. Unbelief says, "Lord, where are thy former loving kindnesses which thou swearest in thy truth?" but faith prays, "Continue thy loving kindness unto me," and then believes in their continued existence though gathering clouds of affliction obscure them for a season from the vision. We believe in the existence of the sun, even when it is hidden by thick clouds.

Some people can see nothing but the tangible and earthly; but the righteous by spiritual vision gaze upon the beautiful, grand and eternal. One that can truly say, "I have set the Lord always before me," or "thy loving kindness is before mine eyes," feasts on beauties of which those in nature's darkness know nothing. What we see and know we should declare to the blind and ignorant, that if possible we might kindle in their hearts a desire to receive sight. "Lo, I come to do thy will, oh, God," marks the advent and mission of Christ, and the language following makes known that will, both in regard to Christ and his followers. "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." "We have thought of thy loving kindness, oh, God, in the midst of thy temple." A few might truthfully say; yet even in the assembly of saints, thoughts of business, pleasure or fashion crowd the mind so that a constant putting in mind and pressing upon the attention things of infinitely more importance is needful. We might well resolve to "mention the loving kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness of the Lord toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed upon them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving kindness." If we strictly observed this proportion the only lack in our assemblies would be that of time. David shrank from death because it would cut off his opportunity of proclaiming God's love. "Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave?" he asks. There are many spiritual graveyards, where none so much as peep or mutter. Yet scattered here and there are some in the full vigor of spiritual life, showing forth the loving kindness of the Lord every morning and his faithfulness every night. "Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee." "Thy loving kindness is good," thy everlasting love better than the friendship of earth which fades in a day. If the Lord "crowneth thee with loving kindness" it is far better than earthly diadems. If we glory in ought let is be in the Lord, who exerciseth loving kindness in the earth, who hath drawn and betrothed us unto himself. Truly he is a God of great kindness and condescension. The present age is altogether insufficient to reveal his love, for "with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. We are saved that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Jesus Christ. "Oh, continue thy loving kindness unto us" through time and eternity.

INCIDENT FROM DR. HACKETT.

"GIVE ME SOMETHING BETTER TO STAND ON AND I'LL STEP OFF."

Many years ago, while I was pastor at Brookline, I took a seat in the cars one morning for Boston, by the side of Professor Hackett. I always felt that such a position was a providential privilege to be improved. Soon therefore, I drew my learned friend into conversation, by mentioning a skeptical work I had lately read, remarking that some of the infidel objections in the work were new to me and seemed very strong. "Strong, strong?" said he, in his nervous way, "I see stronger difficulties than any which infidelity ever presented, but give me something better than Christianity to stand on and I'll step off. Till that better something is presented I stand and shall stand where I am." The remark, like many another from the good professor's lips, has abode with me and done me good. When some new skeptic comes forward, to try his hand at demolishing Christianity I ask, Can you offer anything firmer and better? If not spare your pains and leave the believer the one standing-place to which he clings and on which millions are reposing. Amid the troubled sea of life there floats this one ark of refuge. If you know a stronger and safer one, do for humanity's sake point it out, and guide me and struggling souls everywhere to its rest.—*W. Lamson, D. D.*

THE LORD'S MONEY.

A touching instance of a conscientious devotion of a part of one's income to the Lord came to light lately at the death of an aged clergyman in Pennsylvania, when a package of $18 was found in his desk, labelled, "The Lord's money." His son, also a minister, recognized and honored the pious intent of his father, and despatched the amount to one of the missionary treasuries of the church. It was also stated that it had been the life-long habit of this departed servant of Christ thus to devote one-tenth of his annual living to causes of Christian charity, and this notwithstanding his salary has always been very moderate, and he had a family of four or five children to care for and educate. A noble instance of systematic benevolence.

At a recent private meeting of ministers in Ohio this subject came up, and led to some interesting facts. One brother, with a salary of $2[illegible] was found to scrupulously lay aside yearly 250 for Christian benefit[illegible] to which he added one-tenth of every wedding fee and of all other ceremonies that came into his hands. Another, on $1000, gave $100 yearly and testified that he had been richly blessed in the practice. Similar disclosures came from others, who reverently said that such a practice had by no means impoverished them.

And, in truth, if we devote to the Lord a part of our time, as in the Sabbath, why not a part of our money also? The Lord's cause needs the latter as well as the former. And systematic giving is proved to be the best and most successful way; as the apostle, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store," i. e., reserve some and set it apart as the Lord's, as did the aged clergyman referred to. And if God looks down for his *day*, may he not conclude that he looks down for his *money* also? And if, among our various parcels and packages for it, he sees none marked for him, what must he think of us? All our own none *God's*. What kind of stewards does this make of us?—*Am. Messenger.*

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