

The Performer of All Things

Preached at Providence Chapel, Eden Street, London, on Lord's Day Morning, July 11, 1847

"I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me. He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. Selah. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth." Psa. 57:2, 3

Few days, I think I may say, pass over my head without bringing trials and exercises in their train. Weak health, dejected spirits, opposition from without and from within; and, above all, darkness of mind, strong temptations, snares spread for my feet, a daily sense of backsliding and departing from the living God, a continual conflict with the horrid evils of my desperately wicked and depraved nature; all combine, more or less, to bring a daily exercise into my mind. And yet I would fain hope that these painful things are for my spiritual profit. I would fain hope, that by them the Lord is showing me more and more what I am in myself, and that the things of time and sense are but a shadow which is passing away. I feel too, the spirit of prayer stirred up by them in my bosom, and my heart's affections more drawn up to centre in the Lord himself. And I would fain hope too, that these trials and exercises are not only for my own spiritual profit; but that they are mercifully over-ruled for the good of the people of God among whom I may labour. I am well convinced, both in my judgment and in my conscience, that however my coward flesh may shrink from exercises and trials, an unexercised and untried minister is rather a plague than a profit, a burden more than a benefit to God's tried and tempted family.

But what a mercy it is for us, that when we come to the word

of God, we find that the blessed Spirit there sets forth trial, temptation, and exercise as the footsteps of the flock, as the path of the redeemed, as the way in which the Lord leads his beloved church and people.

Above all, what a mercy it is for the church of God, that there is one book especially in the inspired record, I mean the Book of Psalms, that puts forth so minutely, describes so accurately, and traces out so vividly, the exercises, trials, and temptations which the Lord's people have to pass through: so that therein, as the Lord the Spirit enables, they can read their spiritual features, and have from time to time some testimony from God himself, that they are walking in a right way, though it be a rugged way, "to a city of habitation."

The title of our Psalm is worth noticing, as it throws light upon the Psalm itself, and more especially upon the words of our text. "To the chief Musician, Altaschith, Michtam of David, (which in the margin is, "Destroy not; a golden psalm,") when he fled from Saul in the cave." Thus, the Psalm was written under peculiar circumstances. It was when David fled from the face of Saul, and hid himself in a cave from his apprehended wrath. And, under the trials and exercises brought into his mind through the fear of Saul, knowing (or rather fearing) there was but one step between him and death if Saul's angry spear should overtake him, he vented the feelings of his soul in the Psalm before us.

With God's blessing this morning I shall make no regular divisions; but, to borrow a remark once made by a good man, I shall first 'take the text to pieces, and then put it together again.' May the Lord enable me to bring forth the mind and meaning of the Spirit in it, that it may be some spiritual food for those who "hunger and thirst after

righteousness."

I.—"*I will cry unto God Most High.*" Observe (it is worth observing) what a man of prayer David was! There is an expression of the Psalmist which has often struck my mind; he says, "For love they were my enemies, but I give myself unto prayer;" it is, I believe, literally, "I, prayer;" as though he spoke thus, 'I am a man of prayer; I am prayer; prayer is so incorporated into my very being; it is so a part and parcel of my spiritual self, that I and prayer are one.' And what a mercy it would be for you and me, if we had the same spirit of prayer in us which we find from the Psalms was in David, I mean, as to its intensity, its earnestness, and its frequency. If we have not the same spirit of prayer in our breasts that he had in his, we are dead in a profession altogether. But O that we had—(O that *I* had! let me speak for myself)—that fervent, that earnest, that unwearied, that persevering, that importunate, and I must add that prevailing spirit of prayer which burnt as a holy flame upon the altar of the broken heart of the sweet singer of Israel! O what blessed answers should we then from time to time be favoured with!

But observe this too, (it is worthy of observation,) that if David was highly favoured with the spirit of prayer, and blessedly indulged with answers to his prayers, he was led in a very trying path. He had to pass through deep waters, painful and powerful exercises. And it is in these deep waters, in these powerful exercises, that true prayer flourishes. If you would have a tree to spread its branches abroad, and carry up its boughs high to heaven, you must have a soil proportionably deep. And thus, would we have prayer in our souls spreading far and wide, and lifting itself up high, there must be the deep soil of trial and exercise for it to spread its strong roots in.

But what forced this prayer out of David's bosom? It was

being in the cave, where he fled from the face of Saul. It was whilst lodged in that gloomy, desolate, and dark abode that he said, "I will cry unto God Most High." What is indispensable before we can use the same words?

1. Before we are cast into the same mould of Divine experience, we must first have this conviction deeply wrought in and established in our hearts, that *there is a God above*. For our hearts (at least, *my heart*), is so full of infidelity, atheism, and scepticism, that I need divine demonstration to convince me there is a God at all. I think I am not very far from the word of truth, when I say, that we need divine faith to credit the very being of God, for the inspired writer tells us, that "without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is." (Heb. 11:6.)

2. But again. We need also to believe that God has *power to deliver us* out of the evils felt and feared. For, if we doubt about his power, our prayers will fall short; there will be an inherent weakness in them; they will be like an arrow shot from a broken bow, or when the string snaps as the arrow flies forth. So if, when prayer is aimed upward, there is some doubt in our minds, the string of our bow is broken in twain, and the arrow of prayer falls short upon the ground.

3. But again. There must be a persuasion (and this is the hardest part to get) that God has not only the power, but *the will* also. Not merely ability to deliver; but inclination.

Now when we get these three things wrought with divine power in our conscience; 1. that there is a God that hears prayer; 2. that there is a God who is able to save to the uttermost all who call upon his name; and 3. that he has a heart touched by sympathy, compassion, lovingkindness, and

tender mercy, and is therefore willing to give everything that our heart is moved to request at his hand—then the arrow of prayer falls not short; it is aimed at a certain mark, and enters into the mark at which it is aimed.

But there is something to notice in the word "*Most High*," which I must also enter into, as I promised to take the text to pieces. "I will cry unto God Most High." It is as though he was surrounded with difficulties; and, like a swimmer attempting to swim through a mighty flood, but fearful lest every wave might drown him in the overwhelming gulph, he casts his eyes upwards "unto God Most High;" as though on him, and him alone, he would fix his look. Thus, we read, "The Lord sitteth upon the waterflood" (Psa. 29:10); He "dwelleth between the cherubims." (Psa. 99:1.) And the prophet Isaiah in vision, saw "the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up"—exalted above all the poor things (I can call them no other) that engross our minds; and "lifted up," that the eyes of waiting sinners might look unto him from "the end of the earth." (Isa. 6:1.)

But in the word, "Most High," there is also something to my mind very expressive. It is to "God Most High" that prayers go up from broken hearts, in all parts of the world where the Lord has a quickened people. "Unto God Most High" every eye is pointed, every heart is fixed, and every breath of living prayer flows. Jesus sits in glory as "God Most High," hearing the sighs and cries of his broken-hearted family, where they dwell in the utmost corners of the earth and he is not only sitting on high to hear their cries, but also to bestow upon them the blessings which he sees suitable to their case and state.

Now when shall we thus come "unto God Most High?" When we are pleased and satisfied in self? when the world smiles?

when all things are easy without and within? when we are in circumstances for which our own wisdom, strength, and righteousness are amply sufficient? We may, under such circumstances, appease our conscience by prayer, or rather its form; but there is no cry "unto God Most High." Before there is a real, spiritual cry raised up, we must be brought to that spot, "Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." (Psa. 142:4.) Here all the saints of old were brought; Job upon his dunghill, Hezekiah upon his bed, Hannah by the temple gate. All were hopeless, helpless, houseless, refugeless, before they cried unto "God Most High." And we must be equally refugeless and houseless before we can utter the same cry, or our prayers find entrance into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

II.—"*Unto God that performeth all things for me.*" Did not David, then, expect to receive something from God? What a mockery to pray unto him, and not want to receive anything from his hand! It is an insult to man to go as though we had some favour to obtain from him; and when our business is asked, not to know the errand for which we came. And in a much higher sense, spiritually, is it an insult and mockery to the Majesty of heaven to go upon the bended knees, with lowly face or uplifted hands, to ask for what we neither know nor care about, or for which we have no earnest desire, and do not need, deeply need, the blessing for which we pretend (for it is a pretence) to beseech God to bestow.

"Unto God that performeth *all* things for me." If God did not perform something for us; nay more, if God did not perform *all* things for us, it would be a mockery, a delusion to pray to him at all. "The Hope of Israel" would then be to us a dumb idol, like Ashtaroth or Baal, who could not hear the cries of his lancet-cutting worshippers, because he was hunting or asleep, and needed to be awakened. But the God of Israel is

not like these dumb idols, these dunghill gods, the work of men's hands, the figments of superstition and ignorance; but the eternal Jehovah, who ever lives to hear and answer the prayers that his people offer up.

"That performeth *all* things for me." What! *all* things? May I, then, go to God, and ask him for *all* things? No; there must be some limitation—God's revealed will. I might ask; for instance, to be perfect in the flesh! Has God promised it? I might ask for the conversion of the whole world! Has God promised that? I might ask for health, for strength, for riches, for prosperity, for freedom from trial and exercise, for a smooth and pleasant path! Has God promised that? No. Though God "performeth all things" for his praying family, it is only those things which he has promised in his inspired record. There is the limit. It is indeed a limit; but how wide, how great, how extensive, I might almost say, how boundless the limit (if not a contradiction in terms) that God has put to what he has promised to give to them that ask him! But this is not all; there is another limit still, and that is, our *present wants*. There are a great many things you may, in words, ask the Lord to give; and yet you may not feel your need of them! Is that honesty? is that sincerity? is that uprightness? is that godly fear? is that the work of the Spirit upon the heart? I say, no.

Then there are two limitations; *first*, what the Lord is pleased especially to lay upon our consciences; and *secondly*, what the Lord has promised in his revealed word to give to those that ask him. Carry this into your experience. The children of God are all exercised, but differently exercised; and therefore, though they are brought from time to time to cry unto God to "perform all things" for them, they do not all, and at all times, go to a throne of grace with the same or similar petitions; yet all, as the Lord works in their

conscience, "cry unto God Most High, unto God that performeth all things" for them. For instance,

1. There may be some here whose chief desire is, that the Lord would manifest *the pardon of sin to their conscience*. Have not these a full warrant to go "unto God most High, unto God that performeth all things" for them with this petition? Is sin their burden? Does guilt lie with weight and power upon their heart? Are the terrors of the Almighty within, and fear, lest death and hell should swallow them up? Has God promised "to pardon the sins of those whom he reserves?" Is forgiveness of sins revealed in the everlasting gospel of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Then are they warranted—nay more, they are enabled—nay more, they are encouraged without and within: without, by God's testimony; within, by the Spirit's intercession—to go with these desires that the Lord would manifest his pardoning love to their souls.

2. Others again may have *backslidden from God*. 'O surely,' replies some one, 'those must be very awful characters!' "Thou art the man!" Hast thou never backslidden from God? The Lord in mercy may have kept thee from backsliding openly, or bringing a reproach upon his cause; but backslidings are not limited to open sins. Are there no heart idolatries? no eye adulteries? no departing from the living God? no hewing out cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water? no cleaving to the world? no delighting in the things of time and sense? no hugging in thy bosom that huge, that deformed, that ugly idol, more ugly than the hand of Hindoo ever framed—*thyself*, that monster self—which thou so lovest, admirest, and almost adorest? Feel this, and thou wilt feel soon in thy conscience that thou art a backslider; for self, that ugly monster, will be perpetually drawing away thine eyes and affections from the living God to centre in that worthless and abominable idol. Now, when we feel, deeply

and daily feel, our inward idolatries, backslidings, adulteries, and departings from the living God, has not the Lord given a gracious promise that these backslidings shall be healed? He says, "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely." (Hosea 14:4.) Does not the Lord give a gracious invitation to his poor, backsliding children? he says, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you." (Jer. 3:14.) How the Lord sets forth the espousals of their souls unto himself, though they have departed from him and gone after idols! Now God can "perform all things;" he can heal their backslidings, and love the backslider freely; drop a sense of forgiveness into his conscience, and manifest restoring mercy and love to his soul.

3. There may be others of the Lord's family who are *suffering under powerful temptations*. There is some temptation which has taken you, continually haunting and entangling your thoughts, creeping in upon your affections; and as the crafty spider twines its slimy thread round the fly, so there is some snare twining its slimy thread round your heart. You are as helpless in the temptation as the poor fly is helpless in the web of the cruel spider. But has not the Lord declared, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it?" (1 Cor. 10:13.) If, then, we feel we are in a temptation, and that none but the Lord can deliver us out of the temptation, have we not a warrant to cry unto him? Does not the Lord sometimes—I know from personal experience he does—bring us with sighs, cries, and earnest desires, that he would break the temptation to pieces, and deliver our souls out of the snare of the fowler?

4. But you may feel, deeply feel, *the power of sin*. Who

knows it? who knows it? No man can know it, but the man exercised with temptations. *He* knows it; but even he cannot fully know the power of sin. Sin is like a powder magazine; it lies still and harmless till temptation comes; but one electric spark of temptation, if God do not quench the train, will set the whole magazine on fire; A look, a word, a thought, an injection of Satan—these electric sparks can in a moment kindle all these combustibles into a flame. Thus we find, deeply find, the mighty power of sin, and yet though it makes us groan and sigh and lament before the Lord, we feel we have no power over this monster. But the Lord has said, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." (Rom. 6:14.) And he has said also, "The elder shall serve the younger." (9:12.) These are two certain things that God will perform, and which he does perform for those that come to him for deliverance in good earnest.

5. Or, you may be longing after some sweet *manifestation of your interest in Christ*. This conviction lies very deeply lodged in your soul, that your profession of Christ, however numerous the years may be that are passed away, all avails nothing without an interest in Christ, and a manifestation of that interest to your soul. And this perhaps lies as a canker at the very root of all your fears, gnaws as a worm at the very heart of the bud, as if it would eat up all your hope—because you have not the sweet testimonies of God's mercy to your soul, and that clear sense of your interest in Christ that your heart is longing to enjoy. Doubts, therefore, and fears, and despondency all make such solemn head because you have not that in your bosom which you can hold forth as an answer to the accusations of Satan. Now has not the Lord promised to shed abroad his love in the seeking heart, and reveal his mercy and truth to the waiting soul?

Time will not suffice, and it might not be profitable to run through the various things that a living soul may be exercised with. But this I say, whatever be your peculiar trials, exercises, or sorrows, here is the warrant in God's word, that you should "cry unto God Most High, unto God that performeth all things" for those that are his. Nay, I will add another word; it will not be a matter of choice whether you will go unto God or not; you will go under compulsion, and yet not under compulsion, for you will go under the sweet drawings of the Spirit; you will go under the peculiar power that we feel, but cannot describe, a power that carries and bears us along to a throne of mercy, and brings us there to pour out our complaints and desires into the ear of God that performeth all things for us.

III.—*"He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up."* David, I intimated, was at this time lying under a peculiar trial; the Psalm was penned when he fled from Saul, and hid himself in the cave—perhaps hourly expecting that Saul would overtake him and thrust his spear into his heart. Now, under these feelings he cried "unto God Most High, unto God that performeth all things" for him, to "send from heaven, and save him from the reproach of him that would swallow him up."

We may not be under precisely similar circumstances, though I believe if we fear God, and are honest and faithful in our day and generation, we shall have those (professor and profane), who will thirst for our life's blood, as Saul for David's. But I say, we may not be under his peculiar trial. I shall waive that therefore, and point out three things, of which we may justly say, that they are such as threaten to swallow up God's children.

1. Look at *the power of sin*. Is not *that* a mighty whirlpool, an all-devouring gulph, that has swallowed up thousands, and sometimes seems as though it would swallow us up too? And is there not "a reproach" in sin? And is it not this reproach brought upon the cause of God by sin that the Lord's people dread as well as sin itself?

2. But again. Is not *Satan* continually on the watch to swallow up God's people? What but body and soul can satiate his infernal maw? But that one, after a profession of many years should be swallowed up by Satan—would not this bring a reproach upon the name and cause of God with which he has been connected?

3. And is not *despair* another vortex, an insatiable whirlpool which has swallowed up thousands? And are there not moments, many moments perhaps with us, when we may fear lest that whirlpool should swallow us up too? Are you sure that when you come to die you will have a peaceful end? Do not doubt and fear sometimes work in your mind lest at that solemn moment despair might swallow you up? Are you altogether delivered from the fear of death?

Has not *death* swallowed up his thousands? and must not death swallow up you and me? And if we do not die with a sweet testimony in our conscience, and blessed manifestation to the Lord's people around us, will there not be some reproach in it? And is not *hell*, too, an awful whirlpool, that has swallowed up millions? And are there no fears in our minds ever working, when Satan is tempting and harassing us, lest hell should swallow up our guilty souls?

Well, if you are free from these fears, it is your mercy. But then you cannot enter into the experience of David in this Psalm, nor can you say with a feeling heart, "He shall send

from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up." But, on the other hand, if there are these fears working from time to time in your minds, and you tremble lest things should swallow you up, and by swallowing you up cast a reproach on your profession, and perhaps add bitterness to the draught, then you will be able to join earnestly in the words, "He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up."

You may observe here that David spoke with some degree of confidence. Perhaps you and I cannot always feel the same confidence. No; we are not blessed with as strong faith as he was; and we are not exercised with as strong trials as he was exercised with. Our blessings and our faith fall short of his blessings and of his faith, because our exercises and trials fall short of his; for these two things will always be proportionate. We may not be able always to believe (though there are times, blessed times, sweet seasons, when faith springs up and actually believes) that the Lord will do this or that; nor speak with the language of confidence. All the Lord's people cannot use these words of David; nor can any of them at all times: but they all can turn it into the language of prayer, and say, "Send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up."

Look into your conscience; take a review (it will take but a few moments) of the things which the mind is more or less daily exercised with—I mean, spiritual things. Have you feared lest you should be swallowed up by them? 'Yes, yes,' is the reply from some troubled heart, 'I do fear lest the things you have mentioned, or some of them, should swallow me up.' Whence, then, do you expect your relief? where are you looking "to be saved from the reproach of him that would swallow you up?" To self or to God? To man or to your Maker? To the creature or to the Creator? If you are looking

to self, you are wrong—altogether wrong; you are deceiving yourself; there is no help there. But if you are looking to God and to him you must look, and you will look too, if he is working with power in your heart—this I well know is the feeling of your soul: 'God must send from heaven a word into my soul,' "to save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up;" for every thing short of what God sends down from heaven, leaves me where it finds me—unsatisfied, dejected, unbelieving. It does not bring me out of that which I am labouring under, but leaves me (vile creature that I am!) a prey to sin, Satan, and self: but one word from the living God dropped into my soul, one smile from his most lovely countenance, sent from heaven with divine power into my heart, will save me, amply save me, eternally save me, "from the reproach of him that would swallow me up!" Are these your feelings? I am sure they are, from my own, if, indeed, I know anything of those exercises that living souls are experimentally acquainted with.

IV.—But what did he expect "*from heaven?*" A vision in the sky? a dream by night? an audible voice? some wonderful appearance? a light beyond the rays of the sun? No; these would not reach his case. *Here* was his malady—at the heart. He wanted something, not addressed to the outward eye, nor audible to the outward ear; but something that would drop into the very depth of his bosom, and touch the whole inward malady under which he was suffering. Therefore, he adds, "*God shall send forth his mercy and truth;*" not dreams, not visions, not ecstasies, not trances! but "God shall send forth his *mercy.*" And where is God's mercy revealed? Outwardly in the word of God; inwardly in the heart. And it is by sending his mercy into the conscience, shedding abroad his love in the soul, manifesting his pardoning favour within, that God "saves from the reproach of him that would swallow us up." Man may say, 'I do not doubt your religion; surely you have

marks and testimonies of being a child of God!' Ministers may come and endeavour to soothe you, and often by their soothing make more mischief than they mend: 'O, no doubt, if you are exercised with those things, you are a child of God;' as though a man could be satisfied with exercises, and because he is hungering and thirsting after the Lord, could be contented with his famine and his drought. No; these things do not touch the secret malady, do not go far enough, nor deep enough, nor come with divine power as from the mouth of the Lord himself. All short of this leaves the poor patient afflicted, desolate, and dejected; and does not remove that under which his soul labours. But mercy, sweet mercy, sent from heaven, and dropped from above into his spirit, applied to his conscience, revealed to his heart, and brought warm into his very soul by the Spirit of God—*that* saves him from the reproach of every enemy that would swallow him up. For if he can lean, confidently lean upon the arms of mercy, what can man do, what can Satan do, what can sin do, what can death do, what can hell itself do to hurt him? If the mercy of God is upon his side, revealed to his heart, and sent from heaven into his soul, who or what shall swallow him up?

But he adds, "*and his truth.*" Not lies, not errors, not falsehoods—these cannot save the soul from the "reproach of him that would swallow it up." Hypocrisies, vanities, delusions, putting pillows under armholes, plastering walls with untempered mortar; canting and whining people into religion—these cannot heal a wounded conscience, nor pour the balm of Gilead into bleeding hearts. Nothing can do this but *truth*, the truth of God, the "truth as it is in Jesus." And mercy and truth are never separated; for we read, that "mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Psa. 85:10.) Wherever God sends forth his mercy, he sends forth his truth; and wherever he sends forth his truth, he sends forth his mercy. And it is

God's truth, and God's truth alone, that can make us free; for "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.)

I have taken my text to pieces, as I promised, so far as the Lord has enabled me. Now let me put it together again, and present it before your minds as one complete whole. It may, with God's blessing, then leave a more distinct and clear impression.

Under what circumstances were these words poured forth? When David was in the cave. You and I may be, spiritually, where David was literally—in a cave—the cave of your own bosom. Aye, we may be in the midst of busy London, in the streets of the city, in bustling Cheapside, and yet be in a cave; a very hermit, surrounded by trade and bustle, or even walking in the very haunts of men. Yes, a man may still have a cave in his bosom, and into that cave he may retreat as the hermit into his hollow cell, the cave of his own thoughts; his own distressed and dejected mind, his own deep and solemn reflections and exercises upon eternal things. We may flee into this cave, the cave of a man's own bosom, as David fled into the cave from Saul. Every outward opposition and internal temptation will be sure to drive a living saint into the cave of his own bosom; and there he will seek to hide himself from the face of man, and commune with his own heart and God upon his bed.

Now when David was in the cave, where you and I may be sometimes, nothing could satisfy him. He might read the Scriptures, but those unapplied could not comfort him. He was compelled, therefore to pour, out his heart "unto God Most High," who he knew was able to deliver him. He was convinced that the Lord, to whom he cried in the lonely cave, could perform all things for him; that there was not a

spiritual desire in his bosom, not an exercise under which he laboured, not a sorrow that wrung forth the scalding tears, for which God had not an ear to hear, and which he was not able to perform for him.

And does not the history of David prove this to be true? Can a single promise be found that God made to him which he did not perform in his own time and way?

But though the anointing oil had touched the brow of David, here he was in the cave, with only a step between him and death, full of anxious care, listening to the footsteps of Saul. Yet still, at the very last point, God performs his word, and shews himself faithful to the promise which he had given him, and sets him upon the royal throne. But, while in the cave, at the gloomiest hour, when all things seemed about to fail, and after being hunted up and down, as he says, "like a partridge upon the mountains;" yet, in his greatest extremity, he cried unto God the strength of his heart, even "unto God that performeth all things for him;" and he felt sweetly persuaded in his own soul that he would save him. He could not tell *when, how, or where*; but he felt assured that God would "send from heaven, and save him from the reproach of him that would swallow him up;" and that the way in which he would accomplish it was by sending forth his "mercy and truth."

Can you find any of these exercises, any of these trials, or any of this confidence going on within? If you can, you have some testimony in the conscience that the Lord is at work with your soul. You may be very low, very dejected, and very cast down; and you will be, more or less, if the Lord is leading you about and dealing with your conscience; but the same "God of all grace" who heard the cry of David, brought him out of the lowly cave, and set him upon the throne of

Israel, is able and willing to bring your soul and mine out of the gloomy cave in which we may often dwell, and set us upon a throne of glory. "He lifteth the beggar from the dung-hill, that he may set him among princes, and make him to inherit the throne of glory."

May God, who "performeth all things," in mercy perform this for us!