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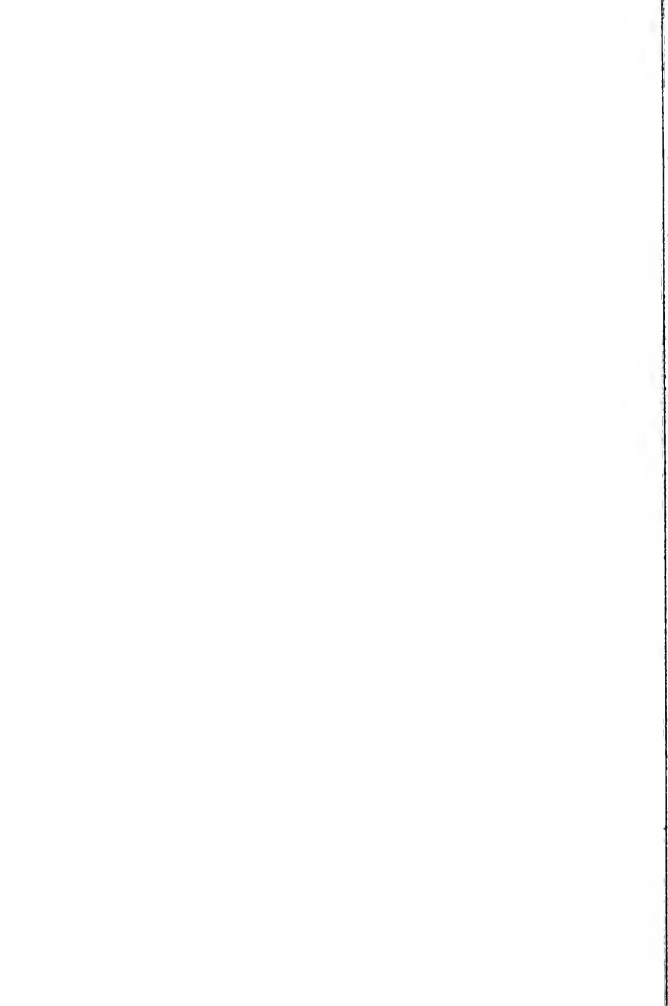
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Brilliant









# BRILLIANTS

SELECTED FROM  
THE WORKS OF

REV. CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

BY ALICE L. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
RAVEN S. CROFT.

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## SPURGEON.

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THE truest lengthening of life is to live while we live, wasting no time, but using every hour for the highest ends.

\* \* \*

So sweet are the comforts of the Lord, that not only the saints themselves may sing of them, but even the heavens and the earth may take up the song. It takes something to make a mountain sing: and yet the prophet summons quite a choir of them. Lebanon, and Sirion, and the high hills of Bashan and Moab, he would set them all singing because of Jehovah's grace to His own Zion. May we not also make mountains of difficulty, and trial, and mystery, and labor become occasions for praise unto our God? "Break forth into singing, O mountains!"



SPURGEON.

A little faith is a nest egg; more faith will come to it. But then it must not be seeming faith, but real and true. What a necessity is laid upon us to make sure work in religion, and not to profess much, and possess nothing! for one of these days the very profession will be taken from us, if that be all we have. . . . Abundance of grace is a thing to be coveted. It would be well to *know* much, but better to *love* much. It would be delightful to have abundance of skill to serve God, but better still to have abundance of faith to trust in the Lord for skill and everything.

\* \* \*

Worry kills, but confidence in God is like healing medicine.

\* \* \*

The Lord would have His people happy because of His unfailing love. He would not have us sad and doubtful; He claims from us the worship of believing hearts. He cannot fail us; why should we sigh or sulk as if He would do so?

*SPURGEON.*

Calmly resolute in duty, brave in conflict, patient in suffering, let us go our way, keeping to our road, and neither swerving from it nor loitering in it.

\* \* \*

In this day's labors or trials say, "The Lord God will help me." Go forth boldly. Set your face like a flint, and resolve that no faintness or shamefacedness shall come near you. If God helps, who can hinder? If you are sure of omnipotent aid, what can be too heavy for you? Begin the day joyously, and let no shade of doubt come between thee and the eternal sunshine.

\* \* \*

Put God's law into the heart, and the whole man is right. This is where the law should be; for then it lies, like the tables of stone in the ark, in the place appointed for it. In the head it puzzles, on the back it burdens, in the heart it upholds. . . . We are moving along the great high road of God's providence and grace when we keep to the way of His law.

*SPURGEON.*

The Word of God does not mislead ; its plain directions to walk humbly, justly, lovingly, and in the fear of the Lord, are as much words of wisdom to make our way prosperous as rules of holiness to keep our garments clean. He walks surely who walks righteously.

\* \* \*

A vile imagination, once indulged, gets the key of our minds, and can get in again very easily, whether we will or no, and can so return as to bring seven other spirits with it more wicked than itself ; and what may follow no one knows.

\* \* \*

O brethren, it is sickening work to think of your cushioned seats, your chants, your anthems, your choirs, your organs, your gowns, and your bands, and I know not what besides, all made to be instruments of religious luxury, if not of pious dissipation, while ye need far more to be stirred up and incited to holy ardor for the propagation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

*SPURGEON.*

Home is the grandest of all institutions.

\* \* \*

Learn to say No! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

\* \* \*

Our troubles will bring us blessings. They are the dark chariots of bright grace. "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth." (Eccl. xi. 3.) These clouds will empty themselves before long, and every tender herb will be the gladder for the shower. Our God may drench us with grief, but He will not drown us with wrath; nay, He will refresh us with mercy. Our Lord's love-letters often come to us in black-edged envelopes. His wagons rumble, but they are loaded with benefits. His rod blossoms with sweet flowers and nourishing fruits. Let us not worry about the clouds, but sing because May flowers are brought to us through April clouds and showers.

\* \* \*

The higher a man is in grace, the lower he will be in his own esteem.



SPURGEON.

O Lord, the clouds are the dust of Thy feet! How near Thou art in the cloudy and dark day! Love beholds Thee, and is glad. Faith sees the clouds emptying themselves and making the little hills rejoice on every side.

\* \* \*

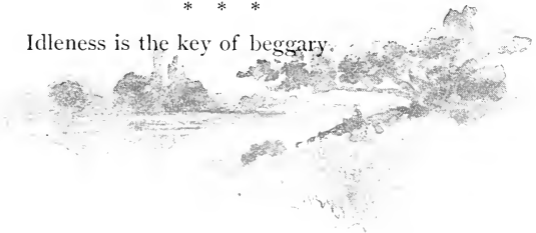
We have noticed men of considerable parts and opportunities who have never succeeded in doing real good in the conversion of souls: and after close observation we have concluded that they lacked certain graces which are absolutely essential to fruit-bearing. For real usefulness, graces are better than gifts. As the man is, so is his work. If we would *do* better we must *be* better.

\* \* \*

When home is ruled according to God's Word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.

\* \* \*

Idleness is the key of beggary.





*SPURGEON.*

Better discourage a man's climbing than help him to break his neck. Pigs will never play well on the flute, teach them as long as you like.

\* \* \*

Incredulity is not wisdom.

\* \* \*

When you see a mad dog, don't argue with him, unless you are sure of your logic.

\* \* \*

Iniquity may be defined as deliberate wrongdoing.

\* \* \*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning and the foundation of all true religion. Without a solemn awe and reverence of God, there is no foothold for the more brilliant virtues. He whose soul does not worship will never live in holiness.

\* \* \*

Tongues are more terrible instruments than can be made with hammers and anvils, and the evil which they inflict cuts deeper and spreads wider.

*SPURGEON.*

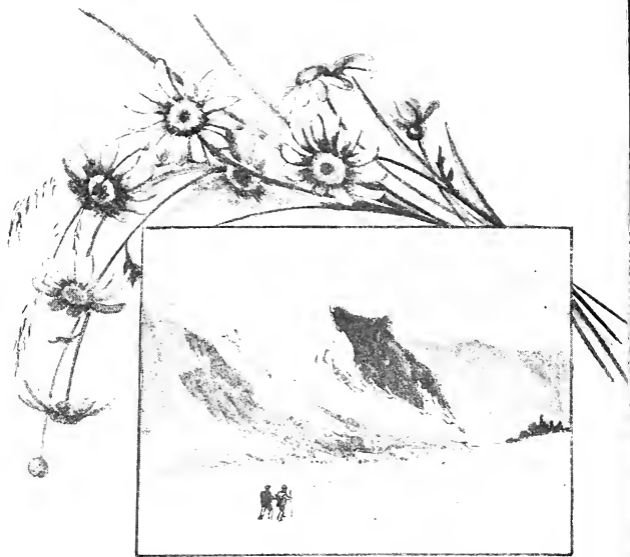
He is happy who feels a jealous fear of doing wrong. Holy fear looks not only before it leaps, but even before it moves. It is afraid of neglecting duty, afraid of committing sin. It fears ill company, loose talk, and questionable policy. This does not make a man wretched, but it brings him happiness. The watchful sentinel is happier than the soldier who sleeps at his post. He who foreseeth evil and escapes it is happier than he who walks carelessly on, and is destroyed.

\* \* \*

At this hour a mountain of difficulty, distress, or necessity may be in our way, and natural reason sees no path over it, or through it, or round it. Let faith come in, and straightway the mountain disappears and becomes a plain. But faith must first hear the word of the Lord — “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” This grand truth is a prime necessity for meeting the insurmountable trials of life.







*SPURGEON.*

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.  
(Ps. lxxxī. 10.)

See how the little birds in their nests seem to be all mouth when the mother comes to feed them. Let it be the same with us. Let us take in grace at every door. Let us drink it in as a sponge sucks up the water in which it lies. God is ready to fill us if we are only ready to be filled.

\* \* \*

The way of life is like travelling among the Alps. Along mountain paths one is constantly exposed to the slipping of the foot. Where the way is high the head is apt to swim, and then the feet soon slide: there are spots which are smooth as glass, and others that are rough with loose stones, and in either of these a fall is hard to avoid. He who throughout life is enabled to keep himself upright and to walk without stumbling has the best reasons for gratitude.

\* \* \*

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations come to the idle.

*SPURGEON.*

What a promise is this for me! "His heavens shall drop down dew." (Deut. xxxiii. 28.) I shall be visited with grace. I shall not be left to my natural drought, or to the world's burning heat, or to the sirocco of Satanic temptation. Oh that I may at this very hour feel the gentle, silent, saturating dew of the Lord! Why should I not? He who has made me to live as the grass lives in the meadow, will treat me as He treats the grass: He will refresh me from above. Grass cannot call for dew as I do. Surely, the Lord who visits the unpraying plant will answer His pleading child.

\* \* \*

There is a sweet joy that comes to us through sorrow.

\* \* \*

A countryman is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet; and a truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook; only let the meat be sweet and substantial.



*SPURGEON.*

Pardon ever follows sincere repentance.

\* \* \*

Prayers are heard in heaven very much in proportion to our faith. Little faith gets very great mercies, but great faith still greater.

\* \* \*

Sympathy is especially a Christian duty.

\* \* \*

Great faith must have great trials.

\* \* \*

Trials teach us what we are.

\* \* \*

A help that is not present when we need it is of small value. The anchor which is left at home is of no use to the seaman in the hour of storm; the money which he used to have is of no worth to the debtor when a writ is out against him. Very few earthly helps could be called "very present:" they are usually far in the seeking, far in the using, and farther still when once used. But as for the Lord our God, He is present when we



*SPURGEON.*

seek Him, present when we need Him, and present when we have already enjoyed His aid. . . . He is our refuge, let us hide in Him; He is our strength, let us array ourselves with Him; He is our help, let us lean upon Him; He is our very present help, let us repose in Him now.

\* \* \*

This promise should cheer you — “He shall strengthen thine heart.” This goes at once to the place where you need help. If the heart be sound, all the rest of the system will work well. The heart wants calming and cheering: and both of these will come if it be strengthened. A forceful heart rests and rejoices, and throbs force into the whole man.

\* \* \*

Earnestness is good; it means business. But fanaticism overdoes, and is consequently reactionary.

\* \* \*

The grace of the spirit comes only from heaven, and lights up the whole bodily presence.



*SPURGEON.*

Fear of God is a quiet grace which leads a man along a choice road, of which it is written, "No lion shall be there, neither shall any ravenous beast go up thereon." Fear of the very appearance of evil is a purifying principle, which enables a man, through the power of the Holy Spirit, to keep his garments unspotted from the world.

\* \* \*

From mad dogs and grumbling professors may we all be delivered; and may we never take the complaint from either of them!

\* \* \*

Habits, soft and pliant at first, are like some coral stones, which are easily cut when first quarried, but soon become hard as adamant.

\* \* \*

We are in hot haste to set the world right and to order all affairs: the Lord hath the leisure of conscious power and unerring wisdom, and it will be well for us to learn to wait.

*SPURGEON.*

The door-step to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

\* \* \*

The Lord's people are to enjoy security in places of the greatest exposure ; wildernesses and woods are to be as pastures and folds to the flock of Christ. If the Lord does not change the place for the better, He will make us the better in the place. The wilderness is not a place to dwell in, but the Lord can make it so ; in the woods one feels bound to watch rather than to sleep, and yet the Lord giveth His beloved sleep even there. Nothing without or within should cause any fear to the child of God. By faith the wilderness can become the suburbs of heaven, and the woods the vestibule of glory.

\* \* \*

Tears clear the eyes for the sight of God in His grace : and make the vision of His favor more precious. A night of sorrow supplies those shades of the picture by which the high lights are brought out with distinctness.

*SPURGEON.*

In the East, a garden without water soon ceases to be a garden at all : nothing can come to perfection, grow, or even live. When irrigation is kept up, the result is charming. Oh, to have one's soul watered by the Holy Spirit uniformly — every part of the garden having its own stream : plentifully — a sufficient refreshment coming to every tree and herb, however thirsty by nature it may be : continually — each hour bringing not only its heat, but its refreshment : wisely — each plant receiving just what it needs. In a garden you can see by the verdure where the water flows, and you can soon perceive when the Spirit of God comes.

\* \* \*

Our unbelief is the greatest hinderance in our way : in fact, there is no other real difficulty as to our spiritual progress and prosperity. The Lord can do everything : but when He makes a rule that according to our faith so shall it be unto us, our unbelief ties the hands of His omnipotence.



*SPURGEON.*

Being before us and with us, He will never withdraw His help. He cannot fail in Himself, and He will not fail toward us. He will continue to help us according to our need even to the end.

\* \* \*

The highest service is imitation. If I would be Christ's servant I must be His follower. To do as Jesus did is the surest way of bringing honor to His name.

\* \* \*

The Devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.

\* \* \*

The city is full of care, and he who has to go there from day to day finds it to be a place of great wear and tear. It is full of noise, and stir, and bustle, and sore travail; many are its temptations, losses, and worries. But to go there with the divine blessing takes off the edge of its difficulty; to remain there with that blessing is to find pleasure in its duties, and strength equal to its demands.



*SPURGEON.*

When the sun brings spring and summer the cattle quit their stalls, and seek pasture on the higher Alps. Even thus when we have conscious fellowship with our Lord, we leave the stall of despondency, and walk abroad in the fields of holy confidence.

\* \* \*

It is a sad thing for the blind man who has to read the raised type when the tips of his fingers harden, for then he cannot read the thoughts of men which stand out upon the page: but it is far worse to lose sensibility of soul, for then you cannot peruse the book of human nature, but must remain untaught in the sacred literature of the heart. You have heard of the "Iron Duke," but an iron Christian would be a very terrible person: a heart of flesh is the gift of divine grace, and one of its sure results is the power to be very pitiful, tender, and full of compassion

\* \* \*

The *whole* family in heaven and earth, not the two families, nor the divided family, but

*SPURGEON.*

the whole family in heaven and earth. It appears, at first sight, as if we were very effectually divided by the hand of death. Can it be that we are one family when some of us labor on, and others sleep beneath the greensward? There was a great truth in the sentence which Wordsworth put into the mouth of the little child, when she said, "O master, we are seven."

"But they are dead : those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in heaven !"  
'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said " Nay, we are seven."

Should we not thus speak of the divine family? for death assuredly has no separating power in the household of God.

\* \* \*

When a man gives a flower, it is a perfect gift ; but the gift of grace is rather the gift of a flower seed.

\* \* \*

Every day brings its own perplexity. How sweet to feel that the guidance of the Lord is







### SPURGEON.

continual! If we choose our own way, or consult with flesh and blood, we cast off the Lord's guidance: but if we abstain from self-will, then He will direct every step of our road, every hour of the day, and every day of the year, and every year of our life. If we will but be guided, we shall be guided. If we will commit our way unto the Lord, He will direct our course so that we shall not lose ourselves. But note to whom this promise — "The Lord shall guide thee continually" — is made. Read the previous verse: "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry." We must feel for others, and give them, not a few dry crusts, but such things as we ourselves would wish to receive. If we show a tender care for our fellow-creatures in the hour of their need, then will the Lord attend to our necessities, and make Himself our continual Guide. Jesus is the Leader, not of misers, nor of those who oppress the poor, but of the kind and tender-hearted. Such persons are pilgrims, who shall never miss their way

*SPURGEON.*

Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.

\* \* \*

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture ; the book widens and deepens with our years.

\* \* \*

If you tell your troubles to God, you put them into the grave : they will never rise again when you have committed them to Him. If you roll your burden anywhere else, it will roll back again like the stone of Sisyphus.

\* \* \*

Death is the waiting-room where we robe ourselves for immortality.

\* \* \*

Economy is half the battle of life ; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

\* \* \*

Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means.

*SPURGEON.*

It is Jehovah Himself who is the keeper of His own vineyard; He does not trust it to any other, but He makes it His own personal care. Are they not well kept whom God Himself keeps? We are to receive gracious watering, not only every day and hour, "but every moment." How we ought to grow! How fresh and fruitful every plant should be! What rich clusters the vines should bear!

\* \* \*

With children we must mix gentleness with firmness; they must not always have their own way, but they must not always be thwarted. If we never have headaches through rebuking them, we shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up. Be obeyed at all costs. If you yield up your authority once, you will hardly ever get it again.

\* \* \*

Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible: a man might as well have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.

*SPURGEON.*

When sin is pardoned, our greatest sorrow is ended, and our truest pleasure begins. Such is the joy which the Lord bestows upon His reconciled ones, that it overflows and fills all nature with delight. The material world has latent music in it, and a renewed heart knows how to bring it out and make it vocal. Creation is the organ, and a gracious man finds out its keys, lays his hand thereon, and wakes the whole system of the universe to the harmony of praise. Mountains and hills, and other great objects, are, as it were, the bass of the chorus; while the trees of the wood, and all things that have life, take up the air of the melodious song.

\* \* \*

It would be the height of absurdity for the child to think and speak of its father as if he were a child too, and could do no more than the boy's playmates. Yet this is the common error of the children of God. We do not raise our thoughts to a god-like level. We think our own thoughts of God, and





*SPURGEON.*

straightway we doubt. Oh, that we rose to God's thoughts, and tried to conceive how He looks upon matters! Surely He taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and the mountains He weighs in scales. If our troubles were set in the light of God's power, and love, and faithfulness, and wisdom, they would become to us small burdens. Why should we not so regard them.

\* \* \*

A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity as in everything else.

\* \* \*

“He that watereth shall be watered also himself.” Prov. xi. 25.

I may care about myself till I grow morbid; I may watch over my own feelings till I feel nothing; and I may lament my own weakness till I grow almost too weak to lament. It will be far more profitable for me to become

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unselfish, and out of love to my God begin to care for the souls of those around me. My tank is getting very low; no fresh rain comes to fill it: what shall I do? I will pull up the plug, and let its contents run out to water the withering plants around me. What do I see? My cistern seems to fill as it flows. A secret spring is at work. While all was stagnant, the fresh spring was sealed; but as my stock flows out to water others the Lord thinketh upon me. Hallelujah!

\* \* \*

I bear my willing witness that I owe more to the fire, and the hammer, and the file, than to anything else in my Lord's workshop. I sometimes question whether I have ever learned anything except through the rod. When my schoolroom is darkened, I see most.

\* \* \*

An evangelist said in my hearing: "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life. H A T H — that spells 'got it.'" It is an odd way of spelling, but it is sound divinity.







*SPURGEON.*

The great bell of Moscow is too large to be hung: the question arises, what was the use of making it? Some preachers are so learned that they cannot make themselves understood, or else cannot bring their minds to preach plain, gospel sermons; here, too, the same question might be asked.

\* \* \*

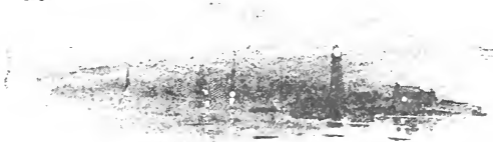
He that has something to do has less temptation to doubt than the man who has nothing else to do but to doubt. Heresies in the Christian church come never from the faithful pastor, but always from the gentlemen at ease, who take no actual part in our holy war.

\* \* \*

Giving is true having.

\* \* \*

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.



SPURGEON.

God gets His best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

\* \* \*

I believe that when Paul plants and Apollo waters, God gives the increase; and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God when it belongs to themselves.

\* \* \*

A Christian is the gentlest of men; but then *he is a man*.

\* \* \*

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. And faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.

\* \* \*

He who is surety is never sure. Take advice, and never be security for more than you are quite willing to lose. Remember the words of the wise man, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure."

SPURGEON.

Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose-leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

\* \* \*

Hundreds would never have known *want* if they had not first known *waste*.

\* \* \*

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft, lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and give us a chance to see which way to steer.

\* \* \*

When the Bible is fully accepted as God's own revelation of Himself, the mind has come to a quiet anchorage, and this is no small gain. A safe resting-place is an urgent need of the soul. Drifting about must be fatal to a growing and advancing life.

*SPURGEON.*

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.

\* \* \*

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

\* \* \*

John Bunyan, while he had a surpassing genius, would not condescend to cull his language from the garden of flowers; but he went into the hayfield and the meadow, and plucked up his language by the roots, and spoke out in the words that the people used in their cottages.

\* \* \*

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life.

\* \* \*

Summer is earth in Court-dress.



W. W. W. W.





*SPURGEON.*

Affliction has often proved to be a presence-chamber, in which the King of Heaven gives audience to His unworthy subjects. As Isaac met his bride in the fields at eventide, so do true souls frequently find their joy and consolation in the loneliness of solitude, and at the sunset of their earthly pleasures. He who would see the stars sparkling with tenfold lustre must dwell in the cold regions of snow; and he who would know the full beauties of Jesus, the bright and morning star, must see Him amid the frosts of trouble and adversity. Affliction is often the hand of God, which He places before our face to enable us, like Moses, to see the train of His glory as He passes by. The saint has had many a pleasant view of God's loving kindness from the top of the hills of mercy; but tribulation is very frequently the Lord's Pisgah, from which He gives them a view of the land in all its length and breadth.

\* \* \*

Man's wine becomes dregs at the last, but God's wine is sweeter the deeper you drink of it.

*SPURGEON.*

The heart is made better by sorrow because it is made more free from earth. It is made better by sorrow again because it becomes more sensitive, more impressed with the lessons of God's world.

\* \* \*

It seems to me the highest stage of man to feel that, though like a sere leaf you are blown in the blast, you are quite careless whither you are going, so long as you feel that the Master's hand is guiding you according to His will. Or rather to feel that though like the diamond you must be cut, that you care not how sharply you may be cut, so that you may be made fit to be a brilliant in His crown; that you care little what may be done to you, if you may but honor Him.

\* \* \*

O! thou little-souled man, who hast no love for any unless he conform to thine own sect, thou knowest little of Christ, for if thou livedst near to Him, thou wouldst have a large heart.





### SPURGEON.

It is said that the oyster hath no pearls unless it be sick; so it is true of the Christian that he will have no pearl unless he be persecuted. There will be little good done by any of us, unless we have some trials and troubles. The rock must be smitten; if it hath a double blow do not be afraid, for the rock was smitten twice, and the waters gushed out.

\* \* \*

The naked wish God can interpret; He needs us not to light the candle of our desires with language; He can see the candle ere it is lit.

“He knows the words we mean to speak.

When from our lips they cannot break”

by reason of the anguish of spirit. He knows the desire when words stagger under the weight of it; He knows the wish when language fails to express it.

\* \* \*

Religion is not emotional, or intellectual merely; it is practical also. That man has no religion, however beautifully varnished, if he does not carry it out in daily life.

*SPURGEON.*

True religion makes us happy; it lights up the eye like the lamps of heaven; it makes our foot bound over this weary earth, and makes our soul elastic. They who have most religion will have least of misery, for religion will turn their bitterest draughts of grief into cups of joy. He who liveth near to Christ, come what may, must be blessed; but he who wandereth from Him, give him all the mercies of this life, cannot be happy.

\* \* \*

Have you ever heard that pretty fable told by the Persian Saadi moralist? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay and said to it, "O clay! whence hast thou thy perfume?" And the clay said, "I was once a piece of common clay; but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay." . . . I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices, thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the spikenard, and the aloes. I will not

SPURGEON.

think thou hast been with Christ, unless I can perceive that thou hast learned of Him.

\* \* \*

If thou wouldst commend thyself to thy fellows, go and *do* — not go and *say* ; if thou wouldst win honor from the excellent, talk not, but *act* ; and if, before God, thou wouldst show that thy faith is sincere, and thy love to Him real, it is no fawning words, uttered either in prayer or praise, but it is the pious deed, the holy act, which is the justification of thy faith, and the proof that thou art God's child. Doing, not saying — acting, not talking — these are the things which commend a man.

“ No big words of ready talkers,  
No fine boastings, will suffice.”

If we would commend our religion to mankind, we cannot do it by mere formalities, but by gracious acts of integrity, charity, and forgiveness, which are the proper discoveries of grace within.

*SPURGEON.*

You will never find rest except in God; there is no refuge but in Him. Oh! what rest and composure there are in Him! It is more than sleep, more than calm, more than quiet; deeper than the dead stillness of the noiseless sea in its utmost depths, where it is undisturbed by the slightest ripple.

\* \* \*

We are told that in tropical lands the sun seems to leap up from under the horizon, and the dead of night is suddenly turned into the lustre of day; so on a sudden doth God's grace often dawn upon the darkness of sinful hearts. You have seen, mayhap, at times, after showers of rain have fallen upon the earth, how land which seemed all dry and barren was suddenly covered with green grass, with here and there a lily full in bloom; and so a heart which has been like a desert, when once the shower of Jesus' grace falls on it, blossoms like the garden of the Lord, and yieldeth sweet perfume.







*SPURGEON.*

God's birds would often keep down in the grass in their nests: but He fills their nests full of thorns, and then up they fly, and sing as a lark as they mount towards heaven.

\* \* \*

If we will not keep near to our Lord, He is sure to hide His face. You have seen a mother walking out with her little child, when it has just learned to walk: and as she goes through the street, the little one is for running sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, and so the mother hides herself a moment: then the child looketh round for the mother, and begins to cry, and then out comes the mother. What is the effect? Why, it will not run away from mother any more: it is sure to keep hold of her hand afterwards. So, when we get wandering from God, He hides His face, and then, since we have a love for Him, we begin crying after Him: and when He shows His face once more, we cling to Him the more lovingly ever afterwards. So the Lord is pleased to bless our troubles to us.

*SPURGEON.*

When a box of fragrant spice is put into a room, the perfume soon fills the entire chamber, then creeps silently up the stairs into the upper rooms, and ceases not its work until it has filled the whole house. So when there is true grace in a house, the Holy Spirit blesses its hallowed power, till even the lodgers and family acquaintances begin to feel the influence of it.

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