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"He watereth the hills from His chambers."—Ps. 104:13.

Fable says, "originally all birds were made without wings. Hence they were the most helpless of creatures. Thy y complained of the creator. They said, 'look at the ox with his four legs, and two horns, and strong body; and, at man, with his two legs and two arms, and we have but two little legs for support and protection? Then God made for each bird a pair of wings and laid them down by their sides, and bade them pick them up and carry them.' What? said still other burdens to our already helpless condition? they groaned. Most of them went off and left the wings and died in despair. But a few said, 'Well, as our creator has made these wings and bids us carry them we will do it.' As soon as they picked them up and started to carry them they found the supposed weights turned to wings, with which to fly! They could fly faster than the man could run, and over the head of a strong ox. So all of our help came to us from God above. At first they may seem weights, but if we pick them up in faith obediently, they will turn to wings. 'He watereth the hills from His chambers.' The high dry hills find help in the higher God sent, and rain laden clouds. Amelia Barr beautifully says, 'rain is the most fascinating phenomenon in the universe. It is thawed for us out of Polar icebergs, and sucked up by lotus flowers in tropical forests. The sea is ever laboring for the land; the billow and the furrow have a constant trafficking through the ministry of the cloud while the sun unceasingly turns water into vapor, so that it may be light enough to be carried through the air. From the Mediterranean, Dr. Halley calculated, it brews during twelve hours of a summer's day, five thousand two hundred and eighty millions of tons; and Dr. Watson estimates that from an acre of ordinary ground in the same time, two thousand gallons are taken. Vegetables constantly discharge vapor, and every human being in hot weather contributes daily nearly five pounds—a quantity which if it were visible would cause us all to appear in a little cloud. Yet all this immense store of watery vapor would not benefit the farmer unless God had made provision for carrying it where it was needed. So he has ordained currents of air, whose explicit business it is to take up cargoes of vapor at the great oceans tanks, and hasten this so surely and constantly done that no train, starting with its load of passengers and freight to a given point, is more sure of its work and destination. Filled far out on the ocean, by invisible hands, the clouds catch the wind and make for the shore, delivering their precious freight over cities, plains, and mountain slopes. If too much is given, it is carried back to the sea, and anon returns, with a generous obstinacy, on its gracious duty. When the atmosphere is of high temperature it will hold a great deal of vapor; but colder streams of air continually invade it, and the vapor thus condensed by cold becomes a cloud. Every one must have watched clouds forming in this way in a clear sky, and felt something of the adoration which a visible act of creation would evoke. Generally this miracle is worked from two to three miles above the farmer's head; but the clouds do not stay there; many things combine to win their watery treasures from them—chillier tracts of sky—an atmosphere too full of vapor to bear more accessions or the persuasion of mountains and woods; then the floating clouds descend as fog, or rain, hail, or snow. And how wonderfully they descend! Not in torrents and floods, sweeping all before them but trickling through the air in drops, and falling so gently on the earth that not a blade of grass or the petal of a flower is injured. Slowly sailing over field after field, leaving no part unwatered, they come, as God's blessings always come, as if they love to be compelled to bless. In tropical lands, where the sun blows vapor in enormous quantities, a shower is a more emphatic thing; but such rains have a local need and significance, and are as necessary as our more temperate falls. For thousands of years these gigantic waterworks of nature have never been at fault, and never out of order. Whole lakes are annually hoisted into the up per air, and then lowered with

such exquisite precision that seed-time and harvest never fail. Neither is this their only duty. In their descent, they purify the atmosphere as well as the earth; for water is the life-blood of the world, and its active circulation as necessary to the health of the planet as is the steady flow of blood in our own veins necessary to our life. 'All the rivers run into the sea, the sun lifts them into the firmaments, from whence they return to the earth loaded with blessings; from the place whence they return again.' We know that mist and fog are deadly magazines of sheathed electricity—that the gases of the sea released from their combinations would produce intensest flame—that the atmospheric elements transformed, would poison and suffocate everything that breathes—that the clouds unrestrained would sweep us away with a flood—that the winds not held in his hand would take us off in a hurricane—yea, that if the ties of chemical affinity were relaxed, the globe itself would crumble. But we also know that God holds the winds and water in the hollow of his hand; that he hides the thunderbolts in drifting vapor; that in all ages he is the Preserver of men, and that he makes all things work together for our safety and good. Lord we are thine, and thou art ours; Thine, too, are sun and rain; And thou, for us, their varying powers. With lightning or restraint. Then be the weather what it will. We trustfully will serve thee still."

As God uses clouds as his blessing bearers to hills, fields, forests and flowers, so He uses the hearts and lives of Bible characters to bring us refreshing from His presence.

1. If your soul becomes parched and thirsty because of *impatience*, go and sit down with Job on his ash-pile and let him talk to you. See him in his afflictions, afflictions in his fortune, all gone; in his family, all swept away, except a faithful wife; in his flesh, all covered with boils; in his friends, who add misery instead of comfort. Read right along. You should use Job for a "spell" of *impatience* just as you would a course of medicine—take it right through.

2. *Strong-headedness* protrudes itself, like so many hard, hot rocks in a drought smitten field; but God will send you cooling from His chambers through the life of Moses, the meekest of men if you will let him. Moses started out with a bad case of strong-headedness, and knocked an Egyptian on the head and killed him, before God was ready to deliver his people. He sent Moses off in the back-woods to herd sheep for forty years and learn meekness. You go along with him. Let the innocent sheep, the quiet fields away from courts, fashions and ambitious teach you. You will find your head cooling off. When it does, God will call you to some good, and perhaps great work. That's the way He did Moses.

3. Perhaps it comes to you to be a policy man. Many are afflicted that way. You say—"success is all that is necessary, and how a man succeeds matters not." To succeed, a Scripturally educated conscience is greatly in the way." When such whisperings are heard in your heart, make a trip to Babylon at once, and find Daniel. See him there away from home, in a strange city, yet the decided favorite of the King. He is young. His blood is hot. All of his life lies before him. The King offers him wine from his own table. To refuse is to insult the King and lose his chances for success in life. To accept, is to grieve the spirit and debase his own conscience. What would you do? Daniel refused. The King said, "don't pray to God, but to my idols, and if you disobey me I'll shut you up in the den of lions." Lions are mighty hungry sort of beasts. What would you have done? Daniel said, "I'll pray to God, for I'd rather be shut up in a lion's den, than to be shut out of heaven." So he prayed on—and made a great success of life.

4. *Sordid selfishness*, sometimes seizes us, and then what help may we expect, and how shall we get it? I'd go to Matthew and sit down with him at "the seat of custom." I'd watch him count his money as he occupied his fat office of big pay and little work. Then I'd watch him as Jesus passed by. I'd listen to Jesus as he told of soul value above silver value, until Matthew closed up the office and followed Jesus. Sordid selfishness is called on to give up, sometimes, more than place and profit. But the higher the sacrifice the sweeter the blessing. Greater than all other influences combined, is that exercised upon the life and destiny of a child by the example and teachings of its mother. When Gertrude Howe, a missionary to China, gave her heart to Christ she promised to go to a foreign field. She kept it a secret, however, till the evening of her return from school. She prayed all day for strength to break the

matter to her mother. In the twilight the mother sat rocking contentedly for a few minutes, thinking possibly that there was less need of haste now that the young hands could take hold of house affairs once more. Gertrude knelt down beside the little rocker, and laid her diploma in her mother's lap. "Mother," she said, "I have something to tell you that I am afraid will hurt you. I know how hard you have worked to help me through school; but I cannot stay with you now that it is all over. I promised the Lord, when he forgave me my sins, that I would go to China to teach the heathen." Then softly through the deepening shadows came the quivering, happy voice: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Mothers so consecrated would rear a race that would capture the world for Christ within a score of years." 5. We are apt to grow *weak-kneed* occasionally. The strongest men do. Old Elijah did. But if you get strength, follow Elijah beyond the juniper tree of weakness to the mouth of the cave where the "still small voice" spoke to him and you will learn how he grew strong. But above all other things don't fail to read the book of Judges through. Joshua is the man of courage, and courage is catching. He was afraid of nothing—but sin. When sin got into his camp he could win no battles. It's that way, yet "conscience doth make cowards of us all." But even a child, with God in his heart, is stronger than Corbett or Fitzsimmons. A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chafing him a little for being so small and said to him: "You will never amount to much; you are too small." The little fellow looked up at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you can do." "An, what is that?" said they. "I don't know that I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four faces and there seemed to be no more anxiety for further information. 6. Sometimes all the *song of the heart* is hushed. It's a sad state when you can pass a whole day and never hum a song, or whistle a tune. Look after yourself when such a condition prevails. All the fires of hell start in silent hearts. You can't sing when you meditate evil. Don't turn to the book of Psalms first, but go back and find David and walk with him through the looks of Samuel and Kings. See him pursued for his life by the jealous Saul, his wife taken away, his family banished, and he himself forced to live in caves and as associate with outlaws. Yet around it all carried his harp and composed and sang his Psalms. Your sighs will soon turn to songs to stay with you. 7. *Faith itself sometimes falters*, then what? How fearful is a faltering faith! There is but one thing to do. Don't get a book on "Evidences," but get four Evangelists, after that let Paul take hold of you by the hand and lead you through the Acts and the Epistles. By the time you reach the end of Heb. XI, you will find yourself on the mountain top exclaiming, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." God tests our faith, even the strongest faith sometimes. The late Dr. Gordon seemed almost Pauline in faith but God tried him. The Doctor preached a powerful sermon or giving to missions. The people were contributing by the hundreds as he stood before them exhorting and encouraging them, when down the aisle walked his own daughter and extended her hand saying, "Father I give my life to the cause of missions." The frail girl had to hold the strong man lest he fell. But God stood by him, and gave him heart and power to say: "God gave you to me, I give you back to Him with my blessing." 9. We get *lazy* at times.

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