

“Helps in Things Concerning Himself” — Vol. 2, 1892

“At the End of the Days”

Daniel 12:13

W. T. Turpin

Verily the gifts and calling of God are without change of mind on God's part; the history of this people is the great evidence and proof of this, and so it will be in that coming day for them, when crushed and allured and broken in His love, from the place least expected, He will give the vineyards and the door of hope, and in the lovely words that head this paper, "She shall sing there, as in the days of her youth."

This truth has its moral force and voice for us, in principle it is just the same: His *faithful grace* brings us back to Him, if, like Israel, we have flitted and wandered away. As it was with Israel so it is with us, the valley of Achor is the door of hope.

May He who alone can teach us, lead our hearts into a right apprehension of His own rich and wonderful grace, for Christ's sake.

"At The End of The Days"

Daniel 12:13

The closing days of another year are upon us, and that in the last moments of the history of the church on earth. One great event, which is our glad future and hope, would seal the doom for ever of thousands around us. Do we realize it? Are we ready for it? The old year is fast dying out, and will soon be numbered with the past. The rapid flight of time suggests {defective copy here} searchings for us all. For us who {defective copy} of God, the word is loud and clear, "It is high time to *awake out of sleep*." Alas! how drowsy and insensible to the true state of things are so many of us; the condition of the church God and the world at large seems so little to affect us. Alas! what weakness and feebleness in the former, and what recklessness and wickedness in the latter. Let us awake and arise and shake ourselves from the dust.

The bold and daring rejection of the truth is one of those dials upon which we may read hour of the world's age, and the lengthening shadows upon its face seem to intimate that the day is drawing towards a close. The most fitting words to describe the present moment are the heart-breaking and solemn utterance of the prophet: "For *truth is fallen in the street*, and equity cannot enter. Yea, *truth faileth*"; and as the loyal and faithful heart enters into this, it responds with all affection to the call which reaches into its inmost depths: "But that which ye have, hold fast till I come."

May the heart of all my readers respond to this, in ready affection and true-hearted devotion to our only Master and Lord.

Home after Labor

Lord Jesus, I would dwell in Thee,
And nestle in Thy love;
Midst desert lands Thou leadest me,
Whilst Thou art still above;
Though weaker than a bruised reed,
Oft faint beyond a sigh,
Yet "Thou remainest," still "the same,"
Unchanged Thou'rt ever nigh.

My blessed Lord I'd hear Thy words,
Thy heavenly voice so sweet,
When fever'd is the aching brow,
And worn the toiling feet;
I'd rest with Thee in peace and sleep,
In calmness I'd abide,
My head upon Thy bosom keep,
Whilst watching by my side.

O Savior, Lord, what joy and rest,
Shut in alone with Thee --
Shut out from all the din and strife,
My Christ my all shall be.
Assured Thy love will perfect soon
Thy work of grace alone,
Then oh! The pure, uncheckered joy
Of sharing Thy blest home.

