



2. God in Israel sows the seeds of affliction, pain and toil; these spring up and choke the weeds which would else o'erspread the soil: trials make the promise sweet, trials give new life to prayer; trials bring me to his feet, lay me low, and keep me there.

3. Did I meet no trials here, no chastisement by the way: might I not, with reason, fear I should prove a castaway? Bastards may escape the rod, sunk in earthly, vain delight; but the true born child of God must not, would not, if he might.

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