

**THE BOW IN THE CLOUD:
AND, THE FIRST
BEREAVEMENT; PP. 1-141**

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The Bow in the Cloud: And, The First Bereavement; pp. 1-141 by John R. Macduff

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JOHN R. MACDUFF

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To my dear Uncle.

I can give no better
evidence of my sympathy
and regard than this
embrace trusting little work;
but it is a Packet of guns
to those who mourn, & desire
their bereavement sanctified
to them for their eternal
wellfare in the Kingdom
prepared for those who
love God..

Elija. M. Peabody.

Buffalo Aug, 28th 1867.

THE
CROW IN THE CLOUD:
AND THE
FIRST BEREAVEMENT.

BY
REV. JOHN R. MACDUFF, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF

"Morning and Night Watches," "Words and Mind of Jesus,"
"Footsteps of St. Paul," "Memories of Genesaret,"
"Memories of Bethany," etc.

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ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
No. 530 Broadway.
1864.

First Day.

SOVEREIGNTY.

"The Lord reigneth."—Ps. xciii. 1.

No Bow of Promise in the "dark and cloudy day" shines more radiantly than this.

GOD—*my* God—the God who gave *Jesus*—orders all events, and overrules all for my good!

"*When I,*" says He, "*bring a cloud over the earth,*" He has no wish to conceal the hand which shadows for a time earth's brightest prospects. It is He alike who "brings" the cloud, who brings us *into* it, and in mercy leads us *through* it! His kingdom ruleth over all. "*The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.*" We are tenants at will; but, blessed thought, at *God's* will. He puts the burden on, and keeps it on, and at His own time will remove it!

Beware of brooding over second causes. It is the worst form of atheism! When our most fondly-cherished gourds are smitten—our fairest flowers lie withered in our bosom—this is the silencer of all reflections, “The LORD *prepared* the worm!” When the Temple of the Soul is smitten with lightning—its pillars rent—“*The LORD is in His holy Temple!*” Accident, Chance, Fate, Destiny, have no place in the Christian’s creed. His is no unpiloted vessel left to the mercy of the storm—no weed left to the sport of the fitful waves. “*The voice of the LORD is upon the waters!*” There is but one explanation of all that befalls him: “*I will be dumb, I will open not my mouth, because THEU didst it.*”

DEATH seems to the human spectator the most capricious and wayward of events. But not so. The keys of *Hades* are in the hands of this same reigning God! Look at the Parable of the Fig-tree. Its prolonged existence, or its doom as a cumberer, forms matter of conversation in Heaven; the axe can not be laid at its root until God gives the war-

rant! How much more will this be the case regarding every "Tree of Righteousness, the planting of the Lord?" It will be watched over by Him, "lest any one should hurt it." Every trembling fibre He will care for; and if *made* early to succumb to the inevitable stroke, "*who knoweth not in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?*" (Job. xii. 9).

Be it mine to merge my own will in His; not to cavil at His ways, or seek to have one jot or tittle of that *will* altered; but to lie passive in His hands; to take the bitter as well as the sweet, knowing that the cup is mingled by ONE who loves me too well to add one ingredient that might have been spared!

Who can wonder that the sweet Psalmist of Israel should seek, as he sees it spanning the lowering heavens, to fix the arrested gaze of a whole world on the softened tints of this Bow of Comfort—"THE LORD REIGNETH, LET THE EARTH REJOICE."

"AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS,
WHEN I BRING A CLOUD OVER THE EARTH, THAT
THE BOW SHALL BE SEEN IN THE CLOUD."