

his arms his heart awoke not only to paternal affection, but to filial love as well. He, too, had a Father whose yearning love he could now understand. Two loves came into his life at once and he rejoiced in both. See Dr. Paton burying his wife and child in a grave he dug with his own hands on the shore of Tanna. He was now the only white man on the island. "I was not alone," said he; "I looked to the Lord for help, and struggled on in His work." He gives grace for every time of need. His love is the true Cave of Adullam, to which all who are discontented, in debt, and distress, may come. He does not break the bruised reed. He will not over-drive the flock. His love is tender and satisfies us. His love is true. David mourned over a faithless friend. Paul cried, "Demas hath forsaken me." With Christ his experience was far different, since he said, "At the questioning no man stood with me, but the Lord stood by me." "He loved his own unto the end." What an end it was! That love is one enduring thing to which we can cling in life and in death. The world is passing away. Great names and business houses go down to the dust. Men and grass fade alike. Jesus Christ is, however, the same in His love yesterday, to-day and forever. Nothing else can satisfy the eternity God hath put in our hearts. When all is over we know His love will not fail us, for we shall awake in His likeness and be satisfied. We shall have the full corn in the ear and know the completed holiness of the hidden life. White robes will cover white hearts. We shall see Christ our Life as He is, and not as we thought Him when we were in the darkness of doubt or of sin, or when our eyes were dimmed with tears. Every hidden life will be manifested, and we shall share their joy. Many a martyr has died on a bloodless field, of whom the world has not heard. Many a worker, shunning the world's eye, and many a missionary, falling into the ground like a corn of wheat, will be manifested in glory.

Some years ago I went to see an old man who lived alone in a miserable hut. The door was low, the floor broken, and the house devoid of nearly every comfort. I expected to hear a doleful tale of his ills and necessities, but not once did he complain. He brought out a large Bible and began to speak of other things. When I was leaving his eye glistened with unnatural brightness and his voice trembled as he said, "Oh, I have great riches." I looked around the hovel, but its wretchedness I could no longer see for thinking of his wealth. "All things" were his. The broken floor seemed to be a street of glass, and the four walls melted away. I was in a Mansion of the King. This is the satisfaction of the life hid with Christ in God.