

love in our own hearts ; then the friends were taken away, but the ripened love remains. Our hearts are empty, but our lives are larger. So it is with all our experiences of disappointment and loss if our hearts are fixed on Christ and if we are living for the invisible things ; we miss the shadow only to clasp in heart-possession the imperishable reality. The illusions of faith and hope and love are but the falling away of the rude scaffolding used in erecting the building, that the beautiful temple itself may stand out in enduring splendor.

We come also to the end of trials and sorrows. Every night has a morning, and, however dark it may be, we have only to wait a little while for the sun to rise, when light will chase away the gloom. Every black cloud that gathers in the sky and blots out the blue or hides the stars passes away ere long ; and when it is gone there is no stain left on the blue and not a star's beam is quenched or even dimmed. The longest winter that destroys all life and beauty in field, forest and garden is sure to come to an end, giving place to the glad springtime which reclothes the earth in verdure as beautiful as that which perished. So it is with life's pains and troubles. Sickness gives place to health. Grief, however bitter, is comforted by the tender comfort of divine love.