

But dissatisfaction attends the one as he travels the wide and rich domain of his kingly earthly resources ; deep and unspeakably precious delight and satisfaction are the portion of the other, in company with the one unchanging object. The one little ewe lamb does for the one what the flocks and herds of the other never did, never could bring.

All that she, whom we find in the Canticles, possesses, is her "Beloved." But He satisfies her, and it matters not how poor in all besides she may be, it matters not either *whence* she has Him, so that she has Him. There are the lovely gardens and there are the lofty mountains, there are the shade of the apple tree and the bed, and the vineyard, and withal the king's galleries. But it is evident throughout, that it is *Himself* that makes her *all in all*. This is the deep contrast. The king in Jerusalem has nothing in the midst of everything, the unnamed, unendowed soul in the Canticles has all in all !

Are the experiences of our souls in the same company with all this ? The grief of the one is, that everything has disappointed him ; the grief of the other is this, that she cannot make as much of her *one thing* as it deserves, having tasted its capacity to satisfy her. What a difference !

The flocks and the herds, I may again remember, left the rich man unsatisfied ; the one little ewe lamb as it lay in his bosom, taught the poor man that he wanted nothing else !