

"I would have gone: God bade me stay;
I would have worked: God bade me rest;
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay."

Many of God's children are found among earth's unsuccessful ones. This world has no use for broken lives; it casts them aside and hurries on, leaving them behind. Only successful men reach earth's goals and are crowned with its crowns. But God is the God of the unsuccessful. Christ takes earth's "bruised reeds" and deals with them so gently that they get back again all their old beauty. No life is so broken, whether by sorrow or by sin, that it may not through divine grace enter the kingdom of God and at last be presented faultless, arrayed in heavenly brightness, before the throne of glory. Heaven is filling with earth's broken lives, but there no life will be broken or marred; all will be perfect in their beauty and complete in their blessedness, bearing the image of the Redeemer.

Many of earth's noblest and most useful lives appear to end in the very midst of their usefulness, to be cut off while their work is unfinished—perhaps when it is scarcely begun. We easily reconcile ourselves to the dying of an aged Christian,