

life, and live on—aye, and to die in faith, and in hope of his never-built temple; there is a psalm, I say, in which he speaks of those who “have their portion in this life.” He never blames them; he envies them not. Neither does he murmur at the will of God, who sees fit to fill them with His “hid treasure,” and to give them the Jew’s crowning blessing, “children at their desire;” that they may “leave the rest of their substance to their babes.”

But “as for me,” he continues, and you can almost hear the ringing of the triumphant harp—“David’s harp of solemn sound”—“as for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.”

Thoroughly “satisfied.” Nothing lost. Nothing scattered or wasted. No fragments to be gathered up; every thing perfect and complete in Him—in the fullness of Him which filleth all in all.

May it one day be so with us, my brethren and sisters! Amen.

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These Sermons out of Church are ended.



1136-38