

torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. That *person* who loves fills the whole range of his vision—a *person*, my reader, not a *place*. And is it so to-day? Is it so with each of *us*? One, as he walked this earth has borne the marks of it. "One thing I do . . . . that I may win *Christ*, and be found in Him." "For to me to live is *Christ*, and to die is gain." "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." A *Person* filled the sphere of his vision. He was beloved, and he knew it. "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." Reader, do *you* know it? Can *you* say it? and has it power over you as it had over him?

But the nursery time is passing away with all of us. Let our model, "a little child," be brought then from the nursery into all the light and brilliance of that day of the coming glory for which we wait. Let the assembled company stand back to make way for the approach of a "little child." "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; *for of such is the kingdom of heaven*" (xix. 14). Why amidst the brilliant throng wanders his eye timidly from one to another? Is there not enough in the grandeur of all around to engage his attention? No; the *place* is nought to him, while all the grandeur and all the dignity do but distress him. He seeks for One whose heart's affections are twined around