

And what but his heart-belief that God is love sustained him in this pathway of bitterness and grief? How, in all his conflicts, trials, woes, did he go to that God and Father, and pour out his sorrows into that paternal bosom, secure of compassion, support, and relief. And was he not led to this by his perfect knowledge of the love of the Being whom he sought? Thus was his whole life, though passed in the midst of affliction, and trial, and persecution, a constant revelation of the truth, which by his teachings also he sought to confirm, that God is love.

Go, now, into that chamber of sickness, and look at the pale and exhausted sufferer, to whom days of pain and nights of weariness are appointed. The pleasant light of the sun is shut out. The fresh breath of heaven may not enter there. Incurable disease has settled down on the springs of life, and the victim is wasting slowly away. The voice of friendship cannot call back health to that emaciated and weary frame. The kind offices of love cannot still the pains which send anguish through that panting bosom. In vain may human aid be invoked. No relief is hoped for but that which releases from all earthly sorrows. Yet there, to that bed of disease and suffering, would I bid you go to learn the truth that God is love. It beams forth in the calm resignation which utters no murmuring word. It shows itself in that unflinching confidence with which the soul cleaves to its God. It shines out in that pure communion which the trusting spirit holds with the Father of spirits. I ask you not to account for this, but I ask — Is not such the fact? Has it not fallen within the experience of almost all who hear me to have known some such instance, in which the severe suffering of long and helpless sickness has had the effect to rivet