

ness of it is, the Lord being there of course ; and next, the saints being perfect. What does the heart desire that cares for the Lord's people ? That they should be just what Christ's heart would have them. That will be so there ; He will see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied. Then there is after that this comfort, that my heart can go out—here it cannot—to God and the Lamb, and to the saints in measure too ; but then, roam as it will, there is nothing to roam over but a paradise where evil never comes, and it can never go wrong.

He comes, then, and takes us there ; and what heaven can find there for the heart to feed on is spread on the table of God. " You shall rest there and feed on it," He says, " and I will gird myself, and come forth and serve you. I am not going to give up my service of love." Thus, while I have the blessedness of feeding on what God has to give, I have the increased satisfaction, that if I put a morsel of divine meat into my mouth, I receive it from the hand of love that brings it to me. When He brings us there, all is turned round. " Here," He says, " you must have your lights burning, and be watching ; when I get my way, I must put you at ease, and make you happy." " Then shall the Son also Himself be subject." He was serving here. It was man's perfection to serve—the very thing the devil tried to get Him out of. If He had, it would have been doing His own will ; but " though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things that He suffered." But when all