

is love. It flows from heights higher than earth. It is the river of life in heaven. It so richly waters the trees there that mere leaves are sufficient for the healing of whole nations. It comes down to earth in such fulness that

" Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store—
Enough for all, enough for each—
Enough for evermore."

The more arid the wastes of the heart, the more love it can receive. The richer the growth of the soul, the more of the water of life can it utilize and absorb.

It is singular that the result of God's special training is love. Natural again. The prize is to correspond with the training. Men expect from the toil of the gymnasium and the dust of the arena, not scholarship, but strength; from the discipline of the scholar, not music, but mental acumen. So from spiritual strengthening and Christly indwelling love results. To what extent? To fully comprehend, as the glorified saints do, the breadth and length, the depth and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Here is an object to fill the ambition of an archangel. Christ did not die for any small thing, merely to get a few shrivelled souls penned into a place of light and of luscious fruit, but to bring many sons unto glory, who should be fit to sit with Him on the throne of the universe.

This love passeth knowledge. Assuredly wherever God works the result passeth the knowledge of men. Who ever knew all about a rose petal, or the brain of an ant, or the wing of a fly? There is not a sunbeam in infinite space, nor a mote that floats therein, that does not surpass the knowledge of man. We go down to the minute, and up to the vast, but our millionths of an inch and our multiplied millions of miles do no more than approximate the one or the other. As much as the glory of colors in the flowers of the earth, or the rainbows of the sky, pass the knowledge of the blind man; as much as the outpoured organ harmonies of Mozart or Handel surpass the

knowledge of the deaf; as much as a brooding mother's love surpasses the comprehension of the babe, so much does God's work at every point surpass our knowledge. How much more must His thought be higher than our thought; and how inconceivably higher must His love be beyond our love! The greatest possible human standard, once or twice attained in centuries of history, is that a man lay down his life for a friend; and God commendeth His love in that Christ died for sinners that were smiting Him in the face.

" My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see Thy mercies rise.
The depth of all-redeeming love—
What angel tongue can tell?
Oh, may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!"

Paul evidently believes we may prove it, and evidently because he has proved it himself. When, suffering in death, oft scourged, stoned, among false brethren, we ask him how he can stand it, his answer is, "The love of Christ constrains me." It is the secret of Paul's unparalleled work, of his unconquerable spirit. He knew it was not for him only, but the purchased heritage of all Christ's disciples. Oh! soul troubled with darkness, come into the sunshine; troubled with grief, come into the joy; troubled with inefficiency, come into the infinite helpfulness of Christ's love!

But there is another era. What can it mean? Is there another deep beyond this measureless ocean of love? "In order that ye may be filled with all the fullness of God."

Feeling has already been exhausted; but God is more than feeling. He is wisdom, justice, holiness or conformity to law. He desires to fill all our little vessels out of His infinite oceans; to crowd all our capacities from His inexhaustible fullness. God tries to come to all our faculties. He has put within us a perception of beauty; and to fill it. He makes the dewdrop to mirror the starry heavens; has created violets,