

in life because a little child had died. We did not know what was in us. We have seen some of the depths of our nature since then, but we know not yet all we can feel and endure. Still more true is it that the spiritual life is a hidden thing. The world knows neither its power nor its possibilities. It is spiritually discerned. They deny a man's right to wear the Christian name because of some wrong action, and forget the hidden sorrow the sin has caused the believer. There is a life in him which will in time remould his entire being, but the world knows it not.

The world reduces religion to a creed or a code or a cult. It is all these and far more, because a life hid with Christ in God. His life is hidden from the believer too. If he is faithful to Christ, who is "our Life," he will go forward from strength to strength, saying at every step, "The half was never told me." It could not be told us, nor can it be told what we shall be. We shall learn that as we have learned other things, by growing up to them.

#### I.—THE SAFETY OF THE HIDDEN LIFE.

Like children sheltered by a father's love from the cruelty and wickedness of the world, the believer rests in Christ. He is the Shadow of a Great Rock, a Shelter, a Covert, and a Refuge. "Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt preserve me from trouble." The wrath to come is against the sinner. Justice wields her sword before him, biding her time. The pains of hell get hold on him. All God's billows go over him. None of these things shall touch those who hide in the wounds of Jesus or are sheltered under the feathers of the Almighty. A young girl was carried to death by the Johnstown floods, singing,

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the Haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last."

What she found amid the angry waters a great multitude has found whose life has been hid with Christ in God. How else can a man hide his sins? We see the face of the assassinated King in the water. Our sins come to us in troubled dreams as the murdered nephews came to Richard Third. No grave is deep enough to hide sin. Cast them into the sea and the waters will bring them back to your feet. I once read of a man who was acquitted of the charge of murder. An officer accompanied him home to watch his actions. As soon as they entered the library the suspected man revealed his crime by casting a hasty look at one corner of the wall. The officer approached the waunscotting. The terror of the criminal was now painful to behold as he besought the detective to leave the house. Behind that partition the body of the victim was found almost consumed