

under shock and cool in frigid atmospheres. In Christ love's fullness dwells. His compassions fail not. The drain upon His sympathies in the days of His flesh was continuous and tremendous. The world to Him was as the daughter of the horse-leech crying "Give, give!" Yet it was ever met by a full response. Even that awful frost which descended on Calvary, when the treachery of one disciple and the desertion of others, coupled with the mockings of enemies, drove the temperature about Him down to arctic depths; when even the gates of heaven seemed to close against Him and He was left for one terrible space un-comforted of God, the fountain of His grace stood at the full. It still pulsed on, undiminished. No drain could lower it, no frost could seal it. Whilst His enemies mocked His agonies He could pray, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." With the heavens black and seemingly pitiless above Him, He could cry with loving confidence and filial submissiveness, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Under every circumstance we find Him a fountain "full of grace and truth."