

divine love still lingers over the lost in long-suffering patience, and one and another and another are being brought to repentance, and screened under the sheltering blood of the Lamb from the awful storm of coming judgment. And while the activities of divine love have been displayed in reconciling men to God, the time has not grown long to Him, with whom one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

Ought the time to have grown long to us? Ah! if the saints had been in communion with their Saviour, and followed the outgoings of His heart as the great Shepherd of the sheep, they would have been but too willing to suffer and toil and wait, without counting the time long. They would not have forgotten their hope; but, having the secret of *His heart*, they would have kept the word of *His patience*. But, alas!—

“WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED THEY ALL
SLUMBERED AND SLEPT.”

The hope of the Lord's coming ceased to be an *immediate* hope. The wicked servant said in his heart, “My lord *delayeth* his coming,” and then “*he* began to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken.” Through how many centuries has the Church slumbered and slept, and the evil servant done his own will! Alas! the church—the great professing body—instead of keeping herself as a chaste virgin espoused to Christ, gave up the hope of His coming, and played the harlot with the kings of the earth.