

he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." Pitying, or suffering, love!

"Is Ephraim my dear son, is he a pleasant child, for as often as I speak against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled—sound—for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." Filial love!

"O Zion, . . . the Lord thy God is in the midst of thee, . . . he will rejoice over thee with joy, he will rest—be silent—in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Jesus, . . . "who for the joy set before him." Complacent love!

Oh! to be the subject of such a threefold love. Well, "Ye are all the sons of God, through faith in Christ Jesus."

When we think of "our Joseph" in some of the beautiful and pathetic incidents of his life, such as: in the house of Simon, where the "woman who was a sinner," washed His feet with her tears; at the grave of Lazarus, when he saw Mary weeping, and the Jews also weeping, who came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and (like Joseph, could not He stand the scene (?) ) burst out: "Where have ye laid him?" (let me to him (?) ) and then it is said, "Jesus wept." Again, see Him at the bier of the widow's son at Nain, and then remember the saying of Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and as we think, and think, and gaze, and gaze, feel pleasure in the contemplation, have sympathy in it all; behold, and in beholding, realize that we are indeed "made (re-made) in the image of God," and that as He feels, so do we, although we in an immeasurably lower degree. Surely, surely, we may trust, love, adore, and serve Him.