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may I believe, will love divine run to bestow its welcoming kiss? That will depend upon my thought of how far such love can see, and how swiftly it can move. That human love is far-sighted we know full well, and also that it can outrun the winds. Could we read the secrets of the telegrams which flash across the continents, and the cablegrams transmitted under oceans, they would tell of many a swift, world-wide run of parental love to greet a home-sick son. And I must believe that the love of God can see to the very ends of the earth, to the utmost extremity of sin's far country. It beholds the soul's first movements from the swine-troughs, and instantly is "present with its aid." } Love has the finest eyes in the universe, } and its feet are shod with lightning. }

While the prodigal wastes his substance with riotous living, joining other prodigals in song and dance and laughter, love weeps and bleeds in silence. But when the famine comes, and the sounds of revelry give place to choking sobs of penitential grief, the welcoming love of God annihilates all distances and folds us in its warm embrace.