

**where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon****A.B. Simpson:**

Beloved, do you not long for God's quiet, the inner chambers, the shadow of the Almighty, the secret of His presence? Your life has been, perhaps, all driving and doing; or perhaps straining, struggling, longing and not obtaining. You long for rest! you long to lie down close to His heart and know that you have all in Him, that every question is answered, every doubt settled, every interest safe, every prayer answered, every desire satisfied. Lift up the cry, Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon! Blessed be His name! He has for us His exclusive love-a love which each individual feels is all for himself, one in which he can lie alone upon His breast and have a place which no other can dispute. And yet His heart is so great that He can hold a thousand millions just as near, and each heart seems to possess Him as exclusively for his own as the thousand little pools of water upon the beach can reflect the sun, and each little pool appears to have the whole sun captured in its beautiful depths. Christ can teach us this secret of His inmost love.