

"" THE INWARD LIFE. ""

" THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS, AND A STRANGER
DOTH NOT INTERMEDDLE WITH ITS JOY." PROVERBS 14; 10

" EVEN IN LAUGHTER THE HEART IS SORROWFUL, AND THE END
OF MIRTH IS HEAVENESS." PROVERBS 14; 13.

We know each other's appearance, it is true, but there
for the most part, our mutual knowledge ceases. Some of us
unveil nothing of ourselves to anyone; some of us unveil a
little to all; some a good deal to a few; but none of us
can unveil all even to the most intimate friend. It is
possible to live on terms of complete confidence and even
close intimacy with a person for many years, to become thro-
ughly acquainted with his habits, his turn of expressions,
his modes of thought, to be able to say with some certainty
what course he will take in such and such circumstances ---
and yet to find by some chance uplifting of a curtain in his
life that he cherished feelings which you never suspected.

Suffered pains of which you had seen no trace, enjoyed plea-

asures which never came to any outward expressions. Exposit

How true this is when we turn our thoughts inward- we are
quite startled to discover how absolutely alone we live.

How impossible it is for a stranger or even an intimate
friend to meddle with more than a fragment of our inner life

The man who has laboured for his family sees the grown child.

The deep-toned joy of the mother in the dawning life of her

child. The joy of the poet who feels the beauty of the earth

and sky. The joy of the student as truth comes home. The

joy of one who has prayed and worked for the restoration

last souls - like the father of the prodigal son. No-one

can understand your inner feelings but you.

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1911

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Sometimes you cannot know
 My Bitterness - Most of us
 Don't Care To Listen To A Story
 Of Bitterness - And Even If
 I Told You - You Still Would
 Understand - Love Has Locked
 Up Our Bitterness And No Words
 Can Describe My Deepest Feeling,
 Like A Bottomless Pit.

But this thought becomes very pathetic when we think of the heart's bitterness, which the heart alone can know, - the hope deferred which makes the heart sick, the broken spirit which dries up the bones, the spirit which for a long time bore a man's infirmity, and then broke - because it could bear no longer. The circumstances of a person's life do not give us any clue to his sorrows. Then there are little constitutional ailments, defects in the blood, unobserved disabilities, slight deformities, which fill the heart with a bitterness untold and unimaginable. There are crosses of the affections, disappointments of the ambitions, there are frets of the family, worries of the job, haunting thoughts of past indiscretions. There are weary doubts and misgivings, suspicions and fears, which poison our inward peace, and take light out of the eye and elasticity out of the step. These things the heart knows, but no else. What adds to the pathos is that these sorrows are often covered with laughter as with a veil, and no one suspects that the end of this spontaneous mirth is to be a

PAINS WE NEVER TALK ABOUT

SAYS THE PROVERB IS A HEAVINESS

heaviness. Exposition--- The bright talker, the merry jester, the singer of gay songs, goes home when the party ends and on his threshold he meets the veiled sorrow of his life, and plunges into the chilly shadows in which his days are spent. Perhaps we could not understand the bitterness in your heart even if you told us, yes we tell our troubles to some but the bitterness we must keep to ourselves. We can imagine men and women around us - we skim the surface but cannot plunge the depth. A smiling face hides a broken heart. We know hearts are bitter and joyfull yet we cannot surmise or reveal the causes. We are veiled to each other. We know our own troubles our own joys that is all we can

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KNOWS THE DEPTHS OF MY

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ELSE UNDERSTANDS -

And yet the strangest thing of all is that we hunger for sympathy; we all want to see that light in the eyes of friends which rejoices the heart, and to hear those good things which makes the bones fat. Our joy is eager to disclose itself, and often shrinks back appalled to find that our companions did not understand it, but mistook it for an affectation or illusion a dream. Our sorrows yearn for comprehension, and it is constantly doubled in quantity and intensity by finding that it cannot explain itself or be understood by others. This rigid and necessary isolation of the human heart, along with this deep-rooted desire for sympathy, is one of the most perplexing problems of life. We assume that everyone will know that we need sympathy yet we never hang out the distress signals. We give expression to our joys singing songs to heavy hearts. and disturbing others by unseasonable mirth, as if no icy channels separated us from our neighbours. Human hearts are isolated, alone and life has not created a form of communication between them. Man is only partially understood or pitied, or loved by man; but for the fulness of these

things he must go to a far-off country. Expectation-----

In proportion as we are conscious of being misunderstood, and of being quite unable to satisfy our longing for sympathy. We are impelled by a spiritual instinct to ask for ~~the~~ God; the thought arises in us that He, though He be a far off, must as our Creator understand us, and as this thought takes possession of the mind a tremendous hope arises, perhaps God is in reality not very far off. Has not the scripture informed us that the eyes of the Lord are in every place. Nearer than hands and feet. He sees in the heart what the heart itself cannot see.

This intimate knowledge *God has -- is not without its most solemn, and even terrible, side. It means of course that the Lord knows " the thoughts of the righteous which are just, and the counsels of the wicked which are deceit." It means God knows the thoughts of those who speak evil or good about us when we are not present. It means that God knows your unrevealed thoughts about yourself and your friends. It means Gos knows whither your quick words of commendation express the meaning in your inner most heart. It means that out of his intimate knowledge He will render to every man according to his works, judging with faultless accuracy according to that "desire of a man which is the measure of his kindness," It means that " the Lord trieth the hearts just as the fining pot tries the silver, and the furnace the Gold." It means that in thought of such a searching eye, such a comprehensive understanding on the part of the Holy One, none of us can say, " I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin." All this means, and there is terror in my heart as I think of it - He who understands us ~~is~~ is God.

Exposition-- And when we are awakened and understand, we learn to rejoice exceedingly that He who comes with His lamp to ~~search~~ search our hearts is He who can by no means tolerate our hypocrisy, or pass over our transgressions but must burn as a mighty fire. The solution has great comfort. No human heart can know our desire for sympathy or comprehend our ~~our~~ bitterness, We can know our desire - which no one can know our joys and sorrows cannot be shared, but there is one who knows and can share. Then we amke the discovery that the expression we need from others He can supply. He can enter into our secret joys, share our secret sorrows and because He understands supply our serret needs. No reason more I. understand.

comfort
the
women at
the well.
Pardon
Adulter.
Go and
sin no

WHEN OTHERS GIVE YOU SUCKZ
ANSWER HONOURS YOUR PRIDE

Yes God Knows You - Reasonably -
Knows When You Have TRIED &
When You Say You TRIED -
Knows When You Are MISTREATED
MISUNDERSTOOD TRULY ACCUSED BY
Others Knows When You - God
Knows When You Over React
MISUSE YOUR NAME

Well, no human being needs to be misunderstood or to suffer under the sense of misunderstanding. Let him turn at once to God. No human being is compelled to bear his bitterness alone, for though he cannot tell it or explain to his fellows, he can tell it, and he need not explain it to God. Is the bitterness an outcome of sin, as most of our bitterness is? Is it the bitterness of a wounded ego, or a remorse of conscience, or of spiritual despondency? Or is it the bitterness which springs from the cravings of an unsatisfied heart, the thirst for self-completeness, the longing for a perfect love. No human being need imagine that he is unappreciated; his fellow-man may not want him but God does. Has not the scripture instructed us, "The Lord hath made every thing for His own purpose, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." God understands all that is good in your heart, and will not a grain of pure gold to be lost; while He sees too every particle of evil, and will not suffer it to continue. God knows when the will is set on righteous, where the desire is turned toward Him, and God will encourage the will, and bountifully satisfy the desire.... Exposition-- He sees too, when the will is hardened against him. Yes, God can satisfy our secret longings. It is indeed refreshing to know that when you have tried and the world does not satisfy your efforts God knows and as the hymnologist says -He satisfies. It is truly satisfying to know there is one who knows and understands-- yet for those who have evil thoughts God knows that also. It is torturing to know he knows your evil. We want him to know when others mistake our motives- and that is good- but when you mistake others God knows that also and acts in righteousness.

Finally, no human being need be without a sharer of joy. And that is a great consideration, for joy unshared quickly dies, and is from the beginning haunted by a vague sense of a shadow that is falling upon it. In the heart of the Eternal dwells eternal joy. All loveliness, all sweetness, all goodness, all truth, are the objects of His happy contemplation. therefore, every really joyfull heart had an immediate sympathiser in God; and prayer is quite as much the means by which we convey our sorrows to the Divine Heart. Is it not beautiful to think of all those timid and retiring human spirits, who cherish sweet ecstasies, and feel glowing exultations, and are frequently caught up in heavenly raptures which the shy countenance and stammering tongues never could record? They feel their hearts melt with joy in the prospect of broad skies and sunlit fields, in the sound of morning birds and rushing streams; they hear choirs of happy spirits chanting perpetually in heaven and in earth, and on every side of their obscure way open vistas of inspired j vision. Expacition... Spaeaking of the joy of knowing that God shares your joy. I saw a bird one day singing amid the jay green of spring- the solfy spring breeches carried his song, the budding trees and trickling brooklets echoed his swwet song, the crickets sang with him and all nature heard and repeated his song and someone said there is true joy - but wait - I saw another bird sitting on a fence, and rain was coming down in sheets, the lightening fashed and thunder roaled, and the trees bent and the animals fled in terror but as if removed from the storm he sang and that I said was pure joy because he was happy within - When you know that God knows there is pure joy within as God comes to the inner life.