**THE EAGLE LIFE - STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT BY JOHN H. JOWETT**

**27. COMPENSATIONS by JOHN H. JOWET**

*"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."*

*Isaiah 27:8*

And, therefore, as we say, there is always something to be thankful for. If one thing visits us another thing is kept away. Or if there is impoverishment in one direction there is enlargement in another. When the darkness falls the stars come out. When winter strips the trees hidden prospects are disclosed. When we are sick shy kindnesses steal out of their seclusion. We never knew we had so many friends until death broke our fellowships. And so we are smitten on one side, and we are graciously liberated on another. We are bound with chains, and we have fellowship with angels. We are "cast down, but not destroyed.''

It is a blind girl in one of Ian Maclaren's stories who is speaking: "If I dinna' see, there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me -- the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose. Na, na, ye 're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He didna' give me ae thing, He gave me many things instead.''

Such is the confidence we may have in our God. He leads the blind by a way they know not. When they lose their eyes other discernments are quickened, and they have the mystic intimacy of an unerring Guide and Friend. Samuel Rutherford used to say that when he found himself in the cellars of affliction he began to look about for the King's wine. And John Bunyan used to look for the lilies of peace and the Lord's heartsease in the Valley of Humiliation. And out of the eater comes forth meat; the lion which prowls forth to slay us to-day will provide us with honey to-morrow.

What gracious compensation the Lord is prepared to give to our spirits in our day of desolation and distress! He feeds us with hidden manna. We have bread to eat which the world knows not of. We grow even while we are in straits. "In my distress Thou hast enlarged me.'' That is the wonder of it, that when destruction seemed to abound the soul had a mystic nourishment which established it in a more robust and vigorous health. Hagar was in the wilderness, but the Lord opened a fountain of water. In desert-places angels come and minister unto us. "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." He giveth songs in the night.