A LIFE STUDY.

PICTORIAL LIFE

J. H. JEWETT & CO.

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"Pictorial Life."

Or, MAN'S LIFE;

Setting forth his Nature, Views, Harmonies,
and Contrasts, Virtues and Vices, Restraints, Temptations,
Remedies, Victories, Responsibilities to himself, his Fellow-Men, and
his Saviour, for Time and Eternity.

"A Life Study."

Some Portions of the Book a Child may understand; there are Others
which a Man may Study with increasing Interest and
Profit all his Life.

PART 1st—CHRIST AND THE SOUL.
PART 2d—THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.
PART 3d—THE CANDLE OF LIFE.
PART 4th—JOHN BUNYAN'S VIEW OF LIFE.

BY

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Nearly 300 Illustrations.

J. H. JEWETT AND CO.
NORWICH, CONN.
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Dedicatory.

TO every household in which the lessons of sacred wisdom are accounted a necessary element of family training—to every social circle where a generous fancy can combine amusement with instruction; to every parent or teacher who prizes illustrative art or pictured emblems, as aids to impress truth upon the mind; to every mind, youthful or mature, that can derive pleasure or profit from the recognition of practical truth in human experience—this work, designed at once to arrest the attention and impress the heart, is dedicated.

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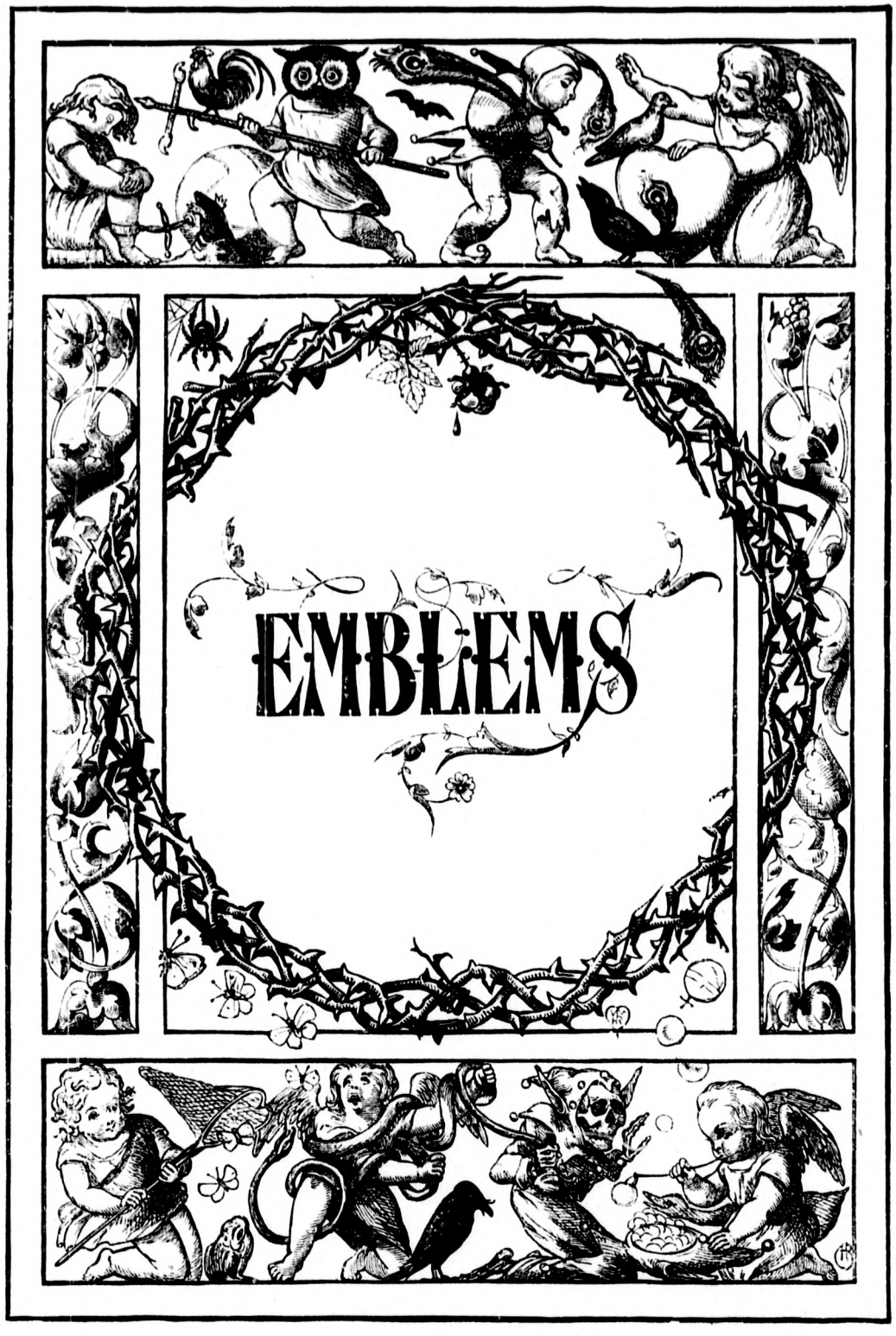

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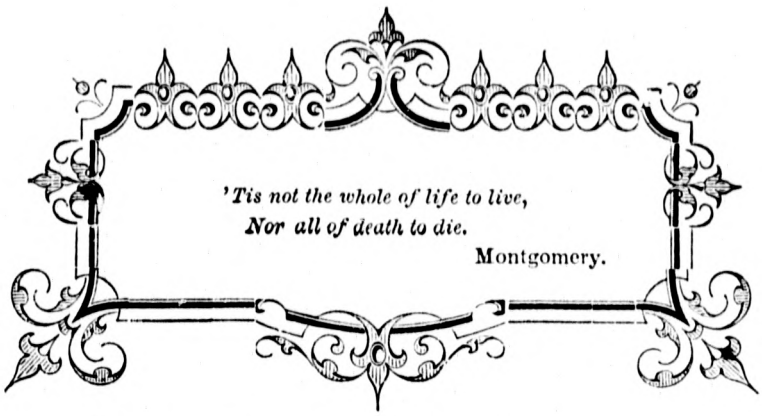

"THE WORDS OF THE WISE ARE AS GOADS, AND AS NAILS FASTENED BY THE MASTER OF ASSEMBLIES."—Solomon.

LO, the central figure of the page, the crown of thorns! This is the most eloquent of all, as it touches all, unites all, and gives value to all else. From its top part, one rose in full bloom hangs down into the open area. This crown is indeed preface to all other things. Above it, on the right, is a feather from the tail of the peacock, and figures human vanity and folly, while in the left corner, a venomous spider spreads his web, to entangle there his prey. Below, on the right, are miniature globes, with crosses on them, while in the left corner, are emblems of immortality. On either margin there are beautifully-wrought works of leaves, and vines, and buds, and fruits.

Looking to the top of the page, we see the emblem of the human soul, leaning one hand on the heart, just in front of it, and moving the other over, and above, as if to caress the dove, which is in the act of graciously brooding the heart, as if the Holy Ghost, promised in the Gospel, to do this work of loving benefaction. Thus, the soul, and the Holy Spirit, and the heart of man are brought most intimately together. In the next group, there is the soul dressed out as if in punch's clothes, with a peacock's feather depending from his cap, one in his right hand, reaching far back over his shoulder, while his right foot has on it a clown's sandal, and he is chattering to a chattering rook, which has in its tail-

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feathers one much longer than his own, borrowed from Juno's bird. Behind this punster, flies a bat, indicating the twilight of his career.

Next appears a human body, having upon it the head of an owl, swaying forward and backward a long rod, with a pugnacious chanticleer perched upon it, itself armed with spurs and hooks. In the left corner, we see a soul in a sad doze, hands clasped about the knees, head leaning over it in sadness and sleep, ankle chained to the world by a chain, made of a band of steel, and a cross of steel, while just before him, an earth-monster is coming up out of the ground, with his eyes fixed upon the mourning captive.

In the foot of the page, we note that the border is composed of a variety of images. On the right, is a figure symbolizing the human soul, engaged in an occupation far beneath the abilities and duties of an immortal being, for it is blowing soap-bubbles, with a cup at its knees full of bubbles, and just beyond is a gaggling goose, much elated at the achievments of the bubble-maker. On the left of this figure, we see another, one of hideous death, laughing over and admiring the soap-bubble exhibition, to help on the young trifler, while the right hand of his strength is holding the tail of a serpent. Just at death's feet, and behind him, a rook is standing, awaiting his festival-share of the bubble-blower, when death comes into possession of him. The serpent, with many strong coils and muscular twists, is destroying the life of a human soul, which cries aloud with the bitterest wails, appealing with upturned face to the skies, while both hands are vainly attempting to tear off the great coils of his oppressor, whose open mouth is hissing and darting its deadly fangs into its victim. Still further on, there is a young soul, full of a fruitless kind of business—catching butterflies, by swinging a scoop-net in a most lively manner. A frog looks with admiration upon the sport.

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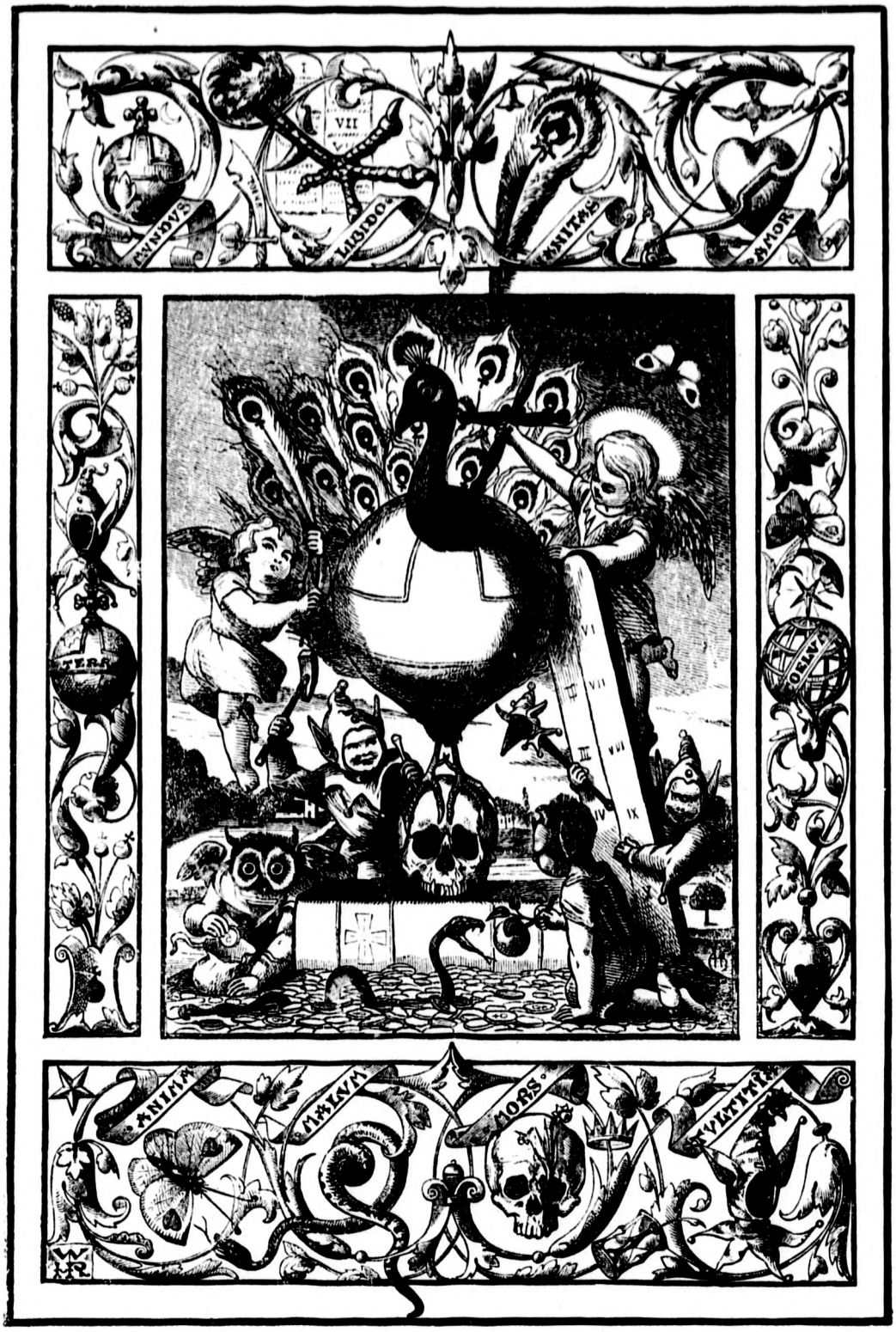

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And above all, thy holy face
Makes an eternal charity.

Sherburne.

"THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN, AND THE STRENGTH OF SIN IS THE LAW. BUT THANKS BE TO GOD, WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY, THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."—*Paul.*

IN the centre of the frontispiece, we notice the figure of the world. The globe is the body of the peacock, Juno's vain bird. The tail is fully spread, showing that the world carries its best side out. Evangel is at work, planting the cross on the top of the world, having a halo about his head, indicating that he has passed from death unto life. Evangel is climbing up the table of the law, for this kind of teaching is necessary to bring the soul to a desire for the Gospel.

A little sprite of evil, topped out in punch's cap, is watching the process, with the serpent below, with his war-club, dressed like himself, ready for action. Just at the foot of the law-tables, an evil genius of temptation is holding a pomegranate to the open mouth of the maddened serpent, whose hissing and vibrating tongue is issued from his mouth. A solid basis of stone, intimating the solidity of the divine purposes, and marked by a cross, showing that even the firmest purposes of God are in harmony with the Gospel, is in the midst.

On the stone table, there is a death's skull, to which one of the sprites is riveting the feet of the peacock, while on the left of the table, and leaning against it, there is an underworld agent, with an owl's head upon a human body having wings, scattering evils, from Pandora's box, making a sea for the serpent.

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To the left of the main and central figure is a human soul, engaged in plucking the showy quills off it, for his gratification. He has been to a limited degree successful, for he has obtained one, and has it in his hand, and is playing with it. In the far upper corner, on the right hand, we see the butterfly, emblem of immortality, facing the scenes below, and coming down to mingle in them.

Here we have the court of the emblems. In the English language there is not one page so rich with the forms of symbolized thought. All the greatest principles of the Christian religion are set forth, at once, intelligently and beautifully.

Hours of pious study may be devoted to this one page, with profit not surpassed in one's life-time. The lessons taught us are finely voiced by Anna Letitia Barbauld,

> "Jehovah reigns; let every nation hear,
> And at His footstool bow with holy fear;
> Let heaven's high arches echo with His name,
> And the wide-peopled earth His praise proclaim."

Now let us turn our attention to the symbols of the bordering to this rich court of emblems. In the crown-piece, there are four beautiful figures. The world, surmounted by the cross of Jesus, shows redemption to be in possession of the race of man, wreathed in ornamental work of vine, and leaf, and bud. The foot and leg of chanticleer, showing that pugnacity has a spur for itself, as well as for others. The feather of Juno's bird is the longest, has for a center the body of a venomous spider, a little bell of vain speech, and a large one of vespers. The heart, entangled in a bow-string, is proof of its entanglements with an instrument of pain and death, while an arrow flies towards the dove's form, as it is coming down out of the firmament. The first is named "Mundus," the World, and is attended by the moon, in its first quarter, or crescent. The second is called "Lubido," Desire. The third is "Vanitas," Vanity. The fourth is "Amor," Love.

On the right border, we see the image of the celestial world,

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marked "*cælum*," crowned with a star, and the emblem of immortality just above it. A vase below contains a miniature heart, and is the home of a flowering plant. On the left border is this world's figure, marked "*terra*," and surmounted by a cross, and above it the cap of folly. Higher still is a plant, bearing miniature worlds, and the little crosses, and two stems of evil fruits, inviting to the eye, but poisonous. Below, there is a scroll-vase, containing a little world within, and sending forth a plant, that bears little worlds, and their cross-ornaments.

"The grave is but the portico of life—
The dark vestibule of departed souls."

Let us now turn to the bottom of the border. In the left corner, there is a symbol of the soul, with its Latin name, "*anima*," with a star of Bethlehem near and above, while danger is still nearer and below it. Next is the body of a venomous serpent, spotted with wickedness, its mouth open towards the soul, and its tail pointing towards the hell of lost souls. Its body is wound into one coil, showing that one coil is enough to threaten death, while its figurative name "*malum*," indicates the great tempter and father of all evil, Satan. The emblem of death is that skull, with a flowering plant growing up out of one socket, while its name, "*mors*," is on the band above it, and a crown of glory just opposite it on the right, showing that death has rewards very near its portals, even nearer than we think. The harlequin-cap is surmounted by a cock's head, while its name, "*stultitia*," foolishness, is there with its antidote, the hour-glass, lying in plain view.

Thus have we sought the import of these emblems. Things high and things low, great and small, plain and abstruse, far and near, have thus been laid out in this most instructive picture, while greatest of all, the king's palaces, and grounds, are back of all that we have seen, reminding us of a few lines of the poet Sandys,

"God is our refuge, our strong tower,
Securing by His mighty power,
When dangers threaten to devour."

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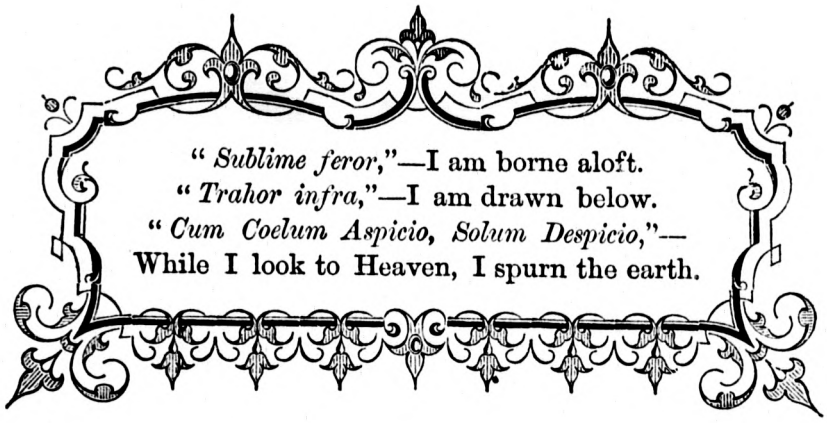

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."—Jesus. THAT WAS THE TRUE LIGHT, THAT LIGHTETH EVERY MAN THAT COMETH INTO THE WORLD.

BEHOLD, in the picture here presented, a vision of Heavenly Light! The human soul, with spirit-given pinions, is called of God from above. A beam, from the sun of Righteousness, sheds its glory on the soul, and its environments. Impressed divinely, the soul kneels upon the Cornu Copia, which had been heretofore filled with toys, and follies, and vices of the world, as its chief good.

Now, there is no longer any love for such things, and they are being poured out from it, while the Cornu Copia reversed bears olive branches of peace, and it is thus a type of the divine promises, indicating His wealth and benefaction. The soul drops the instrument of music, a symbol of worldly entertainment and pleasure, turns the back upon all things Earthly, and looks to Heaven, whence the vision of Heavenly Light has come, while the hands are extended upward in adoration.

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In the crown of the picture, the lark ascends the Heavens, with extended wings, towards the morning light, as it pours in from the East, upon the highest mountains, uttering her early welcome to the king of day. On the right and left of the crown-piece are two torches, in full flame, showing how Christianity meets the souls of men, as they lift their eyes towards the throne of God.

On the left of the page, is a globe, placing before us the celestial constellations, a type of the Heavenly world, surmounted by the Star of Bethlehem, in full glow, which is the glory and crown of all. On the right is a globe, presenting the terrestrial world, partly in the shadows of night, and partly in the twilight of morning, while the cross of Jesus Christ is on the top of it, planted firmly there, as the interpretation and Sovereign of this lower world.

Beneath the central picture is the world of waters, and clouds are above it. The time is night, and a storm is upon the deep. A ship is on the stormy sea, and the birds are upon the wing, while the gigantic sea-serpent is coming up, from the deeper parts of the waters.

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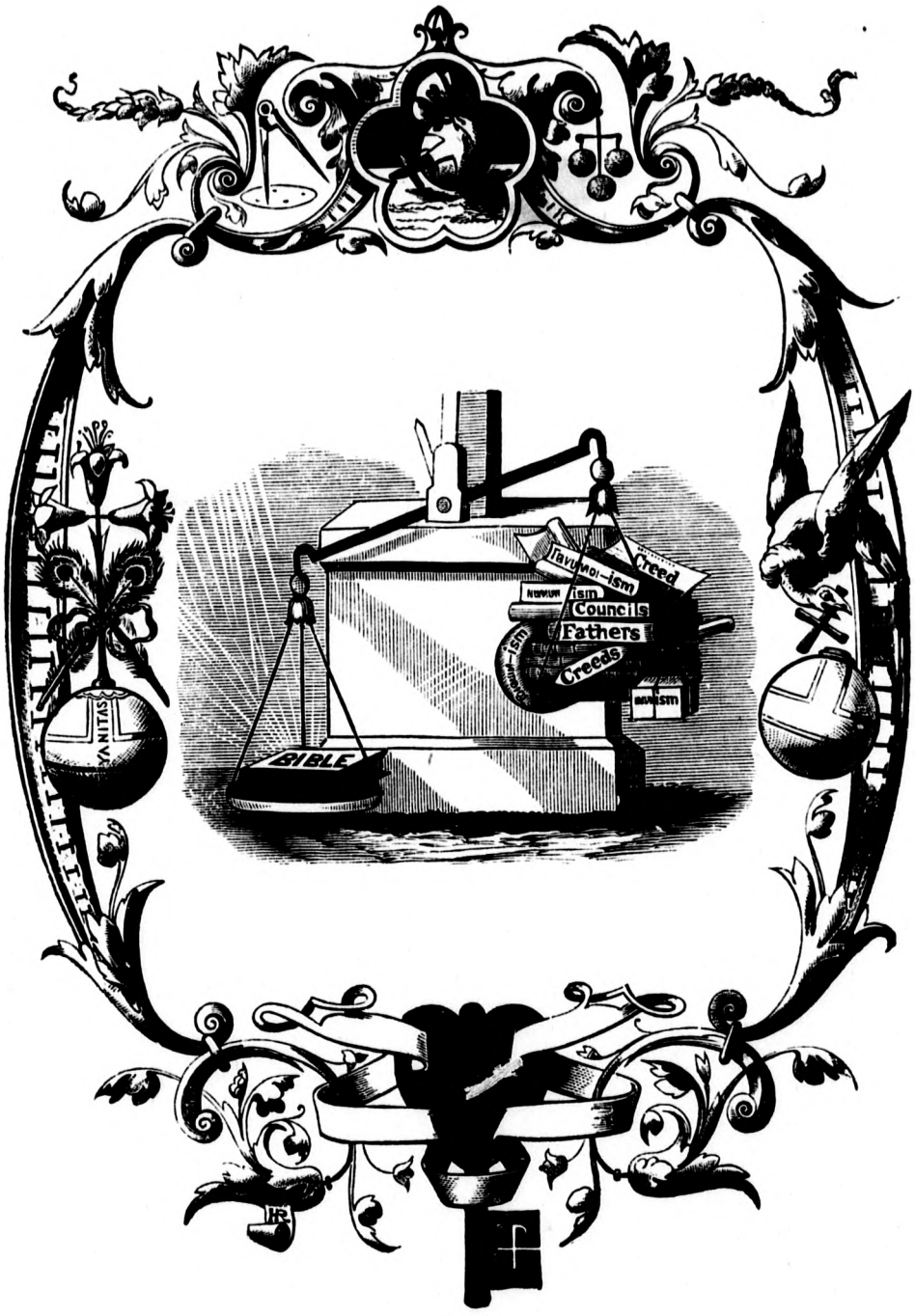

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When the lion roars, the beasts of the forest keep silence; when Jehovah speaks, the inhabitants of the world ought to stand in awe.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES; FOR IN THEM YE THINK YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE: AND THEY ARE THEY WHICH TESTIFY OF ME."—*Jesus.*

WHEN Sir Walter Scott, during a lucid interval of his last illness, requested his son-in-law, Lockhart, to read to him, he was asked in reply, what he should read. "There is but one book," answered the author of a hundred volumes, and from that one book the son-in-law of the dying genius read to him, the words of One "who spake as never man spake."

"There is but one book," in all the tens and hundreds of thousands which human pens have written, or human eyes have read, which speaks with authority from heaven. Good men have written, and sometimes their lofty thoughts and pure devotion seem to bear us upward to the right of the throne. But if asked the secret of their power, they would exclaim, "Not unto us!" They had filled their lamps and lighted them from the heavenly throne. They had quaffed from the streams of a divine wisdom. They had been taught as Disciples at the feet of Jesus.

So, admirable and useful compendiums have been made of the truths of the Bible. Some of them have been brought out in elegant and carefully compacted systems. They show the grasp of powerful intellect, or the sagacity of scholarly penetration. But they are only patterns, more or less imperfect, of what may be seen in the moment. They are the well-wrought,

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but yet dead images of truths, that live forever on the Sacred page. All their beauty, all their worth, and all their force, are borrowed from a Divine source, and are proportioned to the exactness, with which they reflect the sacred original.

Here we see "the one book," placed in one scale of an equal balance, while all the creeds, confessions, decrees of councils and synods, for eighteen centuries, are cast into the other. Much of these last is mere useless lumber. Here are decrees then, the words of false as well as of fallible men, that are lighter than vanity. There are some creeds, in which grains of error are mingled with important and weighty truths; then there are others, where the error is so extended, that the truth seems smothered under it.

Some of those creeds have been rigidly imposed. They have been made the pass-words of party, to exclude from the Christian privilege, even those whom the Good Shepherd would take as lambs to his bosom. Thus, embodying much truth, in many cases, they have been made stumbling-blocks to weak souls, and have obstructed the cause which they were intended to advance.

This, however, little affects their real weight; for this is to be determined by their nearness to the sacred standard, used as expressions of the common belief and experience of classes of Christian men, and means of understanding and adjusting their mutual learning, they serve a valuable end. But if the world were filled with them, they could add nothing to the Word, and if they did, it would be to convict and condemn themselves.

Thus "the one book" is seen justly to outweigh all creeds and confessions. It receives direct from heaven the full blaze of light, which is only hereby reflected upon them. All the merit they have is dependent upon these scattering beams, and among them are some upon which, if radiated darkness were visible, darkness would be radiated from the haunts of error, the prejudices of sect, or the absurdities of "infallible" imposers of creeds.

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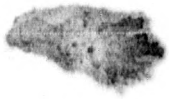

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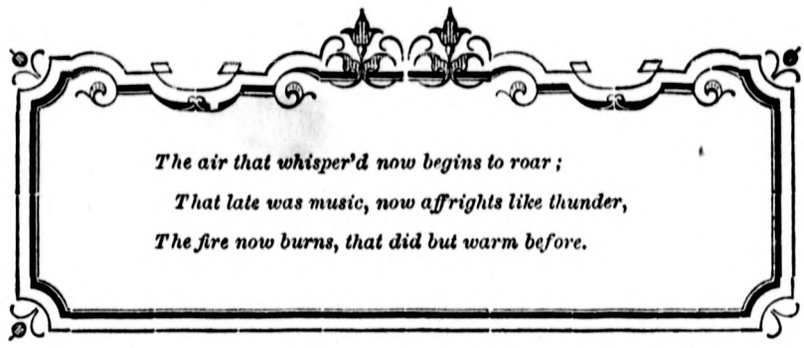

The air that whisper'd now begins to roar;
That late was music, now affrights like thunder,
The fire now burns, that did but warm before.

"SIN WHEN IT IS FINISHED BRINGETH FORTH DEATH."—Paul.

"BUT yet it moves," whispered the Italian, Gallileo, as he rose from his knees, bending upon which, under awe of the Inquisition, he had confessed that the earth was stationary. But yet it moves—moves along its ethereal pathway, flying in its orbit around the sun. Yet, that is not its only motion. Invisible forces are impelling it, as they may, whirling it on its own axis, or now hastening, and now retarding its speed.

This material globe is one thing, but the living world of humanity is another. This, too, moves, but who has mastered the astronomy of a depraved nature, flung out of its orbit, and, like the gigantic fragments of an exploding asteroid, scattering confusion and death on every side?

Society is moved and controlled by various conflicting and discordant forces. The good are often intermittent. The evil are for the most part constant. The first are drawing it upward. The others are dragging it downward. A much less force is necessary, in the latter case, than in the former. "*Facilis descensus,*" said the Latin poet. The descent is easy.

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This is illustrated in the accompanying picture. If the fabled Phæton, could not manage the horses and chariot of the Sun, there is no human or created spirit sufficient to hold in check a world, that has broken loose from its allegiance to God. If society had on earth a presiding genius, the great mass would recognize him in some idol of power, of fashion — some dazzling hero of the battle-field, some bright star of gay saloons, some Bolingbroke, or Byron, some Marlborough, or Wellington. But what care these men whither the great world of humanity drifts, or rolls, or moves? Or if they cared, how far could they control its movements? More often they sit aloft, perched on the world's heights, and plunging on with it, grasping no reins, imposing no check upon men's evil propensities, but rather impelling them on, and urging to larger and more dangerous activity the baser lusts.

Satan need not trouble himself to give the world a charioteer. Leave it to itself, and to the forces that are hitched to it and drag it on, and it matters little who sits aloft and stupidly dreams of "progress" and "manifest destiny," when "progress" and "manifest destiny" are evidently downward, and when, if the sleeper wakes, he find himself without the power to curb evil, and perhaps without the disposition to do it.

So it is here. The mischievous simpleton who presides over the desperate experiment, can only ply his whip and lash to more reckless speed the vicious propensities which he has no power to elude. These propensities, the ruling ones on the world's downward track, are symbolized by the not altogether incongruous combination of the goat and swine, lust and gluttony. On they go, blindly, madly, with even pace dragging the world after them, and hurrying it, if unwarranted, to some sad catastrophe, symbolized by an open grave. Every fence of restraint is broken through as they press on.

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The catastrophe is foreshadowed by the bordering of the picture. A blazing crowd sets a world — black with guilt, and loaded down by the beastliness (symbolized by a toad), that sinks it lower and lower—on fire. A winged death's head exults in the spectacle. Winged monsters with open jaws bark out the horrible news, while the slimy serpent lifts himself up to view with exultation, the terrible consummation of the tragedy in the earliest scene of which he was one of the actors.

Thus the Latin motto, *mundus ad excidium ruit*—"the world rushes to destruction," is seen to be true. Forces are drawing or impelling it that are governed only by their own caprice, or blind impulse. They must be detached, displaced, dismissed, and others must be yoked to the task of counteracting what they have done. Who is capable of accomplishing this? Surely help must be laid upon One that is mighty to save. The hand of an unseen benefactor stretches out the cross over the blazing conflagration of guilt that its fierceness may be subdued.

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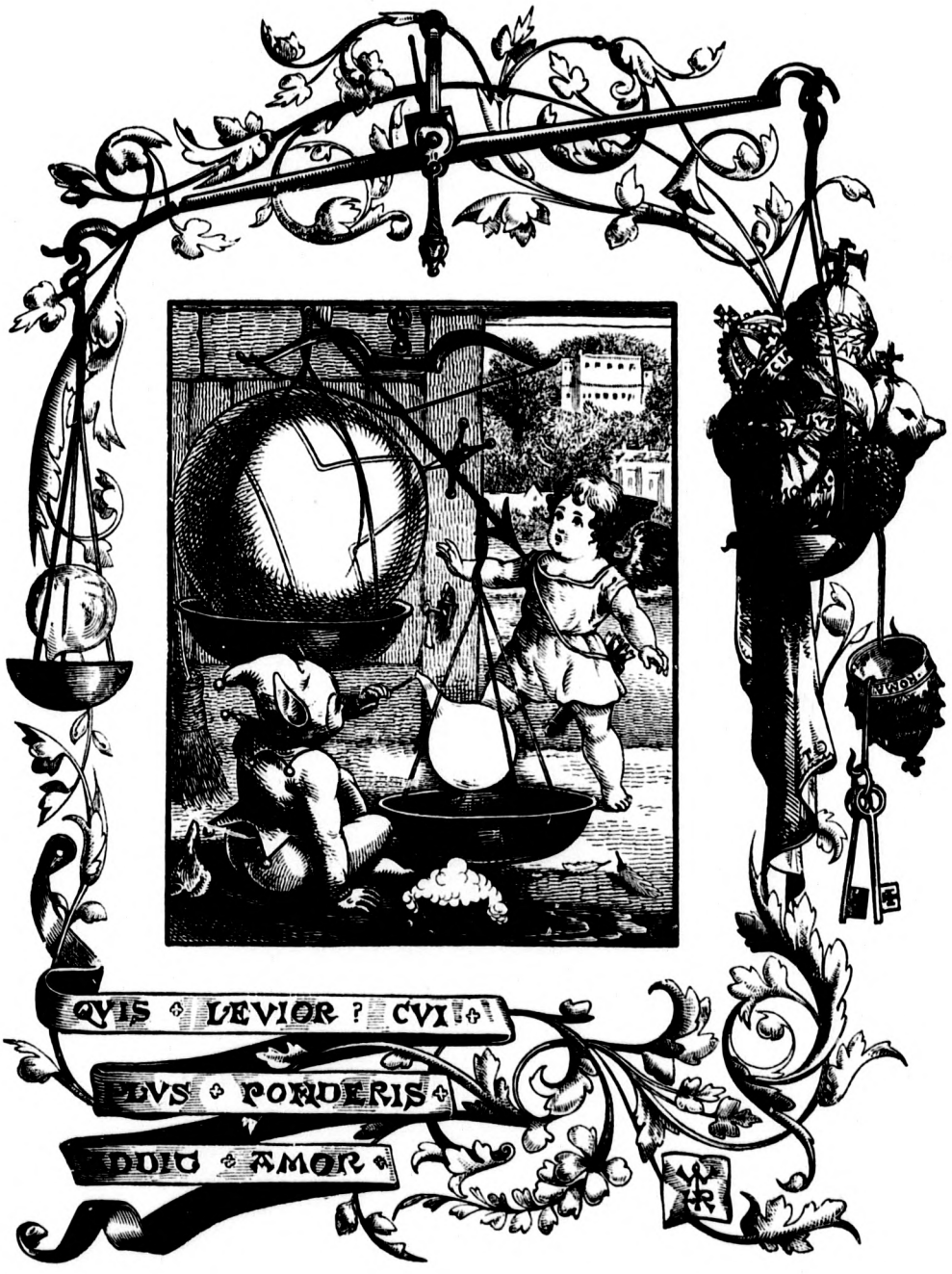

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"*Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.*"—Cowper.

"*In the course of Justice, none of us should see salvation.*"—Shakespeare.

THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING.—*Daniel.*

YONDER, in the background, is the grandeur of the world, with palace and temple in view. The lofty structure which,—surrounded by the verdure, and half shaded by the trees of a noble park, towers aloft, commanding a view of the surrounding scene,—is suggestive of princely magnificence, or the taste and lavish employment of unbounded wealth.

Upon such a background we have, set forth with startling distinctness and prominence, a picture of real life — a picture which few concerned in it will at the moment be disposed to regard as a picture of reality — but which at last, when the disappointed actor, like a celebrated French marshal, is forced to exclaim, "My life has been a failure," appears no longer a sketch of fancy. The world is to be weighed in a balance exquisitely contrived. The beam of the balance is an arrow, its point almost pressing the bosom of the one engaged in the experiment, and the arrow is self-poised on the cord of a suspended bow. In front of one scale, sits the world's magician, tricked out as a harlequin;

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his fox-headed cane, ready to serve as a club to knock down his victim, lying concealed by his side; his head masked with trumpery which seems by long-eared manifestations to disguise his real character. While his bowl of miniature bubbles is placed by his side, he is engaged in blowing up a gigantic one, the edge of which just rests upon the scale and presses it down to the earth, insomuch that the globe itself, thrown into the opposite scale, is seen to be lighter than a bubble. It is thus, that the unsatisfying nature of what the soul longs for among earth's possessions—even though, like Alexander, it makes the conquest of one globe, and longs for more—is graphically exhibited. All that lust can attain, all that ambition can grasp, proves no more than an imposing cheat. It is to be accounted "altogether lighter than vanity." *Quis levoir?* "*Cui plus ponderis addit amor*"—Which scale is the lighter? That to which Cupid (passion), is adding more weight?"

Meanwhile, outside the main picture, and yet encompassing this visible scene, there is another and a gigantic balance suspended. It is the exact balance of an invisible providence and of eternal truth. The tenant of the palace cannot behold it. It rises aloft above the sphere in which he moves; but there it is, suspended aloft to the view of the meditative eye, and of superior intelligences. Here, too, the bubble—in this case fully blown, rests in our scale, while the other is not only loaded, but overloaded, with the grandest and most attractive prizes of the world's ambitions. It is evident that one has been added after another, to adjust the balance and equipoise the scales, till the experiment is complete, and the loaded scale itself can hold no more.

Upon examining more closely, we find, that first was "put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure." Next labelled "mammon," "Great mammon's endless inventory." Then come, "the pondrous acts of mighty Cæsar," "the greater weight of Sweden's

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glory," "Scipio's gauntlet," "Plato's gown," and "Circe's charms." And when all these have failed to bear down the scale, "the triple crown" of pontifical grandeur, with the keys, which are at once to "loose" on earth and in heaven, is added, hung to the edge of a scale that can hold no more. Yet all this mighty mass is insufficient to balance a bubble, which by its superior weight, is even cracking the end of the beam that supports it.

No wonder the Poet of the emblems exclaims,

"Lord! what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble
Which weighed in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble.

Good God! that frantic mortals should destroy
Their highest hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy."

Thus does he echo the sad refrain of the enthroned philosopher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

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"*Hell and night*
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light."
Shakespeare.

"*WE ARE NOT IGNORANT OF HIS DEVICES.*"—*Paul.*

IN the suburbs of Vanity Fair, Satan finds a playground. Yonder are the palaces of wealth and luxury, and the youth that are nurtured in them must often be distinguished by the superior hazard, as well as costliness of their games. Oftentimes there is a nominal stake, while the real one is not mentioned, or even recognized.

The gambler sometimes gains or loses his thousands in a single night, but there are costlier treasures than gold can buy, staked on the issue. What if they are not counted in? What if a peaceful mind, an approving conscience, a loyalty to truth and virtue, steadfastness of principle, pure thoughts and industrious, honest, and noble aims are altogether overlooked? It is as if one should wrap his coppers in a bank-note of a thousand pounds, and without a thought of the note, fling his coppers down as his forfeit. The note goes with them. Or even if he wins, the hand that is outstretched to grasp the prize flings down perhaps in taking it, what is a thousand fold more precious.

In this picture, we see Satan playing his game with two youths, one of whom represents the flesh and the other the spirit—one with his fool's cap suspended aloft, and his dress after the Vanity

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Fair pattern, suggestive of carnality, and the other with his wings and in simple garb, intimating the soaring possibilities of the spiritual nature. And in this game, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit," and takes the part of Satan. It is really a struggle of "the flesh and the devil," or if we interpret also the implements of the game, of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," against the soul of man. Satan, with superhuman sagacity, plies all his skill, and is aided in his designs by the part which the flesh takes in the proceedings. It is true, when the two parties are considered, one with his infernal cunning, and the other with his unsuspecting inexperience, it matters comparatively little what the game is. But in this case it is for the soul a game of life and death, as is plainly intimated by the fact that one of the bowls—so near as to betray its features—has traced upon it the face of a fleshless skull.

Satan closely watches every cast. He seems absorbed in the game, while by lending it new excitement, he is making more sure of his victim. Perhaps he allows him to win at first. He would even yield what is necessary to his infatuation. Then the terrible fascination of the game lays hold upon the spirit. It will venture more and more. Has it lost by one game? Another must be played to make the loss good. Another still, and still another follows, till disappointment makes the player desperate. One more, and his earthly all is sacrificed. One more still, and hope is finally surrendered. One more, and his mad infatuation has plunged him down the awful gulf.

Above the picture is the *corona triumphalis*, "the crown of triumphs," while conquered worlds and captured fool's caps are suspended with it as trophies. Beneath, grasping the scroll of destiny, is a skeleton Rhadamanthus, seated on his throne of judgment, with a darkened world in the background, that has become a thing of the past. Between these two issues—the crown

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and the curse—the game of life is played. If Satan triumphs, the curse shall befall the spirit. If the interposing grace of heaven defeats his designs, and snatches the heedless youth from the net of his subtle schemes, the crown is assured.

There is a horrid magnificence of conception in the ideal sketch by Retsch, of the spirit of darkness assuming a human form, and with sinister gaze bending over the chess-board, whereon he plays with man his game for his soul. Here, too, the same thought is presented, only Satan's fleshly ally is depicted. The heedless youth, representing the spirit, and venturing more and more, little realizes what he is doing. Satan is playful. Satan enjoys with him what he may deem innocent sport. But, under the form of innocent amusement, he lures inexperience to ruin.

Romance has few stories like this; but real life has many. They have been written in bloody sweat. They have been told with sighs and tears. Name after name of the victims of guilt betrayed by confidence of inexperience to some rash venture, from which after recovery was almost hopeless, brings them up before us. The festive cup has been the first term of a series, the last of which—on earth—was the gallows. Men have bargained peace for plenty, and God for gold, and their birthright for a mess of pottage, without dreaming that Satan was playing with them a desperate game for their souls. Well may we say when flesh and spirit are engaged in their game with Satan, that whatever the prospect, there should be written in large capitals over the scene, *utriusque crepundia merces.* "The gain of each is a trifle."

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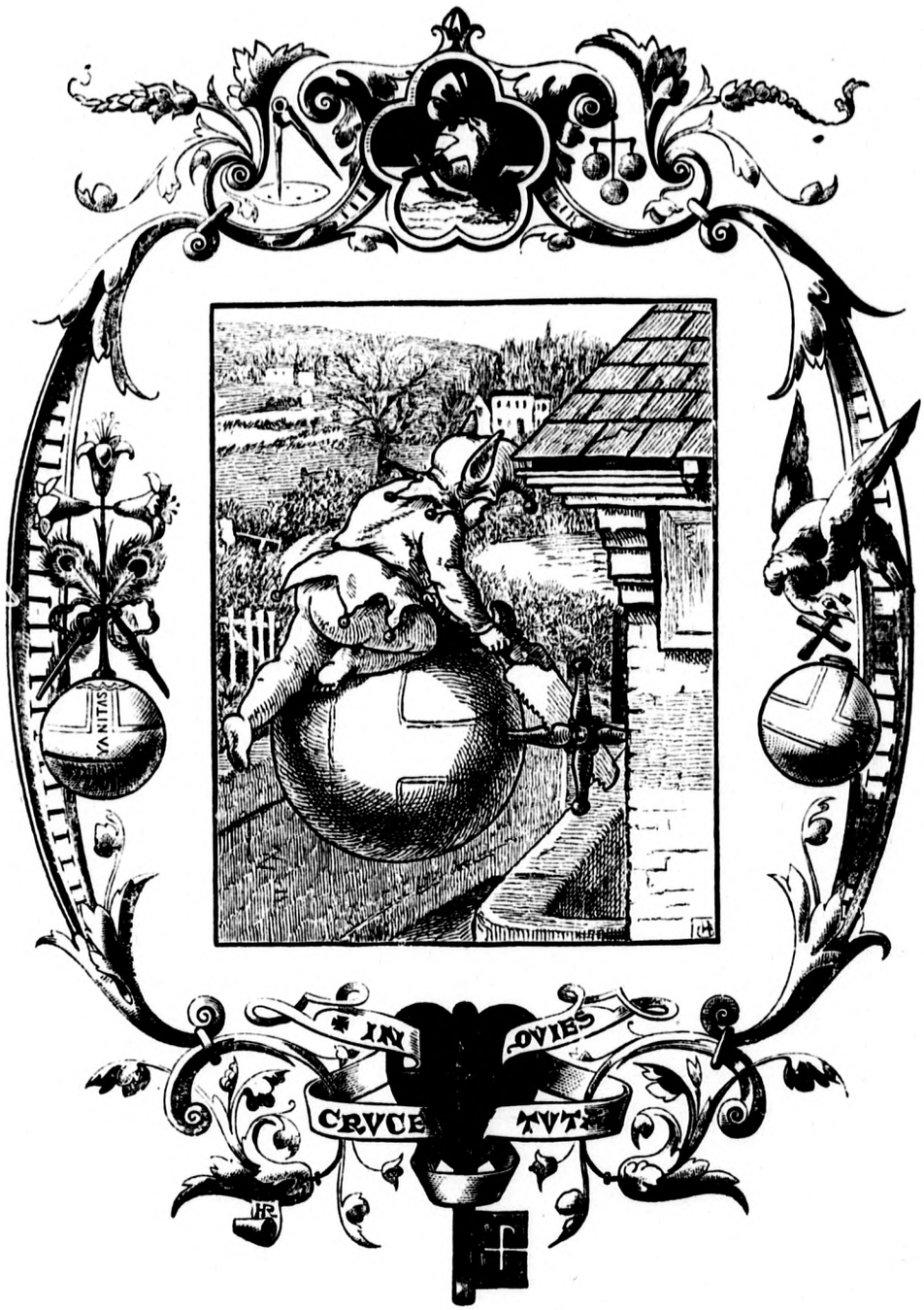

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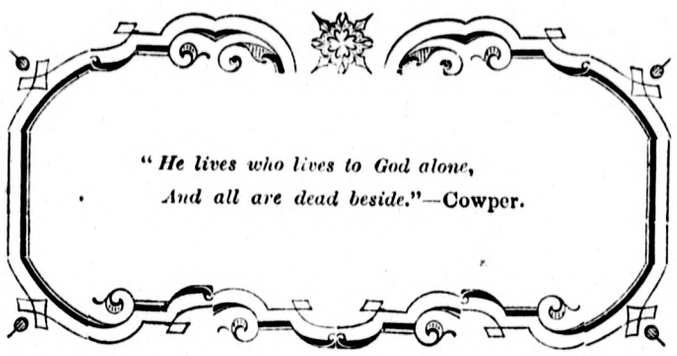

"LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, TAKE UP HIS CROSS AND FOLLOW ME."—Jesus.

A WORLD without "a cross" is the fool's ideal of a Paradise. To his view it is an unsightly projection, and he would saw it off. Mounted on the globe that threatens every moment to slip from under him, he toils and sweats to destroy that which alone can furnish him a secure support, or resting place. He takes no interest in the near projecting roof, or the distant palace. He has no eye for the inviting garden or the wooded hills. All his attention and energies are devoted to saving the world the incumbrance of the cross. With his old, rusty saw, he would cut it off, and let it fall as rubbish into the vaults of his own elegantly wrought structure.

So heedless youth would shake off the obnoxious appendage of religious principle, would saw it harshly away, if need be, and leave only a smooth, round, genteel world to deal with. It matters not that this is the soul's stay and strength — that it is the only support on which it can lean, which perches upon the world's slippery height. It is "a cross" which for fashion's sake,

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for fear of ridicule, or to keep up appearances, must be put away. Enough only of it is to be left to save appearances.

So, too, men would have a religion without a cross — a smooth, round, symmetrical religion, that they can roll about, and play with, and commend to others as a graceful and elegant thing. With the agility of health and strength, and the false peace of a sleeping conscience, they feel no need of the cross for their support, and their superior taste, rectified by the world's new philosophy, revolts at the unsightliness of the cross, sometimes pronouncing it "the central gallows" of the universe. They would not allow it to disturb their self-complacency, or come athwart their fine-spun schemes of "a broad way" to heaven.

But a world without "a cross" would be only a universal Sodom, with fullness of bread and abundance of idleness, waiting for the outpouring of the fiery deluge. The hardships of which men often complain, are the necessary conditions of their well-being and their blessedness. The stern law of toil has been more effective to keep down the volcanic forces of human passion, than all the statutes of Solon, and Roman fables and institutes. A hard lot has often cradled true greatness. Noble spirits have been rocked or waked to consciousness by the blast. The grand heroisms of life have been born amid throes and agonies of struggle. He that would smooth the path, would relax the muscles of the climber. He that would dispense with the cross, would only secure the forfeit of the crown.

What multitudes are engaged just in sawing off the crosses of the world; in making life easy, comfortable and luxurious! They would have no unsightly projections about them. They would adroitly balance themselves on a slippery world, without any support. Little do they consider how much more wise it would be, to leave duty as it is, solemn, stern, or even repulsive in aspect, than to trick it out as an actor, or to dress it up as a monster.

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But such folly is ever sure of this inevitable retribution. Aloft, above its head, are the compasses that take their exact sweep, and measure of its desert on the dial-plate of justice. There, too, is the pawnbroker's sign, intimating that folly is engaged in that brokerage of principle and duty to which the deepest infamy clings; or perhaps that pawning all is to bankrupt itself. To the right, a winged messenger of the skies comes down, bearing, to a a barren, cheerless globe, the best-born of Heaven — a cross! To the left, a globe without a cross, has "*Vanitas*" (vanity) inscribed upon it — though flowers and peacock's feathers, wreathed or waving over it, enrich it with all the gifts, while they shadow it with all the curse of pride.

But while the butterfly alights on the globe from which the cross has fallen off, and makes it a butterfly-world — the scorn and loathing of noble spirits — there is seen beneath the picture, the form of a human heart supported on the arms of the cross — itself the key that opens the gate of life — while wreathed around both is a scroll that bears the inscription, "*In cruce quies tuta.*" In these words there is a truth expressed that has been coined out of the richest experience, of all the weary, worn, and heavy-laden, who have found peace in Christ. They assure us that "in the cross there is a safe repose." It is even so. Paul would glory in nothing else. Greek and Jew might exclude it from their creed; shallow experience and false philosophy might saw it off from theirs; but millions have sung, and millions still sing,

"In the cross of Christ I glory"

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"*And oh what a waking that sleep shall know*
At the peal of the Judgment-day."
[Coxe.

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST, AND CALL UPON THY GOD.

WHILE Saul slept in his cave, David entered, and cut off the skirts of his robe, instead of plunging his spear into his breast. It was the act of a generous spirit, designed to remind his foe, that his life had been in his power. But the sleep of folly is not as safe, as that of the king of Israel. The intruders, that stand ready to break in upon it, are not all Davids. In this picture, we see man, represented under the form of a weary child, lying down to repose by the side of the thick-set hedge, and he has the world for his pillow. Perhaps he dreams, and his fancies are reveling in an ideal world. His unstrung bow lies fallen by his side, and his loosened quiver has been laid by. Evidently all fear has been banished, and no apprehension of danger disturbs his repose. Far off, beyond the hedge are spacious fields, with groves and dwellings, and there, too, is a graveyard, with its mute memen-

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toes of mortality, and its attestations to the reality of that curse by which sin has blighted the world. Nearer by, yet all unobserved by the sleeper, the stealthy adder is winding himself forth from his covert to seize the innocent bird, that has alighted on a lowly branch.

Yet the sleeper does not wake. Right before his closed eyes, a scene of brute tragedy is going forward. Another moment, and the serpent's cunning may have secured a victim. Another moment and his burning glance may rest upon the sleeping child, and a nobler victim incite his assault. How significant the language of the warning scroll, *latet hostis, otia ducis*, "My enemy lies in ambush; you are taking your ease." Aloft, perched upon a globe fashioned of a skull whose grinning features are turned toward the scene, a cock crows his warning note. Why does not the sleeper wake? Fragrant flowers and gaudy butterflies, indeed, are wreathed around the picture, but there, too, are thorns and briars, amid which the noisome bat finds shelter, and the deadly serpent is coiled for a fatal spring. But poppies are mingled with the other flowers, and the danger is unheeded where its opiate breath is felt.

How true an emblem of that scene through which our daily paths wind! Here are unconscious sleepers around us who have sunk to repose, with their heads pillowed on the world, or on what it has to give. They feel secure. Bow and quiver are laid by. They sleep, and in their sleep dream of danger. One listens to ghostly voices whispering, "Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." Another meditates self-complacently, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years." The world, too, the soul's pillow and support, is itself one huge opiate. Whoever rests upon it takes no thought of anything else, lays up no treasure in heaven, looks not to "things that are unseen and eternal," discerns no great adversary, no roaring lion, no lurking serpent, no prowling foe.

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And yet this world is often seen to be almost like an eastern jungle, where tigers keep their lair, and venomous reptiles coil unseen. It is no place for the soul to sleep, or to be off its guard. The path that leads through it is marked by scattered bones, that tell where victims died, smitten by foes that gave no warning they were near, and when the warning came from another source—as startling as that which reminded Peter that he had denied his Lord—it is often unheeded! Day by day, with sleepers who will not wake, though we shout in their ear, *Hostis latet*, "the enemy lies in ambush."

The danger of the soul is greater than any that threatens the body. The rattlesnake gives warning before he leaps upon his victim. The lion roars till the echoing forests tell the story of his presence. The dark cloud gathers up its frowning folds before the lightning leaps out. But for the soul, the lightning sometimes seems to blaze forth from a cloudless sky. The rage of passion is curbed by shrewd calculation, and the tempter that wins his prize does it under the aspect of sociability and good fellowship, while the great adversary of souls winds his way into human hearts, as noiselessly and stealthily as into Eden, once, and he has taken full possession, before man is made aware of his presence, or the flowers wither at his breath.

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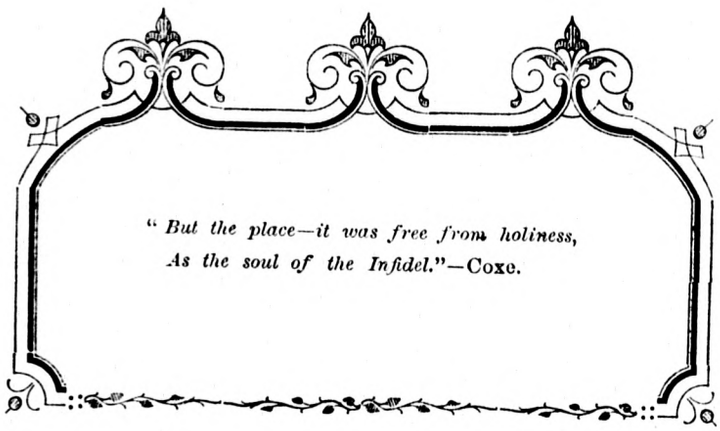

"BUT THE LIPS OF A FOOL WILL SWALLOW UP HIMSELF—
THE BEGINNING OF THE WORDS OF HIS MOUTH
IS FOOLISHNESS."—Solomon.

THAT this globe of ours goes spinning round and round under our feet, as it flies through space, every well-taught school-boy knows. But that this living world of feeling and fancy copies its example, and that meddling and mischievous fancies impel it, is not less obvious to the one who studies its fashions. Here we see Cupid, with his unstrung bow and his neglected arrows, busied in a new capacity. He is whipping his top, with a lash of scorpions attached to the leg of a crane for a handle, and his top is nothing less than the world itself, spinning in the midst of a marsh overgrown with rushes. Meanwhile, the croaking frogs, allured by the spectacle, come up from their muddy retreats, and all-absorbed by interest in the exhibition, enjoy the sight. With evident wonder and surprise, they observe what is going on, and with philosophical

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sedateness, meditate on the problem set before their eyes. Under the shadow of the old gigantic trees, the sport goes forward, and Cupid's feat is the evident admiration of all his beholders.

Whether he is moved to his effort by the simple love of mischief, or to gain the admiration of the citizens of the marsh, or whether he is impelled by both motives, he is still acting under the force of impulses which have a great sway in the world. The motto below, *His vertitur orbis*, "by these things the world is turned," is still true. If we suppose the hero of this great feat to be aspiring to make a sensation, his reward is the upturned faces, and the eager and surprised gaze of the surrounding spectators. He is setting forth the wisdom and aims of many a hero, who aspires after human applause, heedless of its worthlessness, and never considering what Pope has so elegantly expressed:

> "One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
> Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

This busy world of human life, spinning on like a top from day to day, is driven, for the most part, by the lash and impulse of very vulgar passions. Its great men, its noisy men, are greedy of praise and fame, but it is the praise and applause of the unthinking and brutalized mass that they gain. Sensible men despise them, and the "fantastic tricks" they play before high heaven. The world whirls around under their lashings. Like Mavericks or Shaftesburies, they make or unmake kings. Like Bolingbrokes or Arnolds, they scheme treason, and display adroitness, or rash valor. Sometimes they take upon them the demagogue form, and then they are known as Wilkeses or Cobbets. But their reward—what is it? The admiration of frogs—the croaking of bewildered gazers!

All this is seen in the real world around us. The picture exhibits a folly that seems too shallow and contemptible for any rea-

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sonable being to imitate, but it is not merely fanciful or fabulous:

"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

They are simply making a top of the world, and they are spinning it for frogs to admire.

While this game goes on, all the best interests of humanity suffer. On either border of the picture we see a vase bottom side up, to show that in these circumstances nothing useful will be gathered up or retained. Above, we see a tomahawk, and a bow formed by the fold of a hissing serpent, symbols of the venom of passions that are let loose while the world's heroes spin their top, and feed upon the hollow admiration of the staring mob, on which they are just ready to trample. To gain an applause, which in more sober moods they must despise, they wield the scorpion lash, discourage honest and peaceful labor, and lift aloft the symbols of discord and hate.

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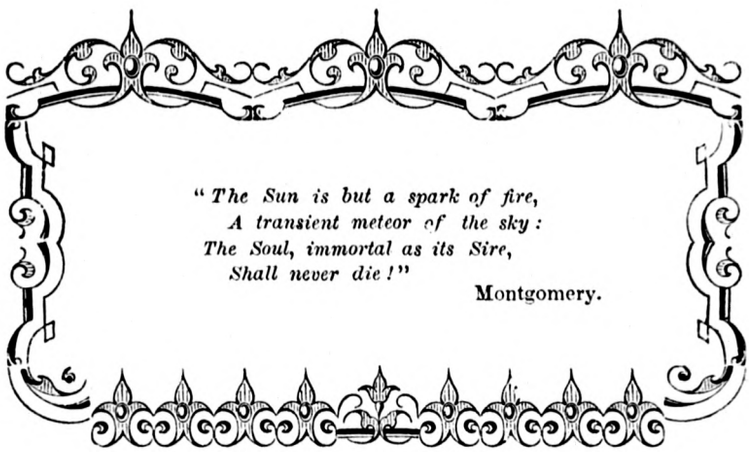

"THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD EVEN OUR FAITH."—Paul.

WE must suppose the radical form here presented to be nothing less than the glory-encircled child of God's everlasting Covenant, the heir of the promise—the church incarnate on earth, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. Here we see it represented, as if in prophetic vision, returned triumphant from its great conflict with the prince of this world, and the powers of darkness. In a divine strength it has won the victory, and it comes back with its trophies. The divine halo is about its head, while in its left hand it holds a vanquished world, and in its right a spear. It stands upon the serpent, trampling it under its feet, while the spear pierces the body of the venomous reptile, and pins it fast to the earth. In vain does the latter try the power of his fangs upon the cold, sharp steel. He can neither free himself, nor harm his conqueror; but only writhe in anguish, and die by inches.

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The symbols of triumph are also seen above. The hope of immortality, like the butterfly at the spear's point, is fearless of whatever may threaten or impend, while the globe encircled by its thorny wreath is held for Him who wore the crown of thorns.

Below, we see the flags of victory, the banners of the church of God unfurled. The staff of each ends above in a barbed point, while one bears the symbol of the cross, and the other, the symbol of life from the grave. Under these banners, the victory is assured. The church must and shall triumph. Nay, it has triumphed already in the purpose of God, and on the page of prophecy. A strength from above is assured to it, and he who is "head over all things to the church" will not suffer it to be overcome. The world shall be subdued before it. "The old serpent" shall yield to its prowess, and wounded and writhing, shall hurt and destroy no more.

This is the glorious consummation to which the world's eager anticipation has looked forward. It has found expression in prophetic strains, and poetic numbers. Bard from bard has caught the burden of inspired prediction, adorning it with peculiar fancies, but never destroying its identity. The golden age—it is felt—is yet to be:

> "The groans of Nature in this nether world,
> Which heaven has heard for ages have an end."

Indeed, these groans are themselves unconsciously predictive. The present pain and burden of human souls crushes out of them intense longings, that go up like prayer to heaven, for deliverance. Here and now, amid darkness and shadows, we feel and know that we need the dawn, though we should see no beams to herald it.

> "Here every drop of honey hides a sting,
> Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers."

Traveling the burning desert, we long for the cooling spring, and to the church of God the pathway, under a divine leadership,

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is opened. The longed-for rest, the final triumph, the conquest of the world, bringing every thought and passion to the obedience of Christ, is just at hand. It is even now before us. The power of evil shall be broken. The poison of the serpent shall harm no more. Under the unfurled banners of the cross, and of life and immortality brought to light, the church shall win the victory, and triumph over every open and every secret foe.

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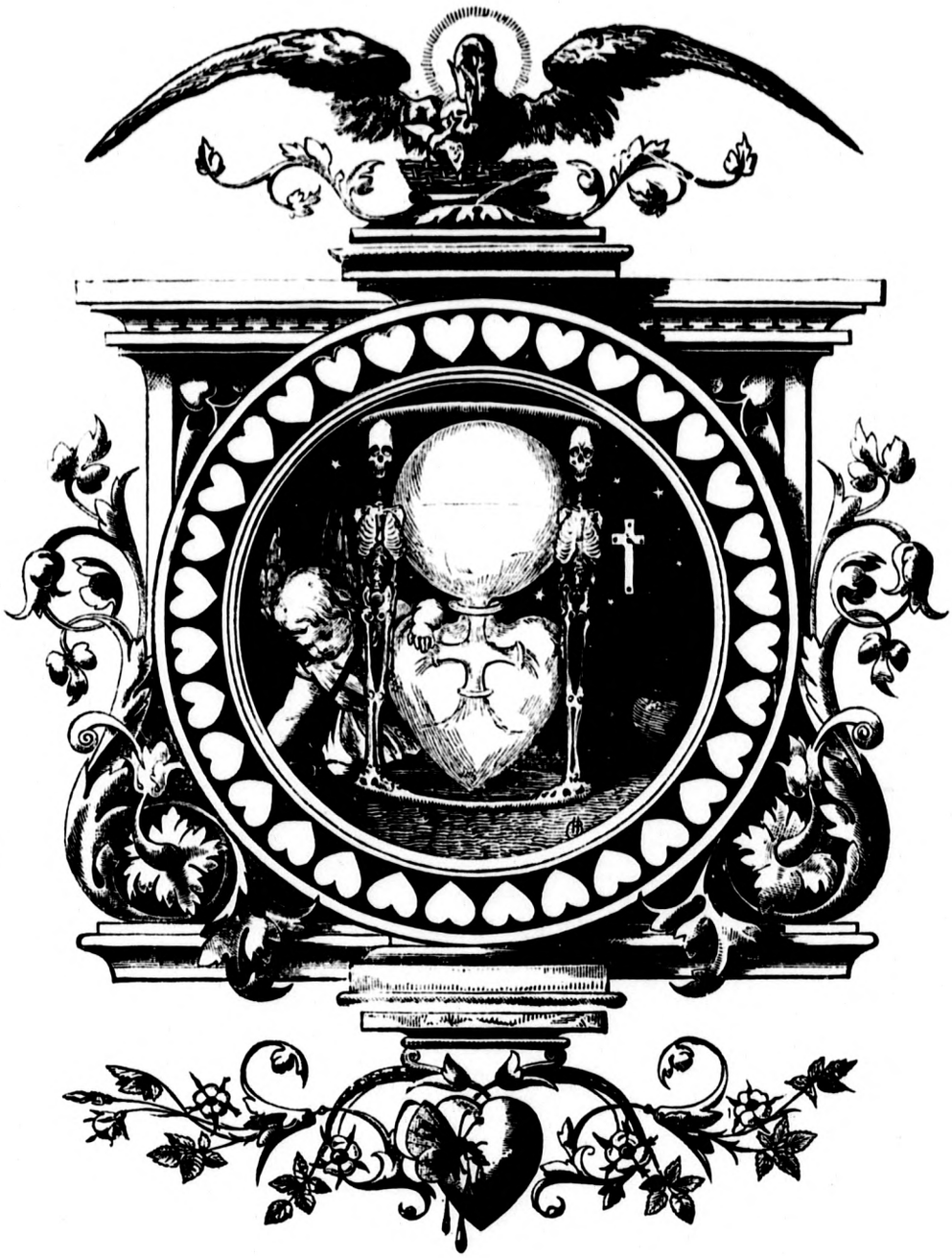

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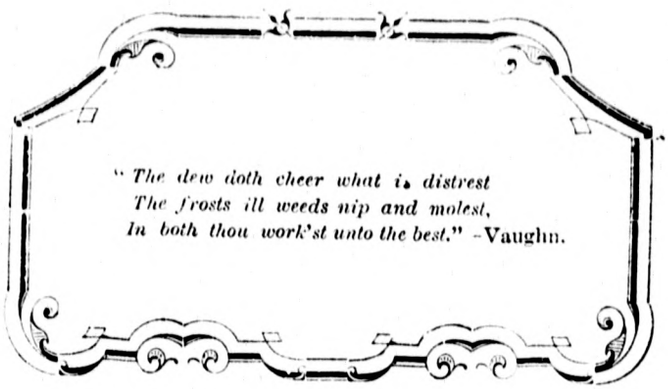

"IT IS VAIN FOR YOU TO RISE UP EARLY, TO SIT UP LATE, TO EAT THE BREAD OF SORROWS."—David.

HERE we see a world, without a cross, emptying its fullness into a human heart without satisfying it. The vanity of both is signified by the fact, that a skeleton is seen on either side of them, and together standing on the heart's base, and supporting the world's firmament. Grim guardians are they, forbidding hope to intrude upon the domain, that is divided between them, while the symbol of the human soul is seen, half-leaning upon the unsatisfied heart, and yet well-nigh cast down to the earth

Here it is depressed and humbled. From a heart which the world vainly attempts to fill, it can draw neither consolation nor support. On the other side, in the deep darkness irradiated by stars, the darkness of nature and the gloom of the soul, there is a cross shooting forth its beams, and sending down drops that sparkle as they fall, into the vase of the human heart. That heart, lying low and far down beneath the cross, is drinking in light and

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strength. Outside of the world and its skeleton sentinels, it enjoys a fullness which the whole globe itself cannot give.

Above, we see an eider duck, opening its own bosom to feed its young. Its life-drops are oozing forth, and thus its own suffering and sacrifice feed the hunger, and sustain the life of another, suggesting the memory of the love that bled for man, and teaching us to exclaim:

"O Saviour, of a world undone,
Whose dying sorrows blot the sun;
Whose painful groans and bowing head
Could rend the veil and wake the dead;
Say, from that execrable tree
Descends the ruddy tide for me?
Is His deep loss my boundless gain,
And comes my victory from his pain?
His death, his cross, his funeral sleep,
Instruct repentance how to weep,
He poured for me the vital flood;
My tears shall mingle with his blood."

Looking beneath, we see why the heart is le[illegible]o be wounded by affliction, and sometimes to weep tears of bloo[illegible]here it is, pouring forth its precious drops, while the butterfly, as the emblem of immortality, is feeding upon them. The soul's undying hope is nourished often by the heart's own wounds.

Thus the wise and kind discipline of heaven teaches the soul the vanity of every worldly prop or refuge. It cannot lean upon a heart dependent upon the world. There is nothing can satisfy it, nothing that can sustain it, till it looks away from all created things, till it rests under the shadow of the cross, and opens its own heart to the stream of bleeding love that flows forth, therefrom. It must have the assurance of peace and forgiveness, which the experienced power of the cross alone bestows. Till then, it may grasp earthly good, it may even empty the world to fill its longings, it may centre all earthly pleasures in its own experience, but all will be found unsatisfying. It will sink under the burden, rather

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than be enriched by the possession. It goes stooping and crushed to the earth, vainly sighing for deliverance, and conscious of its misery, while perhaps unconscious of the cause. Skeleton guards will seem to repel it when it turns back to the world, and an unsatisfied heart will still be crying, "give," "give."

But let it come under the power of the cross, and all is changed. The hour of darkness and despondency has passed away. Drops of liquid light will be poured into it from the inexhaustible glory of a crucified Redeemer, and it will be warranted to exclaim, in unwavering trust in his grace, "I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me." Then, not only the world, but "all things," will be its inheritance, and he who feeds the young ravens when they cry, will satisfy all its desires, and suffer it to want no good thing.

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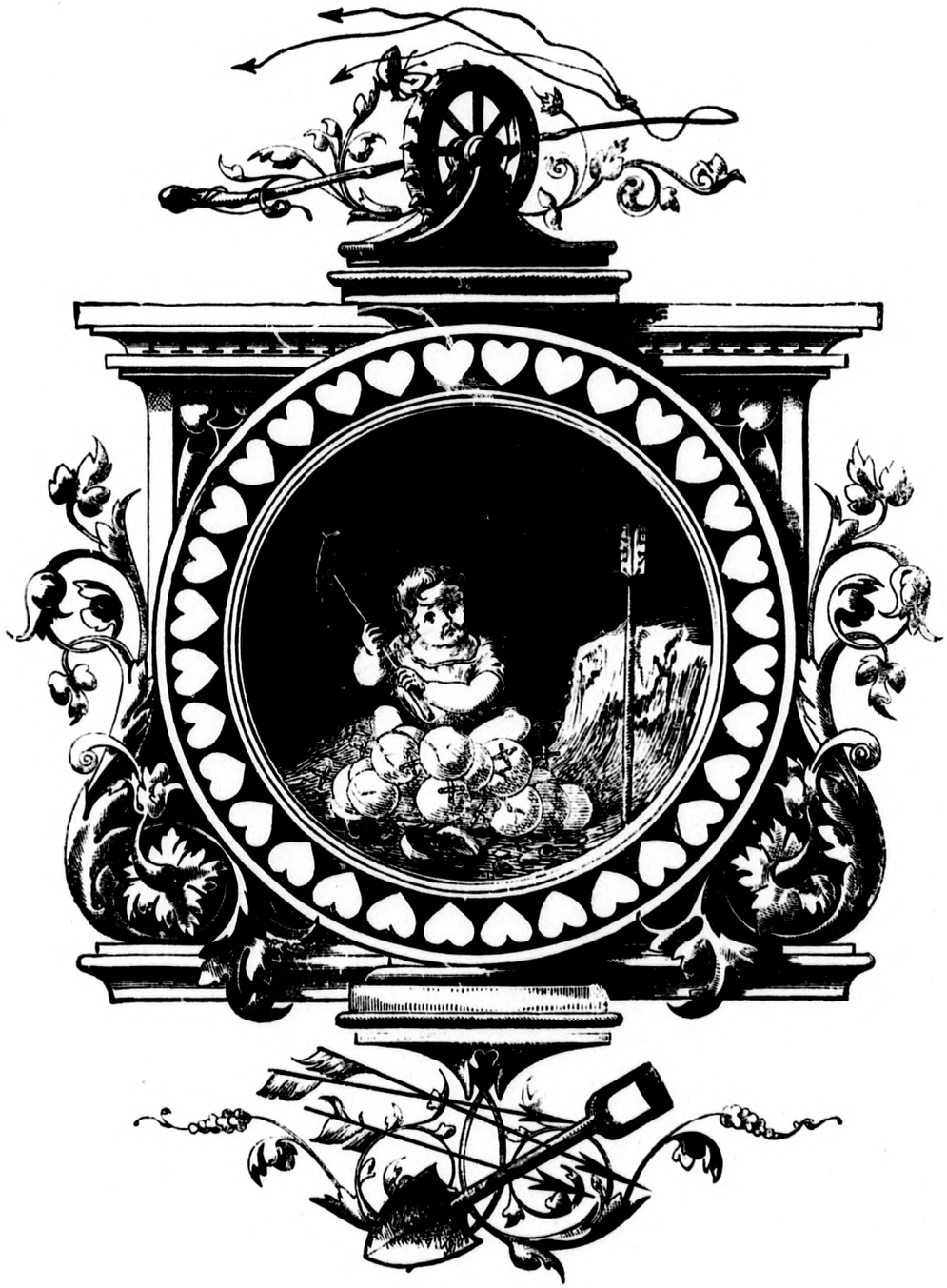

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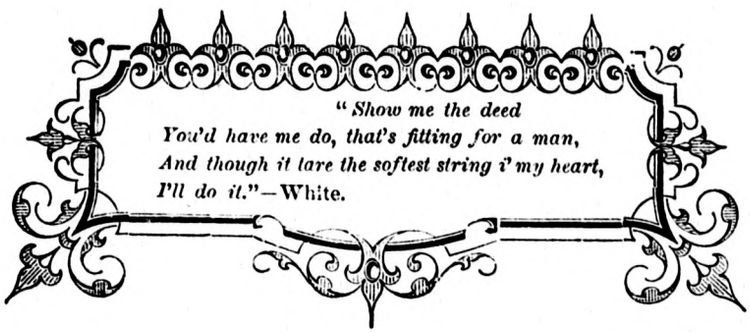

'THE SLUGGARD WILL NOT PLOW BY REASON OF THE COLD, THEREFORE SHALL HE BEG IN HARVEST, AND HAVE NOTHING.'"—Solomon.

A HARD lot is often made the necessary discipline of the soul. It will heed no lesson that is not pressed, as it were, on the points of thorns, deep into the living flesh. It is love that presses it, even while the soul smarts under the pain, and unwittingly and unwisely asks that "the thorn in the flesh" may be taken away.

Here we see the afflicted soul breaking to pieces by heavy blows, administered by itself, the little worlds of its former idolatry. It is with tears and sweat that it performs its task. It is hard, perhaps, to see these objects about which the heart once twined itself, crushed under the stroke of the hammer—to see them crushed and turned to worthless rubbish. Yet this is what those are called upon to do, who are summoned by Christ to follow him, bearing the cross. The language of their hearts must be,—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee."

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Earthly hope and selfish fancy create for themselves ideal worlds, almost without number, but stern experience is the sledge which breaks them in pieces, and exposes their hollowness. That experience is the necessity of every renewed spirit. It must macadamize its own path with the splintered fragments of its own vain idols.

To do this, is, of itself, a task severe enough, but to do it under the stroke of countless lashes stinging us while we toil, seems a needless operation. Yet here we see those lashes, almost innumerable, worked by every wind that blows, and chastising with stripes, the toiling soul. This is a superadded discipline, under which the soul must learn the great and precious lesson of patient endurance. Its earthly lot has not its end here. Perhaps it never finds its full interpretation in this world. It is a mystery which the next will be called upon to solve.

Looking above, we see the perpetually-revolving wheel, with its cogs intended to turn other wheels that are to us invisible. That wheel, with its ceaseless revolutions, symbolizes incessant effort, and yet their cogs show that it has an end out of itself, in what it is designed to move or effect. Resting upon the axle of the wheel is the stalk of a whip, the main lash of which branches out into three others, and each of these ending in a barbed spear-point, thus indicating the irresistible and terrible force by which man is impelled to his incessant task.

Beneath is the spade, together with arrows, both illustrations of human experience. The spade seems a memorial of the sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," which the arrows suggest, the character of a world, over which the prince of the power of the air exercises an usurped dominion, and in which his arrows fly thick and deadly. It is in such a world, that the soul is called upon to work out its own salvation with fear and trembling, persevering in its tasks, and patient under all strokes it

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is called to bear. Let it do this, and the troubled brow shall be wreathed in sunshine. Tears and sweat shall be alike wiped away. The light of everlasting blessedness shall dawn upon it, and all its toils ended, and its trials passed, it enters upon its gracious reward, and experiences the truth of the infallible assurance, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing—bringing his sheaves with him."

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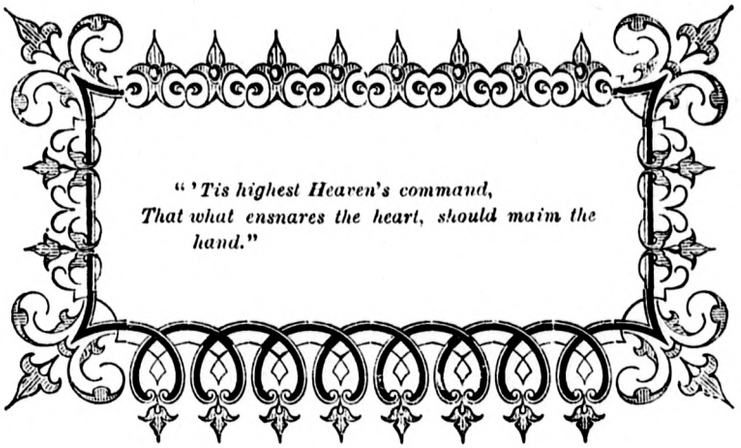

HELP, LORD, FOR MEN OF FAITH FAIL.

THIS is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." So wrote one of the most venerable war-worn veterans of Christ's sacramental host, nearly eighteen centuries ago. By the same divine energy, by which the soul conquers the world within, does it subdue and control the world without. That energy finds its human expression in "the power of faith"—the faith that "wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Such was the faith by which ten righteous men might have saved Sodom, such the faith by which believers are the light of the world and the salt of the earth, such the faith that leavens the whole measure of meal, or from a feeble mustard seed expands into a tree in the branches of which the birds of heaven may lodge.

There is no blow more fatal in its design to all the best interests of men, than that which is aimed at a living faith in God. All the conservative influences of social morals are to this faith,

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but as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren to Joseph's sheaf. They all bow down and pay obeisance to it. Take away the vital elements of a Christian faith, and society will be a carcass without a heart. It will become carrion for the worms and maggots of intrigue and corruption to revel in.

This is the truth that is pictured in the emblem. There is Faith, that was wont to soar, sinking with clipped wings to the earth. Here and there we see falling portions of her mutilated pinions. The sword that, wielded by some invisible foe, has done the mischief, has not altogether triumphed itself. It has fallen on the cross that supports the globe; its point is broken off, and it is blunted forever.

Meanwhile the world has taken upon it a more beastly nature. It is putting forth bones and the cloven hoof. Between the horns is a human heart, consuming away in flame. All nature feels the curse that attends upon weakened faith. The fields become waste and desolate. From above the heads of ravening monsters, with open jaws, show an eagerness to waste and devour, while a darkened world pierced with arrows, shows the fate that confronts human prospects. On the right, beneath what should be the crown of justice, and is still the symbol of supreme authority, a serpent is entwined around the sword, from whose point the drops of blood fall, indicating that a serpentine cunning or intrigue entangles and impedes the use of that instrument, by which justice is executed. On the left, the cross is seen, with the spikes that shall support it or pierce its victim; above it, indeed, a crown of stars, but around its upright part a wreath of thorns, indicating that it has become more repulsive and obnoxious than ever. Beneath, the face of a horrid monster, in the stealthy glance of whose eyes we discern a satanic cunning and malice, glares out upon us, and wreathed around it are the thorns and thistles that suggest the curse which his presence invites.

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All this is the dire result of the injury done to faith. Justice has been weakened; violence has been encouraged; the cross has been made more repulsive; and Satan has been loosed. Those clipped wings are the secret of the tragedy. *Debilitata fides, terras Astrea reliquit.* "Faith has become powerless; Astrea (the goddess of justice) has left the earth." Cause and effect are thus coupled together. Put the hand of violence on Faith, and you oppose the very vitals of the world's moral life. Without faith, it sinks to the level of corruption and violence. Without faith, it invites the doom of a Sodom. Clip the wings of faith, and human hope can no longer soar, for it mounts on the wings of faith.

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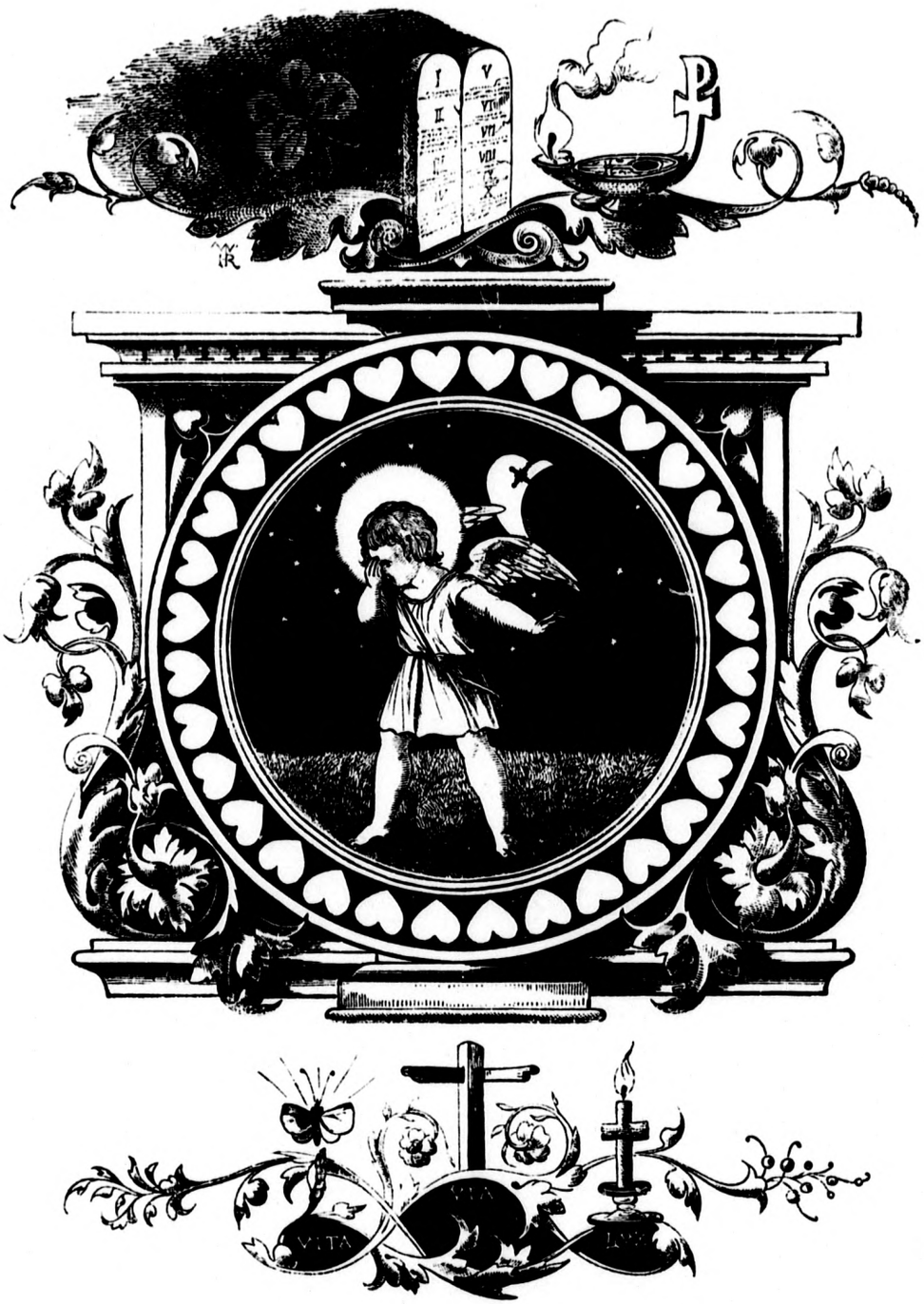

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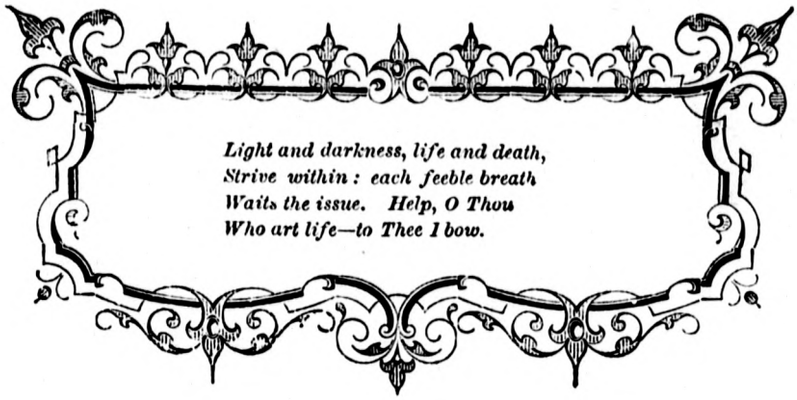

"I WILL BEHOLD THY FACE IN RIGHTEQUSNESS."—Ps. xvii. 15.

BENEATH, we see the same lesson pictured forth, but with addititional significance. Here a guide-board under the figure of a cross, symbolizing a crucified Redeemer, is the central object, while on the right is *Lux*, the "light," and on the left is *Vita*, or the "life." Light and life are the soul's need, but the cross is *Via*, or "the way" to them. By this, it has access to all which a cross-bearing Redeemer has to bestow upon the soul he died to redeem. He becomes himself its portion. "In Him is life, and the life is the light of men." Here the emblem of the life immortal is presented full and distinct, for now the light falls, not on the tables of the law, but on the cross.

The lost soul needs Christ, and the mourning soul needs the restored light of his countenance. Its experience makes it bear his departure, or the eclipse of his beams. Again and again, it is forced to exclaim,

"Thou art my way, I wander if thou fly;
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I;
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die."

It is in the soul's calm repose upon Him as its all-sufficient helper, that it rejoices and triumphs. His love and sympathy, his wisdom and grace, his life and death, his finished work, as at once

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the Great High Priest and atoning sacrifice—these gladden the soul with light from heaven, and restore it to life and joy.

"Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from view;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward ligh impart,
Peace and gladness to my heart.

"Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me. Radiancy divine:
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thy self display,
Shining to the perfect day."

There are times when the renewed soul is left to walk in darkness. Even then, however, it will testify as the poet Cowper did, when some one objected to him, "your religion makes you gloomy." "No," replied he, "it is the want of religion." When a sense of God's love possesses the soul, and it lives in sweet conscious harmony with him, the very earth seems to reflect back upon its inward peace, the grass and flowers are clothed in new beauty, and the soul enters upon an experience, like that which President Edwards has so beautifully described as his own.

But there are times when the divine light is withdrawn. It is as if the sun was eclipsed. A gloom gathers over the face of the world, and the soul feels the oppression of it. This experience is here pictured in emblem. We see one around whose head is a divine halo, and who is indeed a child of God, yet the great heart of Infinite love is partially eclipsed by the world, from which indeed he has turned away, which half conceals it from view, and leaves him to walk in a twilight so deep that the stars come out from the darkened heavens. Saddened and downcast, he puts one hand to his eyes, at once to cover his tears, and to shut out the gloom of surrounding nature, while the other hand is unconsciously thrust backward, as if to indicate the source of his grief. The dark

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world is interposed between him and "the light of his countenance."

Above, we see a perpetual Roman lamp, the tables of the law, and the emblem of the resurrection to life. We are reminded of the sacred words—fit counsel to the downcast soul walking in darkness. "The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." The law of God—the word—is a lamp to the feet of the Christian pilgrim, and guided by it he is brought to Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." Yet it is to be noted, that while the light of the Old Testament falls full on the tables of the law, the hope of immortality—which belongs emphatically to the New—is left obscured in the shadow.

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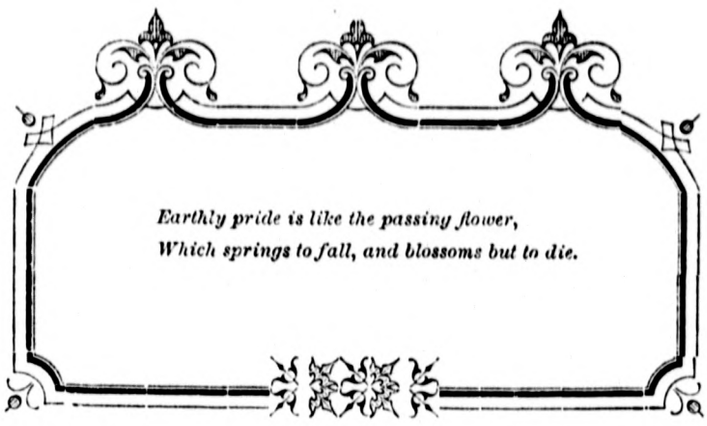

"FOR WHO KNOWETH WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN IN THIS LIFE, ALL THE DAYS OF HIS VAIN LIFE WHICH HE SPENDETH AS A SHADOW? FOR WHO CAN TELL A MAN WHAT SHALL BE AFTER HIM UNDER THE SUN?"—*Ecc* vi. 12

MEN are but children of a larger growth." The little child in the picture has become discontented with his playthings. He sits on the ground, with flowers and verdure around him, a world for a rattle in one hand, and a neglected one by his side, which has fallen from the other hand, now thrust up to his eyes to wipe away his tears. Other playthings are before him, but they have lost the power to please. There is a frog, made fast by a tiny chain attached to its leg, to a rat, and the two strangely-conjoined creatures are pulling different ways, each forbidding the other to move or make progress, like diverse passions in the human soul.

On either side is a bell, the one on the right bearing the impress of a skull, and the other that of a butterfly—one ringing the

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soul to death and the other to life, one with its emblem of the grave, and the other with its emblem of the resurrection. Above are heavenly objects and instruments—the heart-shaped harp, that gives forth to the skilled touch its spirit-music—the symbol of hope as an anchor to the soul, standing fast even when the symbols of earthly dissolution are hung all over it; heaven's own bird stooping down to receive its message; the volume which holds the psalmody and music of angels, and beside all, the symbol of the mystery of the triune majesty, *Pater*, *Filius*, *S. Sanctus*, "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." Such are the grand and glorious things above our heads which the child of earth, now amused and absorbed by his play-things, and now disgusted with them, has only to look upward with the eye of faith to behold. If it heeds the warning note of one ball, it will look up from its toys to the joys immortal. If it be simply aroused by the chimes of the other, it will weep and play, play and weep, till the April day of life ends in the everlasting night of tears.

This is verified by the motto, *Haec animant pueros cymbala, et illa viros*, "These cymbals rouse boys, those men." The infant is pleased with rattles.

> "A little plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder, but as empty quite."

Yet this delight is scarcely less transient than the child's amusement. In a little while the new toy satiates, and is laid aside. It is left like the neglected drum. It is no more thought of than the rat and frog made fast together. Tears start through the eyelids, and the fingers are raised to wipe them away.

This is a common experience, too common to excite surprise. The things that are most coveted, and which excite disquiet till they are possessed, come, ere long, to disgust rather than please. The soul sits wretched in the very midst of its playthings. It is still acting the part and suffering the disappointments of a pam-

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pered child. Glutted by indulgence, it is even poorer and more to be pitied than at first. Desire has grown upon what it fed, and has even outgrown the resources it can command to satisfy it. It is subjected to a chronic and incurable weariness. All its pleasures are the chance gleams of an April day, alternating between smiles and tears.

And yet, by heaven's art, the bow of the child may be made into the harp of manhood, and the arrow itself shall become the bow of the harp. The cross affixed to the globe shall give forth music, and a riddle more wonderful than Samson's of old shall be solved by a sanctified experience.

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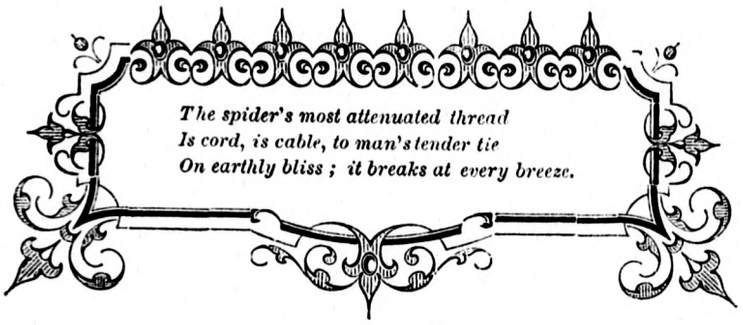

"FEW AND EVIL HAVE THE DAYS OF THE YEARS OF MY LIFE BEEN."—Jacob.

GIVE me where I may stand," said the old philosopher, Simonides, "and I will move the world." He wanted something to rest upon outside of it. This is what all men want. There is great significance in the motto, *Frustra quis stabilum figat in orbe gradum*, "In vain may any one place firm footing on the globe." Many have tried it, but the world has reeled beneath them.

In this picture we see the experiment tried. With ruins of ancient structures, proclaiming earthly mortality, in the background, a beardless youth fondly imagines that he can climb the heights of the world, and plant his feet safely upon them. Mounting by a huge timbered framework, he is confident of achieving his design. But before he can fairly accomplish his design, the scythe of Time, wielded by an unseen hand, cuts the world—which is but the stalk-supported flower of a broad-leaved, luxuriant plant—loose from the prop that supported it, and down it falls, leaving the venturous youth to his fate. His unstrung bow is

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slipping from his shoulder; his quiver is emptied, and his arrows are scattered, and he himself, falling with the support on which he relied, is in danger of being precipitated sheer on the edge of the scythe, left neglected after it had done its work, and struck the fatal blow.

Beneath the falling globe, a human skull symbolizes the emptiness of human hope, and the vanity of human confidence. Above the picture a winged hour-glass—the wings unequal, combining the bat and the eagle, the soaring and the fluttering—supports a globe that has nothing better to sustain its glory than the winged and fleeting hours. Even the hour-glass, supported by an axis that runs through the centre of a cross, rests upon a human heart. To the right, coils of serpents distil their venom, while to the left, suspended on flower-stems, wheels with attached weights serve to show on what a slender thread mortal hopes revolve.

This is human experience when the world of human life no longer finds support on the standard of the cross. Severed from this, it sinks, bearing human hopes planted thereon with it in its fall. The catastrophe seems to emphasize the lines of Young, in his Night Thoughts,

> "Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
> All joys, but joys that never can expire;
> Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
> Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."

If man had no inward craving, sometimes more than half-stifled by sensualism, reaching forth from the seen to the unseen, then a world that ends its service for him by furnishing him a grave, might support his hope. He could at least have no hope more dignified and enduring than a Jonah's gourd, and such a hope might linger out its little day on the falling globe. But like a vine that reaches after a prop to support it, grasping straws and

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weeds in its tendrils till it finds it, so the soul of man, even while it clasps the straws and weeds that mock its trust, is feeling after something higher and better. It is bearing witness within its own consciousness, to its birthright as a child of God. Let it climb as high as it will, in the pursuit of earthly greatness let it mount

"The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

Let it amass princely treasures, or win, like Alexander, the mastery of the globe, it is unsatisfied. There is still a soul-hunger that is not fed, a soul-thirst that is not slaked. It must have a hope that shall be "as an anchor" to the soul, or as a rock to rest upon, that no tempest or waves can shake.

Where are these to be found? Gold saith, it is not in me, and the depth saith, it is not in me. But even the desert wastes of life, the centuries echo the words of him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." He, and he alone, brings life and immortality to light.

"Religion, Providence, an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This *can* support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

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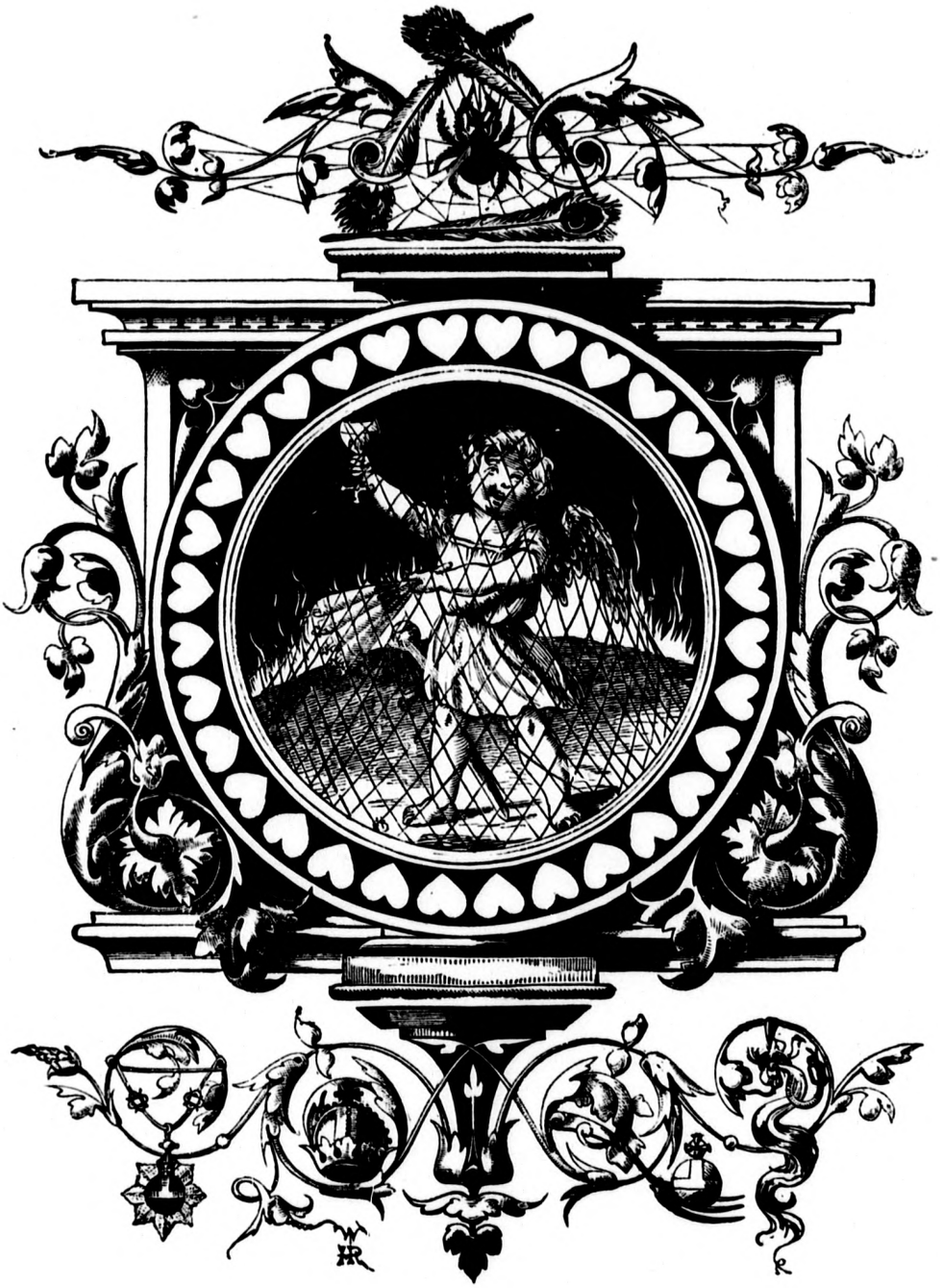

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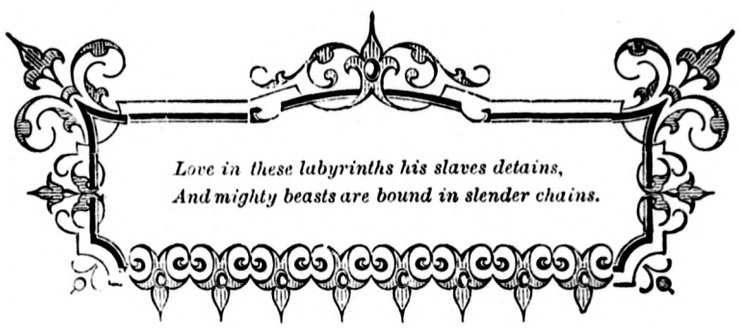

"THE HEATHEN ARE SUNK DOWN IN THE PIT THAT THEY MADE: IN THE NET WHICH THEY HID IS THEIR OWN FOOT TAKEN."—David.

NONE are so much slaves as those who are loudest in boasting of their freedom. The body may be unfettered while the soul is tasked under a worse than Egyptian bondage. The bonds of habit, or evil association, or the spell of the dark enchanter, and the wiles of the great adversary really control it, and determine its destiny.

The character here presented to view is that of him who, in the wantonness of appetite or sensual indulgence, exults to show how free he is. In his right hand is the goblet of his revels, and in his left hand the symbol of vanity and luxurious ease. He is a modern Sardanapalus. He can raise his goblet aloft without restraint. He feels no manacles on his limbs. He stands erect and exultant on his own feet.

But while he exults, he is a wretched captive. If he look back to his past career, he would see what a fire of retribution it

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has kindled, forbidding his retreat. Yet, if he advance, it is to envelop himself still more hopelessly in the net which the spirits of evil, whose presence and society he had invited, and to whom he had offered his soul as a willing victim, have thrown around him. It is true that his sword still hangs at his side, and he might yet cut his way out by the strokes of a resolute will. But both hands are filled with the objects of his fond idolatry, which he will not surrender to secure his freedom or to save his life.

Looking above, we see the method by which the arch enemy of souls snares them in his net. We see the spider symbolizing him, standing watchful in the centre of his web, and that web supported by and made fast to peacocks' feathers. Light as they seem, they are stable enough to support the web which Satan weaves for unwary souls. The merest trinket may become the idol of pride, and the occasion for a violation of duty, and a fatal wound to conscience.

Below we see the snares which the arch-deceiver employs to draw his victims into his net. There is a jewelled world, supported like an ornament, and the support itself hung with brilliants. Next comes a splendid crown, the prize for which ambition has sacrificed loyalty, and challenged the agonies of a guilty Macbeth. Then we have the symbol of a glutted appetite, the world on a fork, all the luxuries and dainties of the globe inviting to taste, and repeat for the individual soul, more, if possible, than the original curse. Finally, we have a symbol of knighthood, horse-hair for the helmet, serpent's body and dragon's head for standard ornament, and a knot of ribbons set within a central gem.

Thus is it seen that the lures to evil are infinitely various, and each draws the soul into the snare. In a thousand ways, before it is aware, it is entangled in the web. It is from the whole field of human experience that the voice of warning comes. Prosperity

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and adversity, plenty and want, greatness and meanness, fame and infamy, all have their temptations, and with temptations, snares.

"Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace:
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attack thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy desk; and snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves; snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart; and snares without;
Snares are above thy head; and snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness; snares are in thy death;

He that becomes their victim is held a prisoner. Light as they may seem, allowing him to boast his freedom, they are like the spider's web to the captured fly. The soul is entangled, and unless it promptly cuts its way out, it is forever lost.

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"AT THE LAST IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT, AND STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER."—Solomon.

CUPID is not always safe himself while he plans his own pleasure or designs mischief for others. Here he is represented as a beardless meddler. He has attacked a hive of bees, in the hope of robbing it of its sweets. He ought to have counted the cost, but Cupid—who here stands for blind impulse or greedy desire—never deliberates. Eager to seize and enjoy, and resolute still, even when pierced by stings, he seems to say, as in the motto, *ut potiar patior*, "That I may enjoy I suffer." But on the same scroll it stands written, *patieris non potieris*, "you shall suffer, you shall not enjoy." So that aiming at sweets, he gets only stings.

But this is not all, the foe is one that he cannot meet. Bees cannot be subdued by arrows, even if he was prepared to use them. But already they have disarmed him. His bow has fallen unstrung at his feet. The winged enemy swarm around him, alight-

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ing on his bosom and in his hair, and watching the opportunity to sting the hand lifted to brush them away. His fond hopes have given place to the torture both of pain and disappointment, and his loosed quiver hangs useless by his side. He would run the risk of suffering in order to possess, but, as the fruit of his folly, he suffers without possessing.

How diversely is his fate regarded by spectators from above and beneath! On a miniature globe at his feet, two grave, earnest, whiskered sages are holding mutual converse, heedless of Cupids, of arrows, or of bees. But from the heights above, a pitying gazer looks down, sympathizing with the sufferer, and excited to hasten to his relief by the sight of his fool-hardy daring. Little does the sufferer know it. His averted face shows that he has no thought of witnesses.

Even so it is in daily experience. There are Cupids, passionate and heedless, everywhere. The hives of hope and ambition are before them, and they fall upon them with all the heat of sudden impulse. Before they are aware, they are punctured by countless stings, and are forced to leave the sweets they sought untasted and unpossessed.

To superior intelligences they are objects of compassion. Lower natures, debased to a brutal level, are unconcerned for their misfortunes, but one eye of love is fixed upon them, even in their folly, and one voice of kindness would call them off from their rash designs. But too often, with averted face, they see not, nor heed. They have made themselves defenceless, and provoked the aroused foes. Youth may still be theirs, and the flowers may bloom over their heads, and foliage, amid which the cards and jester's cap are hung, but they are wretched, the tortured victims of their own folly.

Clustered around the picture are certain expressive symbols. Amid flowers and wreaths an acorn to the right suggests what

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great results may flow from feeble causes. To the left, a knotted coil of serpents, like human passions, gnawing and feeding upon one another, leave their mingled blood and poison to distil in streams into the receptacle of a human heart. Above, a random arrow from an unseen source, aimed at a hornet crawling over its nest, strikes a heart from which the life-drops ooze forth. Beneath, human perversity, which travels backward, or seeks evil ends by crooked means, finds an emblem in one of the most vicious of the shelly tenants of the deep. Fitly does the eye turn away from the obnoxious sight to rest upon the empty comb that speaks the vain issue of unwise aims and impulsive endeavors. In such a setting we have the picture of human passion finding its rebuke and punishment in the result of its own impulses.

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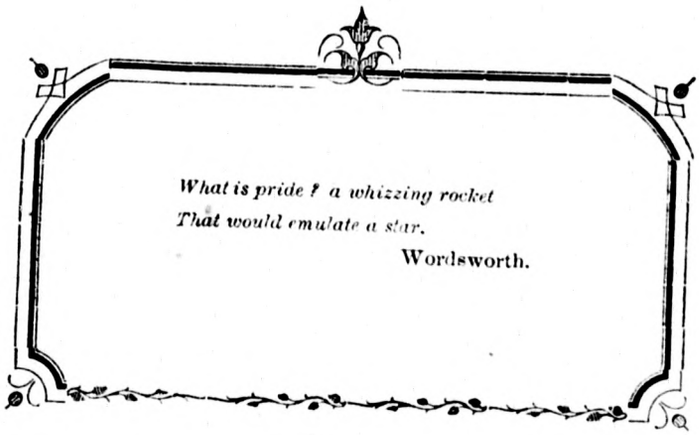

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION. PRIDE SHALL BRING HIM LOW."—Solomon.

IF the soul of man is a castle to be kept, the eye is one of its gates that needs to be most closely watched. It is by this gate that the foe is most apt to enter. This is the gate which he who designs to do his villainous work of treason, may pass almost unnoticed, may enter as a mere image or fleeting impression, and then stealthily execute his purpose.

In this emblem we are taught the danger which threatens from "the lusts of the eye," as well as from "the pride of life." We see the carnal mind so surrounded by vain objects, that the eye can rest upon nothing else. It is itself, indeed, fairly robed with temptation. Its fools-cap is upon its head, and bound close about the neck, oppresses the brain, while from its top an ostrich feather, indicating the pride of display, is seen to wave. In one hand it holds the symbol of the sceptre of worldly pleasure, hung with

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ornaments, while *vanity* is seen plainly written upon the fan that is held in the other. Even its feet are bound by an elegant silken fetter.

By the side of this figure is a pipe with a bowl of bubbles, filled to overflowing. They have been distributed abroad also, till the air is full of them, and they are seen falling upon every side. In the whole panorama, the soul discerns only what is vain and worthless, for the rough earth on which it stands appears repulsive, and does not invite its gaze.

Yet its true wisdom is symbolized by what we see above, a blindfolded eye. It should make it its constant prayer, "Turn away my eyes from beholding vanity." There is no other safety for it. It is through the eye that the infection of sin takes effect. The image of vanity or guilty pleasure is born into the soul, and excites its passions and poisons its peace. It enters also so silently! There is no tramp of a steel-bound foe; no violent intrusion which crushes opposition. It glides by noiseless and inoffensive, but when it has secured an entrance, it does the traitor's work. The feeblest instruments will suffice for it. It can use such objects as we see below, and make them more effective than battle-axe, or drawn sword. The ornamented fools-cap, the ostrich feathers, the bosom ornament--each may lure the heart astray, and make it the slave of vanity.

Nothing there, which addresses itself to the soul through the eye, is to be despised as unimportant. The gazing upon vanity may work a debasing transformation. The images of sin become familiar, and indulgence in sin loses somewhat of its repulsiveness. Even Pope could say, in words that warn,

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mein,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

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The soul itself is largely—even while unconsciously—educated through the eye. Upon the character the outward object photographs itself. It leaves upon it, perhaps, an almost imperceptible film. But repeated again and again, like the sand-grains that once yielded to ripples, but have been consolidated to rock—they become the substance of those strata of life, in which thought and affection and aspiration and endeavor strike their deepest roots. Thus through the eye—carelessly wandering, or turned toward forbidden objects—the soul is debased, the moral sense is perverted, temptation acquires a new power, and the soul, off its guard, admits a traitor into its citadel.

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It was as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay.

THAT OLD SERPENT.

A SERPENT with an apple in his jaws, and coiling his slimy folds around a human heart, is self-interpreted. A glance at the background, where the luxuriant foliage of an Eden is displayed confirms the impression already made. We see the tempter before his nature had become known, graceful in his every movement, and displaying on his mottled skin what might attract, rather than repel the inexperienced eye, while he seems generously to offer the beautiful fruit, which he holds in his own mouth to the acceptance of others. His very attitude speaks. It seems to say, "Partake along with me." Yet see his entire length, every muscle is drawn to its utmost in pressing the very life out of that heart. He is killing the heart, yet offers a gift.

Thus, the hospitality of the serpent is a delusion. While he speaks, he is coiling himself more closely around a human heart. He is making himself more sure of his victim. He has intruded

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into the sphere of peaceful innocence. Nature blooms all around him. He reposes amid the grass and flowers of a Paradise. But he is there as a traitor, and a human heart, above all things else, is his chosen victim.

It is ever thus with many forms of evil. They glide stealthily along, gracefully and noiselessly as the serpent. They steal upon us in the hour of unsuspecting repose. They come when nature is wreathed with flowers, or fragrant with perfume. They offer a tempting bait with large promise. They whisper of life when they mean only death. They present us with what seems an apple, but is only a scorpion's egg.

How many thousands have thus fallen victims to their own over-fond confidence! The whispered voice of warning—"you eat to die"—has been unregarded. The false counsellor has been believed, while the true one has been unheeded. The soul has trusted to show and pretence. It has been destroyed before it was aware. Cheated by plausibilities, it has lost all—it has lost itself.

Turning again to the picture we see it fringed with a border rich in emblems. There is no Eden visible now. Its only remaining memorials are the quick withering leaves that wreathe about the memorials of sin and death. Above, we see a globe that like a seed of death sends forth, with withering leaf and transient butterfly, the worm (serpent) that dieth not, with its skeleton head. On the right, a barbed arrow is the fishing rod from which depends, with its skeleton float, the line that carries the deadly hook with serpent (worm) bait to the innocent tenants of the waters. To the left, a serpent is seen coiling around the tree that supports the globe, and hiding his head in the foliage which half shrouds it. Beneath, the grand circle of human experience, encompasses fleshless human bones and skull, while winged dragons, with arrowy tongues, prowl above it, watching the opportunity to break in and sate their vampire appetite.

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All this is deeply significant of the necessary results of the tempter's success. In coiling around one human heart, he coiled himself around the world. Hence the Latin motto—*Totus mundus in maligno—mali ligno—positus est.* "The whole world has been placed in the wicked one," or—with the play upon the word, which the change of a single letter allows—"upon the tree of evil."* This is what has come of his Eden triumph. The lust of the eye and of the appetite has issued in death. A whole race feel the effects. There is a serpent amid the flowers. There is a serpent's guile in the fisher's hook. But death is everywhere. All forms that we behold in living nature are wasting to skeletons. The flowers that carpet our path as we walk the green earth, are rooted in graves. On every side we are taught, "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." Well for the race, had this moral of Eden been more diligently studied.

*Mali also means of the apple.

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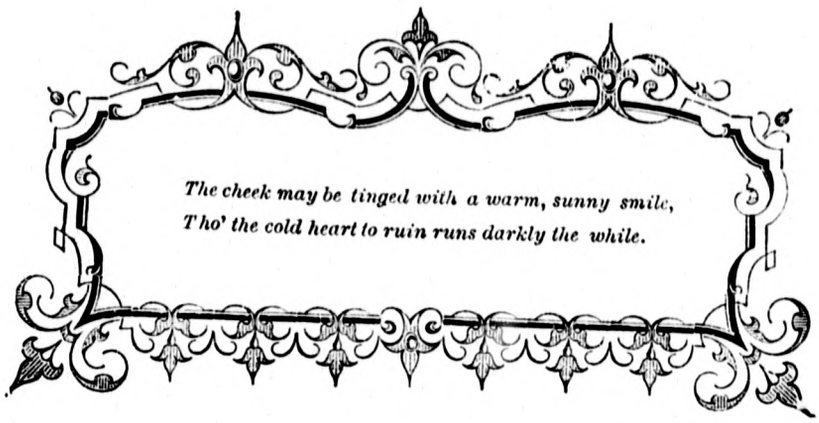

"THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF IS DEATH."—Prov.

NON *omne quod hic micat, aurum est,* "Not all which glitters here is gold." This picture illustrates that truth. A youth tricked out in finery, with crosses for ornaments on his dress, with little worlds for earrings, a world depending from his bosom, and a world fastening his girdle, is making an exhibition of what he prizes and esteems. In one hand he holds a pinchbeck watch, and in the other a rattle. Gay flowers—poppies which indicate the stupefying effect of worldly influences—are blooming before him, while a rook, ludicrously tricked out with ostrich feathers, is strutting forth to parade them, by his side; and in the background, the mean cottage from which he himself sprung.

The bordering of the picture is hung all around with mock jewels. Above, a richly-ornamented crown, surmounted by a globe, has wings attached to it, to show how easily it may soar away from the grasp of ambition. Above it, attached to it, and to one another, by a cord, are winged worlds and ornaments, ready

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also to fly aloft and bear it away. On the right is an overcrowded purse, rent by the weight of its contents, which are falling out and loosely scattering themselves over a rich boquet of withering flowers. Below these are cards—among them, the jack of diamonds, overlying the ace of hearts, the heart upon which is pierced through with an arrow, indicating the retribution of the gambler's vice.

On the left, we see a cask, spilling its treasures from the open bung, a symbol of worldly acquisitions wasting away, and spilling themselves beyond the hope of a recovery. Below this is a coin on which the false world has stamped a Cæsar's image, and the superscription which signifies, "Mammon, the lord of the world." Beneath, a human head, with little worlds of its idolatry clinging to it, holds attached to it by its own magnetism a jewelled and ornamented globe, while the inscription which rebukes its fond imaginings, is passed through a ring that supports it, and presents us with the motto that rebukes its folly.

It is thus that ornament and splendor, toys and finery, captivate the heart, and even while the cards are shuffled, it is pierced by the arrow of false pleasure. The soul is made the victim of deceitful shows and pageants. It is taken by glitter. It breathes the odor of poppies. It is kept in countenance by peacock-feather display, and tawdry ornamentation. It is entertained by the music of its own rattle. It sees Cæsar's face on the world's coin, and does not discern that it is mammon's counterfeit. It may look upward, but the riches and splendor of the crown hide from view the wings that would convey it away.

But the almost empty cask, the ruptured purse, and the arrow-pierced heart, teach another lesson. The tinsel of life will wear off. The pageantry and splendor are a hollow show. The world is

"A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure."

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All that it contains, spills and wastes itself, and cannot be gathered up. The soul that has been

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

comes ere long to loathe its worthless toys, and to scorn their hollow mockery. Its treasures are contained in a moth-eaten purse, which bursts by their weight, while the heart itself is pierced by the arrow of disappointed hope.

Such is the story of human experience, a thousand times repeated, till it becomes trite and familiar, yet men refuse to believe it. The experiment, ever to issue in the same result, must be tried over and over. A path strewn with wreck and ruin, and without expectations, must still be trodden anew. The well-worn adage, "It is not all gold that glitters," leaves little impression after the sound of it has died away upon the ear. Men are still taken by show and pageant. They are held captives to sense, and show themselves indisposed to, if not incapable of, spiritual discernment. Only when it is too late, when their hands grasp a crushed butterfly, when the music of their rattle has ceased to charm, or riches have taken to themselves wings and flown away, do they awake from their delusion, and bemoan their folly.

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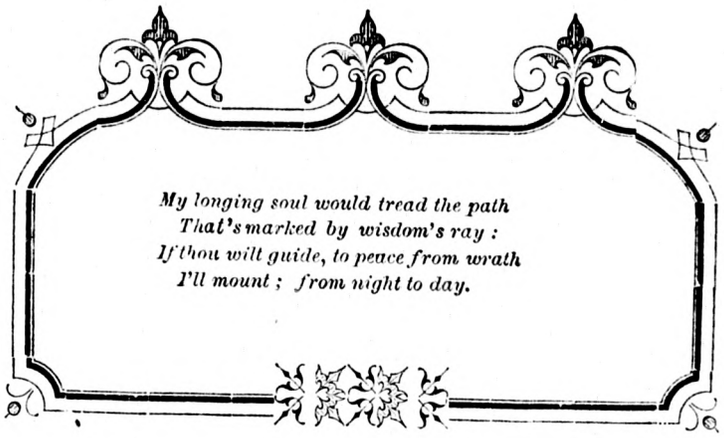

"THOU SHALT GUIDE ME WITH THY COUNSEL, AND AFTERWARD RECEIVE ME TO GLORY."—*David.*

WITHIN a circle surrounded by a circle of butterflies facing it every where, and showing that it is intended as the sphere to which the hope of immortal life belongs, or where questions pertaining to it are directed, we see a pilgrim-staff in hand, and on his broad-rimmed, slouched hat, the cockle-shells, symbolic of pilgrim purpose. He is just past the point where two roads diverge. He has chosen the right, and is plodding on his way, though almost tremblingly, and with self-distrust. It is right, and though the stars are shining over him, he feels the need of a sun, and seems to be looking around him on his narrow desert way. He appears, also, to feel his loneliness, and we can imagine him silently praying for divine light and guidance. His heart whispers,

"While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend—
Lead me to my journey's end."

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All around him is dreary and forbidding, and he can only walk by faith in the unseen. Without a flower blooming in view, or a fountain sparkling along his way, he can only say,

"Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

"Our journey is a cheerless maze,
But we march onward still;
Forget those troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill."

He feels the need of walking "by faith and by sight," since

"'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts' darker night."

Above the picture, we are reminded of the pilgrim's hazards. There is a compass—perhaps its straight and its waving points intended to show with what different eyes it may be read, while on one side we see *dies*, or "day," with its bright, sun-lit clouds, and on the other *nox*, or "night," with its lurid flames, plainly intimating the diverse destinies which await those who pursue the different paths that are marked out below.

From one destiny or the other, no one can be exempt. For we see beneath, the pilgrim's hat, with the symbolic cockle-shell, and the rude pilgrim's staff, with the wallet attached, intimating that these offer themselves to us, and wait for us to take them up.

Onward, even, on the one road or the other—all are moving. Every day and every hour bear us along. We are nearing the one goal or the other, invisible to the outward eye, and only to be discerned by the eye of thought or faith. Our business is to choose the right path, to lay aside every needless weight, and to press on, in the faith of our invisible leader to the unseen goal. We may not linger on our way, neither may we be too confident, leaning to

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our own understanding. With the stars over our heads, we must have God's sunlight in our hearts. The hand may grasp its own support, but the soul, from its own experience, should be able to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

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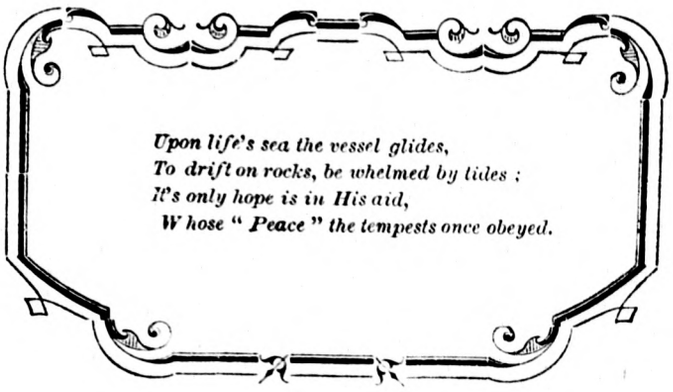

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS."—John.

THE conflicting elements of our being have been a theme for prophets and evangelists, for poets and philosophers, and the experience of each human soul reflects what they have said. In the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans, Paul has photographed these inward antagonisms, and one, as unlike him as even the author of the essay on man, has reflected from his pages much of the same truth.

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state;
A being darkly wise and rudely great,
With too much knowledge for the sceptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride;
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a man or beast,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err."

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In the picture, we see him standing between the tables of the law engraved on the heart, and a world where the stem of a plant with two branching leaves, supplants the crop and usurps its place. One hand is on this withering symbol of worldly insufficiency, or profane travesty, and the other on the law-written heart. Which shall be given the preference? He knows which is to be preferred, and which he is bound to accept, but he hesitates; he wavers. Sometimes he inclines to the world which sustains the flower-plant, yet for a little while unwithered, and again the spell of the law's divine authority over the conscience perplexes him.

We may see above how the very arrows that are aimed at the law recoil from it and pierce the heart. If one for the ease and peace of guilty security would aim his sophistical or malicious objections at that which is "holy, just, and good," his arrows recoil, bent or broken perhaps, upon his own heart. He stands self-condemned, self-convicted, self-pierced for what he has done. His guilt, in attempting to set aside this or that commandment, or the whole decalogue, is a new shaft lodged in his bleeding conscience.

Thus he cannot triumph in this direction, while he dare not yield to the world in the other. He is like the ship that we see below—a solid world with the cross, or a crucified world, drawing him to the right, while the wicker world, with the star of its God Remphan, draws it to the left. To the latter also it is fiercely impelled by all the winds of passion that fill its sails. So strongly do they press, that the soul, left to their drifting power would soon break loose from all sympathy with the cross, and be carried over completely to worldliness.

It is the truth thus symbolized which is full of warning to the soul. The tradewinds that sweep the sea of life are all against him who is steering his bark away from the realms of mammon, and sensual indulgence. This should put him on his guard.

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Well may he say, looking upon this mirror of his own experience :—

"Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppressed
With the earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west,
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill.
Thus am I driven upon the slippery suds
From real ills to false apparent goods,
My life's a troubled sea composed of ebbs and floods."

Thus is it with one whose head is crowned with the halo that betokens his heavenly birthright, and whose whole being and sphere of action are encircled by the emblems of the life immortal.

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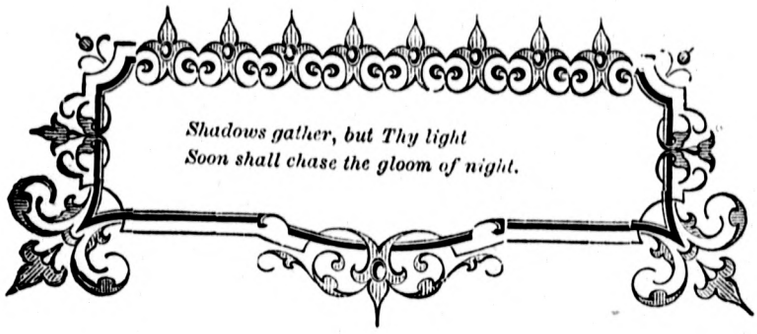

IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT.

ONE of the most important lessons for the soul to learn is that of its weakness. But oftentimes, as in the case of the little child, it can be learned only by experience. There must be effort and stumbling, toil and failure, before one can ascertain the limits of his capacity, or be brought to see the necessity of a strong hand, or a firmer inspiring will.

In this picture, we have the emblem of a soul endeavoring to light its way by its own intention, a blearing torch that only makes the darkness visible, and shows by contrast the need of the sun. The soul pauses. It dares not venture to proceed. It stands irresolute and doubtful, learning meanwhile to distrust itself and its own torch.

That torch is not only reason, but the natural powers of the soul, including sagacity and will. If it has only these to rely upon to guide it, or to light up its way, it can only plunge onward to deeper darkness, where the torch that already flares might be wholly put out. Conscious of this, the inarticulate prayer of the soul must be—looking up to the great fountain of eternal light—"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me."

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The insufficiency of natural power without the indwelling and inworking of divine grace, is seen above in the attempt of a butterfly, representing the immortal spirit, to draw the wheels that bear nothing more than a rose-branch. The very highest and most fragrant of all the duties which the soul is called upon to do, is too much for it without that divine efficiency, which "worketh within us to will and to do." This is still further illustrated by what we see beneath. Here is the dial-face of a clock, formed of the wings of a butterfly. These wings may flutter awhile, but ere long they must rest. The continuous movement of duty is impossible without a very different impulse from that which spreads the gaudy wings. Beneath the dial-plate there must be not only a human life, but there must be also a divine mechanism, and this mechanism must be wound up and sustained by the key of a constant divine energy.

Such is the truth inwrought in the deepest experience of the renewed soul. It learns to distrust itself. It is forced to confess its own weakness and insufficiency. It is like Pilgrim working his way through the Slough of Despond, or climbing the Hill Difficulty, or called to meet Apollyon. It is sometimes scarcely able to stand alone. It is troubled by its own doubts, or unmanned by its own fears. It looks to its natural resources, or leans upon them, in vain. They are a broken staff in its hands, from which it turns away to God, exclaiming in the lowliness, and yet the strength of faith, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Here indeed is the soul's help—its all-sufficient help. With its eye on heaven, it walks in the light of God. It is drawn onward to every duty, and sustained in it by a divine energy. It is no longer intermittent in effort. With its eye on the prize, it presses onward to the work. Feeble as it is in itself, it is strong while it pours forth the petition,

"While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide."

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Or at another cries out,

"May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire."

Thus does the darkness vanish in the dawning light of God's smile, and, in the conscious weakness of the soul, God's strength is made perfect in its weakness. It has been taught to look away from itself to a great and almighty helper, and it has found in him a supply for its many wants, and a strength for its every weakness.

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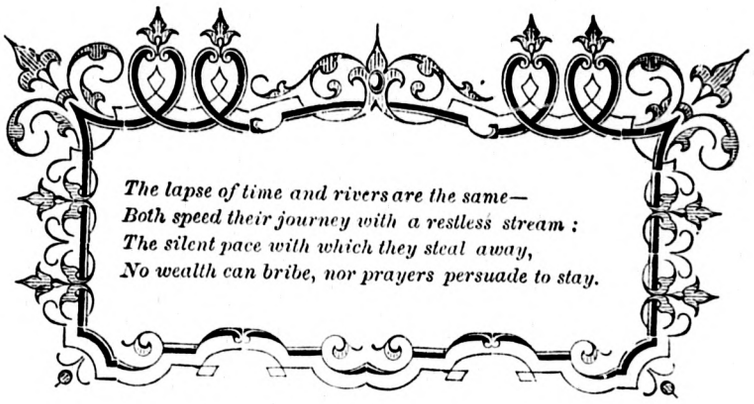

CUT ME NOT OFF IN THE MIDST OF MY DAYS.

WE have here a picture of human life, and its uncertain tenure. A suppliant, kneeling in prayer, on a stool supported by what symbolizes the twenty-four hours of the day, holds, balanced upon his head, a cross-surmounted dial, on which the hours of his life's day are registered. The skeleton hand of death is stretched out to grasp the dial and take it away, forbidding any further registry, or writing a *mene, mene*, where other registry should be. The suppliant begs for more time. He pleads that on that dial as yet the registry is only from IV to VIII, and begs that he may be spared to make out his brief day. He seems to say, "cut me not off in the midst of my years."

We may gather from the emblem above what his feelings are. There is a clock, which the cross-surmounted world shows to be the clock which indicates the feelings of our common humanity. The hour-hand is still near twelve, and the minute-hand is but just at one, while the pendulum, with a human heart for its weight, indicates that the clock is the clock to which the soul of the suppliant, with its aspirations and its fears, its hopes and its memories, keeps

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time. Evidently, it feels that it has just begun to live. The first hour of its allotted time consciously has not passed.

Beneath, we see a winged hour-glass, which explains the mystery. This denotes the rapid flight of time. Where nature, with her clock-work of revolving worlds and suns, strikes hours, the spirit's consciousness only registers minutes. Time flies too rapidly to be realized. While it seems yet to be here, it is gone, and out of sight,

"We take no note of time, but by its loss."

One measure of time needs to be continually re-adjusted, and we can only re-adjust it by noting its loss. The new year comes upon us, as if only a month had fled.

No wonder the soul, surprised, almost before it had begun to live, is a suppliant for years to come. At first, it chided the lingering of the tardy months and days. But, ere long, it finds that consciousness could not keep pace with them and now it needs time to correct the errors of time abused,

"When first our infant years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
But as we count the shining links
That time around us weaves so fast,
How very little do we think,
How tight the chain will press at last."

The skeleton hand often comes before the dial-plate is half-encircled by the registered hours. But no supplication can arrest it. It comes not unbidden. If life's work is not done then, it never can be done. If the clock of human feeling indicates only minutes instead of hours, or days instead of years, it is in part because the heart-weight of the pendulum has been hung too low. It needs to be adjusted anew, and a prayer wiser than that of the suppliant in the emblem, is that of the Psalmist, who, thousands of years ago, exclaimed, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

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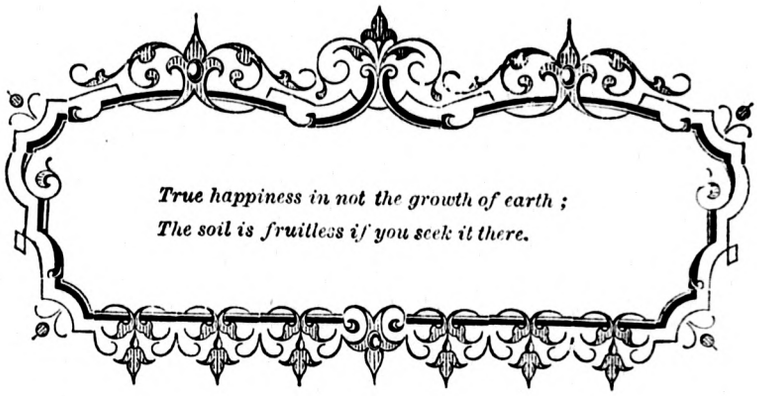

"THERE BE MANY THAT SAY, WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD? LORD, LIFT THOU UP THE LIGHT OF THY COUNTENANCE UPON US."—David.

NATURE has its stars, but Revelation its sun. One is identified with our fears and apprehensions; the other with our hopes. Here we see the trembling spirit, in the night-time of its experience. Its path has led it to a stream which it must cross, and already it stands shivering and affrighted in the cold waters. The bow has already fallen from its hands. The darkness is all around it, and only the beams of a taper, inserted in a fools-cap instead of a lantern, and elevated upon a pole, serve to enlighten its way. Around the pole is a chain, with little trinkets attached, the childish ornament which folly binds as ornament around the support of all its hopes.

Above, we see a lighted candle, with a moth fluttering near it, and in danger of being consumed in its blaze. The candle, with its feeble beams, is but the light of human reason, just bright enough to be an attraction to fluttering fools, but too dim to create a day. Unlike the sun of revelation, which enlightens the world,

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and from which no danger is to be feared, even for the most delicate wing, it exists rather to make darkness visible, and to expose the folly of those who make it their trust.

Beneath, we see a plant with its luxuriant leaves, striking down its massive root, and clasping, showing us how the soul in darkness will lay hold of whatever comes in its way, and wrap itself around the feeblest support, if it can find no other.

What the soul of man needs most is the light of a divine presence. In this picture, we discern the troubled and fearful look with which it contemplates its own condition. Standing shivering in the chill waters, it knows not which way to turn. It justly scorns the taper light which fools admire, turns away its face from it, and seems unconsciously to be crying out after God. We feel that we can almost gather the burden of its fears and hopes, and seem to hear its words, indistinctly uttered:

"Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?
Man extinct, and I alone,
Breathing through the formless void?

"No; my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom His light I see;
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me."

The soul, as here symbolized, is at least on the eve of such experience. Cast down by its own anxieties and fears, it is assured of the compassion and help of One who is mighty to save. His presence, to the eye of faith, will chase away the shadows of the night, and introduce the dawn of an eternal day.

It is upon His help that the soul must rely. Without this, it can only press on, to sink in the deep waters. No light of genius, or of vain mirth, can cheer or guide it. Unaided reason, when it attempts the task, is only like a taper, with a fools-cap for its lantern. It mocks a hope that reaches forth toward immortality.

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It deludes that instinctive aspiration of the sin-humbled, self-revealed spirit, that asks after the clear light of truth, and the eternal word on which it may repose. Earthly natures may cleave to earth, may twine the roots of their passions about perishing things that can furnish it no nutriment, and but a feeble support; but the soul that has been taught by the spirit, can never be satisfied till it can rest on the rock of ages, and feel assured that God himself will be at once its eternal refuge and unchanging light.

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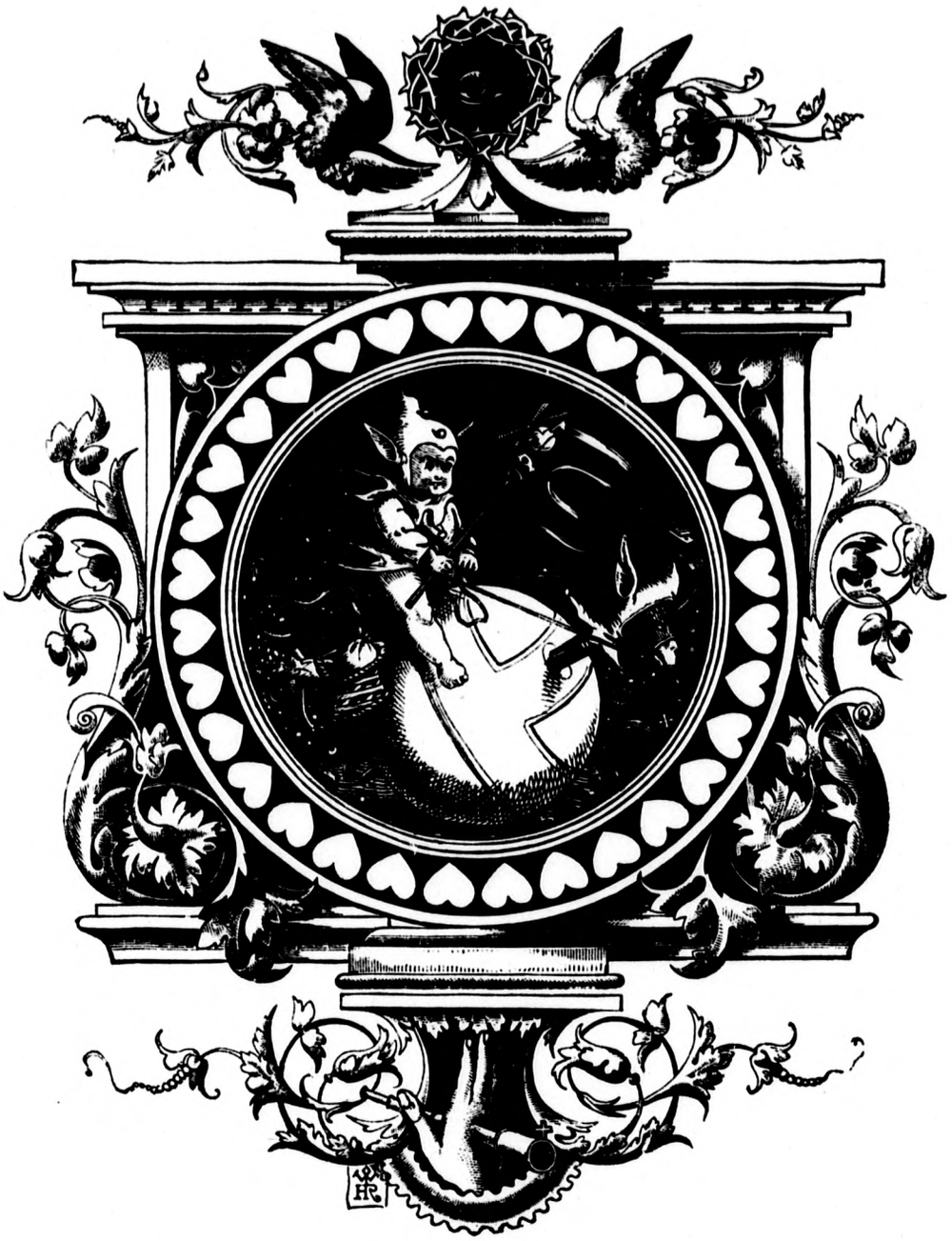

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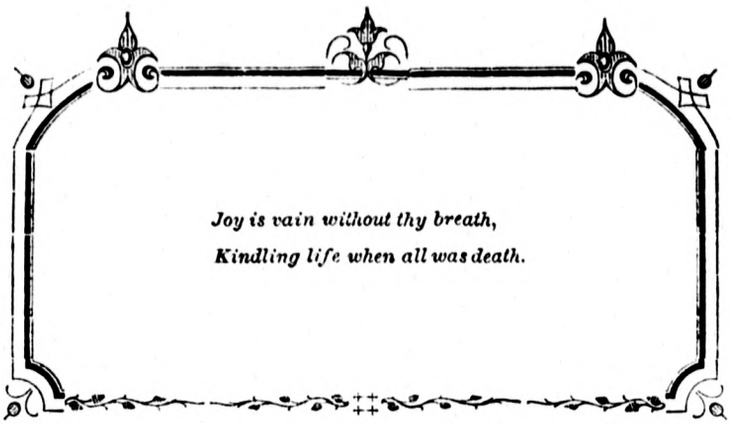

"BUT AS IT IS WRITTEN, EYE HATH NOT SEEN, NOR EAR HEARD, NEITHER HAVE ENTERED INTO THE HEART OF MAN, THE THINGS WHICH GOD HATH PREPARED FOR THEM THAT LOVE HIM."—Paul.

WE have here a picture to remind us of the Scriptural phrase, "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Human folly, by its pageantry and display, makes itself ridiculous without knowing it. It struts, and boasts, and plays "fantastic tricks before high heaven," for which the Christians pity it, and satirists hold it up to ridicule.

Multitudes of men have each their hobby, as varied as their tastes. But the consummation of all is to make the world itself a hobby, and to ride it with the ostentation and zeal of a mad charioteer. Here we see carnal pleasure tricked out in a garb congruous to his nature, holding in his hands reins attached to an ass's head, which replaces the top of a mutilated cross; while, also, along with the tight-drawn reins, he grasps a whip, curiously wrought for the sake of display. The handle is a sceptre-like rod, the handle of which is exquisitely wrought or jewelled, while a

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globe to which a wind-mill is attached surrounds it, and affords a support to a long, broad streamer, that serves as a lash.

The fool's playthings, masks, cards, crosses, coin and jewels, are loosely and negligently scattered around him, while his new hobby absorbs all his enthusiasm. At his side, a basket which holds his two bags of treasure is falling off from the world, and unseen by him, and, apparently, uncared for; one bag is fast spilling its contents, which are falling scattered to the ground. In his mad course, driving his world as if it were a beast of burden, he little heeds what other wealth or treasure he loses or gains. Of a world above, or a world beneath, he knows nothing, cares nothing. The world he is astride of is his all.

Turning our glance above we are taught the mistake. There is an eye, wreathed about with thorns, to show us that it is His who wore the thorny crown, and who was content to despise and contemn all the honors and splendors of the world. Before him archangels veil their faces with their wings, while they are seen bowing with lowliest reverence. He that had not where to lay his head; who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, and whose earthly career seemed one continuous rejection and contempt of offered crowns and thrones, is exalted as the Lord of all, by all to be adored. In the light of that eye, all the pompous folly and display of worldly minds are seen to be only a mad and reckless farce, a rocket-like explosion of fantastic and abominable tricks, that can end only in disaster and shame.

Below we observe a pierced hand. Through this hand an extended eye-glass passes, which that mutilated organ seems to hold up and offer to our gaze. Through that glass, and through that pierced hand, we may behold what would otherwise be invisible, the glory of a better world, stars like the Star of Bethlehem, the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. All that earth exhibits to the unregenerate eye is but tinsel to what is here revealed.

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Thus the visible and invisible are brought into contact, and the stupidity and folly of carnal pleasures, enslaved to its love of pageantry, is displayed. It is seen to be shallow, childish, buoyed up with trifles.

"So millions are smit with the glare of a toy,
They grasp at a pebble, and think it a gem;
And tinsel is gold if it glitter to them.
Hence, dazzled with beauty, the lover is smit;
The hero with honor; the poet with wit;
The fop with his feathers, his snuff-box and cane;
The nymph with her novels; the merchant with gain."

All these are making a hobby of the world. They are attempting to ride it to a goal they can never reach. They are suffering themselves to be deluded by appearances, even while they are making themselves a show for others. But there is a scrutinizing, heart-searching eye above, that looks down on the world, through a wreath of thorns, and sees things in that light in which they will at last appear to the soul, cured of its folly, or overwhelmed by it.

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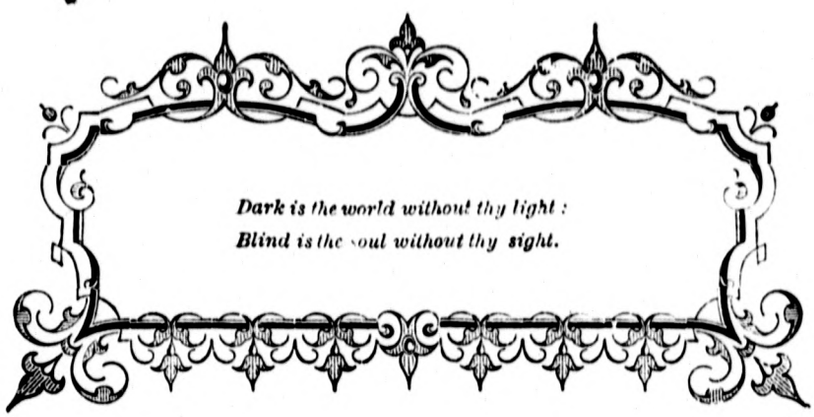

WE GROPE IN THE DAY-TIME.

THE life of man may be, in thousands of instances, compared to a search for some hidden, perhaps unknown, good. Few can tell what it is, and fewer still where it is to be found. Nearly all seem to concede that it goes abroad in something of a Protean disguise. In one shape it seems to be recognized by one, and in another, by another. Past experience in this matter seems to be of small account. Men refuse to be instructed by it. One failure after another, in the same circumstances, seems to impress no lesson, or give no warning that is heeded by those who come after. If men have groped in vain in one path; others, perhaps, with full knowledge of their failure, will grope there again.

What is needed, is that which gives the soul peace, assurance of security, and immortal hope. But these are not to be found in earthly possessions, in bags of wealth, full-blown houses, troops of friends, lofty towers, or "pavilions of rocks." The sea saith they are not in me, and the depth, they are not in me. If they are to

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be pursued by human skill, or sagacity, on earth, they will demand a long, weary, and fruitless search, still mocking every effort.

Here we see the soul, no longer standing, as elsewhere, on the edge of the precipice, but making its way through the dashing, rushing flood, that threatens to sweep it away, toward some object which it may grasp with its uplifted hand, as a security. But it is very doubtful whether it will reach the prop, which rises like the upright part of the cross, from the midst of the flood, for it is apparently turned somewhat aside from it, and is in danger, if it fails, of plunging deeper and more hopelessly in the waves.

Yet what is wanted, is just the support and the security which the cross affords. It stands planted firm and strong amid the billows. It has proved the soul's strength in many a tempestuous hour—its prop when every earthly prop has given way. But where is this true treasure of the soul to be found? Not on Alpine summits. Not in happy valleys of "Rasselas." It may have fled from courts, and yet not be found in cottages. Again, we ask,

> "Where thy true treasure? Gold says, 'not in me.'
> And 'not in me,' the diamond. Gold is poor,
> India's insolvent; seek it in thyself!
> Seek in thy valued self, and find it there."

But a search within the soul itself—so long as it remains bereft of pardon, peace, and immortal hope—could only disclose its poverty and wretchedness. Yet one thing can enrich it, and that is the cross, and a sanctified affection bestows it there. Within each renewed heart, grace has planted the cross, and there the treasure abides. We see the heart, with the guard-chain around it, opening itself, as on hinges, to our gaze, and within, its treasure, its great treasure, its only treasure, is the cross.

Let the soul have this, and it is secure and blessed. This, as we see below, anchors the floating island of its hopes. All things else may be as the ship, spreading all its canvas to meet the fierce buffetings of the storm, or perhaps to be stranded on a strange

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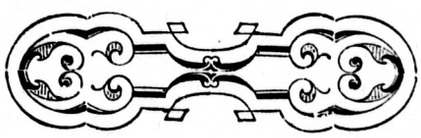
shore, or buried in the deep caverns of the ocean. But the cross will never disappoint the trust of the soul. It never has disappointed it, and it never can.

Deeper meaning has never been compressed into human language, than when it has been employed to express the sustaining and cheering power of a crucified, but risen and exalted Redeemer. The experience which has led through sighs and tears, has been lighted up at the sight of the cross.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace."



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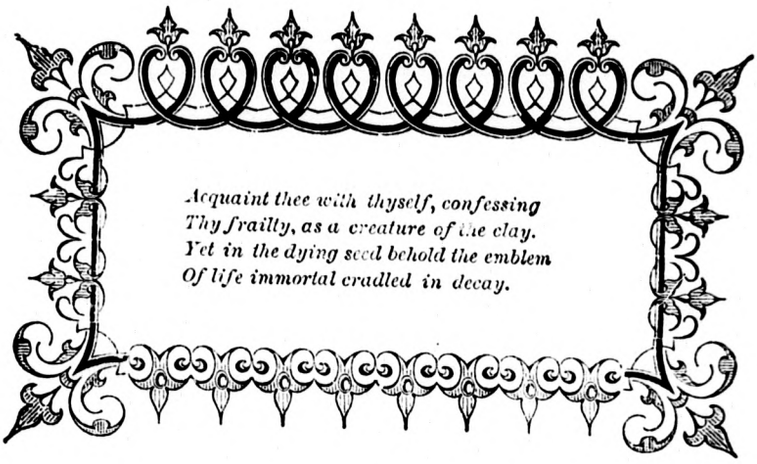

"YET THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME."—*David.*

IN the calm still night, with only the stars visible above it and with its feet on the cold, rough earth, a meditative spirit is seen, reflecting upon its own destiny. In its right hand, is a miniature human statue, exquisitely wrought, and in the other, the graving chisel with which it has executed its work.

Wherein—the human inquirer seems to ask—wherein am I superior to the work of my own hands? I, too, am fashioned out of the dust. My form is perhaps less symmetrical and perfect than that which I have wrought, and it may even sooner, perhaps, be doomed to perish. Is it that I have life? So have beasts and birds? and some of these range free, where I am confined within bounds. How, then, am I better than they?

The question cannot be answered till the soul becomes conscious of itself and its endowments, as well as of its filial relation to its Maker. The image reflects the artisan's skill, but not the divine likeness. The bird may know its season, and construct its nest with the utmost reach of sagacity; but though fed by an unseen

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benefactor, it can only thank him with its unconscious song. It is not so with man. The broad leaves and the green earth map themselves on his eyeball, with a meaning and beauty which the soaring eagle never discerns. He is God's child, and may know and love Him, and at the same time, share this love. He can enter into holy communion with his Father and his God, and even in the degradation of his prodigal wanderings, his soul, in refusing husks, testifies how it thirsts and hungers after God.

But one of the most important truths which the soul should bear in mind, is that of the frailty of all things on earth. The urn beneath, on which we read the word, *argilla*, "clay," is a remembrance of man's origin and destiny, as the tenant of a feeble and perishing body. If tempted to pride, if allured by fancies which paint before his eyes cheating images of the future, if disposed to build and rest upon the vain promise of to-morrow, he need only turn his eye to the old funereal urn which holds the ashes of earthly greatness, or to the grassy mound that now covers, with its tame verdure, a form that was once almost adored. The lessons of urn and mound, are lessons which the soul needs to humble it, to bring down all its high thoughts, and teach it in all lowliness to seek a life which does not own the grave for a boundary, and soars on the wings of immortal hope far above clay and urn.

It is true, man's skill may fashion the statue. It may carve the marble till it glows with the eloquent expression of thought and passion, but it cannot put the glow of a divine life on the features of the soul. That is the work only of the divine artist, and when it is done, the soul may triumph in the thought, that though the handiwork of its skill may outlast the body, and though the century oak may spread its branches over the crumbling hand that planted it, the soul, living the new life of faith in the Son of God, shall triumph in the doom of a dissolving earth and blazing heavens.

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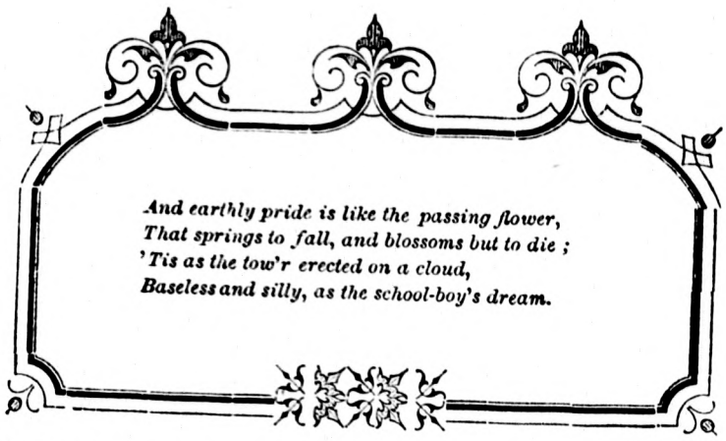

"YE SHALL BE CONFOUNDED FOR THE GARDENS YE HAVE CHOSEN."
Isaiah.

THE world is a Proteus in the variety of shapes which it assumes. To one it seems a paradise, all the paradise that he desires; to another, disappointed, disgusted, and overtaken by sorrow or anguish, it is a hollow mockery. Even carnal pleasure, that had idolized it once, learns at length to contemn it and denounce it as a cheat.

Here we see the different worlds of pleasure, of ambition, of taste and display—the worlds of sense, in which many live and move, and have their being—represented as immense eggs, within the cavities of which are concealed, ready to break forth, serpent forms, like that which is seen rearing its horrid form aloft, and glaring with savage mien and forked tongue. It is intimated plainly that the object of the soul's perverse idolatry is the hollow shell that conceals a venomous and deadly foe. This, however, is not known or suspected, till the broad beam of light from heaven comes down and manifests the world as it is, piercing through it, and making it so manifest, that even carnal pleasure, seated near by, made helpless by the very manner in which it is tricked out, cannot bear the sight. Unable to walk or stand, by reason of its

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ornaments becoming its bonds and fetters, it is also blinded by the glare of the light that exposes the vanity of its idols, and so it sits, bent forward, helpless, humiliated, covering its face with its hands, and estranged completely and forever from its former joys.

But that which fills carnal pleasure with terror and despair, appears far different to the eye of faith. The believing soul contemns what the other has idolized, and when the beam of light comes down from heaven, all earthly things melt away and are dissolved in its blaze. It looks up to its great source, the Sun of Righteousness, and it sees no earthly interest or worldly splendor any more. The only thing which intervenes to intercept or moderate the intensity of its blaze, is the cross, which presents its shaded side to the eye. This serves, as we see below, as a veil, to temper a light which mortal weakness could not endure to approach and behold. It is the humanity of the sufferer on the cross that veils the glory of his divinity so that mortal vision can endure it. The cross fixes the eye, and while the soul's gaze rests upon it, the glory of the infinite One is interpreted to human weakness, and, instead of overpowering and appalling, lights up the cross with its own splendor, and makes it a guideboard in the heavenly way.

Such is the contrast between carnal pleasure and the believing soul. One is dazzled by the blaze that exposes the hollowness of its hopes. The other is attracted, enlightened, and pointed heavenward by the broad, glorious beam. One sees the serpent; the other the cross. One sinks ashamed and confounded in the midst of its idolatries, the other looks up to heaven, and forgets all the vanity of a world which it can only despise. One is helpless in the bonds of its own ornaments. The other is only emancipated from all the bondage of darkness by the light that exposes all the hollow idolatries of the world.

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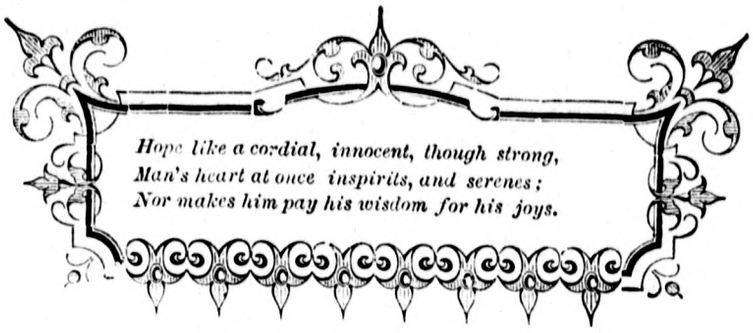

"WHICH HOPE WE HAVE AS AN ANCHOR OF THE SOUL, BOTH SURE AND STEADFAST."—Paul.

HORACE, in memorable lines, has sketched the noblest character of which he could form a conception.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*

But there is a lofty grandeur which has been witnessed in connection with a religion he would have despised, to which his ideal was altogether inferior. One of the most forcible and just lines of Young asserts

"The Christian is the highest style of man.

and the truth has been vindicated in chapters of human experience, which sometimes melt to tears, and sometimes inspire to heroic self-denial.

We have the Christian ideal here presented to view, and we see the support on which it rests. We witness a countenance

* The man just and unyielding in purpose.

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which bears upon it the stamp of purity, calm serenity, elevated purpose and inward peace. The soul is figured leaning upon an anchor, and we know what that anchor is. It is the soul's sure and steadfast hope, the cross, with its base expanded to hold fast when all else is driven or torn by the storm. Resting upon it, with the eye of faith lifted to heaven, the soul may be indifferent to all external things. Flowers may bloom around it, or the rough earth and the shapeless rocks may form its prospect, but it looks beyond them all, beholding a spiritual firmament where the sun never sets, and the clouds gather not, while beneath is a bloom that is blasted by no frost, and that covers no grave.

Above we see the anchor again, but now with its cable made fast to it, and so coiled that it pictures to us human hearts, which it unites together by a more than telegraphic communion. That, on which the individual heart reposes, furnishes a common basis for the communion of kindred hearts.

But the enduring nature of the Christian's security, as he leans upon his anchor, is symbolized below. There is the rock, lifting itself proudly aloft, above the fierce and raging billows, mocking their fierce assault by its steadfast strength. Let them chafe and foam as they will, they can make no impression upon it. Deep fixed on a basis, invisible and far beneath, it challenges all their fury, and survives all their violence.

So it is with the soul, resting on Him who is the only foundation; established upon an invisible support, which underlies the changing surface and raging waves of this sea of life. Supported by this, it challenges the tribute,

> "On the Rock of Ages founded,
> What can shake thy sure repose?"

Indeed it experiences the truth of these wonderful words, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

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In the words of that quaint old master of emblems, the poet Quarles:

> "No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
> No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;
> No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
> No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;
> No sloth besets it, and no lust inthralls it;
> No scorn afflicts it, and no poison galls it;
> It is a casket of immortal life,
> An Ark of Peace."

Faith in the crucified One lifts it above the world, gives it communion with heaven, makes its life a walk with God, so that all nature is subdued into tribute to its welfare, and present afflictions become light, as they work out its future glory.

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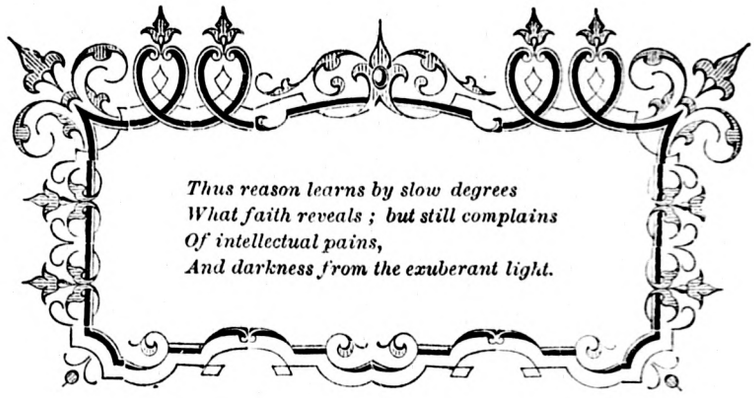

"HAVING THE UNDERSTANDING DARKENED, BEING ALIENATED FROM THE LIFE OF GOD . . . BECAUSE OF THE BLINDNESS OF THEIR HEART."—Paul.

MAN'S reason, left to grope its own way, may devise a scheme of religion more or less adapted to the heart's depraved tastes, but it will never find a Saviour. For how does it search for him? Just as we see its course pictured before us in the emblem. It gropes its way blindfolded, with its fool's cap for a lantern, and its path illuminated only by the feebles rays. In every respect it dooms itself to failure. By its aversion to the Cross of Christ, it turns its back upon him, and puts a deep, rocky precipice between it and Calvary. Then its own natural powers have been so dimmed and obscured by sin and sinful indulgence, that it may be said to have blindfolded itself. Yet, by sparks of its own kindling, by inventions of its own devising, it contrives to kindle an artificial light in the darkness, but no light that will display the world as it is, or the heart as it is, or allow of

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any such prospect as will discover to it the pilgrim-beaten way to the cross. How aptly does Cowper say,

"Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till, pure as thou art pure,
Made so by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shunned and hated thee before."

It is the soul's predisposition to what is sinful and selfish, that makes it like the dark lantern which we see above. If a spark of the divine light has been kindled within it, the heart itself, rendered opaque by its own lusts and passions, closes up the orifice, or displaces the glass through which it might shine forth.

For the cross of Christ has ever been obnoxious to human reason. It has been "to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness. It has been only to those who have been previously humbled and subdued, "the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Hence the effort has been often made to divide it, to take one part of its teachings and leave the other. But they must not be thus mutilated, or robbed of their completeness. The Gospel is a whole and entire Gospel, or it is none. There is nothing superfluous, there is nothing wanting. "Is Christ divided?" No more can his cross be, as we see in the picture, if torn asunder, must still be kept together, so that all may see that they belong to each other, and supplement one another.

But it is this indisposition of the heart toward spiritual truth that blinds it. "The natural mind receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." They are "spiritually discerned," and without spiritual discernment, the cross may stand on the lofty hill that we see dimly in the background, and the full light of heaven's noonday glory may fall upon it, yet the soul that turns away, following

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the glimmering beams of its own reason, or putting the bandage of willfulness and self-seeking before its eyes, shall never discern it.

How pitiable is that blind groping which is pictured here! And yet such is frequently the groping of strong and gifted minds, pushing their explorations deeper and deeper into nature's darkness, till, lost and despairing, they can only accept as the highest attainment of man on earth, the gloom of their own discoveries.

"Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim—
Light of the world, and demi-god's of flame?
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
For this hath science sought, on weary wing,
From shore to shore, each mute and living thing."

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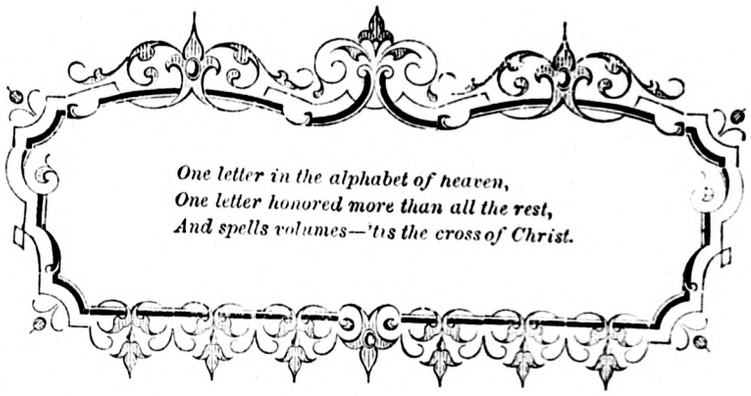

"BUT GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY, SAVE IN THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."—Paul.

SOUL immortal! We here have it—no longer blindly seeking an unseen good—but kneeling before the cross, clasping it with one hand, while the other is lifted in praise or prayer. The great discovery has been made. The wanderer wanders no more. Every bandage is torn from the eyes; the fools-cap, no longer forced to serve as a lantern, is flung down neglected to the earth, while a human heart, central in a frame bordered with light, basks in the full cloudless radiance that falls upon it from the cross. Here are light, peace, joy and triumph, at last. The soul has found its rest. Its thoughts soar and exult, while it kneels to pray. It has no more to ask. Its last, and most earnest longing is satisfied now.

Henceforth, as we see above, the heart is bound fast to the cross, and is supported by it—bound by the branches and tendrils of the "vine"—the love of Christ. This upholds and sustains it. It is a sure support that can never fail. In weakness, in sorrow,

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in desertion, in worldliness, when heart and flesh fail, this is its strength and its joy, and will become its salvation.

Another phase of this intimate connection is set forth below. There we see the emblem of the life immortal, bound fast to the volume of truth, that volume which reveals the cross-bearer, who has brought life and immortality to light, who has said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and of whom it was written, "the life was the light of men." Take the Bible away, and the hopeful of immortality would have nothing upon which to rest, nothing on which to feed. It is the promises of grace, all dependent upon the cross, upon which the soul lives, and in the confidence of which, hope soars at length upward to the final blessedness.

There is no discovery so precious to the soul as the discovery of the cross. It is not the mere sight of the object that meets the eye, but the meaning of it that greets the soul. It is a discovery to the soul of a new world of spiritual life, when its cravings are satisfied, and where it is content to rest. It finds here what mines are too poor to give, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." It obtains here what may not be obtained from softest pillows, or beds of down, the peace which Christ gives. It enjoys here the sight which no mountain top affords—the sight of a pardoning, gracious, covenant God. The great problem which thousands have essayed in vain—where shall wisdom be found?—is solved here. The great question that has agitated ages, and expressed the throbbing anxieties of trembling souls—"How shall man be just with God?"—is answered here. The soul on earth can aspire to nothing higher or better than what is secured it, when kneeling under the shadow of the cross. All that carnal minds seek seems poor and despicable, by the side of that which belongs to the soul, when kneeling by the cross, it feels warranted to exclaim,

"Since Christ is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

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There is no longer an impulse to roam in weary search for some unknown, some uncertain good. Here, as in a transparent glass, is seen the vanity of all that earth can give, the delusion of those who hope to bring from visible possessions, that immaterial and spiritual blessedness, which alone can satisfy the soul. And here, too, is apprehended something of that everlasting blessedness which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

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"AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD."—John.

PRESENTED to view here, we have the symbol of the very highest power and authority, to which mortal man can aspire. Wealth and dominion are here combined with that majesty and awe which invest supreme earthly royalty. We may imagine the personage before us to be an Ahasuerus, or Alexander, or even, if possible, a greater than these. The world is beneath his feet, indicating his control over it. A crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, indicate that he is at once ruler and executor, dispensing justice or mercy at will. The circle of light about his head, is, indeed, no divine halo, but it is such effulgence as attends earthly greatness. The figure—encircled, as it is with butterflies, emblems of life from the grave—is to be considered as within the sphere of man's spiritual interests.

The question at once suggested by the symbol is, what penalties can such a being inflict, or what favors can he bestow? But first of all, what can he aspire to himself? The answer is seen as

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we look above. If he rule in love, and set the hearts of his people as the jewels of his crown, and these hearts glow and burn with the flame of devotion, then shall his crown be combined with a sceptre like Aaron's rod that budded, and on the bloom of the flower into which its summit spreads, hopes full of immortality shall feed. Or if he rule as himself immortal, and make his crown rich with immortal hopes, then it shall inclose with it a sceptre, as gentle as a human heart, which bears fruit in a world with its anchor—a world which is provided with an abiding security against every raging tempest.

Such are the capabilities of unlimited earthly power, but even this, however exalted, has its necessary conditions. Wickedness, or the *malum*, "evil," which we see below, written on the body of a suspended serpent, knotted in its agony, yet hissing out its malignity still, *must* be punished, and no power or authority can evade the necessity. Nor is this all. It must be offset by the suspended sword, on which we read *Pœna*, or "Penalty," indicating that where guilt is, no worldly dominion, no sceptered control, can dispense with the use of the instruments of justice.

We see here, also, a supplemented cross, to the extended arms of which the serpent and sword are suspended. It is not, and on earth, it cannot be a simple cross, but one supplemented by ingenious supports, by human inventions, bracing it up, and imparting to it strength. The mightiest monarch has no provision, and can have none, for pardoning guilt and maintaining justice, by a naked, simple cross, no provision by which he can safely say to each penitent offender, "You are pardoned; go forth free." He must have a cross on which shall be seen—not an innocent victim, voluntarily offering himself, in the fullness of redeeming love, but one that shall exhibit to view at once the drawn sword and the writhing serpent, and shall be seen to be visibly propped and braced by human statutes, by rigid laws, and marshalled forces.

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But that to which the highest possible authority and power of earth may not aspire to, is attained in the counsel of infinite and divine love. He that took not the form of a king, but of a steward, who trampled not on the world, but allowed it to trample on him, who instead of filling a visible throne had been dethroned in the hearts of a race, and had a reed placed in his hands as a mock sceptre, has attained a dominion that shall be an everlasting dominion, and opened a way of pardon by which he can say to the guiltiest, low in the dust of penitence—Go and sin no more.

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Light of life! seraphic fire!
Love divine! thyself impart,
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

"AS FOR THE LIGHT OF MINE EYES, THAT ALSO IS GONE FROM ME."—*David.*

CHRIST'S cross owes its glory to the illuminating beams of the heart of infinite love. Wherever these come, it is radiant. That heart is the orb that pours its light alike on the cross and the renewed soul. Around it, as around the sun, we see the rainbow-hued circles of light, with that more distant halo which quenches the stars within its sphere. Looking upon the cross, we can see its edge lit up, just where the radiance of this heart falls upon it. Elsewhere there is shadow, mystery, but mystery, that in the full noon-day of eternal light will all vanish away.

But sometimes the cross presents its dark side to us, or, rather, we place ourselves in such a way that the light of the great heart of love is obscured, and then, while we are in the shade, the cross to us is shadowed also. We may even sit down beneath it; we may still, perhaps, be leaning against it. It may yet be unspeak-

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ably precious to us, and if we have ever exclaimed with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," we have no disposition to recall the words. We have experienced the blessed power of that cross, too frequently and too deeply, ever to doubt it or call it in question.

And yet, perhaps even the cross seems shadowed to us, and we ourselves are shadowed beneath it. There are difficulties, fears, anxities, troubled musings, inexplicable providences, and our prospect is obscured and dim. Why? Because we do not so place ourselves, as to look through the cross or beyond it, and see that heart of love which lends to it all its lustre, and in a moment can chase away the last shadow of fear from the soul.

Have we then ceased to be God's children, because the brightness of our prospect is dim, and the cross has not that surpassing lustre which, to our eyes, it had worn before?"

Look above, and the question is answered. There is the sheep, but there is no shepherd to be seen. Is it lost? has it been abandoned? No! The shepherd's crook is by its side, and the flag waves from its top, and when that crook rests, and that flag waves, nothing, not even the weakest and the feeblest, can be lost. The shepherd is not far away. The wandering sheep has but to see that flag from far, and hasten to it, and it will be found of him when it would find itself. What the crook and the flag are to the shepherd, that the cross is to Christ. It is the symbol of his nearness as well as of his power.

It is by no means in vain that the soul is left at times to walk along a shadowed way. It may need a discipline which is thus most wisely administered. Looking below we see the butterfly feeding upon fruit, that has fallen from the branches of the tree above it. It is in the shade, and yet it is feeding on what will minister to its life and strength. So it is with the soul's immortal hope. It may sometimes be overshadowed, and overshadowed, too,

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by the tree of life, and while thus overshadowed be feeding on the richest food, be gathering new strength and life and joy. It may not be left deserted, but led through darkness to more glorious light, to a higher place, to a purer blessedness.

"Darkness is but the bordering of ight,
The line which shows the soul where it may pass
From night to noon. It is the veil, which rent,
As it shall be, the pearly gates stand ajar,
And love, with beckoning hand, invites to enter.

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LEANNESS INTO THEIR SOULS.

WHEN one feeds and thrives, another will starve. The food of a sensual is the poison of a spiritual nature. This is illustrated in the diverse effect produced upon the two diverse characters, to whom the world is here seen to offer her breasts. One of these, with unreflecting eagerness and a greedy appetite, drinks in nourishment, and the rounded and obese form which he presents, shows how well he thrives. He is sensualism incarnate. He is of the earth earthy. All higher aspirations are smothered and stifled under the load of flesh. He seems to enjoy the serene composure of a swine at his trough. He has his pleasures, but they are the pleasures of a brute.

In the other character, we discover another nature. Even in his misery, the lingering stamp of original nobleness is seen. His worn and wasted wings, his shriveled limbs, his meagre, pain-marked features, and all the negligence of his dress and hair, bespeak the presence within him of a conscious need, and a conscious

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misery, such as coarse and carnal natures never know. He is capable of something more than sensual suffering as well as sensual joy.

To both, the world yields abundantly from her full breasts. But the taste of one, more gross than that of the other, allows him to apply his lips directly to the fountain. The other would gather up the flowing stream that he may leisurely drink, but he has nothing in which to receive it, but the sieve, through which of course it passes, flowing into the open mouth of a tunnel that conducts it into the earth. If the outflow was less abundant, perhaps he too might apply his lips, and overcoming his fastidiousness, enjoy to some extent, at least, the food offered him. But the very abundance is such, that like one sated at a feast, he revolts from fuller indulgence, and pines for very plenty. Thus the motto is verified, *inopem me copia fecit*, "abundance has made me poor."

Glancing at the bordering of the picture, we see above an exquisitely-carved cross, firmly planted on an elevated pedestal, by the side of which are two cornucopias, representing worldly abundance, pouring forth their heterogeneous store, as flowers and thorns, fools-caps, and bones and skulls, while between them a full globe is discharging its superabundant fullness upon a human heart, that yet does not receive or retain a single drop. Beneath, we see a human heart, with crab-like claws, grasping greedily, but grasping only the air, thus indicating the eager thirst of the human soul, to possess something which it can neither see nor define.

All this is for the instruction and admonition of those who depend for sustenance on the breasts of the world. If already brutalized, their sensual nature may obtain its appropriate indulgence; but if the original instincts of the angel still linger, all this world's treasures, poured from its cup of plenty are only flowers and thorns, fools-caps and skeletons. The soul is not fed by means of pampered appetites. It is famished at a Dives' table. The very

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excess provided for its gratification fills it with loathing. It wastes away amid abundance, which its better thoughts and feelings forbid it to enjoy.

And yet one would envy the latter rather than the former. Pampered lust and appetite, high fed and even gluttonized by unrestrained indulgence, form one of the most repulsive spectacles on earth. Their conjunction with a human soul is hideous. It is as if that soul was coffined in obesity. The spirit crushed by the flesh is more tragic than the Enceladus of classic fable, buried under Ætna.

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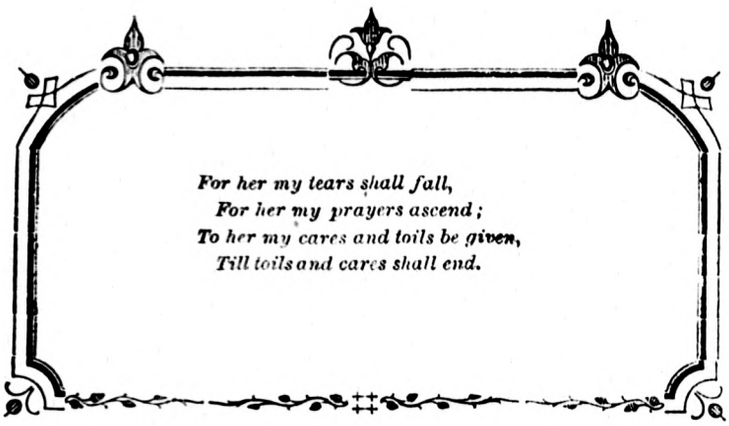

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."—Jesus.

INFANT Divine! we here see him in his feebleness, which this humble globe cradles, and yet to him—the promised Saviour—the soul trustingly and lovingly bends. It is blessed, unspeakably blessed in the privilege, for he that ministers to him in the cradle, shall be ministered to by him, when he has passed from the cradle to the throne.

This is the assurance of the master himself. His cause, with which he identifies himself, when he says—"inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"—is now weak and feeble, and calls for sympathy and help. It is as it were, in the cradle now. It will accept the hand and help of our human weakness. We may offer it the incense of our love, and the tribute of our willing and cheerful service. And this shall be remembered. With its final triumph, our own shall be identified, and the tribute we have paid shall not be forgotten, when all nations shall have become its tributaries.

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It is this ministry to Christ's weakness, which gives wings to the soul, and bears it aloft, where it may behold its heavenly inheritance, while with folded arms it presses the cross of Christ, still more closely to the heart. If forced in reviewing the past to say

"I was a groveling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth,"

Now I can exclaim:

"But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above;
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love."

But there is another heart that does not merely embrace the cross, but is nailed to it—a heart that has been "smitten by the archers." It is this heart on which we read the sacred letters I. H. S., signed with the cross. We see the stars of the world's idolatries ranged all around, for each of these it must bleed. For nearly every one of these, there is a corresponding dart, and each one of these pierces, or is designed to pierce the heart of infinite love, that bleeds forth the balm to heal the world that inflicts the wounds. All the benefits of this healing balm belong to those who befriend Christ or his cause, in their earthly infancy or feebleness.

How consoling, and yet inspiring is the thought, that so far as his cause is concerned, Christ is in his cradle still, and can be ministered to by feeble human endeavors. We can befriend him in befriending those he loves. We can receive a little child in his name. We can lay our frankincense and myrrh, and the tribute of our self-denial, at the feet of an infant king.

And this shall not be forgotten, while we press the cross to our bosom, the soul shall be clothed in "wings of joy and love;" it shall soar upward on wings as eagles, it shall run and not be weary, it shall walk, and not faint. All its sins shall be blotted out. For every one of them, there has been an arrow of anguish and redeeming agony, shot into the heart of infinite love. That heart with all

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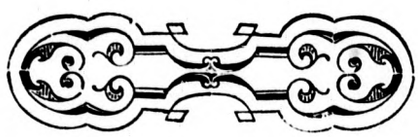
its love, with all its cleansing power, with all its atoning efficacy, shall be the sacrifice, whose merit the soul may plead, and shall not plead in vain.

Our life on earth places us therefore, as it were, by the Saviour's cradle. He deigns to use our help, and accepts our offerings now. It will not always be so. Ere long, the vineyard will be ended; earthly service will be uncalled for, and the infant of the cradle shall rule over the nations. Then the idea of mortal service befriending him will be entertained no more. Then he will be exalted to his throne. He will need no more our gifts or toils. But now we may say:

"What though in poor and humble guise,
Thou here did'st sojourn cottage-born,
Yet from thy glory in the skies,
Our earthly Gold thou wilt not scorn;
For Love delights to bring her best,
And where love is, the offering evermore i blest."



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Father of spirits! hear!
Look on the inmost heart to thee revealed;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear.

"HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD'S SONG IN A STRANGE LAND?"—*David.*

THERE are times when the heart is like a harp, with a broken string. It has lost its power of melody and song. There is something essential to its harmony wanting. Under the still heavens the soul can only kneel, and sigh out its griefs, and wait for a divine hand to retie the broken string.

This is the experience that is depicted here. We are made witnesses of a grief, not loud nor boisterous, but deep and silent. What is it? It is like that of the captive Jew, by the rivers of Babylon, answering the heathen's taunting demand for a song, by asking, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Here, indeed, we see the harp hanging by the cross to the willows, thus indicating that this sacred symbol is still dear, and that the harp, even though silent, shall, in its silence, pay tribute to it, and when it sounds again shall derive its inspiration from it.

But it is significant that by reason of the cross, the growth of the willow is checked. Its trunk swells out, bulb-like, and puts forth feeble shoots, when surmounted by the cross. Its proper weeping form is taken from it by the power of the sacred symbol,

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and leaves it significant of a grief that is limited, and that may not luxuriate in an unrestrained indulgence of sorrow. With such an emblem, Henry Kirk White, cut off,

> "While life was in its spring,
> And his young muse first tried her joyous wing,"

would have sympathized, as he laid down what his feeble hands could hold no longer, exclaiming,

> "And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
> Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
> O thou who visitest the sons of men,
> Thou who dost listen when the humble pray;
> One little space prolong my mournful day.
> I am a youthful traveler in the way,
> And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
> Ere I with death shake hands, and smile that I am free."

Below we see the instrument which had charmed by its music, encircled by a chain. It is the heart which is symbolized—the heart bound in the fetters of guilt or desertion, or spiritual desolation. It cannot sing "The Lord's song." It is in "a strange land," a land of fears and sorrows, a land where sense and flesh are still wrestling with the spirit to hold it captive. Its feelings are seen in the tears that fall over the expressive symbols, bedewing the chain that unites the manacle to the scallop-shell, the symbol of the prisoner with that of the pilgrim. The soul feels that it participates in the experience of both. If it exclaims, "I am a pilgrim and sojourner here, as all my fathers were," it responds also to the declaration, "the captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, that he may not perish in the pit."

But this grief of the humiliated, sin-burdened, half-despairing soul, though silent and unmusical to men, has a melody to which the ear of heaven will not be insensible. He who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, welcomes the sigh of the

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soul that longs for the light of his countenance, and these groanings of the burdened spirit, divinely moved to break its silence, which cannot be uttered in words. To that soul, a gracious and covenant-keeping God will say,

"Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

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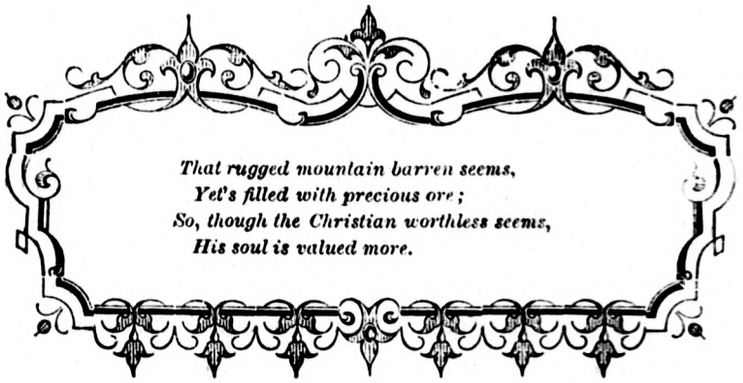

"THE POOR OF THIS WORLD, RICH IN FAITH, AND HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM."—James

BEFORE every man there are laid diverse treasures from which he is to make his choice. For the most part, these treasures are commingled like the prophet's figs — the good, very good, and the bad, very bad. To him that hath, shall be given more of the kind he has, and what he has shall also become more perfect in its kind. If evil, it shall become worst, if good, it shall become best.

Here we see two youths, on the desert face of the earth, gathering up and selecting from the treasures they can lay hold of, the things in which they find delight. Neither wants all that he can gather, and hence each assorts and preserves the things to which he gives the preference.

One is seen on the right, with a tray that will hold safely all that is put into it. Already it holds a pair of scales—the scales of a divinely-imparted wisdom, in which all things on earth may be

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truly weighed, and beside these, a Bible, and the two tables of the law. These are the most precious treasures, an inheritance of themselves. The Bible is a treasure-house of counsels and promises, and the two tables of the law serve to chart the pilgrim's way to heaven, and warn him of every false path, every line of transgression. But this youth rejects and casts to the flames, which he has kindled, all that is worthless and pernicious, and we see borne aloft, visible amid volumes of smoke, half-consumed cards, feathers, and masks, the toys and trifles by which human hearts are deluded, and robbed of their heavenly birthright.

The other youth has a sieve, instead of a tray. He has scraped up together the wheat and the chaff. But the wheat he allows to fall neglected and contemned to the earth, while he carefully saves the chaff in his sieve. This chaff is made up of cards and dice, and the amusing toys and trifles of a mere worldling, and when the scales, the tables of the law, and the Bible will not go through the sieve, he gathers them up, throws them down, and allows them to lie neglected at his feet.

Above the victim, behind an ornamented railing, at one end of which the symbol of the bat, and at the other end that of the dove, we see the world represented. On one side of it, there branches forth a stem, supporting beautiful leaves, and flowers, and buds; on the other is seen a stem which branches forth into limbs, with a single leaf or flower, and armed only with naked thorns.

On the right is a full-blown rose, upon which two symbolic figures have alighted. One is the butterfly, fresh from its chrysalis symbol of immortality, and on its wings is written *Vita*, "Life;" the other is the wasp, producing no honey, and armed only with a sting, on the body of which, we read the word *Mors*, "Death." The symbol of life, inscribed *Vita*, is nearest to the youth who has flung trifles to the flames, and preserved his sacred treasures.

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On the left, we also meet with two symbols, one a human heart, furnished with wings—"the wings of faith and love;" and the other a death's head, but each resting in a vase which supports it. The death's head is appropriately nearest to the youth with the sieve, and bears the inscription, *Malum*, "Evil," while on the winged heart we read the word that expresses its portion, *Bonum*, or "the good" part that shall never be taken away.

Between the two parties thus represented, lies the choice which man is called upon to make. *Hic pessima, hic optima, servat.*" "This one preserves the worst; this one the best things." It is so in human experience. He who weighs all things, in the scales of truth, who fashions his life by the tables of the law, and accounts the Bible his charter of hope and title deed, to an everlasting inheritance, and can call these his own, is rich in the loss of all else, and will still be rich, when these are consumed in the flame. On the other hand, he whose false discrimination leads him to use a sieve, sifting out the wheat, and retaining worldly toys, of the nature of chaff, while the Bible and scales, that will not pass through his sieve, are gathered up and cast away, is poor indeed—the lord and owner of chaff, but bankrupt for eternity.

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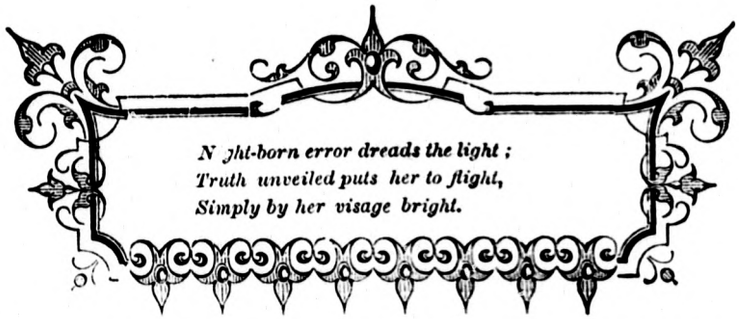

"MEN LOVED DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT, BECAUSE THEIR DEEDS WERE EVIL."—John.

FOR Carnal Pleasure, there will come a day of retribution, when it will assume its true form, and anticipate with horror its approaching doom. In this picture, that day is already represented as having arrived. Cupid is no longer the gay god of love and mirth, plotting his mischief for others, but anxious for himself, and exclaiming, *Venturum exhorresco diem*, "I shudder at the day that is coming."

He is so transformed from his former self, that we scarcely recognize him. His real nature now takes its proper form. With owl's eyes and beak, and a bat's head and wings, he is seen to be a foul creature of night and darkness. One hand is lifted to his head in terror, and the other is outstretched, as if to ward off the coming vengeance. A lurid gloom settles over the world, for the sun above, with a human face pictured upon it, as if it was an intelligent agent of retribution, is shorn of its beams, and seems to look forth in wrath, while the whip, with scorpion lash, is ready for the hand of vengeance, and the torch that shall light up the final conflagration, is ready to be applied.

The world has no longer a hope of redemption. Its cross has fallen off. The aged tree, with its leafless limbs and hollow trunk, gives signs of ripening desolation, and is the only thing beside the feeble toad-stools which thickly strew the ground, that can offer a shelter to the affrighted criminal. He would fain call upon the rocks and the mountains to hide him, but that is vain, and he cannot crowd himself for shelter into the hollow globe. A solitary

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frog, grasping a fragment of the dissolving world, looks up boldly and seems to enjoy the wretched plight of his ancient, but now powerless, and trembling foe, while a serpent, crawling forth from his lurking-place, hisses from his mouth the venom of the primeval curse.

The scene beneath is scarcely less significant. There is the strung bow, and there the full quiver, ready for the hand of vengeance, and one of the latter is winding forth the serpent that grasps in his devouring jaws the wing of a bird, from which the feathers are loosely flying. Thus the sure fate of guilt is already foreshadowed.

The lesson is significant. Carnal Pleasure assumes, at first, a winning form. It is a cupid, with angel wings. It is sportive and mirthful, and full of mischief. But its assumed form is only transient. By and by, truth will assert its supremacy. The day of retribution will draw near. Vice will be reduced to its native hideousness, and outraged nature shall sympathize with this righteous transformation. The sun shall grow dim. Nauseous creatures, and venomous reptiles shall come forth, exulting in the gathering darkness. Every refuge of guilt shall fail. The decayed oak and the feeble toad-stools shall be symbols of the vanity of all things, to which it can resort for shelter.

How can human guilt and folly confront such a terrible consummation? They shall seek to hide themselves in shame and horror. The brief period of their revelings is over, and can never return. The scorpion lash is ready for them. The torch of vengeance is lighted, and only waits to be applied. Now are they filled with shuddering. They know that the day of vengeance is close at hand.

Thus it is with Carnal Pleasure. Its day of exultation is brief, and its retribution is sure. All its former charms must give place to its native hideousness—to owl's eyes, and bat's wings—till those, who idolized it once, start back from its presence with horror.

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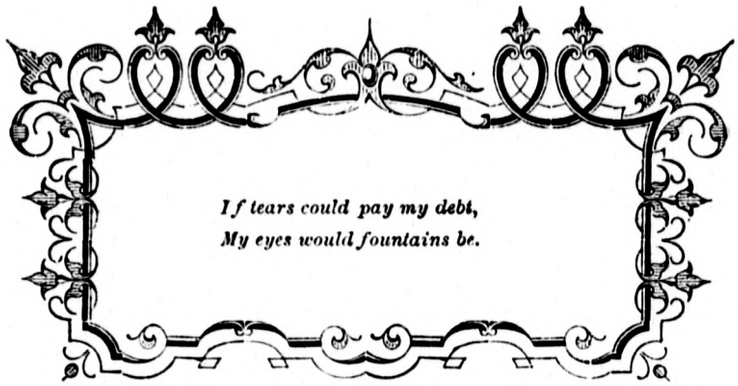

"WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."—David.

WHAT strange stories some of the old navigators had to tell of their hard experience. By currents, tempests, rocks, and shoals, they were threatened with wreck, and sometimes despaired of life. And when they reached the peaceful port, and returned to their own dwellings, how breathlessly would their friends listen to the account of their hair-breadth escapes! What a story would they have to tell, who parting in the storm from that old Christian hero of the sea, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, heard his last words, "It is as near to heaven by sea, as it is by land."

"But, when, after the voyage of life, the soul, safe in the port of eternal peace, shall relate its experience, how much more vivid and startling, perhaps, will be the incidents that have marked its progress and its triumph! It has passed through "the great waters." It has been buffeted by the tempests. It has wept and sighed, and prayed, till through the rifted clouds, the star of Bethlehem has shone forth.

Here we see the struggling soul almost overwhelmed, while the fierce waves rage around it, and lifting its hands in supplica-

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tion to heaven, while tears of anguish steal down its cheeks. Over its head, the lightning shoots its blazing lines on the thick darkness, and lights up with its blaze the edges of the frowning clouds. The world itself is tossed by the waves, and floats unanchored at the mercy of the storm.

No wonder the soul is troubled, for there is no trouble like that which it feels, when the foundations of its hope are shaken, and the solid globe seems to its view, tossed like a cockle-shell. It may be that to the outward eye all is calm and still. It may be that the winds, that wave the harvest-fields, only whisper. But the soul is its own world, and its inward depths are stirred, and the storm of temptation, or tremulous fear, or despairing anxiety rages within. Its hope is clouded; its faith is weak; its helper seems far away, and the fierce billows have gone over it, again and again. It weeps, but it cannot weep enough. Looking above, we see what it desires—eyes, that shall be great fountains of tears, falling in drops, and pouring in floods, while the mournful cypress symbolizes a deadly loss of peace, and a kind of funereal awe.

The scene beneath re-enforces this impression. The heart is seen, in sympathy with the eyes, pouring forth streams of tears, while nature above, and the world beneath, the fountains of the firmament, and even the monsters of the deep, each bearing or sharing the burden of a cross-surmounted world, add their tribute of sympathizing sorrow to the tearful grief of one who exclaims, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night."

But such grief as this is not the grief of absolute and blank despair. It is that of the broken and contrite heart, and such a heart God will never despise. In the midst of the tempest, he is still near, and ere long the soul sees One coming to its help, walking, perhaps, on the waters, or hushing the storm by his word. Dying hope revives. Some precious promise flashes its beam of

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light out of the darkened sky. The word of Jehovah is a rock amid the billows.

"Faint, and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God;
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes;
Hope still chides my rising fears,
Joys still mingle with my tears.

"On thy word I take my stand;
All my times are in thy hand;
Make thy face upon me shine,
Take me 'neath thy wings divine;
Lord! thy grace is all my trust,
Save, O, save my trembling dust."

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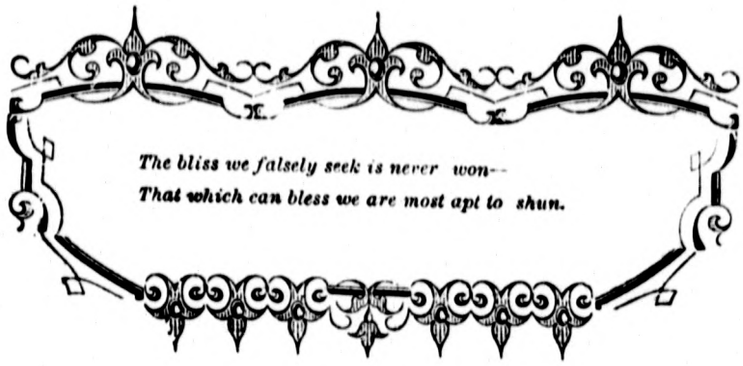

"AND THE STRONG SHALL BE AS TOW, AND THE MAKER OF IT AS A SPARK."—Isaiah

THE discipline of human life on earth has a deeper design than simply to inflict pain, or impose hardships. It wounds the "carnal mind" that it may save the soul. It dashes down the dragon of our idolatry, that we may see its worthlessness, and look above. What seems our foe, is, really, in many instances, the angel of our chastisement.

Here we see in the background the enchanting picture of paradise. By the gate which leads to it is the porter's lodge, and beyond it are seen the beauty and foliage of an Eden. Yet, not content with a home among them, inviting him to their enjoyment, man chooses the world for his portion, and is engaged in bearing it off, as his own peculiar treasure. As he first left the sacred confines, a shower of darts overtook him, and these are left with their points in the earth, while the other points project in the direction from which they were thrown. From this shower, man has escaped, bearing the world with him, and confident that he can at length

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place his prize in some safe and secure place. But around him still fly the arrows, teaching him the lesson,

Cœlum non animum mutant qui t ans mare currunt. *

Still he is exposed to the vicissitudes of life, the discipline of a loving and faithful Providence. The angel form is seen hurling darts, darts that perhaps wound, but wound in mercy, and are designed to show that on earth, even with the world in possession, there is no condition of unalloyed pleasure.

But *Post vulnera daemon*, "After wounds the demon." After all the chastisements of mercy have failed of their effect, then comes an arrow from a different quarter, and hurled by no friendly hand. We do not see the source from which it comes, but we know from its direction that it is hurled with malicious as well as accurate aim. It smites its victim in the forehead, and brings him to the earth, and forces him to release the world that he had held as a treasure in his grasp. What that arrow is, is intimated by the fact that it smites the forehead, the seat of intellect. It is the arrow of doubt, or intellectual confusion, that makes the very globe worthless to its possessor. The demon accomplishes, by divine permission, what disciplinary and loving chastisement had failed to do. Man sinks confounded to the earth, and wretched, even while he calls the world his own.

Above, we see a skull, on such a shield, as was wont of old, to bear back the remains of its heroic possessor, who had fallen on the field of battle. But on the skull, as if to vindicate the superior power of the emotional to that of the intellectual nature, we see a heart pierced by an arrow, and a serpent that has crawled forth from the skull drinking from the wound. It is thus that the intellect, wounded by the demon's arrow, sends forth the serpent of doubt, to drink the life-blood of the heart.

The symbols below indicate the vanity of earthly possessions. There is the dark circle which contains the globe; but, sadly

* They change their sky, not their mind, who run beyond the sea.

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enough, its redeeming cross projects beyond the circle, to which the carnal mind is limited. There is the quiver, emptying itself of arrows, and indicating the resourceless condition of man left to himself. There is the flickering taper, a part of the outline of which is the string of a broken bow, in which we see the weakness and blindness of human reason and wisdom set forth. And there, too, is the flower which symbolizes the fleeting, withering nature of all earthly good.

All these objects, too, are beheld with an Eden in the background, but an Eden that the folly of man leads him to scorn. He turns from it to grasp a cheating treasure, but finds too late that it is only to fall under wounds and the demon's stroke, and through his wounded intellect, to have the serpent doubt crawl forth to feed on his bleeding heart.

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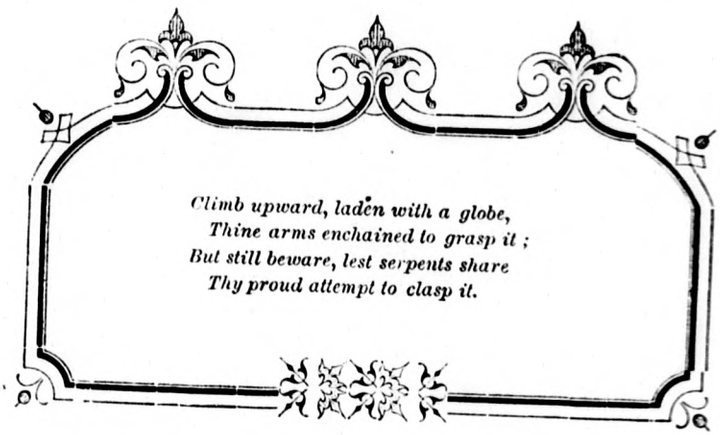

"TO WHAT END IS IT FOR YOU? AS IF A MAN DID FLEE FROM A LION, AND A BEAR MET HIM? OR WENT INTO THE HOUSE, AND LEANED HIS HAND ON THE WALL, AND A SERPENT BIT IT."—*Amos.*

AMONG the things that will never say—"It is enough," we must find a place for the soul of man feeding on earthly things. The more it has, the more it wants. It is not quantity that can satisfy it, though it should vie with Alexander in the success of its ambitions. Nay, its very greed may expose it to the gravest dangers. High place only makes him who reaches it, a more conspicuous mark for the fatal arrows of earthly vicissitudes. Large undertakings only expose to greater hazards, and yet to the climbing spirit "Alps on Alps arise," and it never can reach the coveted summit, or if it does, like Bruce, discovering what he supposed the fountains of the Nile, it sinks exhausted and almost spiritless in the triumph that seems the collapse of effort.

Here we see human ambition under the figure of a fond youth, with angel capabilities, grasping the globe, and attempting to bear

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it up the steep declivity. Absorbed in the effort that taxes all his strength, he sees not that a serpent has coiled itself about the globe, from which the cross has fallen off, and that its deadly fangs are already fearfully near to his own hand. It is the serpent of disappointed effort, or of stinging guilt, that is wont to coil itself around all unlawful or extravagant projects. It is true, the youth has clasped the globe, but what will he do with it at last? The serpent's fang will finally force him to abandon it, and he will fall the victim of his own folly. But even if that experience were spared him, how would he be compelled at length, overwearied with his effort, to desist from his undertaking, and fling down a world that becomes a crushing burden, instead of a prized treasure, in soul-withering disgust. The globe itself will never satisfy. It only affords a resting place for the deadly serpent.

Glancing above, we see a winged world on which rests a cross-imprinted heart. Let those wings be spread, as soon they may be, and they will bear the heart away with them. It is thus that the Soul of man is captured by sense, and becomes the helpless dependent of the world.

If we turn to the symbol beneath, we see a crescent moon, that seems to ask from the sun more light. Its cry is still "give, give," *Donec totum expleat orbem*, "till it shall fill its entire orb." What it asks is given. The whole orb is filled with the gift of solar light. But what then? Does it continue? No! It waxes only to wane. It gains only to lose. It cannot retain what it has received.

Even so it is with the soul's avaricious or ambitious cravings. They are ever crying to all things earthly, "give," "give." But what is given does not satisfy; more is demanded, more is sought, with wearying and exhausting toil. But when the prize is secured, when the orb is filled, what then? "The full soul loatheth the honey comb." It contemns its very gains. Perhaps a serpent has coiled itself around what it has grasped. Perhaps amid its possess-

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ions there lurks some stinging thought, some poisonous, deadly consciousness of guilt incurred, aims perverted, privileges abused, or life misspent. Then it is that the treasure becomes a burden. Wealth is only a heap of cares. Piled up honors are only piled up rubbish, and the crown, that rests upon the victor's brow, is a crown that is set with thorns, and by the weight of its jewels, only presses deeper into the living flesh, their bloody torturing stings.

Not here and there only has one solitary experimenter found this so. The experience even of a Solomon has some features that parallel it with an Alexander's. Thousands have exclaimed at last, even while they planted their feet on the topmost round of ambition's ladder. "Vanity and vexation of spirit."

"The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh."

The soul that was made to drink from the living fountains will only torture itself by glutting its thirst from the brackish, stagnant pools of earthly felicity.

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"MY STRENGTH IS MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS."—Paul.

ONE of the most significant lessons of the christian consciousness is the strange feebleness of sanctified desire. While the soul was absorbed in the world, it exulted in its energy and its strength. Nothing was too arduous for it to venture upon, and with unwavering confidence in the energy of its own resolves, it felt that it had only to enter upon the christian course, to run it with equal swiftness and energy, and thus reproach the tardy steps of those whose lack of energy it had been wont to criticise. But when it had really entered upon that course, it found that it had grossly exaggerated the sufficiency of its natural powers. These—in the world—were in a congenial and appropriate sphere, and were braced by the very air of worldliness to worldly endeavor.

But passing into another, and a new sphere—like one ascending from the valleys to the rarified air on the mountain-top, that can scarce support life—it found that it had miscalculated its own strength. It was a man before, but it became as a child now. It had then relied upon itself alone, but now, in conscious helplessness, it came to feel the need of an ever present almighty helper.

A portion of this experience is set forth in the emblem. The strong man has become as a little child that cannot even stand alone. The world indeed is a hollow thing to it, but lacking yet that faith in its full strength, which is content to throw itself on the unseen arm of God, it finds in the hollow world, with its meagre

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frame, a seeming temporary support, with one hand to grasp this frame, while in the other it holds a cross—not in its naked simplicity, but tricked out with ornamental appendages, and surmounted by an ornamented globe, from which gay streamers float. No wonder feeble progress is made, and that the little wheels that support both the world-frame and its occupant, seem designed rather to be stationary than to bear their load along. As the eye takes in the significance of the whole scene, we seem to hear a voice from it—

"Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys."

What is needed is a divine breath to animate the soul, to emancipate it from all dependence upon sense, and aid it to fly upon its heavenward way.

Contrasted with its present progress is its former activity. Then—as we see above—the world had wings. The worldly energy was prompt, active, flew, soared. It could make its way at will. It moved in its own sphere, dependent only upon itself, and sufficient in itself. But now all this is changed. For the pursuit of the world the heart was zealous, but when its course is changed, and another goal is held out, it moves but with tardy step.

What is needed is, that the moss grown heart should shake itself loose from all incumbrance, that every feathery, fern-like attachment should be cast off. Let it not yield to the spell of ease or indolence, or be buried in a bed formed of its own fungi. It needs help from above. Its prayer should be:

"Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
Oh! then on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Unclouded in the skies."

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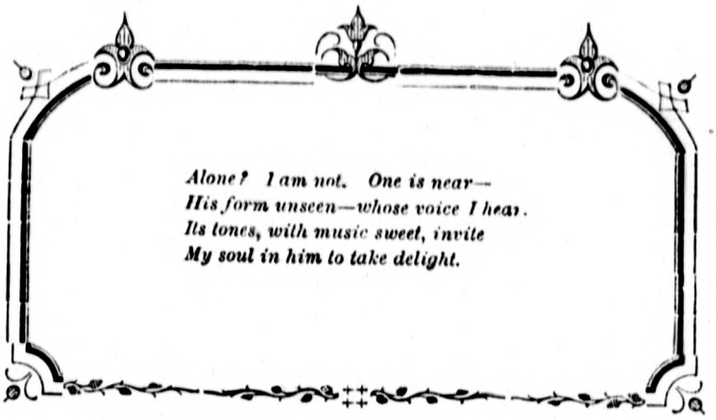

"WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN, YE LOVE."—*Peter.*

HERE is seen a youth of lovely aspect, with a neatness of dress, indicative of a well-ordered spirit, lingering amid scenes of verdure and beauty, surveying them thoughtfully, and yet with a rod, from which streamers gaily wave, for a staff, and a water-flask by his side, evidently feeling that he is not there to linger, but has the journey and the task of life before him. Meditatively, does he turn toward some invisible object, extending toward it his outstretched hand, as though some other hand were to grasp his, and as though his happiness could not be complete without it.

What is it that he wants? What is it that is necessary to cheer his solitude, and enrich and guide his meditative thoughts? If we look above, we read the symbolic answer. We see the doves perched at the foot of the cross, one giving and the other receiving food. The lesson is plain. If it is blessed to give, it is more blessed to receive. That human life, which under the everlasting influence of the cross, combines with external privilege and meditative joy, the self-denial of the giver, feeding other lives by its own effort or sacrifice, is the true life—the one that shall look up and see over it, not only the cross, but the cross enriched by the symbol of the life immortal.

Below, the significance of such an alliance is made more complete. There we see a world and a heart joining hands, and sur-

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rounded on every side with true lover's knots. On the world we read *Martha*, and on the heart we read *Mary*, and we see at a glance that one represents the toil and care of common daily and earthly duties, such as belong to a place here in this world, and the other the cross-sanctified desires and longings of the heart—in other words—that contemplation,

> "Whose power is such that whom she lifts from earth,
> She makes familiar with a world unseen,
> And shows him glories yet to be revealed."

It is this junction of homely duty with sanctified affection, of earthly toil, with heavenward aspirations, that harmonize the elements of the soul, and make it the home of those two sister graces, with whom Jesus will love to abide. It is essential that the two should abide together. Neither is complete without the other. One is seen amid the fairest bloom, and in an earthly Eden, incomplete in itself, and stretching out its hand to the other. It is not enough to meditate alone, even on the best of objects. With meditation there should be a conjoined activity and usefulness. It is not enough that one should toil, and be busied, industriously and energetically, in earthly tasks and duties. "While I was musing," says the psalmist, "the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." And again, "I believed, therefore, have I spoken." It is meditation that feeds the soul. But that which receives, and is fed, should also bestow, and feed others. A hermit's life—the luxury of solitary, and yet unproductive thought—does not meet the demand of duty, or the demand of our own conscious being. It is one-sided, and incomplete. And yet the continuous activity of the soul in common duties can only be sustained, by being fed with the food of meditative thought. Without this, it would be like a river, deprived of the springs that fed it. It would dry up, and shrink within the bounds of its narrowest channel, till it flowed no more, and only stagnant pools were left to mark the course along which it flowed.

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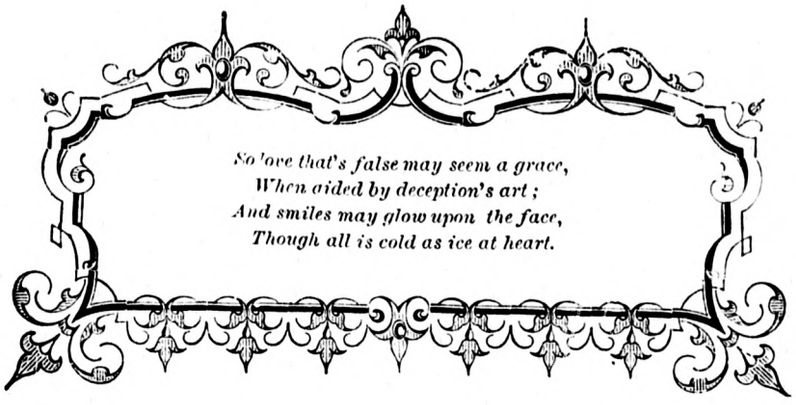

"AS A BIRD HASTETH TO THE SNARE, AND KNOWETH NOT THAT IT IS FOR HIS LIFE."—Solomon.

APPEARANCES are deceitful." The profession and show of friendship do not necessarily imply the reality of it. There are two Latin words that sound very much alike; they differ only by a single letter. One is *amo*, the other *hamo*; but one means, "I love," the other "I hook." Most opposite affections may wear almost the same guise.

Here we see Carnal Pleasure, not now as cupid, using his bow and arrow, but employing his net to take a soul only too willing to be taken. That soul is seen, in the form of a mermaid, seemingly content with its capture, and wearing upon its features a look of acquiescence, as well as simplicity. It seems to have no consciousness that it is encompassed by a net. It enjoys the pleasure of being dragged along, unconscious of, or perhaps indifferent to, what awaits it, when it shall be drawn ashore. It is only a too willing victim of Carnal Pleasure.

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The net itself has little worlds for corks to float it. They are its ornament also. They take the eye of the soul, and help to ensnare it. Perhaps the pond-lilies, that only grow near the shore, are, with their voluptuous bloom and fragrance, a new temptation to allure the soul, and make it more ready to leave its native deeps and submit to its capture. It is drawn forth by the force, or perhaps violence, of carnal pleasure, to a new world and new scenes, where trees and flowers, and grassy banks invite, and yet a world, which, though charming to the eye, means death to that organization, which can only exist in its native element.

Above the picture, are emblems of beauty and art, in which carnal pleasure delights. On the right, a net is suspended, in which winged hearts have been taken, and on the left, we see another net which holds butterflies, signifying an immortal state.

From either side, a fishing-line descends, and at the end of each, a fish, gay, and embroidered, as it were, to indicate the character of those whom the world takes by its bait, has swallowed the hook. Beneath, we read the significant motto, *Non amat iste; sed hamat amor.* "This fellow does not love; but pleasure hooks."

It is a sad truth that many a worldly friendship may be defined as carnal pleasure, capturing, by hook or net, a willing victim. How admirably, sometimes, is the net woven! How nicely ornamented it is! As if all the worlds of fashion, all the realms which the varieties of human passion would grasp, were attached to it! Many a one is engaged in spreading this net, or drawing it in, and many a one becomes its victim, while he imagines he is simply yielding to the drawings of earthly delight. He trusts to friendly professions. He is lured by the hope of enjoying more inviting and pleasurable scenes. Instead of resisting, he turns, with a complacent smile, towards his captor, and seems to enjoy his being dragged to guilt, shame, and death.

It is under the form of alluring pleasure, that souls are often

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captured and fatally betrayed. They swallow the bait, and know not that the hook is in their jaws. Even after they have greedily seized it, they are allowed line to play with. Within certain limits, they seem to enjoy all their old freedom. But this is only for a little while. Slowly the line is reeled up. They find themselves drawn on irresistibly to their ruin, but they discover this only when it is too late. Beware of the hooks and nets of carnal pleasure, is the voice of true wisdom. Do not call him a friend, who by the spell of a false friendship would draw you to scenes as false to the soul's peace and life, as they are enchanting to the eye or the heart. *Amo* is the true, but *Hamo* is the false friend. One will rebuke in love; the other will betray with a kiss.

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Fond child of folly, soon the storm
Will toss thy vessel frail;
The sail shall be thy winding sheet,
Thy dirge the tempest's wail

"A PRUDENT MAN FORESEETH THE EVIL."—Solomon

IT is one of the most striking illustrations of human life, which sets it before us under the image of a voyage. It has a port to start from, and a port to gain, and dangerous, perhaps raging seas between, that *may* engulf it. No human sagacity can infallibly determine the issue, although the highest degree of sagacity can assure us that neglect to equip or man or guide the vessel aright, may result in its wreck.

Here we see human wisdom, or rather human folly, tossed upon the waves. The ship in which it sails is the world of its own thoughts and fancies, a globular hull that seems fitted for nothing except to drift, and drift to ruin. It has, and from its construction can have, neither bow nor rudder. Its main-sail is composed of the extended wings of a huge butterfly, while the fore-sail is simply a fools-cap attached to main-yard and bow-sprit. The streamers are enormous peacock's feathers, waving in the blast, and indicate the place which the pride of vain display has in the plan of the

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voyage. The only chart or compass, by which the vessel's course is to be directed, is seen below, in a human heart divided off so as to indicate all the varied points of the compass. On a stormy, rayless, leaden sky, we read the dark prospect that awaits alike the craft and the voyager. The sea-duck floating amid the billows, looks at him with surprise, or indignation at his intruding folly, and every phase of his condition, seems to write him "Fool."

Many a vessel that leaves the dock with fair prospects and a rich cargo, never reaches its destined port. The bottom of the ocean must in places be strewn with wrecks. But the ocean of human life has a more tragic flowing of blasted hopes and wrecked expectations; men that would examine with the closest scrutiny, the character and capabilities of the vessel, in which they would cross the ocean, will enter upon the voyage of life, with less of plan and forethought than they would employ in crossing a flooded marsh. Oftentimes their whole equipment seems made—judging from that above—with the sole view to irremediable and total disaster. Their vessel is the frail bubble of their fancies, that cannot endure either wind or wave. Their sails, or the means they have at command to take advantage of favorable influence to bear them along, are as frail as a butterfly's wings, or silly as a fool's cap. All the exhibition which they make of their spirit, taste, sympathy, or aims, is a peacocklike display of vanity, and when the storm overtakes them—as it surely will—they can only creep down through the scuttle of their fears into the hold of their idle fancies, and tremble on, with fear and apprehension, till the raging tempest makes the refuge of their timidity, the coffin of their hopes.

Even with the staunchest vessel—the most sober and well considered plans—the voyage of life is full of danger. A ruddered vessel, well equipped, with a strong hand at the helm, is not always safe. Something is needed, not only of human forethought, and wise provision, but of divine help. There is a mysterious might

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that can teach the soul, like Peter, to walk the billows, unharmed. We see this symbolized above, in the emblem of resurrected life, the butterfly safe on the face of the turbid sea. To make this might ours, is the divine wisdom, by which we are insured against every peril, and this wisdom is learned from the charts of heaven, and the lips of the Great Pilot.

"Millions have perished on life's stormy coast,
With all their charts on board, and powerful aid,
Because their haughty pride disdained to learn
The instructions of a pilot, and a God."

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Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

Herrick.

"AT THE LAST IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT, AND STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER."—Solomon

DEATH even has his dance of mirthfulness. We have here the dance of Death. Full of grim mirth, feeding his gleeful humors on the strange contrasts of life and death, wearing ostentatiously his enormous fool's cap, and ready to slip his laughing mask over the hollow sockets and grinning jaws that obtrude themselves upon our gaze, the strange figure before us, is, in Pope's language a "vile antithesis." His skeleton legs and feet contrast with the gaudy covering of shoulders and chest, while the fleshless fingers, clasp the mocking picture, that is to help on his masquerade. Before him, lies a horrid miniature of himself, with a like fool's cap, but powerless to move. Behind him, is an open grave, the spade still resting in it, which waits for a tenant. In the back-ground, is the ancient church with its massive tower, and the leafless trees through which the winds sigh and moan.

The setting of the picture is in keeping with it. Symbols of sportiveness and death, are grouped together. A spider's web suggests the artful snares, that are woven by death's purveyors and allies, while the master spirit that framed the web, and reposes

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near a ghastly skull, is only himself, a living death's head mounted on legs. To the left, a Damocles' sword is suspended over a boquet of flowers, while beneath, at opposite ends of a beam poised upon a globe, the head of a laughing, contrasts with that of a weeping philosopher. The key to the meaning of the whole, is found in the Latin motto, *et risu necat*, "and he slays with a laugh."

One would think that death, or the skeleton that symbolizes him, could never be anything but repulsive; that however masked, or robed, the exposure of a fleshless limb, would break every spell, and leave the beholder disenchanted, to turn away with a shudder. And yet, with an open grave behind, a thousand forms of false pleasure dance before the eyes of men, robed in part, in gaiety and humor, and fascinate them by their smile, even while the skeleton feet or fingers plainly betray the cheat. The spectator sees only the mask, notes only the humor of it, is taken by the gracefulness of the dance, and is heedless of the identity of the grim, jesting actor.

Many a career of so called pleasure, fully deserves to be represented in emblem, like this same dancing grave-digger. Many an idolized vice, or health and soul-destroying habit, is half a masked jester, and half a marrowless, nerveless skeleton, performing its antics before a half dug grave. It has no living humanity about it. It simply means fool's cap, and mask, and trips over the sod on skeleton toes. It puts on the forms of mirthfulness and humour, but is in fact, a hollow mockery, summoning all that dance to its step, to fill its grave. There is not about it one fibre of mercy. It is as inexorable as the King of terrors. It dances with its victim, till it can put its long bony arms around him, and then drags him down to the pit that is already dug.

Such is the story of what often begins with a jest, and ends with a shriek of despair—begins with festive wine and social mirth, and ends with delirium tremens, and the straw bed of an alms-

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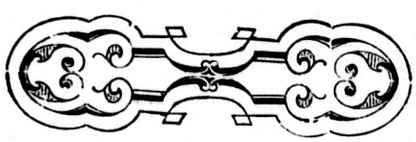
house garret, begins with a gently solicited compliance to join in some sport or game, where a laugh palsies conscience, and ends in a self-reproach that stings like the word that the dying Randolph would have spelled and written, *Remorse*. The laugh kills. There is no poised javelin, no loaded musket, no terrible menace, to excite affright, or put one on his guard. There is only a dancer's laugh, and beneath the mask, you cannot tell who the dancer is. He may be known by a hundred different names, but each of them all is an *alias* except one, and that is Death. Thousands will tremble at the word, yet fall in love with the thing. A frown from it would terrify them, while this frown can only impel to wisdom, and it is the laugh that kills.



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O welcome! pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings.

"GOD UNDERSTANDETH THE WAY THEREOF, AND HE KNOWETH THE PLACE THEREOF."—Job.

BENEDICTIONS, lavished upon the elect of God, have great wealth of blessing. It is redeemed by no corruptible things, as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Its resting place is beneath the covert of his wings. It is "the heir of all things," "heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ." Nothing can harm it. Its very wounds are inlets to the soul of a divine wisdom. Its pains and afflictions are the discipline of a father's hand. It lingers on earth, only to ripen for glory, and its toils and cross-bearings are but sowing the seed, that ripens to eternal harvest, till it shall rest from its labors, and its works shall follow it.

Here we see the flesh and spirit, presenting each its vessel to receive the blessing that comes down in a beam of glory, from heaven's "all-beholding eye." The flesh, turning its eyes away, unable to endure the insufferable glory, or, at least, dazzled by it, and with its back toward the light holds up its idol world, to obtain the boon. But the very attitude it assumes, defeats its design, and its unpierced globe has no inlet, through which to receive the heavenly gift.

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On the other hand, the spirit, with the halo about its head, cannot only bear the glorious light, but rejoices in it. It presents its heart-shaped vase just where the full tide of glory strikes, and there it holds it, till through its opened mouth it is filled, and there is no more room to receive it. Meanwhile, it verifies the plain promise made to it, "There shall no evil befall thee. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the *adder;* the young lion and dragon shalt thou trample under feet."

Here we see the force and significance of the motto, *Patet æthræ, clauditur orbi*, "it is open to the æther, it is closed to the world." Happy in its experience of heavenly blessings, the spirit henceforth knows when and where to apply, and rests in the calm assurance that an inexhaustible bounty is ever ready to supply its need. Now it is that the world blooms around it, as it never bloomed before. The symbol of the rent tomb alights upon a world half-covered with flowers, and surrounded with memorials of a sinless Eden. On either side, nature seems to wear her fairest and most attractive smiles. Everything on earth grows radiant in that light from the throne, which fills the vase of the believer's hope.

Meanwhile, the flesh has only its tightly-closed, dead world on its hands. No light falls upon it. No glory wraps it about. Nay, if it did, his eyes would be unable to endure the blaze. Sin has weakened them, and the dazzling beams from above, would smite them blind. Thus, with equal privileges, it is life impoverished, while the spirit drinks its fill of blessing from the throne.

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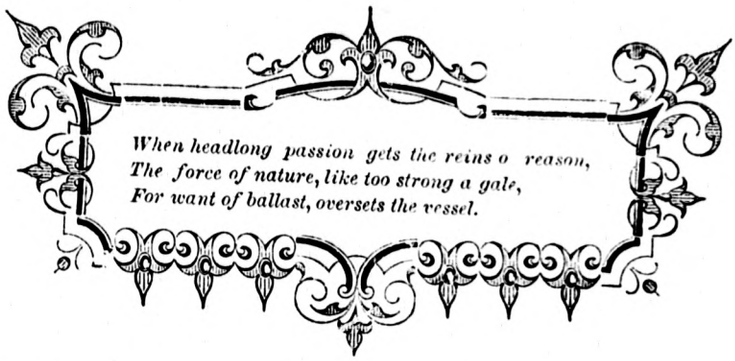

"TO WILL IS PRESENT WITH ME, BUT HOW TO PERFORM THAT WHICH IS GOOD, I FIND NOT."—Paul.

HUMAN nature is a strange paradox. "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do," was the self-humiliating confession of an inspired apostle. There are in the soul diverse elements, so diverse that it seems to itself to have a double being. In the silence of its own consciousness, it sometimes seems to hear the voices of angels, and sometimes the voices of fiends. It is almost as if the domain of the spirit was equally-carved, and of the border-land of two contested worlds, a heaven and a hell. It is as if a Jacob and an Esau dwelt in the same bosom, or as if limb to limb, a dead body was bound to a living.

There is in the soul the element of conscience, often torpid and sluggish to utter its rebuke, and there are there, also, at the same time, passions that a spark will kindle to a blaze. There is there, a half-smothered aspiration, which even when reduced, as it were, to its last gasp, still points upward, and there is also a gravitation toward evil, reminding us of Cowper's description of those whose

"Ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death."

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These diverse elements, often conflicting, often in strange contrast, must be differently handled. One needs the bit, and the other the spur. One is in danger of running away with us, and the other too indolent or inefficient even to bear us up. Both are symbolized in the picture. The better element of human nature pants like a deer to ascend to loftier heights of attainment, but it lacks capacity. It has the will—in the sense of desire—but not the power. With the ass's head, it has the snail's body, and can only crawl upward, tediously slow. The other, with a child's eager impetuosity of desire, has only to plunge downward under the gravitation of lust and appetite, and this it does, mounted on a deer-headed butterfly, whose wings are mottled by the opaque worlds depicted on them. Even then, its winged flight is too slow for its desire, and from the barbed point of its arrow, which it uses as a handle, the flying lash is ready to descend and urge the gay courser to greater speed.

Both these tendencies of human nature rest, as it were, upon a sloping declivity—the declivity of an innate depravity. Left to themselves, and bound to a common experience, these ill-matched Siamese twins could only glide downward, the one dragging the other hopelessly after it. Hence the wisdom of the motto which we see below, in the wreathed inscription, to which are appropriately appended, bit and spur, *Da mihi fræna, timor; da mihi calcar, amor.* "Fear, give me the reins; love, give me the spur." The good impulse, or suggestion, needs to be encouraged, the evil to be checked.

Above, we have an emblem lesson which needs to be combined with this to supplement its wisdom. We see a tortoise tediously crawling upward along its steep path, and we feel that it must not venture to remit or lose a single step. Yet the light-winged swallows may stoop downward safely to the very earth, even with the world bound to its back, if only the cross also is there. It shall

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rise again at will, and soar in the clear heavens, and know nothing of heights or depths, of struggle or defeat. So let the soul be winged with love; let the aspiring element of its better nature take the imprint of the cross, and it shall bear a world upon its shoulders; it shall go down to the lowliest, it shall soar to the loftiest, equally at home with the white-robed angel before the throne, and the ragged, suffering angel of the hovel, waiting to put on its wings and soar away.

Above the scroll, is the symbol of divine providence, combining in one the javelin of justice, and the shepherd's crook. The point of the javelin is turned toward a world without a cross, that follows 'the star of its God Remphan,' while the crook indicates a shepherd's care, for a world under the influence of the cross.

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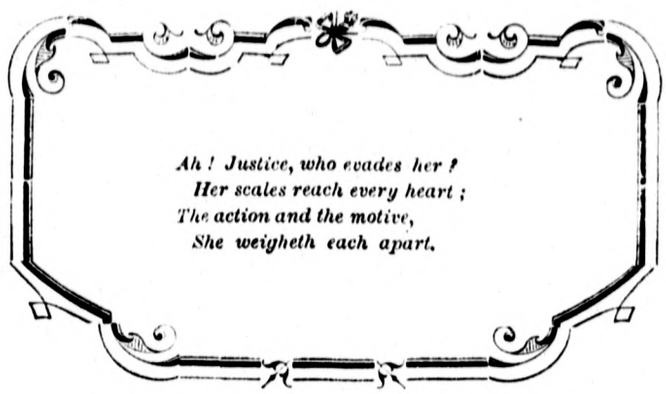

"AND MERCY REJOICETH AGAINST JUDGMENT."—James.

WHEN Washington, with tears in his eyes, signed the death-warrant of Major Andre, his very soul was shaken by the conflict within him, of the demands of justice, and appeals of mercy. But justice—like duty, as Wordsworth has apostrophized her, "Stern daughter of the voice of God"—was imperative. The lives of his own countrymen, or even the issue of the great struggle, in which the fate of a nation was imperiled, were at stake on his decision.

In this picture, we see one, around whose head is a heavenly halo, determining a kindred question, in which the fate, not of an individual merely, but of a race, is involved. Standing beneath the arms of a balance—to which a heart is attached, to show that it is designed to weigh its merits or demerits—the sword of justice has been thrown into one scale, carrying it down toward the earth, even while the world has been thrown into the opposite scale. The meaning is obvious. The desert of sin, which the sword of justice intimates, is such, that a whole globe, with all that it contains, is no offset for it. Something more must be added, or, perhaps, rather substituted. What shall it be? Other globes would be equally

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vain. It must be something by which "mercy may rejoice against judgment." The only thing, in the whole universe which can suffice, is the cross—the gracious provision of a crucified Redeemer, by which the majesty of the broken law may be indicated, and yet mercy be extended to the penitent transgressor. This alone can and will suffice against the sword of justice.

Very significant above is the bent spear. The weapon is terrible, its hilt crowned with a death's head, to intimate its office, kindred to that of death as the penalty of sin. If it had not been bent, it would have pierced, with its mortal thrust, the heart of the race. But an invisible might has bent it, and now it pierces another heart, that never seemed exposed to it, or in its way, and the five mortal wounds that are inflicted, serve to show that it is the heart of infinite love that bleeds.

Beneath, we see that heart lowered by the central one—the most conspicuous of these passion-flowers—that turns itself full and open to our gaze. Here it is, with its ten petals, representing the apostles—Peter and Judas being omitted—its stamens indicating the glory of the sufferer; its purple threads surrounding the bottom of the style, the crown of thorns—the style itself the pillar to which the malefactors were bound to be scourged—the clasper, the cord, and the palmetto leaf, the hand. The three divisions on the top of the style, fancy has represented as the three nails, one of the five stamens as the hammer, and the other four the cross, which the albastrices at the bottom of the corolla, stand for the soldiers, casting lots, and the three days intervening between the opening and closing of the flower, denotes the period between the Saviour's death and resurrection.

The cross is thus indissolubly associated with the pierced heart—His heart who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Only by the cross, can the sword of justice be outweighed. To redeem the soul, under condemnation

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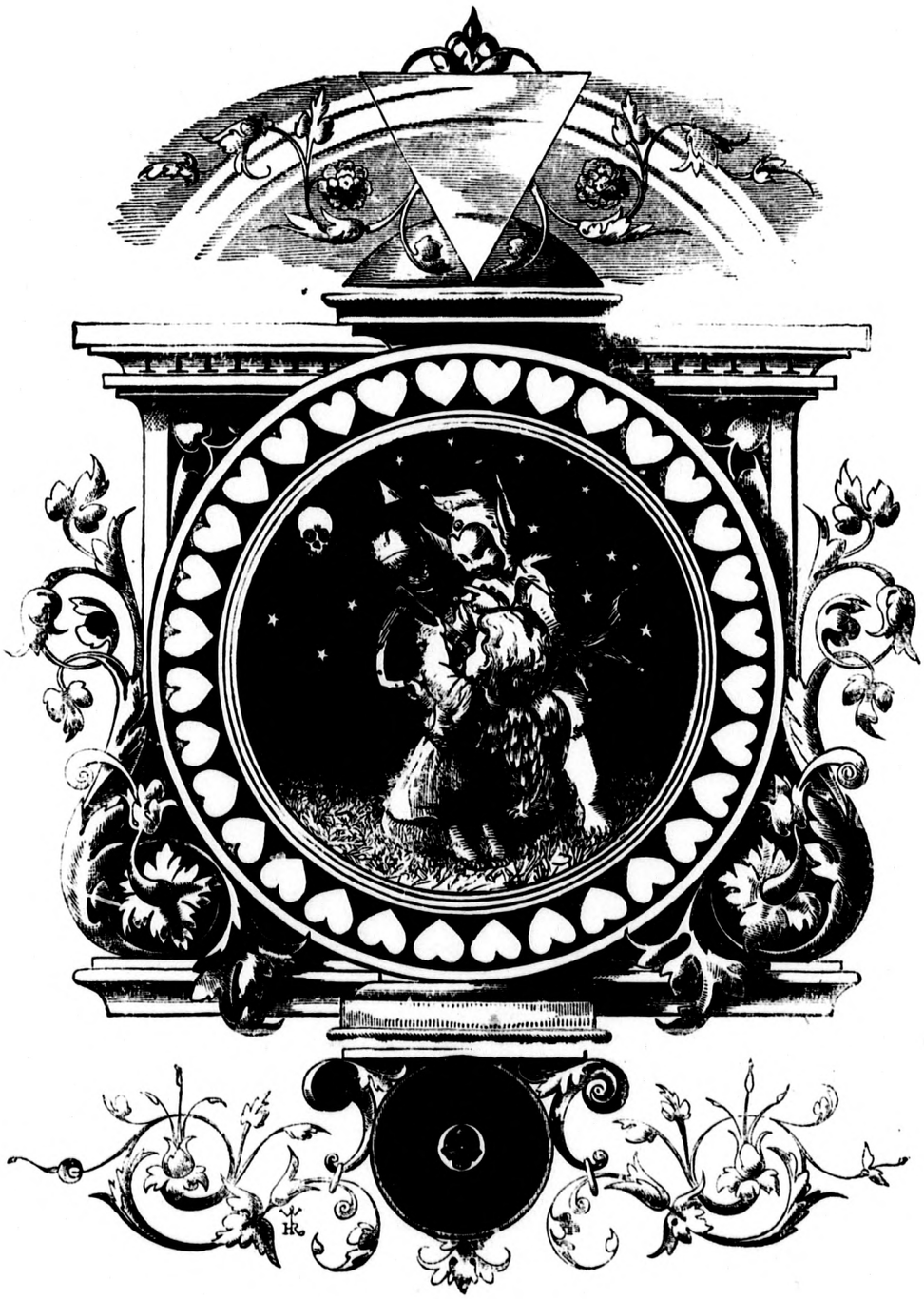
for sin, and exposed to that just desert, the mere foreboding of which may well unman it, there was needed more than a divine impulse to mercy, even the means to melt the human heart by an exhibition of love, and at the same time open the way for the exercise of a mercy which should not set aside, or dishonor the violated law.

"The sword of wrath is stayed
In its pursuit of blood;
The cross our debt has paid,
And made our peace with God.

"The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies."



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Where now, ye lying vanities of life?
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are ye now, and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

"FOR THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."—Paul.

CONTRAST the flesh and spirit! We see this contrast in the character of the objects which the several tastes of persons lead them to observe. An "old mortality," passing through the graveyard, would pause to read the name of each crumbling stone. A modern geologist would simply note the character of the strata, from which the stone was taken. A Howard, wherever he went, would visit the prisons. A Sir Joshua Reynolds would be mainly curious about galleries of art.

The very same objects may be seen with very different emotions. The man who visits, after a long absence, the scenes of his young life, will seem to see every lingering object that memory embalmed, invested with a kind of sanctity, while the new possessor of the estate will change and tear down and rebuild, as if he were but removing an obstruction, or abating a nuisance.

How differently do the heavens present themselves to the gaze of different men,

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

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And yet another shall look upward like him whom Pollok describes,

> "Who thought
> The visual line that girt him round the world's extreme,
> And thought the moon that nightly o'er him led
> Her virgin host no broader than his father's shield."

Much the same is the contrast between flesh and spirit, as we see it illustrated here. They have the same glass, which they interchange, and with it gaze upward to the skies.

The spirit, with the glass resting on the support of a heart, emptied of all worldliness, discerns the transitoriness of all earthly things. It sees the sun itself shorn of his beams, reduced to a death's head disc, and ready to vanish in night. Nay, it looks beyond all this—sees an universe dissolving, the heavens wrapped together as a scroll, the judgment-seat, and the books opened, and the record of human life and vanity all displayed.

Flesh, or sense, endeavors to thrust other objects into view, and hide the grand spectacle. It would intervene with a globe, surmounted with a prism rather than a cross, and charm the spirit's eye, with all the variety of colors which the prism displays. These are what it loves itself to behold. These feast its fancy, while they delude it to fatal error. In these, it finds the kingdom, of the world, and all the glory of them, and it is continually soliciting the spirit to turn its glass toward them.

But it solicits in vain. The spirit feels that earthly interests, compared to heavenly, are like the apex of a pyramid (inverted) to its base. The higher it mounts, the more broadly they extend, till above the visible firmament, they expand into the light unapproachable. It sees, too, that the future of sense is but a huge opaque disc, central to which is a death's head, which is alone discernible. From such a future, it turns away, preferring the glass of faith to the keenest sensual vision, and remembering that old things must pass away, while there is a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

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" He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper."—Burke.

" BUT I SEE ANOTHER LAW IN MY MEMBERS, WARRING AGAINST THE LAW OF MY MIND."—Paul

FLESH and blood continue still to war against the Spirit in deadly conflict, and this world is the scene of action. The fortunes of the strife are various. The good man, sometime loses his footing, and falls under the force of his antagonist, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit," and at times overwhelms it, with its assaults. But though sorely smitten, it is not overcome. Its motto may still be—"troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Indeed, some of the most instructive lessons of human experience, are learned at just that moment, when the soul is recovering itself, or when divine grace is recovering it from its fall.

Here in a narrow circle—indicating their close conjunction in a single personality—we see the struggle between the carnal and the spiritual nature. The former has secured its advantage, and the Spiritual nature is cast down almost to the earth. But, sustained by a divine strength, it is bravely recovering itself, resolved to maintain the fight. So long as it is resolute, no fall can prove fatal. The halo of light about its head gives assurance that an.

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invisible guardian watches over it. It may fall again and again, but its final victory—if it persists—is assured. So long as the conflict is maintained, the flesh grows weaker and weaker, while the spirit waxes stronger and stronger.

We see also, the diverse results of temptation in the opposite experience of two doves. One has lingered in the way of danger, and the cat, with stealthy step, has seized upon it, and made it its prey. The other, on free wing, is soaring aloft in the clear air of heaven, already beyond the reach of all hostile, earthly designs. This is the experience of the spirit, triumphing over the arts and powers of the flesh. It at last breaks loose from the grasp of its antagonist, and soars to its native skies.

On the right, we see the swift winged bird, heaven's own messenger, hasting upward to bear the news of the Spirit's danger, to heavenly powers, which may bring it needed help. The spirit indeed can never fall, without a witness, that shall note its danger, and speed away to bring it assured relief.

On the left, we see a javelin wrapped about with a scroll on which forms of human hearts are imprinted, importing that he who wields it accounts these his trophies. Thus, whether we look to the heavenly messenger, or the infernal javelin, we feel that each testifies to the importance of that conflict which is waged between flesh and spirit.

"The soul of man—Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell from beneath would work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life."

Nor is the issue doubtful, so long as the spirit is true to itself. Its case and exposure are known in heaven. Every blow that smites it, by the swift winged herald, is reported there.

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
He cannot, he will not forsake to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

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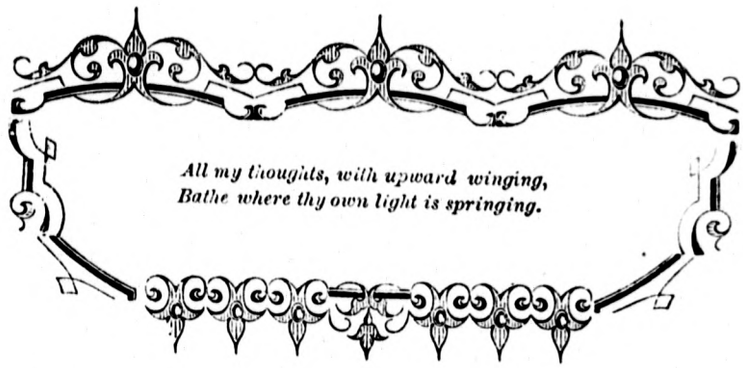

"LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS, AND GLADNESS FOR THE UPRIGHT IN HEART."—David.

KNEELING, in the chill air, amid grass and flowers, sprinkled with the hoar frost, a little child, representing the earnest soul longing for light, sends up his petition to heaven. *Phosphore, redde diem*; "Light bearer, give back the day," is the burden of his prayer. Well may he offer it. The dense rolling vapors above his head, mantle the globe, and turn noon to twilight. Weary of the darkness, he looks up to him, who is "the light of the world," and cries for help. All the light he has is that of a taper blaze, the feeble, flickering flame of a heart, resting on the dark, cold earth.

The day may have dawned for others, but not for him. Far aloft on the earth's pole is a cock, but with no life in it, a mere vane shifting with the wind. By no crowing, does it herald the onward march of day. To the right, we see the owl, and the night hawk, plunging down to enjoy with genial delight their loved darkness, the former, ever striving to quench the feeble light of a taper, that comes in his way. To the left, a lighted candle irradiates nothing but a fool's cap, that is in danger of being consumed by its blaze. Beneath, is the rich mantle, with the star of nobility, and other symbols of worldly pride, and greatness. But there is no light in them. They may gleam, or be admired in the festive hall, or the gorgeous

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saloon, but they are not what the needy, consciously benighted soul longs for. It turns not toward them, but to the eternal fountain and the great Author of light.

As the greatest and most idolized of modern German poets lay on his death bed, he pointed to the curtained windows, and amid the dimness of the darkened room, whispered, "Light; more light." Sin has curtained the globe, with its deep shadows, and turned it into a death-chamber, and many a sinking spirit, with a deeper pathos than that of Goethe's tones, has called out, "Light; more light." It is what the soul needs above all else—the light of heaven, the light that comes from an unclouded heaven, from a sun that never sets.

There is such a light. It was heralded, even in the old, dim centuries, by the voices of prophets and sacred bards. It rose in full-orbed splendor, when he who spake, as never man spake, pronounced with authority, "I am the light of the world." Experience has attested that he who dwells in him shall not abide in darkness, but have the light of life. The earnest soul that cries after that light—that emphasizes with soul-pervading earnestness, the petition, "Light bearer, give back the day," shall seek and find. An eye of pity rests on the lonely child, trembling amid the night dews and shadows, and a hand of love will draw the curtain of the thick clouds, and let in upon it, the warmth and light of a better day.

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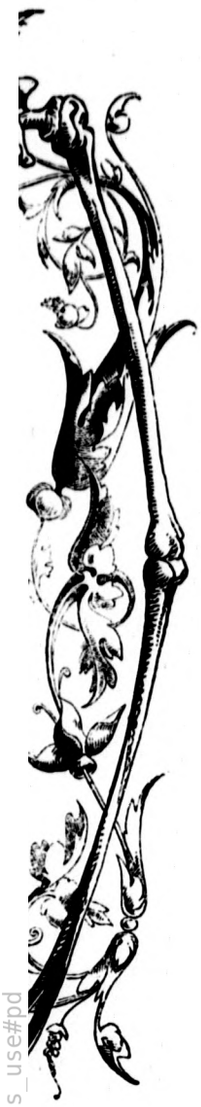
To dance on graves, to bowl with skulls, to find
Pleasure in wounds and ulcers, 'tis an art
Infernal, blowing bubbles with heart's blood.



"THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS DANCED BEFORE THEM, AND PLEASED HEROD."—*Matthew*

MULTITUDES there are to whom life presents no serious aspect. They are devoted disciples of "the laughing philosopher." They are quick to discern the ludicrous, but slow to perceive anything else. Life itself is to them a protracted jest, and evaporates away in empty humour. All its forms are clothed with cap and bells. The thing, that cannot minister to amusement, is worthless and despised.

Here we see a youth, representing the thoughtlessness of human nature, with bow and arrow in hand, amusing himself with a Punch and Judy, that stands on the topmost of a pile of skulls, from the eyes of which, worms are seen crawling out, and holds in his hand, the fox-headed club, that symbolizes his character. The world, on the disk of which the youth is seen, is surmounted by a cross, at the centre of which, is a ghastly death's head, while at the extremities of its arms, and from the point of the cap that crowns it at the top, miniature worlds depend. The whole is surrounded by a pair of spectacles framed for the most part of long and jointed

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bones fastened together, while in the place of one glass is a skull, with a butterfly and flowers, and in the place of the other, a harlequin's dress, surrounded by stars. Thus are combined in a single view, the serious and the humorous, and they are utterly confounded together.

Beneath, we see a human heart beholding itself in a mirror—that mirror the word of God—and thus discerning the inmost thought, and intent of it, with a scrutiny, which cannot be deceived. Here, there is no room for deception. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and in this case, the heart is fully displayed; it apprehends itself as it is, with an experience in entire contrast with that of him, who is misled by the appearances and judgments of the world.

The lesson taught is as true, as it is humiliating. Men are prone, even through the spectacles of their own morality, to seek to discern only, what will minister to mirth and pleasure. The most sombre and melancholy objects and scenes furnish food for their amusement. The harlequin may stand on a pyramid of nauseous skulls, but instead of revolting, attracts and amuses. Death itself, furnishes material for jesting, and the little imps of revelry, serve as fools of old, in royal courts, to help forward a coarse and boisterous mirth.

Sic decipit orbis. "Thus the world deceives." It puts on cheating masks, on which the undiscerning and thoughtless eye rests content, or even delighted. The grim features of stern reality, are hidden by panoramas of vanity and false pleasure. But the victim of deception is himself without excuse. The skull may plainly be seen amid the butterflies and flowers. The worms are visibly crawling from the hollow sockets where human eyes once glared. Men do not see the truth, because they will not. They are blinded by their own hearts, for the heart before the eye hides

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what it will from its gaze, and allows it only to behold the amusing the humorous, or the ludicrous side of things.

Human fancy displaces reason. In this real world, it creates an ideal which overshadows and obscures it. The real features of things are deformed and caricatured. The heart allows itself to be cheated by the world, and when our cheat is detected, it is still ready to fall the victim of another. To the last almost, it will amuse itself with the harlequin that performs his antics, even on the pyramid of skulls. So it can be entertained, it cares not whether it be edified. So it can be provoked to a laugh, or be convulsed with a jest, it cares little, whether it be saved or not.

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Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven's worth them all.

"ALL GO UNTO ONE PLACE; ALL ARE OF THE DUST, AND ALL TURN TO DUST AGAIN."—Solomon.

SEE here a youth, pressing his ear to a hollow globe, and exclaiming, *Tinnit*; *inane est*, "It rings, it is empty." A section of its surface has fallen off, and lies shriveled on the floor, where a greedy fox, in hope of booty, smells of it, and grasps it in his paws, but can make nothing of it. It cannot furnish food, even to his ravenous appetite.

Near by is a rope, one end lying loose upon the floor, and the other, passing through a wall to some unseen ball, connected with the massive structure, visible in the background. Let the youth drop his ball, and pull upon the rope, and it will only ring back an empty sound. Above the very flowers with all their beauty are merely bells, by their very aspect, forever ringing out *inane est*, it is empty. Below, on either side, are barometers unmarked, and their contents have shrunk to a mere speck. The little worlds that hang suspended from the flowers, have each a dial-face, as if to intimate the fleeting nature of the hours, and the vanity of time.

It is thus, that the emptiness of a noisy world is symbolized. The very tumult and confusion of it gives evidence, how hollow it is. Empty things resound loudest. A hollow world will resound, where a solid one will scarcely give back an echo. The voice of fame, sending her trumpet blast abroad, disturbs the world; but

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how little then is it! The shout of applause—even when as before heard, it cries out—"it is the voice of a God,"—dies away in a moment to less than a whisper, and leaves no memorial, even of its vanity behind. And yet, how many are cheated by these things! Though fame be but "a farrier's life in other's breath," it is eagerly sought after. How few perceive, that it is a simple, hollow globe, that rings the louder when smitten, for that very reason.

Little do the great mass heed what Cowper has so beautifully expressed:

"Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird,
That flutters least, is longest on the wing."

The background of the picture shows us the frowning walls of a castle, and the ladder of ambition by which aspiring spirits climb to fame, and wolfish natures climb for prey, yet neither find there anything but the shell of an empty world. The cold walls near by give back no light, and reveal no beauty. All is cold, and naked, and cheerless. Such is the solitude of greatness, such the vanity of the coveted prize. How many a heart has ached at the discovery! How many a fond wish, has that discovery doomed to disappointment! Who would climb and toil, to be repaid by the music of a hollow globe! Yet who is willing to believe that it is hollow, till he has tried it for himself? He must put his own ear to it. He must have it ring forth its own emptiness.

How much of vain striving might be saved, if it were only known beforehand! But fools must learn in the school of experience, and then the lesson will be remembered. Mere sound is all the reward that the world pays back, or can pay back to thousands. The prize they grasp at is but the echo of a breath, and it perishes at the very moment when it strikes the ear. The heart is left orphaned, solitary and sad. A hollow globe has no treasure or consolation which can cheer it. All it has to give, deserves only to be spurned.

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Half our daylight is a fable,
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.

"WALK IN THE LIGHT OF YOUR OWN FIRE, AND IN THE SPARKS THAT YE HAVE KINDLED. . . YE SHALL LIE DOWN IN SORROW."—Isaiah.

NO soul can live eternally without God, any more than the world can live without the sun. He is its life and light. Deprived of him, it must "walk in the light of its own fire;" it can only look for help to idols of its own forming. Of such a soul, it is declared that it "shall lie down in sorrow."

There are ten thousand forms and phases of sin, which bear the stamp of consummate and transparent folly. They are as if a man should put out his own eyes, or cut off his own arm, or mix poison in his own cup, or plant thorns in his own pillow. But there is one form of sin, that seems the consummation and combination of all others. It is that which practically denies the being and providence of God, that which is impatient of his supremacy, his law, his superintendence, his retribution.

It is this form of sin that is pictured before us here. The world's evil spirit, in which folly and mischief are incarnate, is seen attempting, with his uplifted bellows, to blow out the sun, and extinguish his beams. By some strange method, he seems to succeed, just as the atheist, by his bold assertions, may quench the light of truth in some human souls. The sun presents itself as a

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mere disk, emitting but few and feeble rays. Man, left in darkness, attempts to devise a substitute for the dying sun. By a mechanism of his own invention, which he has affixed to the world, and by which he draws up from it hidden stores—perhaps of petroleum—he is enabled to feed the wick of his curious lamp, and by means of its blaze to create an artificial day.

The strange glare, feeble and contemptible compared with the sun, utterly insufficient to irradiate the globe, is so suited to the blind vision of moles, that they leave their burrowing and come up to admire it. The world now is just the world for them. There is, at last, a sun on which they can gaze, and the beams of which they ean bear. To them, but to no others, the experiment is a success. They, at least, will applaud it, just as blind sensualists and conscience-smitten souls will approve the ingenuity, that extinguishes the light of divine truth, and the terrors of divine justice which awed and frightened them, or perhaps threatened to dazzle them blind.

But to extinguish the sun is not enough. Conscious guilt asks for something more. The laws of an eternal justice must be set aside, and the flaming terrors of the distinction, which they make between right and wrong, must be extinguished. This experiment, which many have engaged in, is symbolized by a syringe, worked by some unseen hand, which is playing with its last discharge upon a flaming Sinai. Of course, the experiment is a failure, although it is entered upon with professions of religious devotion. The syringe itself has the form of a cross wrought out upon it, intimating that the effort to extinguish a flaming Sinai is made in its name. It is as much as to imply that the cross is so interpreted as to—logically, at least—overthrow the justice of God.

Happily, no such designs can succeed. The bellows of impiety cannot put out the sun. Artificial torches cannot create day for the soul. A world, where moles shall come up to the surface to

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take the place of men, is impossible. The law of eternal justice can be set aside by no interpretation, made professedly in the interests of the cross of Christ. The only possibly beneficial result of the experiment is, to show the vanity and folly of human projects that would dispense, either theoretically or practically, with the being of a God. Every other result is mischievous, over which men may weep, and moles exult.

The issue is made still more significant, by the fact that even prized treasures are surrendered in the experiment to find a substitute for the sun, but the light of cupid's bow and quiver, as they too consume in the flame, is but a fresh accession to that of the world's taper.

The motto adds yet another phase to the lesson. *Sic lumine, lumen ademptum*, "Thus by light, light has been taken away." The light of reason and human philosophy blinds the gaze of him that trusts and follows, to the light of God's own truth. They who scorn the last, while they honor the first, shall at length have none but the first left them.

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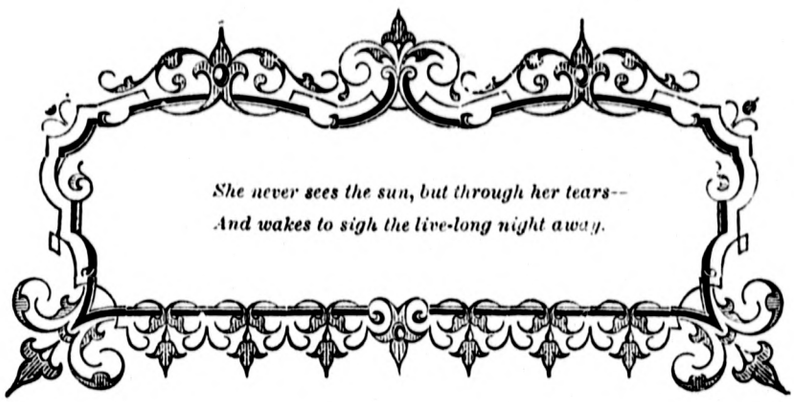

"WHEN SHALL I ARISE, AND THE NIGHT BE GONE? —Job.

THERE are instances in which life becomes a burden heavy to be borne, and is regarded with loathing. It comes sometimes when men have grasped the object of their ambition, and find it worthless, crushed like the butterfly the moment it is grasped. The real ends for which a man has lived have been attained; he has worn his crown and secured his laurels, and finds them a barren conquest, or has vainly struggled to secure them, and sits down in disappointment, bordering on despair. No rigid moralist, no severe Puritan, abuses the world as these men do. They feel disgusted with it themselves. Perhaps they have a standing quarrel with it. It is the object of their satire, and the butt of their jests. Few men have attained more completely to what many seek, the fame of ability, wit and eloquence, than Lord Chesterfield; yet in the fullness of his fame, he turned away from the world in disgust, and declared his purpose to *sleep out* the remainder of life's journey in his carriage.

The emblem before us presents us a character, with which he might sympathize—one who watches the waxing and waning moons, one to whom the day of life is all night, illuminated by a fragmentary moon and a few stars—one who lays his hand on a

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winged hour-glass, and wishes that the hours would fly more quickly by.

Above, is a bunch of flowers—the narcissus, emblem at once of his disease, self-love, as well as of his hopes—which the sickle is about to reap. In a little time they will be withered, and their beauty, bloom, and fragrance will have fled. Beneath, is a level hour-glass which indicates how wearily to him the hours drag along, seemingly motionless as the sun, which now remains stationary. If it has cherished any hopes of the life that is immortal, they linger only for a moment over the prostrate glass, and then, like the butterflies, haste away. We seem to hear his lament as he exclaims,

"The branded slave that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome shore,
His ransomed stripes are healed; his native soil
Sweetens the memory of his foreign toil.
But ah! my sorrows are not half so blest;
My labor finds no point, my pains no rest,
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans
Still vainly roll' ————————stones."

This is the heart-ache of worldliness, weary of itself—its own burden. When a man reaches what he has made the goal of his existence, and finds that he has really attained nothing that can satisfy, or in attempting to reach it, has failed, and sees further effort fruitless, he may well utter his lament, but that lament should conclude with a curse on his own folly.

"He builds too low, who builds beneath the stars." Let a man have an object, equivalent to that of the believer's aspirations, and let him pursue it to the end, till strength fails, and tongue falters, and he need not be weary of it. With dying breath he can promote it by prayer, and he may still have, if spared in feebleness through wasting years, Milton's consolation in his blindness,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

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"WHO FOR A MORSEL OF MEAT SOLD HIS BIRTHRIGHT."—*Paul.*

INDOLENT human nature is here seen, sitting down in the midst of the fumes blown from his own lips, to enjoy the world. Before him lies a cornucopia, pouring forth its treasures of arts and arms, the fool's cap, before them all. Here are stars of nobility, charters, and titledeeds, cannon and banner, and whatever can attract the taste, or charm the eye, or fire ambition. But the smoker, with the world for the bowl of his pipe, has filled it with the prizes of avarice and pride. There are the waving plumes, and there the purse with loosened strings, from which the pieces of gold are showering down, while his bow and quiver lie neglected by his side, the easy soul is puffing away at his pipe, and the smoke rolls aloft and around him, in great volumes, till the tree-tops are hidden, and the dark veil threatens to enwrap the dwellings of men. All things end, or are wrapped in smoke, as well as the smoker himself.

Above, we see a butterfly fluttering dangerously near to the blazing fumes of a pipe formed out of a globe, into the open bowl of which, a serpent with a death's head is blowing poison that is to

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be absorbed by a human heart, to which the pipe's stem leads, thus indicating the shameful fascination, to which the butterflies of fashion yield, and the manner, in which, by means of poisoned fumes, the serpent art of the Evil one blows poison into the human soul. The fumes of worldly gratification, are blown up by the powers of darkness, and are fatal to spiritual life.

Beneath, we see three pipes, on which severally are inscribed *Argentum* (Silver), *Honor* (honor) and *voluptas* (pleasure). The first of these is crowded to its full capacity, and at its top is tied with purse-strings. The second is elaborately wrought and carved, and is supplied with laurel leaves. The third is constructed of a human heart, about which the symbols of ease and pride are entwined.

Thus all worldly pleasures and grandeurs are seen to end in smoke. By a breath, they are kindled and consumed, and all the results they leave behind them, are fumes and ashes. Take each by itself, and see how like smoke, it vanishes away. The merchant's wealth is perhaps held at the mercy of the tempest. The cargo of the vessel, that holds it, may be sunk by the breath of the storm. Ask, and answer with the poet—

"What's fame? A fancied life in other's breath."

And as to pleasure—such pleasure as the world affords—even while it is enjoyed, it is vanishing away, and "the banquet-hall deserted" shows how quickly it has fled, leaving perhaps, only reproachful and stinging memories behind.

On a memorable occasion, that great statesman, Edmund Burke, standing in the place from which his predecessor, had been snatched away by sudden death, exclaimed, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Eminent position, and high honors, gave place to the obscurity, silence, and ignoble tenure of the grave. The world's cornucopia of wealth is but food for smoke. Worldly ease can enjoy them, only by turning them to

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smoke, and the smoke which it breathes, is but the fumes of its own vanity and folly.

And yet for the privilege of sitting encompassed for a little while in this smoke, men toil and strive, turning life itself into a bondage, and storing up, what must ere long vanish and consume away, and leave behind it, only a repulsive odor, or perhaps become the medium of conveying Satan's poisonous breath to the human heart. Verily, we may well exclaim—*Quam grave Servitum est quod levis esea parit.*

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"IN MY DISTRESS I CRIED UNTO THE LORD, AND HE HEARD ME."
David

THE relations of the world to the soul are so numerous and varied, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to bring them together in a single view. It is a hollow empty skull, show without substance, promise without fulfillment, so void of real weight and worth, and so full of vanity that it may be accounted lighter than a feather. It is also a mask, hiding from the eye whatever it covers, cheating the beholder into the belief that it is itself a reality, when it is only a painted display. It is, moreover, a serpent's egg, producing incarnate tempters, possessed of the cunning and malice of their great prototype.

Here we see it, while two serpents are issuing from it, one on either side. Both, at the same time, manifest their temper and aims, by turning their forked tongues and hissing jaws toward the soul of man, which they seem to regard as their helpless prey. The soul has flung down its bow, and by its side lies the broken arrow that had, perhaps, been venturously or mischievously directed against the skull which harbored the serpents. Now it sees its folly, and with horror depicted on its features, turns its face away from the threatning monsters, while its hands are thrust toward them, as if to prevent their nearer approach.

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It is to this result that the soul, which has simply trifled and dallied with the world, comes at last. What had been an idol, becomes a hollow mockery. What had been a mine of treasure, turns out to be but a mere mask. What has been accounted a toy proves to be a viper's egg, and the soul finds that its sportive, venturous folly has simply released from the hold where they were confined, the vipers that frighten and threaten to destroy it. Surprised, a ghost with fear, trembling with terror, it can only deprecate its doom. Its arrow lies broken on the earth, its bow is thrown aside, and even if it were otherwise, of what avail would they be against the kind of foe which it has to dread.

But what is the lesson thus tragically, and impressively taught? It is the heedlessness of the soul, and its need of wisdom to deal aright with a false and ensnaring world. Had it known that world, it would never have idolized it. It would never have made it its toy. It would never have trifled with it, breaking its arrow upon its skull, and startling the serpents from their den. It would have known better than to take the mask for a reality, and to judge the world by the face which it presented to the eye of sense.

But this wisdom is not to be gained by the eye. It must come from the instructions of experience, and the teachings of a divine wisdom, and it must pass through the ear into the soul. "Take heed how ye hear," is the admonition that is addressed to those who would not be fatally deceived, and at last betrayed.

If we look below, we see the lesson presented in emblem. The ear is the gateway to the soul that must be kept with all vigilance. There is the key that should be turned at the right moment, to open or close the ear to the voices that are addressed to it. Let no deluding whisper, no false counsel, be suffered to enter, but only the precepts of wisdom, the music of truth and duty, and the calls of heaven.

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How oaks in acorns slumber! Folded up
Within a tiny seed, harvests of death,
Enough to fill the world with sighs and tears,
Await one heedless act that sets them free.

"CURSED IS THE GROUND FOR THY SAKE"—Jehovah

A MOTTO beneath this picture, we see as the key to its interpretation. *Unicum malum crevit in omne malum.* "A single evil has grown into all evil." Man's original transgression was a seed that has covered the world, with the harvest of its curse. On a background of tornado, blazing lightnings and balls of fire, the globe is seen, smitten and rent by the lightning, blazing with flames kindled by it, and bursting with pent-up, brutal forces, displaying their savage nature and infuriate passions. Central among them is a face, only half human, in which stupidity and sensualism evidently triumph, while grouped around it are forms which typify human propensities and passions, from the pride of the peacock, to the ravening of the vulture, from the pugnacity of the cock to the stealthiness of the cat, from the gluttony of the swine to the ferocity of the wolf. Here all find their centralization in human depravity, and represent the conflicting elements, which that depravity has let loose. A single sin disturbed the original harmony, and every variety of mischief is the result. What a contrast to that scene above, from which there comes a broad blaze of light and glory, pouring through an opening in the sky

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Such is the grand precedent of guilt which confronts us, at the portals of human history, and which has been copied a thousand times, in human experience. The first transgression is like the first drop, that bears before it a grain of sand, removing it from the dam that confines the pent-up waters. The path is opened for other drops, till the out-rushing torrent sweeps to desolation and death all that stands in its way. So with that embankment of principle and conscience, that holds back the passions, and keeps them in check. The least encroachment opens a gap, that may be fatal. The little sin that seemed half excusable, for its littleness, has proved the seed of a great and ever-spreading banyan tree of woe. What multitudes, from the depths of infamy and despair, might verify all this by the recital of their experience!

Feebly does brutalized human nature discern these truths. They do not lie within the range of its willingly contrasted vision. But outside the scene of mutual repulsion, which at first attracts the eye in the picture, we see the wreathing of the primeval curse. The four elements, earth (*terra*), air (*ær*), fire (*ignis*), and water (*aqua*), traced in words on the border, are all disturbed, and each displays its curse. The earth produces the deadly serpent, with his forked tongue, though the covenant of grace has pierced his head with the arrow. The air, through the lips of fierce old Boreas pours forth his biting blasts, whether of heat or frost. The fire blazes and rages with towering and surging flames, while the water, in sheeted torrents, gives premonition of the coming deluge.

Meanwhile, thorns and briars, with venomous beasts, and winged monsters are fitly called in, to complete the grouping of the picture.

Above, two of these monsters are seen, glaring with ravenous jaws upon the memorials of human apostasy. There is the pomegranate branch, with its apples, suggestive of Eden's fatal fruit, the ancient shield, so shaped that its darkened cavity represents a

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grave, while the serpent coiled about the spade, suggests the sentence that doomed man to toil, and leaves him still exposed to the subtle arts of the tempter. Beneath, suspended in a basket, is a winged death's head, waiting to be loosed from its cage, and to fly abroad on its fatal mission. Altogether, the result is manifest. The sin of man has brought in death and discord, and unutterable woe. He cannot rebuke the brute, for he has already brutalized himself. All the discords of the world find their prototype in the discord of the human soul. What meets the eye, where beasts and birds of prey contend and devour, is but the emblem of what guilt has already introduced into that lost Eden of the human spirit, for nature, disordered and disorganized by sin, is only a too faithful mirror of what is exhibited to the all-beholding eye, in the unregenerate and unsanctified heart of man.

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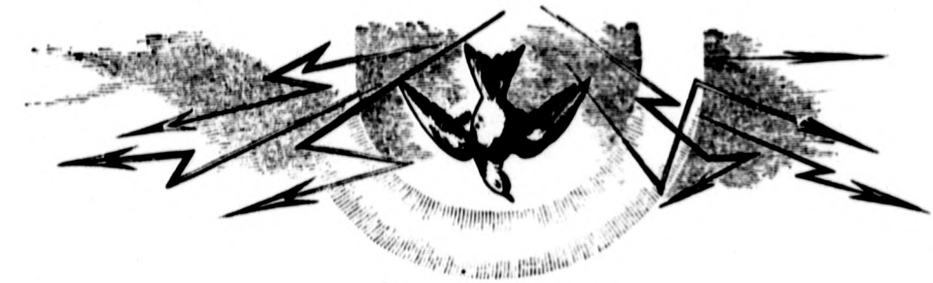

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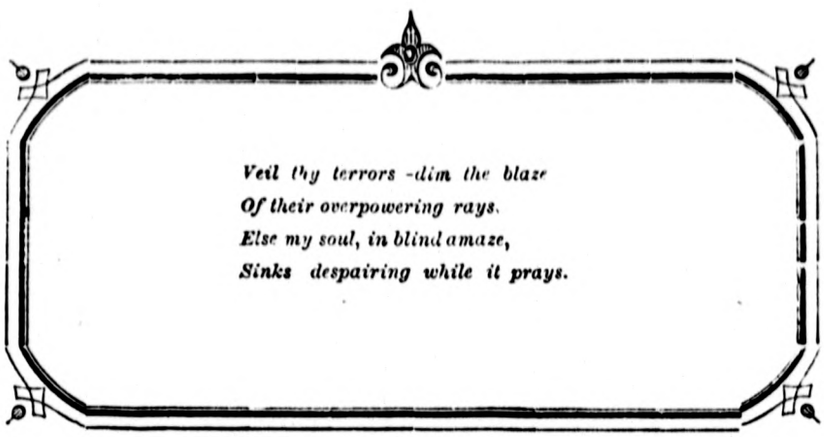

"GOD IS A CONSUMING FIRE."—Paul.

SUPERSTITIOUS fear is a natural growth of the depraved heart of man, or if originally an exotic, it has been introduced and fostered by conscious guilt. It bears fruit in misconceptions of God, and misinterpretations of his providence, attributing to him a character quite akin to the truth, and seeing a flaming sword in the very finger of love.

In this emblem, we see the distorted image which God's provdence presents to the fearful eye. It appears as a savage demon, with gnashing teeth, horrid mien, eyes flaming with vengeance, while in its hand it grasps the lightning, which it is hurling in wrath at the head of some unseen victim.

But all this imagery is the production of the foreboding which guilt excites. It exists only in fancy, and a fancy disordered by sin. The lowering clouds, from which Providence seems to snatch thunderbolts, are but the dark firmament of a guilty conscience, and the lightnings themselves are the blaze of light, which flashes through the chinks of human consciousness from the throne of the great Judge.

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This is confirmed by what we see above. There is the dove—the emblem of innocence, soaring downward from the skies, and making its way through the inverted rainbow-arch of heaven toward this lower world, and yet it is all unharmed. The arrows are flying thick around it, and yet they do not harm it. An unseen hand, an invisible guardianship, turn them from their designed course, or bend and shape them so that they are harmless. Not a wing, not a feather of the wing, of innocence is even ruffled.

How is this? It is one of the mysteries of grace. As we see below, the heart that is marked with the sign of the cross pours forth its tides of sorrow, or rather the heart of Him who was nailed to the cross pours forth the torrents of love that quench all the devouring flames of guilt, or at least forbid them to extend, or do any harm. The torch still exists, but it cannot injure a leaf of the plant, on which the streams from the cross-marked heart fall.

It is in the soul itself that the hope or fear, of security or terror is found. The terrible spectres of wrath and judgment pass before its eye. It trembles at the form of an angry Judge. It mistranslates his providences on earth, and fails to perceive that what demolished a chosen idol, perhaps saved a soul from a fatal snare. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Behind a frowning providence, God hides a smiling face." What seems wrathful or afflictive may be in truth, but the chastisement of a father's hand. What appeared an irremediable misfortune, is but the blow that severs the threads of a net, in which the soul might have been entangled.

It is only persistence in evil that justifies the guilty fears of the soul. Then, indeed, Providence may well seem to wear a demon's form. Then the heavens may well gather blackness, and the angry lightnings may leap forth from their frowning folds. The trembling earth may seem itself to be in sympathy with the soul's terror, and the darkened sky may symbolize the shadowed firma-

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ment of its thought. But all this only illustrates how terrible infinite goodness and purity may become when sin has taken possession of the soul. Then, indeed, darkness covers the face of the earth and of the heavens, and the wisdom of God appears a terrible avenger.

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And we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

"JUDGMENT, ALSO, WILL I LAY TO THE LINE, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS TO THE PLUMMET, AND THE HAIL SHALL SWEEP AWAY THE REFUGES OF LIES."—Isaiah.

BEHOLD the guilty one! He flees in haste to hide himself. The instinct of guilt is thus led to show itself. He shuns observation. He dreads the human, and may well tremble at the thought of an all-beholding eye. The fancies of romance cannot surpass in strangeness, the stories of guilty fright. Accusing cries have been heard, when there was nothing to utter them, but the stony lips of prison walls. The steps of pursuers have been heard, when only a leaf rustled, or a rill murmured. A stranger's look has riven the soul, as though the gaze of an accusing witness had transfixed it. The calm recital of damning facts has driven the color from the cheek of the criminal, and smitten him insensible, as though his own conscience could not bear the lingering process of civil justice.

In this picture, we see an image of guilt, driven forth from its last refuge, in the cavernous depths of the earth. Then he had hoped for safe concealment. But the globe itself is rent asunder, and its flying fragments threaten to fall on the criminal's head. Full of fright, with his hands lifted as if to guard him, from the sight of the scene that rushes upon his gaze, he is left exposed, without a place to flee for refuge, while the blazing lightnings above almost blind his vision.

What has done all this? No foe is visible. From an unseen source, have come the signals of hastening and inevitable retribution. The heavens above are covered with frowning blackness,

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from which the snarp, keen lightnings blaze. What piled their massive mountains of wrath? What stored them with fiery vengeance? It is the criminal's own deeds that have done it. The soul has its own firmament, and it is the still small voice within, more terrible than volcanic shocks, that thunders out the sentence. It is the soul's guilty forebodings, that give it articulate expression.

But why is this? The soul of man here betrays in its own experience, that the grasp of eternal justice is upon it. Its fears start at the whisper of an invisible monitor within, which simply speaks as God bade it speak. It trembles, because the very earth seems to shake under the tread of guilt, but God has made that tread like a volcanic touch.

Thus the secret of guilt is safe nowhere. It carries the tempest and the lightnings with it. Its very firmament is roofed with them, whether at the equator, or at the poles; whether in the caves of the earth, or on the mountain tops. How different the experience of the heart conscious of purity, and winged with the hope of immortality. See its emblem above, beneath the arch-surmounted cross! There, feeble as it is, it abides secure. No lightnings blaze around it. No weight can crush it. It is safe under the shelter, that is like a pavilion of rocks. God is himself, its security and strength, and beneath the cross, nothing can harm it.

It is true, it may be assaulted, as we see below. The arrow of the unseen foe has fallen near it, but so far from being alarmed, it rests quietly and securely under the shadow of the cross. This gives it wings: this gives it rest.

"The cross—it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its te rors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light."

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"STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE."—Jesus.

ALL success worthy of the name, is subject to certain conditions. He that will not work, neither shall he eat. Here is moreover a right and a wrong, that can never be made exchangable. No art of sophistry or skill can do more than make the worse *appear* the better reason.

If we turn to the picture, we shall see some of these truths illustrated. A youth with doubting look, is listening to the voice of an unseen speaker, who communicates to him an unpleasant message. There he stands, leaning against a world, that is rolled up against a very narrow gate, through which it can no more pass than "a camel through a needle's eye," and his face is turned, so that he does not see the gate. Nay, the world, which rises above the level of his vision, obstructs his sight, so that even if he looked to the gate, he would only discern the top of its portal. With the simplicity of inexperience, but with the disinclination to effort or self-denial common to man, he would fain find an easy path to happiness. He is absorbed in considering the new phase of the problem which is presented by the words of the speaker, and so fixed is his attention, that he does not even notice his pet rabbit, feeding harmlessly on the grass at his feet.

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But through that gate, there is a narrow way, steep, winding, and difficult, up which a tortoise is seen slowly and wearily climbing. A very humble piety, that can only creep, is content thus to plod its way, and with greatest ease has it passed through the contracted gateway. But that path leads onward and upward to another, and more glorious portal—the pearly gates. By the narrow path only, can one enter the path that leads to the lofty entrance to the heavenly mansions, and hence the message of mingled love and reproof; *erras, hac itur ad illam*; "you make a mistake. By this you must go to that."

It is evidently an unpleasant journey. Sadness, with a shadow of mingled doubt, is depicted on the countenance of the youth. He has some very weighty reasons for wishing the message false. He is leaning against the world, and he makes it his idol. He would fain take it with him, but he cannot take it along through the narrow gates, and if he could, he would still be unable to roll it up the steep ascent.

There are moments perhaps, when he is half persuaded to leave all, and enter for himself the strait gate. He seems to whisper—

"Come my fond fluttering heart!
Come struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust."

Thus he wavers, hesitating between earth and heaven, between the treasure here, and the treasure above. Beneath his feet, is pictured the broad way that lures him. Through its narrowed passage, worlds may meet and pass. There need be no sacrifice or self denial there. But alas! it is a steep descent, and dark shadows gather over its ever steepening slope.

Above, the world—which he that would enter at the strait gate

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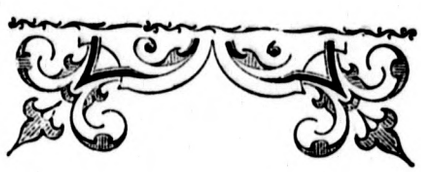
must choose—is seen surrounded with a heart-shaped thorny wreath, while beneath it the flowers are commingled with thorns. Yet there is a bright and radiant halo about that thorny wreath, which gathers not about the worlds beneath. It seems to illustrate the words of the Poet—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown."

It may cheer the hope of the desponding, or doubtful, who hear the command—"Enter ye at the strait gate," for it gives assurance that the very storms, that must be met by him that enters it, will be sanctified, and self denial will be assured of its crown.



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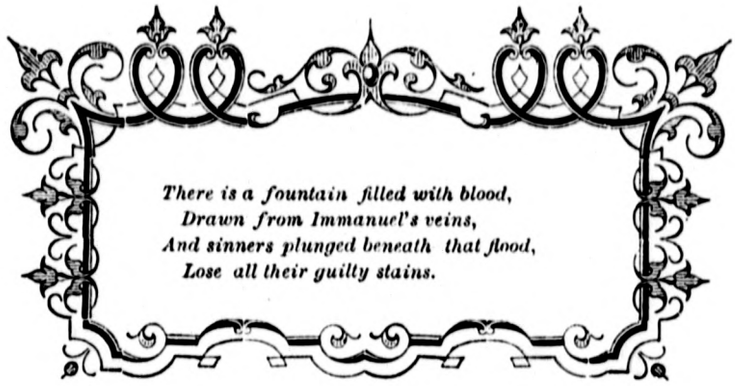

"FOR HE WAS CUT OFF OUT OF THE LAND OF THE LIVING: FOR THE TRANSGRESSION OF MY PEOPLE WAS HE STRICKEN."
Isaiah.

IT is only "the living water," that can slake the thirst of the soul. What it draws from earth and earthly objects, is only the water of brackish and stagnant pools—irritating and provoking its thirst, instead of allaying it. And yet, it need not be dependent upon these, for there is accessible to it, through divine grace, a fountain from which he that drinks shall never thirst again.

Such a fountain is that which has been opened on Calvary. It is the love, the redeeming love of Christ, gushing forth for the world's life, from all the bleeding wounds of him who "was found in fashion as a man." Here he is presented before us.

"See from his feet, his hands, his side,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

Above, we see the need of the Soul, expressed by the thirst of a wounded human heart, in which the arrow is infixed. The source of its wounds is seen in a world where, instead of a cross above, there is a cross below, and one so composed of arrows, that, approached in whatever direction, a barbed point is still presented to view. Such is this world to the soul, confronted with the barbed point, whenever it would lay hold on the world, or worldly treasures.

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It cannot handle these, without subjecting itself to an infliction from the pain of which it must be relieved, and can only be relieved by the healing streams that are seen flowing forth at three different points from the fountain of the cross. Here indeed, the threefold blessing and refreshment of the soul is to be sought—and found in mercy, peace, and joy.

If we look below, we see an open well, over which a heart-shaped bucket is suspended by a rope, which, passing over a pulley, is made fast to a cross, at a little distance off. Here it is manifest, that the heart by means of the ordinances, which are attached to the cross, may be elevated or depressed, drinking its fill from "the wells of salvation," and held, by means of ordinances, and cross conjointly, directly over the fountain from which its wants are to be supplied.

Christ indeed is the fountain of life. He is the well of "living water," deep, sufficient, inexhaustible. What science, and Philosophy, and human sagacity have in vain essayed to give, he gives abundantly. They can only stifle for a moment, the cravings of the soul that pants for God, like "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks." The temporary alleviation which they afford is only followed by a still more intense thirst.

But there is a fountain that is inexhaustible, a well of salvation deep as the infinite love of God. It is for us to draw from its cooling and refreshing treasures. Prayer must grasp the rope, and in drawing that down, draw the water of life up.

But the bucket is the heart, emptied of itself and the world, to be filled with the love of Christ. Only as we feel our poverty and emptiness, shall we be prepared to receive of Christ's infinite fullness. Only as we realize our sinful pollution, shall we long for the cleansing streams.

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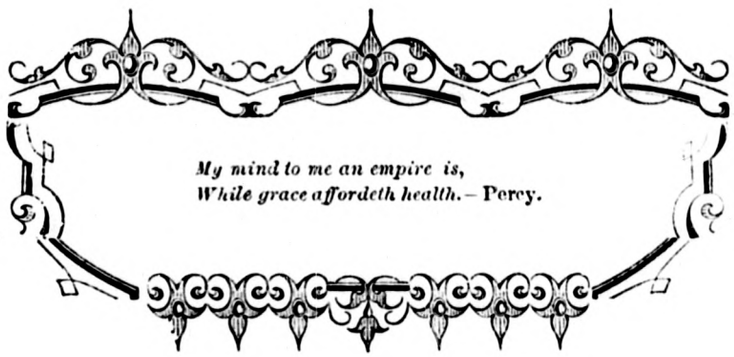

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—Paul.

EACH soul is called upon to make a most momentous choice. It may often seem to be a choice between pleasure and duty, between comfort and hardship, between what the world can give and a lot of self-denial; but is really, when all veils and masks are stripped off, the choice between death and life. To one who knows what it really is, there is no occasion for hesitation or doubt.

Here the soul is represented as having made its choice. It has turned its back upon sin and the world, and set out on its pilgrimage to the better land. But the associations from which it has broken away are calling it back. Memories of pleasurable sin, urge it to linger. The world puts on its most winning smile, and ease, wealth, and appetite, and earthly friendship, all combine to urge it to change its purpose, and win it back to their old circles. The soul hears their voice. It turns to look upon them, although resolute not to yield to their charm. Even while it looks, it is still pressing on, but its very attitude, with its hands pointing onward and upward, indicate that its purpose is fixed, that the object of its highest regard is before it, and that all with which the world can tempt, is of no account by the side of Christ and the attraction of his cross, and the glory of his crown. Better to hurry on and walk by his side on the way to Emmaus, and sit with him in sweet

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communion at the lowly feast, than be enthroned with the richest and greatest and most prosperous of the world.

The choice is made—the choice of "the good part," yet it is not the choice of passion or of sense. To many it seems inexplicable. It is uniting one's self—in their view—with an outcast, with One who has not where to lay his head, while the doors of a palace are thrown open to it, and it is invited to become its occupant.

But the secret is explained by the fact, that the pilgrim soul walks by faith, not by sight. The world's invitations really repel it. Under a mask of beauty it sees the hollowness and emptiness of all its promises. The world is really a sin-blighted world. Beautiful to the outward eye, it is yet to the eye of the spirit—as we see below—a world of thorns and thistles. All its paths of pleasure are beset with thorns, and strewn with them, and the soul, symbolized by the winged cross, is repelled by a true discernment of what they are. It would flee away to a better, purer, brighter world, where sin may not enter, and thorns and thistles never grow. Even the invitation to which it listens, is drowned in the language, louder and deeper and more truthful, which every scene of sinful pleasure utters, and which we read beneath—ABI, "Depart," for *this is not your rest.*

And this is re-inforced by the attractions of that heart of love which is seen above, let down from heaven, and canopied by the glorious crown. That heart is really a powerful magnet, drawing to it everything of a kindred nature. The soul, represented by the winged cross, is attracted by it, and yields to the attraction, and its language is expressed in the words beneath. *Veni*, "I have come."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee
O, Lamb of God, I come."

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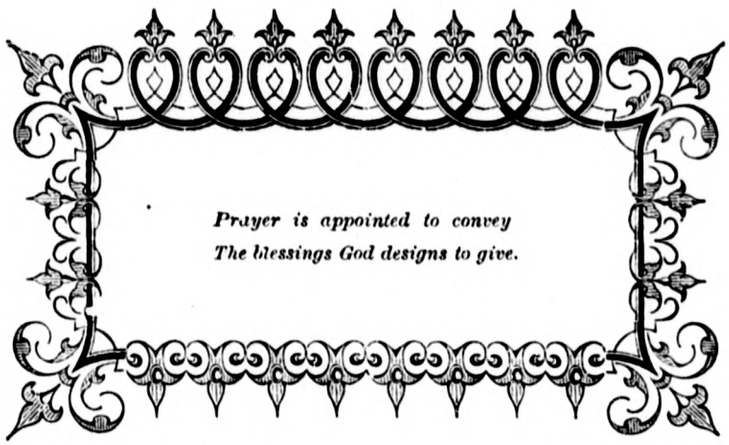

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING, AND IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."
Paul.

WHEN the true blessedness of the soul is to be considered, it must not be judged by transient moods. It is sometimes "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." One that walks downcast, may see, upon the grains of sand beneath his feet, the reflection of a light from heaven inexpressibly glorious. It is to the humble that the richest promises of infinite grace are made.

Here we see one apparently dejected, yet with clasped hands, kneeling in prayer, while the light about his head shows, that the sun of righteousness really shines upon him, though he is only roofed, apparently, with a firmament of stars. Before him is a heart, leaning, as if from feebleness, pierced with arrows. It represents his own conscious weakness, and the painful wounds that have been inflicted upon it by "the fiery darts" of the wicked one. He has no help in himself. His bended knees and clasped hands attest the energy and agony of spirit, with which he pours forth his petitions to the great invisible Helper.

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And is he not to be pitied? Who, for a moment, would suppose that he was rather to be envied? And yet "the High and Holy One, that inhabiteth eternity," has declared his special regard for the humble and contrite spirit, and promised graciously to visit and refresh it. He has done it, as thousands can attest. But that is not all. He is not only true to a promise made, but he delights to fulfill that promise. If we look above, we see the lofty walls and massive battlements of "a city, which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God." And yet, while the soul on earth is kneeling, heart-pierced, and heart-bleeding, and heart-broken in prayer, and in its dejection is almost ready to give up all for lost, there is seen, flying high over those lofty walls to the very court of the Eternal King, a dove that bears with it a message with the simple stamp of a human heart upon it, the most grateful message, and the richest offering that it can procure from this world—the only thing that is worth bearing, and the only one that it delights to bear to the throne of the Highest. We know it is welcome there. The dove is prayer, winging its flight upward; the heart is the shaded, saddened, but humble and contrite heart that sends it.

The fruits of a broken-hearted humility are seen upon either side. On the right, is what the penitent soul turns its back upon —the world, tempting it by its beauty and sweetness, its fragrance and verdure; on the left, its own future experience is depicted in the butterfly emblem of immortal hope, feasting upon fruit and flowers, to be found about the thorn-wreath, while the fools-cap beneath the crucifix-world shows the triumph of a gracious spirit, over all the vanities of earth.

To complete the lesson, we need only to look beneath, and see the strung bow and the quiver, from which an arrow has been drawn and discharged. At the base of that quiver is a heart, and it is the heart—pierced, perhaps, and bleeding—that is the base of the activity, and heroism, and endurance of the Christian soldier.

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He rises from his knees, his pierced heart rejoicing in the healing power of divine grace, and with full purpose to do and endure as never before. Now from a full quiver, the soul will draw forth its arrows, and its bow shall ever be strung. It will fight the good fight of faith, manfully to the end. It shall find that its dark hour was that in which God led it mysteriously into his own darkened, and only star-lighted armory, that he might equip it for its life-work, and teach it its own miserable weakness, in which his strength should be made perfect.

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Life's but a means unto an end, that
Beginning, mean, and end to all things--God.
Bailey.

"EVERY MAN'S WORK SHALL BE MADE MANIFEST."—Paul.

THERE is such a thing as self-rewarding toil, and there is also a self-rewarding devotion. Indeed, true piety is ever its own reward. Toil itself becomes a pleasure when it is a tribute of love or praise.

This is here illustrated by the picture of a soul, pouring forth its earnest, glowing desires—desires that seem to the eye almost to flame as they are uttered. They fall, indeed, upon the heart, pierce it, and wake its sleeping fires. The result is that it, too, is inflamed with love, a love that mounts up toward heaven, reminding us of the lines,

"Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God," &c.

One result of this is pictured above. There we see a Roman lamp, with the flame rising from the wick of a cross, indicating the steady uniformity of the fire of love which in the soul must never go out, and the inconsumable nature of the soul's affections which burn without wasting away, and at the same time feed an illuminating flame, the light of which falls full upon the butterfly,

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emblem of immortal hope. But this butterfly is heart-shaped, indicating the human tenderness by which it is characterized, and it pours forth, also, tear-drops of penitent sorrow, which shape themselves into jewels as they fall. So precious are the drops of contrite sorrow, from the heart animated by the hope of immortality, when that hope is lighted up and made visible, or even glorious, by the flame of the soul's desires kindling around the cross of Christ.

But there is also another result to be noted, which is symbolized beneath. The fire of the soul's devout love is here seen in a censer, which, while it sends up its sweet incense to heaven, is covered by a grate which supports the strong vessel of the refiner, in which he is purifying the spirit, and purging away its dross; and this process is to go forward, till the winged heart, which is seen soaring above, can look down on the molten mirror beneath, and see its own image reflected there.

And this is the glorious result to which all tends. The breath of the soul's own devotion is to feed the flame that lights the incense and heats the furnace—the incense that is to be its sweet and fragrant offering, and the furnace in which its own dross is to be purged away, until, from the smooth surface, it can itself be seen pure, free from spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

It is true that God worketh within us to will and to do. The fire that burns, and all the laws that control it, are His. The tribute of the incense, and the metal itself which is to bear his image, are his. But he has made the soul itself responsible for those breathings of prayer and praise which call down the fire from heaven, and which blow up the flame of devotion, and animate it in the human heart. Let this be done—done even anew—and devotion is the perpetual Roman lamp, lighting up the hope of immortality that glistens through tears, and heating the furnace in which the soul's dross shall be finally and forever purged away.

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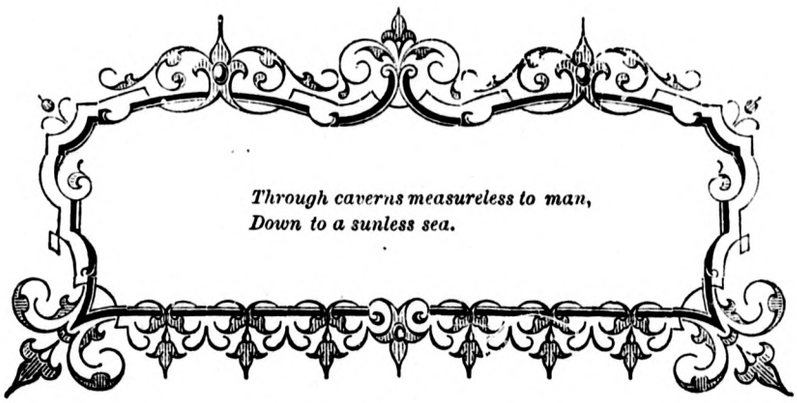

"WHO AGAINST HOPE BELIEVED IN HOPE."—Paul.

HERE we have presented to our view, a most expressive emblem of the relation of the soul, not so much to the body, as to the carnal nature that is fitly associated with it. We see the grim form of a skeleton, its lower limbs crushed or wasting away, but the upper portion assuming an attitude of ease and quiet indifference to all things within or without. The head rests against the skeleton fingers of one arm, which is supported by a notch in the rock to which the elbow is adjusted, while the other arm is supported by the wrist braced against the ribs, and the whole expression of the figure is that of perfect composure, forbidding all prospect of movement, or change of position.

Meanwhile a child, the youthful emblem of the immortal spirit, is imprisoned in the skeleton, as in a cage from which it is struggling to be free. We see it reaching out its hand, if possible, to grasp some object by means of which it may attain its desire. But the effort is vain. It cannot reach even the cold hard rock, upon which the skeleton-elbow rests, and it cannot break through the ribbed bars of its cage. It needs no great effort of imagination to fancy that we hear the soul, in such circumstances, exclaiming, "O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is even thus that the oppressed spirit sighs for deliverance from that carnal nature to which it is bound, or rather within which it is imprisoned. When it would soar, its wings are

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cramped and confined by the walls of its prison-house. The constant burden of a sinful and depraved nature bears it down to the earth, and this burden, even after long and frequent effort, it finds itself unable to shake off.

And yet, this is no singular or rare experience. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." It is waiting and longing for its complete deliverance. Indeed, if we see above, the world itself may be compared to a globular skeleton, the living element within it struggling to be free, and vainly beating like an imprisoned bird against the bars of the cage.

Looking below, we see a skeleton hand thrust up from beneath, and through a chaplet of flowers, grasping the wing of a struggling dove, emblem of innocence, and holding it fast. It is thus, that even those who are personally guiltless, are involved in the consequences of the primeval curse. The hand of death is laid upon the wing, as it were, of every moving thing that has the power to soar, and holds it fast in its relentless grasp.

Whatever may be said of the design of God in leaving the soul to struggle, oftentimes, almost helplessly, against the carnal nature, we can readily see the importance of the lessons that are taught by that struggle, and the spirit in which the soul should welcome the prospect of a final triumphant release. It is not in vain that it is left to groan and strive beneath the burden. It needs to know and feel what that carnal nature is, and what an enemy it is to peace and hope. It needs, too, the discipline of the effort for deliverance which it is constrained to put forth, that under the conscious feebleness of its endeavors, it may look up to God, and seek at his hand the freedom which can be wrought by his omnipotent grace above. Let this be done, and ere long the sigh is exchanged for the song,

> "Then are we free; then liberty, like day,
> Breaks on the soul, and by a light from heaven
> Fires all the faculties with glorious joy."

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He is the freeman,
Whom the truth makes free.

Cowper.

"IN THE DAY OF PROSPERITY BE JOYFUL, BUT IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY CONSIDER."—Solomon.

A SAINTLY sufferer, reduced from prosperity and abundance to affliction and want, was observed to be apparently as happy and cheerful as he was noted for being, in what the world would have called, his better days. He was asked the reason of this, His reply was memorable—"Before, I enjoyed God in all things; now, I enjoy all things in God." How kindred a spirit like this to that which once breathed forth the precious words—"Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

We have here a picture of the Soul enthroned in the great heart of Love, resting there peaceful and content, its outspread arms and open hands indicating its consciousness of its royal domain, insomuch that whether high or low, rich or poor in the esteem of men, it has a wealth, proportioned to its desires, to which nothing need be added, and from which, nothing can be taken away. Its countenance betokens inward peace, and at the same time the assurance that it has nothing to fear. Perhaps we are warranted in imagining that its eye now rests upon that grand warrant of faith and charter of hope, "we know that all things work together for good to those that love God."

It is that assurance, addressed to the believing spirit, that sanctions the idea suggested by the emblems that we see above.

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There is the ink-stand, crowned with a heart, while two pens cross one another as they rest upon the former, intimating, that it is at the soul's option to take what pen it will, and write down what it chooses, as the inventory of that treasure,—infinite and inexhaustible—"all things are yours."

> "He looks ahead over the ample field
> Of Nature, and though poor perhaps,
> Compared with those whose mansions glitter in
> His sight, calls the delightful scenery all
> His own.
> Are they not his by a peculiar right,
> And with an emphasis of interest his,
> Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy love,
> Whose heart will praise, and whose exalted soul,
> With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
> That planned and built and still upholds a world,
> So filled with beauty for rebellious man."

Such a soul, proprietor under God of the wealth with which his love endows it, can say like the lofty minded philanthropist, John Howard—"my happiness is not dependent on heres and theres." It has tasted of such joys as the world knows nothing of, and compared with which the most rich and varied pleasures the world can offer, are of no account. It turns aside therefore from the stagnant pool to the living spring, from the empty show and pageants of this visible scene to the sweet and yet sublime realities which it has learned to prize in communion with heaven.

Beneath, we see a letter sealed with the impress of a heart that encloses a cross on which a butterfly has alighted. The seal indicates that the deliberately chosen portion of the soul is to share with Christ that burden of the cross, which is inseparably associated with the hope of immortal life. In the fixedness of its choice it can say—as we see stamped upon the letter—*munde vale et vale*, "O, world! farewell and farewell."

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For he on honey dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
[Coleridge.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—*Jesus*

LOOKING upon this picture, we see it is designed to represent the two diverse and opposing forces, to the action of which the soul of man is subjected here on earth. We see the spirit spreading its wings in order to soar aloft, and it has already begun its upward flight. But by a chain, which it cannot break, it is held down fast to the world, and can, therefore, only rise far enough to show toward what it aspires, and at the same time manifest the reality and strength of its bondage.

There is, indeed, a power in the soul's earthly connections and associations, which counteracts the force of its better, and higher aspirations, and chains it fast to a lower sphere. It may, indeed, sing to itself,

"Know my soul thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;"

and yet the very attempt brings it to a consciousness of what it has to contend with—earthward tendencies, inherent in the union which exists between it and the body. It must contend with "passions every hour at strife;" with appetites and sensibilities which give to sensual and visible objects an exaggerated and unwarranted power. When on meditative wing it would soar upward to the world of light, images of worldly pleasure, visions of worldly hope,

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memories of worldly schemes, prospects of worldly gain, come thronging around it, and obstruct its way, or cloy its wings, till it is ready sometimes to despond and despair.

And yet, this antagonism, inherent in the compound and depraved nature of man, is not without its use. It has lessons for the soul, full of instruction, teaching it at once its capabilities and its infirmities, and impelling it to that wrestling with opposing influences, which is necessary to its heavenward progress, and its emancipation from the power of time and sense. We may see this illustrated as we look above, and see the string of a kite, made fast to the world, while to the tail of the kite, the weight of a cross is appended. There are cases where this fleshly nature is so kept in subservience to the spirit, that it even seems to contribute to its upward flight. The soul is disciplined by the partial bondage in which it is held by "things seen and temporal," which appeal to the senses and appetites, while even every heavenly wind that breathes upon it, carries it upward with still more earnest and loving desires, whispering,

"Rise my soul, and spread thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place."

But in that case the cross must be appended to the kite; the soul must know that it is to bear its burden, and to follow Christ. Else it would only attain to a fluttering flight, and soon fall hopelessly back again, or even be dashed to the earth.

But there is still another lesson to be learned. We see below the butterfly made fast to the world, and yet struggling to break the cord by which it is bound down to it. It is the hope of immortal life within the soul, aspiring to its native skies. It cannot be content to alight and abide below. It belongs to another and higher sphere to which it is impelled to ascend.

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And yet, all its strength and energy are unequal to the task of breaking the cord. It rises to a certain point, but there is a limit to its flight. There must be for it a divine help, if it would secure its release. A divine hand must sever that cord and emancipate the spirit, and that divine hand must be recognized in the heavenly grace in which the soul triumphs at last, exclaiming, as the cord is severed, and the burden of the flesh and its appetites is left behind,

"I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

There is no doubt also that there are considerations which may legitimately draw the soul backward to earth—the need of labor and self-denial, for a sinful world—the cares and anxieties that may befall perishing souls, the ministries of love and pity which are here to be discharged; and in such a case the soul may be like Paul, "in a strait betwixt two," even while it has "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

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Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

Wordsworth.

"BEING FILLED WITH THE FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."—Paul

SAID the psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," but of all afflictions there are none which are so fruitful of good to the soul as those which humble its pride, and mortify its sinful affections. Then the apparent loss is a real gain, and only gain. The pain and smart of surrendering a perverse will are but the agony of the birth to a new life.

Here one is seen contemplating the shrub, with its fruit, that has sprung up, rooted in a heart that has been smitten and pierced by the arrow of conviction. That heart, instead of being slain, and becoming as a dead thing, puts forth the evidence of a new life. It sends up a stem from which fairest fruits are seen to depend, which the soul itself may pluck and eat. These fruits are the meditations, and hopes, and even raptures, which the spirit, cast down in its own esteem, experiences in leaning upon Christ.

If we look above, we shall witness the transforming power which the humbled soul seems to be invested with, even on earth. The whole broad face of nature is covered with a bloom and beauty, such as it never wore before, while above, and surmounting all, the very leaves, and stalks, and thorns, shape themselves, as it were, unconsciously, into the form of a cross, as if to put the soul in perpetual memory of its crucified Redeemer, and teach it that,

"There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes his glories known;"

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or in the sweet words of Keble,

"There's not a strain to memory dear,
Or flower of classic grove;
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds me of Thy love."

On either side, we see the same symbols which we meet elsewhere, indicative of the sacrifices and the hopes which attend upon the life that has experienced the convicting power of the truth; while beneath, we are reminded of the tree of life, by the multiplicity of the fruit borne by a branch that draws its life from the knowledge of Christ. If there are not "twelve manner of fruits," there is a wonderful diversity, unfolding the rich experience of the renewed heart—that heart that was smitten, but has been healed by the great physician. There is the fruit, symbolized by "the key of knowledge;" by "the bottle," in which God treasures up the tears of his saints, attesting his guardian and sanctifying grace; by the robe of righteousness, in which the new-born soul is clothed from Christ's wardrobe; by the chair, in which it sits to judge the vanity of the world; by the hour-glass, through which it is seen to understand the meaning of a fleeting probation; and by the leaves, which set forth the bread of heaven upon which it is fed.

Thus, the smitten heart, like the smitten rock of the wilderness, pours forth streams of blessing. It is a fountain which grace has opened, the rivulets of which will make the desert smile. It experiences a repentance not to be repented of. It can even exult in all its pains and anguish. It can say,

"O Lord, to me in mercy give,
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace."

Its wound is its wealth. Its pangs are sanctified. The world, that is seen in the rainbow light of tears, is a world more beautiful than meets the eye of giddy mirth. The flowers that are watered by a divine sorrow, bloom with an amaranthine fragrance.

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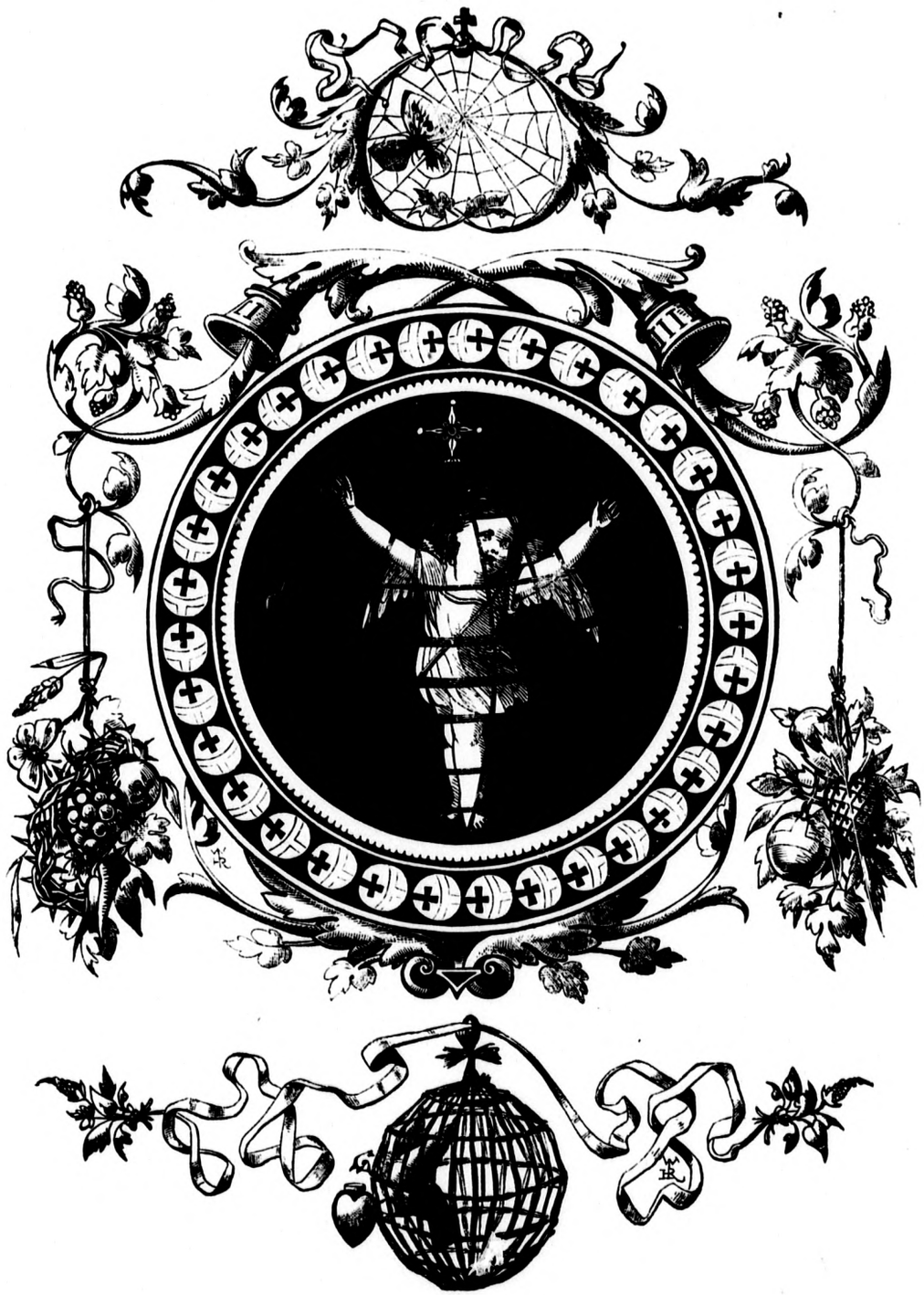

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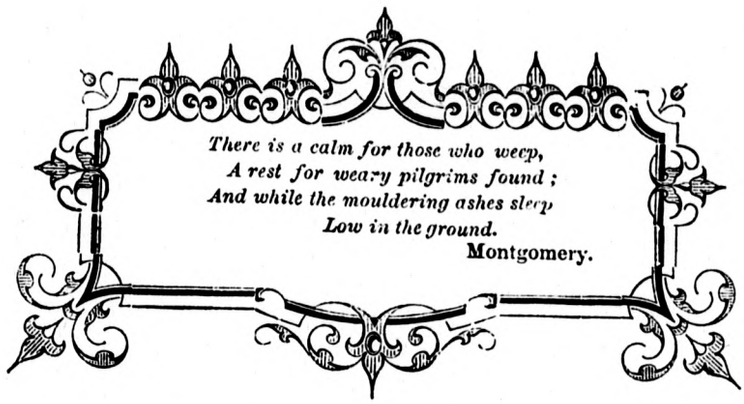

"THE WHOLE HEAD IS SICK, AND THE WHOLE HEART FAINT."
Isaiah.

ON the present scene, the soul finds itself subjected to conditions of struggle and hardship which often seem to it almost intolerable. It is not only that there are discordant elements within itself, or that the world is "no friend to grace," but that the very union, which subsists between it and the body, seems to subject its vanity, and impel it to sympathize with "the whole creation, groaning and travailing in pain together until now. It is in reference to this that Cowper says,

> "Chains are the portion of revolted man,
> Stripes and a dungeon; and his body serves
> The triple purpose. In that foul,
> Opprobrious residence, he finds them all."

Here we see the soul held a prisoner in the hollow framework of a globe, and yet stretching out its wings, restless as the imprisoned bird, in its eagerness to be free. But it is a prisoner still. Turn where it may, it is still confronted with the bars of its cage. It is a prisoner to things of time and sense. It is under the necessity of providing for the wants, or of holding in check the lusts of the perishing body. Again and again, it is made to feel that it is its slave and drudge.

But sometimes the world is to it—as we see above—like a spider's web, in which its butterfly wings are entangled, till its hope of immortality grows weak and exhausted, and can only flutter to

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little purpose. Or, if it has, indeed, set its affections on things above, and aspires toward its unseen heavenly blessedness, it finds itself hampered—as we see below—by a thousand untoward influences that shape themselves into a cage, where its hopes are cramped and imprisoned, and where it finds itself unable to abide content. The heart, indicating the seat or object of the affections, is outside the cage, and the prisoner can never rest till it can reach it.

It is thus that the innate and irrepressible longings of the soul testify at once to the original dignity of its nature, and the hard conditions to which, in connection with its union with the body, it has been reduced by sin. It can be content here, only as the caged bird is content, by the suppression of its soaring instincts, or that discipline of despair which comes from the vain beating of its wings against the bars of its cage. To urge it to be content with earth, is to urge it to suppress that instinctive restlessness, which is forever reminding it, "This is not your rest,"

> "The soul uneasy and confined at home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

It looks abroad, and feasts the eye of its eager hope on the prospect of final and complete deliverance. Meanwhile, its experience is a prison experience. As it flutters from one side of its cage to the other, it seems to pass back and forth, from reason to faith, and faith to reason; from doubt to confidence, and from confidence to doubt; from fear to hope, and from hope to fear, till weary of merely changing its perch, it sighs more and more earnestly for its full and complete redemption, from the thraldom of sense and sin. How does this remind us of Blair's description of the sanctified spirit, longing after the unseen blessedness,

> "High in his faith and hopes, see how he reaches
> Toward the prize in view, and like a bird
> That's hampered, struggles hard to get away,
> Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
> To let new glories in; the first fair fruits
> Of the fast-coming harvest."

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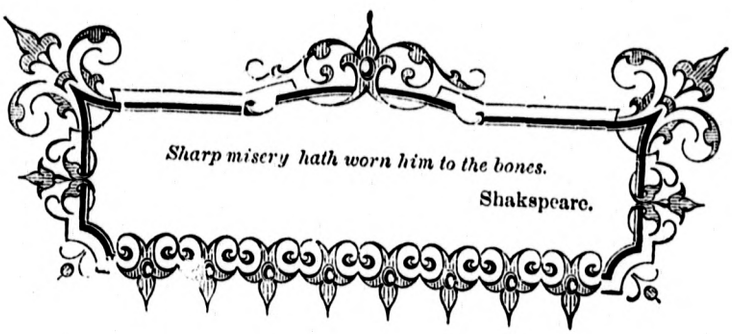

"HIS BODILY PRESENCE IS WEAK."—*Paul.*

THERE are many depressing influences against which the soul under its burden of flesh must necessarily strive. We can scarcely be suprised that one like Paul should long to be dissolved and to "be with Christ." "The spirit is indeed willing but the flesh is weak." Such is the not infrequent experience of many that would gladly watch with the Master, through "the hour and power of darkness," but fall asleep at their posts.

We see an illustration of a certain phase of this experience here. The soul is represented as doomed to a most uncongenial habitation—to tenant the body, and drag about with it the shell of a snail. The conscious sadness of its lot is depicted upon its features, when it would willingly fly on its heavenward career, when it would fain leave doubt and difficulty and danger behind it, it can only creep along at a snail's pace. The weeks and days and hours drag heavily, and with a most reluctant acquiescence does it submit to its hard conditions.

The question rises at once, why is this so ordered? Why must the soul crawl as it were, on its heavenward journey, and make

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such slow progress from the desert earth to the ever-green Paradise of God? Why must it drag along with it such crushing burdens, be imprisoned under bondage to sense, be subjected to anxiety and doubt and fear; or as it toils upward, feel the sand yielding beneath its pressure, and leaving it to an almost tread-mill experience.

Perhaps the partial answer afforded by the symbol above, may be far from satisfying, but it is still true, that as the butterfly feeds upon the rose, while yet the rose is combined with them; so the christian's immortal hope feeds upon the bloom and fragrance of what grows oftenest in the thorn-bush of trial and affliction. There is a mystery in all the divine dispensations, but it is a mystery that is only a veil of infinite wisdom—a wisdom which in this present state, we might be unable to appreciate, even were it unfolded to us.

And still another partial answer is suggested by what we see below. There is Mount Pisgah, from which the soul by faith gazes forward to the heavenly Canaan, and its summit is surmounted with a radiating and star-gemmed crown, which intimates the future and unseen glory that is yet to be revealed to the soul. This present life is necessarily toilsome, if it climbs to that elevation from which the prospect can be enjoyed, and how few would have a longing for its enjoyment, if here on earth every desire were satisfied, and no affliction or crushing burden was experienced!

"But he who knew what human hearts would prove;
How slow to learn the dictates of his love;
That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still;
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said—"Go, spend them in a veil of tears."

Thus the very burdens of life that retard its progress, may become sanctified discipline. It is not for the soul to murmur that it is doomed to crawl, when it longs to soar. There may be lessons to

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be learned, and blessings to be secured, while prostrate in the dust, that would be sought in vain on lofty and outspread wing. Ever, is it wisest and best to bow our wills to the will of the highest, and to rebel against no condition or burden, which he may see fit to impose. In the great vineyard too, where all kinds of toil are needed, it may be that snail's work is to be done, and it may be that we are the ones to do it, and yet if we do it faithfully and well, we may rest assured that we shall not fail of our reward.

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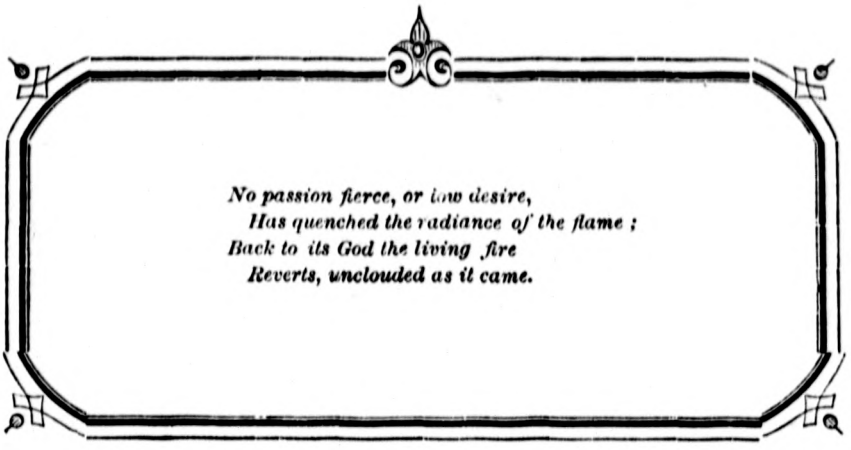

"O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE, THEN WOULD I FLY AWAY, AND BE AT REST."—David

YOU find, that a strange contrast between human folly and the divine wisdom is exhibited in the study of the methods by which men have sought to obtain the salvation which the soul—often unconscious of its real condition craves! Here we see the height of human attainment set forth in a striking manner. Human nature, under the curse of sin, has been reduced to a rude misshapen stump, on which we can only discern the skeleton features of its humanity; and the feeble, dwarfed life that is in it shoots forth in a few weak branches, from which the leaves have already fallen, and which, ere long, will snap under the slightest pressure.

By means of these limbs, the soul, provided with heart-shaped wings, that express simply the aspirations of an unrenewed nature, has mounted up to a height from which it will venturously attempt to fly. It has taken its own chosen portion, its idol world, from which it cannot part, and bound it securely to its feet. And now it stretches at once arms and wings. We need not linger to watch and learn the issue. We know full well what it will, what it must be. The soul will be precipitated upon the rocks and stones beneath, or be plunged inextricably into the marsh or the sea.

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It will sink miserably disappointed, and become the victim of its own amazing and inextricable folly.

It is ever so, when man would reject the divine plan, and invent a way to save himself. He cannot climb to the skies, nor can he devise wings to soar thither. He that would be exalted must first be humbled, while he that strives only to exalt himself, is sure to be abased.

It is the humbled heart—as we see above—half sunk out of sight in the vapors of obscurity, over which the crown of stars sheds its lustre and its glory. On that heart, there rests the weight, not merely of death's skeleton jaw, but of the cross, and that cross bearing upon it a wreath of thorns. But the starry crown surmounts this, showing that between the soul and its final glorification there only intervenes the experience of the cross, and the common lot of mortality.

The motto beneath gives emphasis to this thought. *Fides que coronat ad aras*, "and faith crowns at its altars." Where the sacrifice is offered, the reward is assured. Even at the altar, the crown, elevated aloft, is yet descending to rest on the humbled heart. Angel spirits hovering over lowly and obscure dwellings may, with spiritual discernment behold there, whom, under their earthly disguise, void of all show or pomp, they may address, "All hail, ye who are even now made kings and priests unto God." Assured of his favor, of how little account is all earthly distinction, or all the elevation that can be obtained by earthly platforms! Men may climb the stumps of human ambition, and bind the world fast to them, but as they let go, as they soon must, their feeble hold from the leafless decaying branches, all their artistic wings, and cunning devices cannot save them from a disastrous fall, or fatal plunge.

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To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call Thee. I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!

Wordsworth.

"BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL, BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."
Paul.

AVERY different impression is made by the same objects upon the minds of different beholders. One will be attracted by what repels the other. One will embrace what another turns from with loathing or contempt.

But the contrast is never more striking than when the world, in its varied aspects is the object presented, and the carnal mind and the renewed spirit are the spectators. As we see them here, one is seated upon the ground, tricked out in his fool's cap and finery, contentedly gazing upon the worlds of sense that lie before him, himself too indolent for any greater exertion than to raise his hands to his head, aching perhaps with the effects of his surfeits, to enable him to look more steadily upon the hollow cheats—serpent's eggs—by which he is deluded, and which, though as yet he knows it not, are ready to burst and pour forth their viperous brood. If he should deign to glance at the heaven-aspiring spirit near, it

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would be only with a sneering, scornful or contemptuous look. He evidently does not, and in his present mood and position, cannot see the huge serpent that has raised his head over two of these globes, indicating plainly enough what terrible tenants may hold possession of those over which he keeps guard.

How different with the renewed soul, that, instead of finding satisfaction below, extends its hands and spreads its wings, as if it would leave this desert of sin, this vale of tears, this serpent's nest, and fly aloft to its home above. Emphatically does it feel:

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh."

A glance beneath reveals to it the vanity of all merely earthly hope. A broad beam of light, bearing its own thoughts, and alluring its gaze upward to its source, falls upon these worlds, and as it goes blazing through them, makes their hollowness transparent. One of these indeed, is already broken open, and freed from its venomous tenant, is discerned to be a mere skull. It cannot sustain the hope of an immortal spirit; it has given way beneath its pressure, and is manifestly a hollow mockery. There is the serpent too, with his stealthy, noiseless movement, watching perhaps the opportunity to strike his fangs in the flesh of his victim, and there is carnal pleasure, the representative of the worldliness which the renewed soul turns from with inexpressible loathing.

No wonder it gazes upward, and longs to soar away to a more congenial sphere, and be at rest. Here sin and sense would bind its wings and make it their drudge. Here it sees trash and tinsel, while the true riches are an object of scorn. Here it breathes an atmosphere of vanity, and its ears are greeted with discords, and it finds none to sympathize with it. It is conversant with sights of vain display, with broken promises and hollow hopes, and it longs for the sinless paradise and the heavenly communion.

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Nor need it long in vain. The law of God—both tables of it—is comprehended in love, love to God, and love to man. These are the two wings of a hallowed obedience, and on these the soul may soar heavenward. Then indeed, it shall be as the dove seen below—with the sign of the cross on either wing. It is by virtue of Christ's own signature upon the soul, that it is warranted in its aspiration to soar to him. Nor is there presumption in the attempt. The soul that follows him here, in bearing the cross, shall rise to share with him his heavenly triumph, and enter into his rest.

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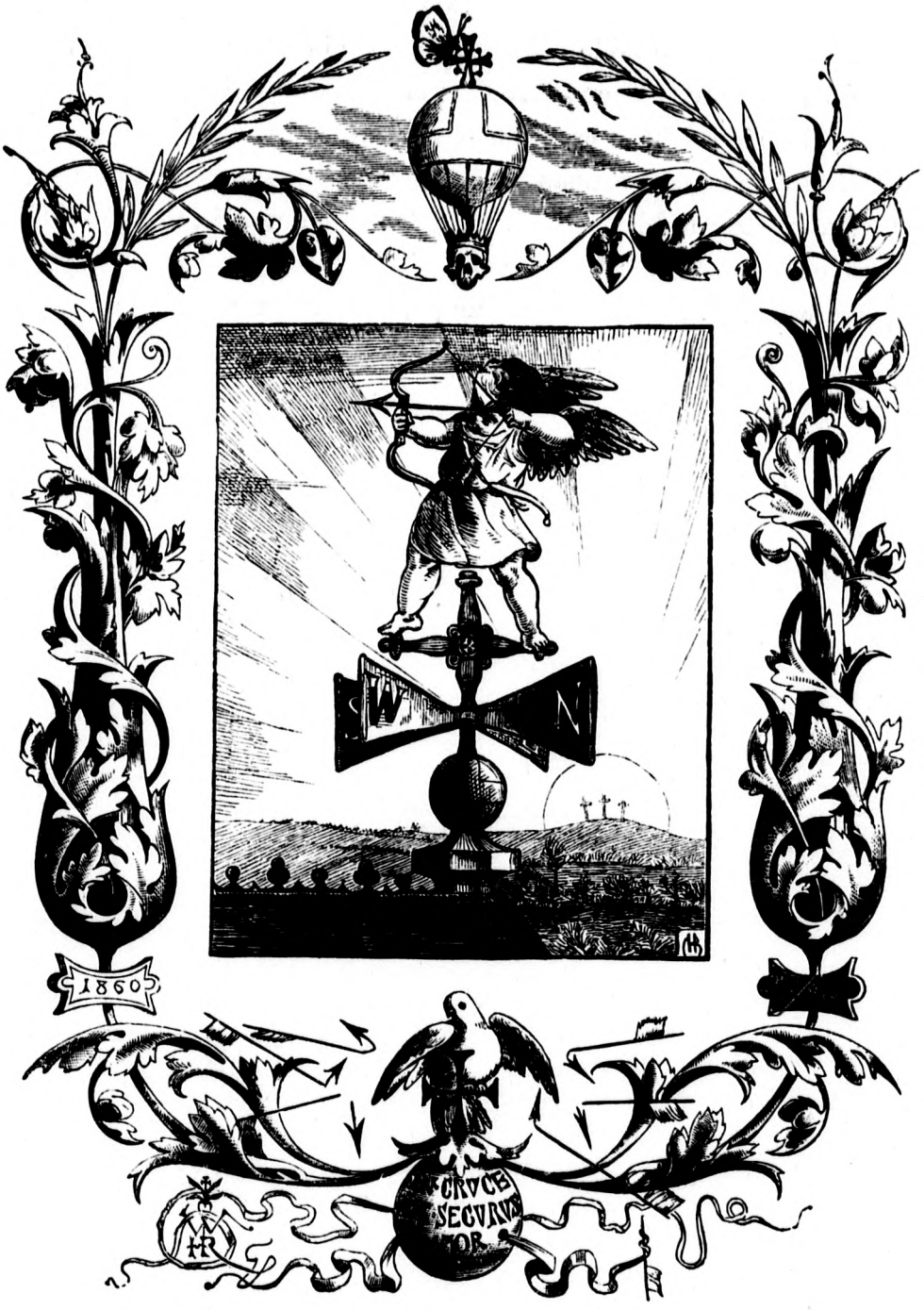

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Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man?

Coleridge.

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT. I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE. I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."—Paul.

THE dove vainly seeking rest as it flies over the face of the deluged earth, is only an emblem of vain effort of many a soul to find rest in worldly things. It tries one thing and then another, but one is a rolling log, and another a floating carcase. There is no visible ark, within which the soul may find shelter and repose, till it is divinely revealed to the eye of faith.

In this picture we see an illustration of human experience, that has tried one method after another to find solid footing for the spirit. It stands at last, high above all the shifting phases of the world, where the winds of adversity or prosperity, that are continually turning the vane beneath, can no longer affect it. It looks down on the globe beneath its feet, on the lofty walls and battlements of a royal domain, on the broad luxuriant fields and gardens which show the fruit of careful culture, but on the whole horizon, the most conspicuous of all objects is Mount Calvary, its three crosses still distinctly visible in the distance.

Thus firmly supported, that experience which now glories, and glories only in the cross of Christ, has become truly christian. It can fix its eye unwavering on the mark, and calmly poise its arrow,

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and deliberately draw its bow, to secure the prize of its high calling. No storms can shake it. No sinking sands threaten to swallow it up. The cross that supports it rests itself upon eternal foundations.

Above, the instability of the world itself is illustrated. A butterfly alights on the cross that crowns it, and takes possession of it, while it is itself transformed into a balloon, which lighter than air, needs to be ballasted by a death's head, to keep it from floating away. Thus the weight of the thought of mortality, must be attached to the ambitious scenes of men to keep them from being lifted to a dizzy height, and kings like Philip of Macedon must have men to charge them daily, "Remember, O, king, that thou art mortal."

Beneath, we see a dove, emblem of the loveliness of the inoffensive christian spirit, resting upon a cross that surmounts the globe. At its feet, on the globe, we read the inscription—*In cruce stat securus amor*, "Love stands safe on the cross." This is verified as we see the flying arrows directed against it turned aside, bent or rendered pointless, confirming the assurance—"No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." The arrow may be barbed or poisoned. It may be aimed with superhuman skill. Invisible spirits may exult in the accuracy and force with which it is hurled, but there is a certain distance around the cross, where the dove-like spirit finds repose, which it cannot penetrate. The cross itself is encompassed with an atmosphere into which no harmful thing can intrude, and with the cross above it, even worldly powers and influences, that issue forth from the globe, shall be controlled and subdued, by the power of the cross, till they shall even arrest the flying arrow, and help bring down every lofty, proud, fluttering thought into obedience to Christ, or subject it to the supremacy of the cross.

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'Tis dead of night in the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
Barbauld.

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH, AND NIGHT UNTO NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE."—David.

THE thought of God which the soul of man entertains, comes infinitely short of the unspeakably glorious and overwhelming reality. Sometimes terror and the apprehensions of conscious guilt, give it form and coloring, and then it is inexpressibly terrible. Sometimes love and filial trust throw their sunlight over it; and then it becomes, not less awful or majestic, but transcendantly beautiful and attractive. What was once like the frowning folds of the black cloud, blazing with lightnings, has become like the magnificent mountains of massive gold, piled on the distant horizon, on which the eye rests delighted, as though they were the heights that reflected the near splendors of the celestial glory.

Here we see the soul almost dazzled by the insufferable splendor that pours down upon it from the throne, and apparently

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shrinking from that blazing effulgence which puts out the stars. Yet, with hands lifted, ready to screen its overtaxed vision, it cannot but look upward to the source of all its light, and hope, and joy, while its fool's-cap lies neglected and discarded, at the feet.

Well it may be so, for the serpent is seen to have taken possession of it, nor has yet withdrawn altogether from the shelter it affords. The soul may look upward with fear and trembling, indeed, but still with a holy trust; while it can look downward only with horror and an agonized outcry for help. That help is only in the Lord its God.

But how should it approach Him? How may it dwell in his light? He is the infinite mystery of the universe. His three-fold subsistence—doubly symbolized above, to make it emphatic, and recognized in his very name, the plural *Elohim*—is invested with a circling radiance, to which the wings of seraphs may approach, but into which even they may not penetrate. The mystery is wrapped about in light unapproachable, and the soul sinks back appalled by the lightnings of its beams.

And yet, He may be approached. The soul may draw near to him, downcast, trembling, and still hopeful, and trustful. It may come with a heart transformed to an inverted harp, indicating its voluntary humiliation, and when every string rings with praise of the sacred name, and the flowers the soul loves all bloom with the crowns that it stands ready to cast at His feet, fear and terror may be banished. For the High and Holy One, that inhabiteth Eternity, will delight in fulfillment of his own promise—to stoop to human weakness, and accept the homage which humble hearts are ready to offer.

Then shall God be indeed near to the soul, not by the insufferable terrors of his presence, but in the sweet condescension of his love. It is his glorious light, perhaps, that almost dazzles the soul's vision, that drives away every harmful thing, forcing the

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serpent to uncoil himself from the fools-cap, and speed away to his native darkness. It is the light, pouring down in a broad beam from the smile of his countenance upon the soul, that will link heaven and earth together, and become a kind of Jacob's ladder, by which the thoughts and affections of the gracious spirit shall mount upward to the throne, and abide unappalled, amid the unutterable splendors.

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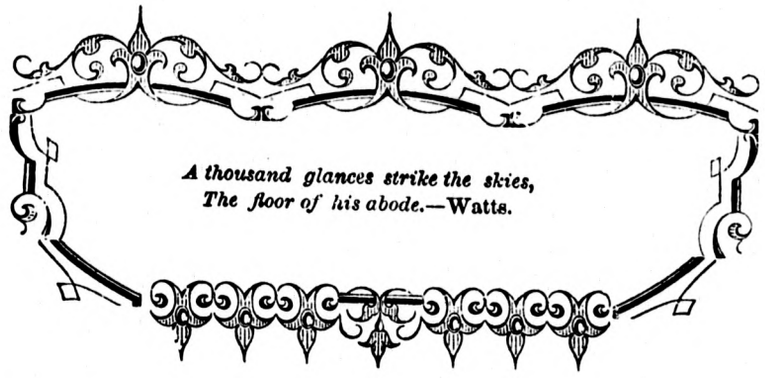

"LOOK DILIGENTLY, LEST ANY MAN FAIL OF THE GRACE OF GOD."—Paul.

HERE we see an illustration of the power of the cross upon the heart. The soul is seen holding forth a cross surmounted and consecrated compass, upon the face of which we see the trembling needle pointing to a cross resting on an arrow-pierced heart, and that cross encircled by a rainbow, and a yet more distant effulgence, so shaped as to be directed toward the four points of the compass. The heart that bears the cross moreover rests upon an elevated level, far above the rough and rugged surface upon which the soul stands, so that the eye, to behold it, must be lifted up, as it were to another sphere, to the heavenly country.

That compass is the heart, and the needle indicates its once wavering affections, disturbed by the thousand attractions of worldly objects, now allured by honor or fame, now drawn by wealth or pleasure, and again deranged by inordinate desires. It can never settle or become fixed, till it is brought under the power of that heart-supported cross, the polar star of faith and hope. Then it is at rest. It wavers, it even trembles in uncertainty, no longer.

But if we look above, we see still another phase of the soul's sanctified experience. There we see the cross like a sun, radiating

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its beams, and at the same time exerting its attractive power. There too is the moon rejoicing in its light, and paying back the tribute of its indebtedness.

"The still commandress of the silent night,
Borrows her beam from her bright brother's eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,
If he withdraw, her flames are quenched and die."

But most significant of all, the compass, with its pointer directed to the cross, is now seen to have assumed wings, to speed its flight heavenward, attracted by the cross of its exalted and glorified Lord. All its aspirations and desires are upward. It would mount and soar away to the very presence, and the fullness of light and glory to be found in the cross. We may seem to hear the prayer that is breathed from its lips, and rustles in every stroke of its wings.

"Eternal God! O, thou, that only art
The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part,
O, thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee:
And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee:
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee."

As the flowers below, with their heart-shaped leaves, turn toward the sun, unfolding their beauty in his light, and drinking in the nourishment of his beams, so the soul turns to the cross, and unfolds its beauty to its radiance, while it drinks in life and strength therefrom. It is the cross of Christ that changes its darkness to noonday, that sustains its bloom and lends to it all its glorious hues.

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"MY HEART IS FIXED, O LORD, MY HEART IS FIXED."—David

SOME lessons there are which the soul learns, which are thenceforth ineradicable, incorporated, as it were, with its own being. Experience has engraved them on the heart, like letters on the bark of a young elm, and time only expands them, till under the majestic canopy of foliage, they are clearly visible to every eye that will read.

Such a lesson is found in the loveliness and preciousness of Christ, as a Saviour, inseparable from the hopes, trust, and affection of the soul. "To us who believe," says one apostle, "he is precious;" and "what shall separate us from the love of Christ?" exclaims another. The voices of the two witnesses seem to find a common and harmonious utterance in the emblem before us.

The soul is seen, in its meditative hour—the nighttime, as indicated by the still starry night—leaning its head against, and clasping its arm around, the cross, while this cross is supported upon an arrow-pierced heart that rests—as the soul itself stands—in the midst of a bed of lilies. There is no need of uttered words, so long as the very attitude of it, and its relation to tho objects around it, seem to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies."

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"Christ and his cross be all one theme," expresses the deliberate choice of the renewed soul in its meditative hour. Upon these it must dwell. These it must cherish.

Here, as in other pictures, the sacrifice and results of this attachment are seen in the emblems suspended on either side, while beneath, we behold the butterfly, with both wings expanded, and each wing marked by a distinct cross. The union of Christ with the soul, an union henceforth inseparable, is the source of its new and eternal life, the root, as it were, of a hope full of immortality. The wing that soars, bears upon it the stamp that seems to say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

How beautifully has Quarles expressed the fervor and strength of the soul's attachment to him, on whose bosom it loves to lean, and in whose words it finds the promise and assurance of all that it most desires,

"If all those glittering monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortune for them all.

"Nor time, nor place, nor change, nor death can bow,
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith, and I am his by love.

"He is my altar; I his holy place;
I am his guest; and he my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by blood.

"He gives me wealth: I give him all my vows;
I give him songs; he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conquering brows;
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts; an everlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine."

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HEART PICTURES

EVEN as a quiet, calm, and pleasant water will show unto us, if we look into it, the very image and likeness of ourselves, as if it were a glass, but, being moved, stirred, and troubled, it doth not so; so, likewise, our own hearts, if they be quiet and not troubled with horrors, nor distempered with fears, will plainly show us what we be, so that we may easily know ourselves and not be deceived, but, being filled with fears, tossed with terrors, and overwhelmed with troubles, they cannot do so.

As the mariner on the sea doth cast the best jewels and most precious things, if they overload his ship and put it in danger of shipwreck; even so we, in this our pilgrimage, must cast from us the most precious things we enjoy—if it be our eye or our hand—if they hinder us in the race of godliness, and do press us down so that we cannot go on cheerfully as we ought.

As those who keep clocks are wont every day to wind them; so, in like manner, we must set apart some time of the day for the elevation and raising up of our minds to heaven, by meditation on God's Word and prayer, lest our hearts should so far descend, through the weight of the cares of this world, that our course in godliness should be hindered and stopped.

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As the sun riseth first, and then the beasts arise from their dens, the fowls from their nests, and men from their beds; so, when the heart sets forward to God, all the members follow—the tongue will praise Him, the foot will follow him, the ear will attend Him, the eye will watch Him, the hand will serve Him; every one goes like a handmaid after her mistress.

Like as that woman who would have her dough leavened, if she lay her dough in one place and the leaven in another, loseth her labor; even so he who would have his heart sanctified, comforted, and enlightened, and will not give it to God, greatly deceiveth himself, for the tempter then cometh and keeps them asunder, and seizeth upon the heart, which he finds alone.

If thou shalt cast into a censer odoriferous and sweet pomander balls, the whole house will be filled with a sweet savor and pleasant perfume; but if thou shalt cast into it brimstone, all the house will be full of a most horrible smell; so, in like manner, if thou shalt put into the heart of some man, good and wholesome counsels, and shalt instruct him with godly admonitions, and shalt open unto him the fountain of the truth, thou shalt bring to pass that there shall proceed out of his heart a great savour of a most sweet smell; but if thou shalt fill him with evil and wicked counsels, and shalt persuade and draw him to impiety, hatred, treachery, and all abominations, thou shalt be the cause of an intolerable evil—there shall come out of his heart a most poisonful savor, wherewith not only his own heart, but where he abideth, shall be hurt.

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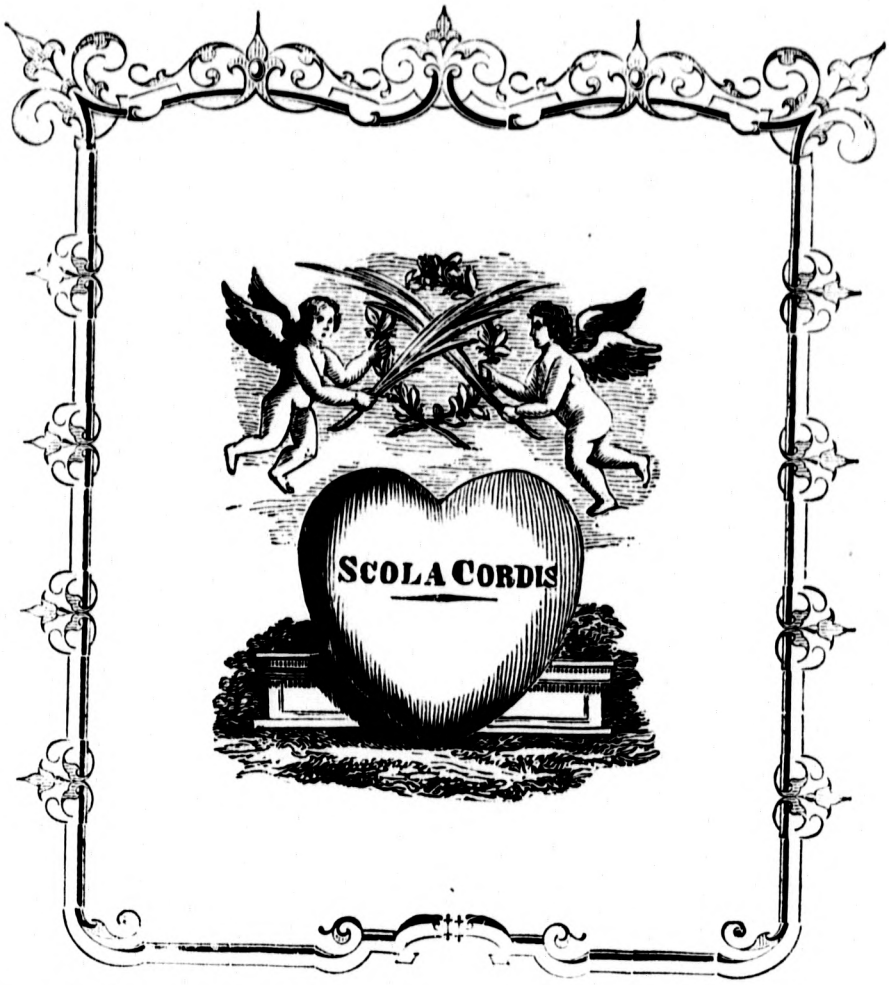

HERE *Scola Cordis* is written across a heart, over which angels hover, bearing crown and palm—thus intimating what may be attained by way of honor through this school—while the heart leans against a tomb, intimating the solemn conditions and surroundings of study. School of the Heart, richest in knowledge, yet where least is acquired, school where the most important of all information is dispensed only to be least regarded, school where tuition is free, yet a school almost deserted for the dearer one of experience.

The fool's eyes wander to the ends of the earth, and daintily feed on many delights; the wise man turns his gaze within, and finds "work enough at home." Knowledge and wisdom are not

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the same, we may have all knowledge yet live a life of folly, and die as the fool dieth. Understanding of thine own heart it is that transforms vain erudition into heavenly wisdom. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Not thine intellectual nature, not thy physical part, is it that determines thy happiness here and hereafter, but thy soul.

Turn in, my mind, wander not abroad:
Here's work enough at home; lay by that load
Of scattered thought that clogs and cumbers thee:
Resume thy long neglected liberty
Of self-examination; bend thine eye
Inward; consider where thy heart doth lie,
How 'tis affected, how 'tis busied; look
What thou hast writ thyself in thine own book,
Thy conscience; here set thou thyself to school;
Self-knowledge, 'twixt a wise man and a fool,
Doth make the difference; he that neglects
This learning, sideth with his own defects.
'Tis yet school-time; as yet the door's not shut,
Hark how the Master calls. Come, let us put
Up our requests to him, whose will alone
Limits his power of teaching, from whom
Returns unlearn'd that hath once a will
To be his scholar and implore his skill.
Great Searcher of the heart, whose boundless sight
Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light
The hidden things of darkness who alone
Perfectly know'st all things that can be known;
Teach me to KNOW my HEART * * *
Lord, if thou wilt, thou can'st impart this skill:
And as for other learning, take't who will.

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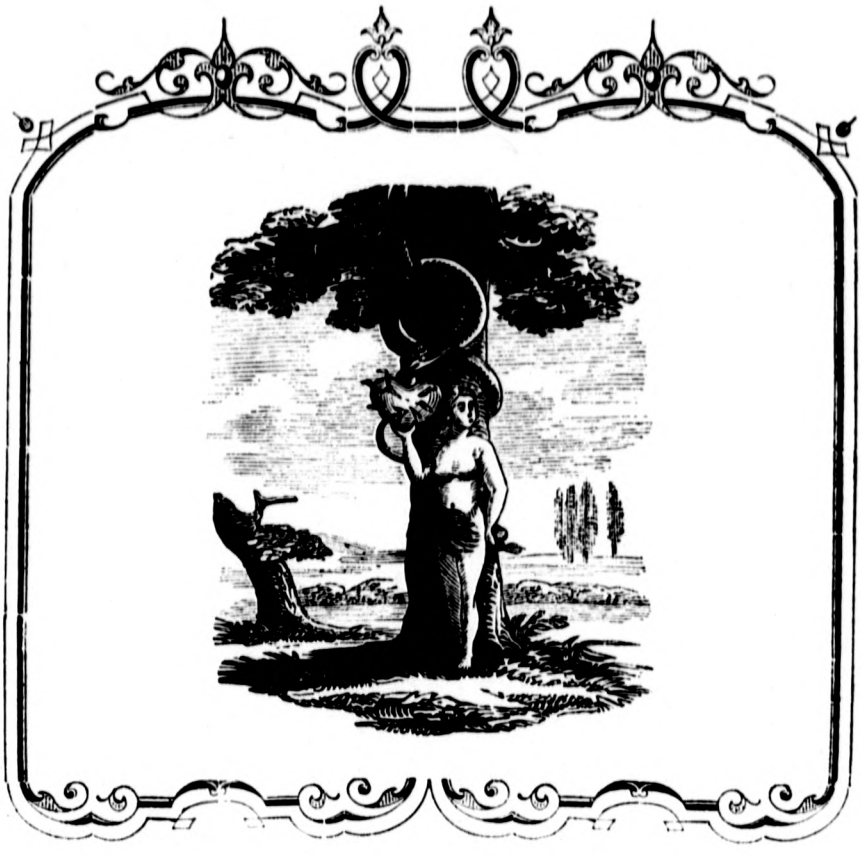

The Infection of the Heart.

"WHY HATH SATAN FILLED THINE HEART"—Acts 5 : 3.

HERE we have a fearful representation of the original temptation in the garden. Eve stands beneath the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil. In her left hand she holds an apple, which she has not yet tasted; in her right she holds up her heart to the Old Serpent, who, folded about the tree, loops himself over a limb, that he may bring his head close to the open heart. Eve's head is inclined in deep attention, but lo! as he breathes his deadly temptations into the heart, it bursts out all over with a brood of smaller serpents, that are seen protruding their heads, while just below them the sting of the Old Serpent's tail is about to enter. Our first mother but represents every tempted soul. We too, take into our hands the apples of temptation. We too hold up our hearts to the subtle tempter, and

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while we listen all rapt to the syren voice, do we note that a brood of snaky vices is swarming forth, and the very sting of death entering our souls.

When that which God hath told thee not to touch or taste, looks pleasant to the eye and very desirable, beware; for—

> "Whil'st thou inclin'st thy voice-inveigled ear,
> The subtle serpent's syren song to hear,
> Thy heart drinks deadly poison drawn from Hell,
> And with a vip'rous brood of sin doth swell."

Take to thine own heart that strange dialogue between the tempted soul and Satan, that hath been often repeated since the earth's first glad days.

THE SOUL.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for meat,
But I am not allowed thereof to eat.
My Maker's prohibition, under pain
Of death the day I eat thereof, makes me refrain.

THE SERPENT.

Faint-hearted fondling! can'st thou fear to die,
Being a spirit and immortal? Fie.
God knows this fruit once eaten will refine
Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

THE SOUL.

There's something in it, sure; were it not good,
It had not in the midst of the garden stood;
And being good, I can no more refrain
From wishing, than I can the fire to burn, restrain.

THE SERPENT.

So, thou art taken now; that resolution
Gives an eternal date to thy confusion.
The knowledge thou hast got of good and ill,
Is of good gone, and past; of evil present still.

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THE TAKING AWAY OF THE HEART.

"WHOREDOM AND WINE, AND NEW WINE, TAKE AWAY THE HEART"—Hos. 4: 11.

SUNK in pillows of down beneath the shade of a fair spreading tree, the sleeping sinner gives up her heart to two winged demons, in the form of beasts. The demon of lust wears the appropriate form of a goat; the demon of debauchery and gluttony is fitly represented partly as a dog, partly as a hog. Lust only grasps the soul, but gluttony not content with polluting it by touch, fills it with his loathsome vomit, and his very

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tail curls with impish joy. Christ looks on with despairing gesture, while the overturned vase indicates a hopeless state. A single picture yet so widely applicable, just where life seems sweetest, it may be most dangerous, just where the flowers grow thickest, serpents most do love to lurk. How soft and gentle the first approaches of sensuality, how maddeningly enticing the first experiences. Oh! we but sink in slumber, slumber that we need, beneath whispering leaves and cooling breezes, propped on yielding beds so cosily. Yes, and imps of darkness are clutching thy soul; Christ is despairing of thee. "Let him alone, joined to his idols:"

While thou liest soaking in security,
Thou drown'st thyself in sensual delight,
And wallow'st in debauched luxury,
Which when thou art awake and seest will fright
Thine heart with horror.

While thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrust
Into thy maw the pr'me of all thy store,
Thou dost best gather fuel for that lust,
Which, boiling in thy liver, runneth o'er,
And frieth in thy throbbing veins, which must
Needs vent, or burst, when they can hold no more,
But oh, consider what thou shalt confess
At last, that misery and wretchedness
Is all the fruit, that springs from lustful wantonness.

Whil'st thou remember'st not thy latter end,
Nor what a reckoning thou one day must make,
Putting no difference 'twixt foe and friend,
Thou suffer'st hellish friends thine heart to take;
Who all the while thou triflest, do attend,
Ready to bring it to the lake
Of fire and brimstone: where thou shalt confess,
That endless misery and wretchedness
Is all the fruit, that springs from stupid heartlessness.

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The Vanity of the Heart.

'LET NOT HIM THAT IS DECEIVED TRUST IN VANITY. FOR VANITY SHALL BE HIS RECOMPENSE."—Job. 15 : 31'

THE heart is here represented as filled with the fires of ambition; a grinning demon rejoicing in his infernal work, plies the bellows from below, till as from a flaming forge, the sparks spring forth from a burning fountain. In the radiant jet, dance the various objects of vaulting earthly desire. The fan and necklace symbolize luxurious living, the chief aim of

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life with many; the violin suggests dancing, and all kindred amusements, the crown and sceptre, kingly power, the trumpet and banner, military renown, the cross-tipped, miniature world, all the allurements of earth; while the bubbles that float amid them all indicate their utter emptiness and vanity.

Christ stands aghast. But the poor soul, all filled with rapture, sees not the bubbles, is not troubled by the look of the Saviour. Her hand is raised in perfect adoration of the gorgeous array above her.

How humiliating, how true, all the noble aspirings of the soul perverted to ignoble ends; all the grand instincts of worship prostrated before idol shrines. Alas, for a heart, that should yearn after the infinite, and be filled only by the God that made it, deeming itself blessed by dainty fare, or soft clothing, or mortal homage. And that still deeper and more unfathomable depth of degradation, where men unable to attain themselves the objects of their perverted desires, almost worship those who have attained them.

How one learns to sympathize, with Quarles, in his rough indignation and fierce denunciation:

> The bane of kingdoms, world's disquieter,
> Hell's heir-apparent, Satan's eldest son,
> Abstract of ills, refined elixir,
> And quintessence of sin, Ambition,
> Sprung from the infernal shades, inhabits here,
> Making man's heart its horrid mansion,
> Which though it were of vast extent before,
> Is now puffed up, and swells still more and more.
>
> See how hell's fueller his bellows plies,
> Blowing the fire that burnt too fast before;
> See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise
> And spread themselves abroad still more and more!
> See how the doting soul hath fixed her eyes
> On her dear fooleries, and doth adore,
> With hands and heart lift up, those trifling toys
> Wherewith the devil cheats her of her joys!

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THE OPPRESSION OF THE HEART.

"TAKE HEED, LEST AT ANY TIME YOUR HEARTS BE OVERCHARGED WITH SURFEITING AND DRUNKENNESS."
Luke 21 . 34.

Two massy weights, surfeiting, drunkenness,
Like mighty logs of lead, do so oppress
The heav'n-born hearts of men, that to aspire
Upwards they have nor power nor desire.

WE are glad to note the prominence given to Gluttony as an oppressor of the heart in this drawing. The heart is "flat beaten to the board," by a mighty pile of dishes, a vast pyramid of surfeit, crowned by a decanter of liquor to indicate that inordinate eating enforces drinking, and the overloaded

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stomach demands some stimulant to spur it to its fearful task. A dragon-shaped imp clutches the handle of the decanter, while he proffers a full cup to the eager debauchee. There is a sting in the demon's tail, but the sinner seems too busy to observe that one hand is on the topmost dish, the other outstretched for the "flowing bowl."

We would not abate one jot of aught that has been pleaded for temperance in drinking, but we would fain broaden the temperance movement, and teach men to see the sin and danger of surfeiting. Thousands who habitually eat too much, who cloud their intellect and pervert their moral sense with gluttony, yet pride themselves upon their temperance, and despise the poor sot that rolls in the gutter. Intoxicating drink slays its myriads, but we doubt if the full trencher is not doing a wider and a deadlier work among us.

A certain temperance advocate of our acquaintance, himself an invalid through inordinate eating, once invited a drinking friend to dine with him, and after dinner, plead with him to abandon his evil ways. He was met with the cutting reply. "Charlie, you are not the man to talk to me, for you are the greater sinner; I break nature's laws by getting drunk, but only now and then at long intervals; you break the same laws thrice daily, and mark the consequence, though we are of the same age, and have the same natural gifts, your constitution is broken, you suffer continually, while I only have a headache now and then. You are more intemperate than myself.

Hark to Quarles's picture of a glutton and drunkard:

Thy body is disease's rendezvous,
Thy mind the market place of vice.
The devil in thy will keeps open house;
Thou liv'st as though thou would'st entice
Hell-torments unto thee,
And thine own devil be.

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The Returning of the Heart.

"REMEMBER THIS, AND SHEW YOURSELVES MEN. BRING IT AGAIN TO MIND, O YE TRANSGRESSORS."—Isa. 46 : 8.

A SOUL here wanders in sin, though it has no pleasure in wandering, holding on in its work of evil, though its heart is no longer in it. This is intimated by the heart left behind on the ground. In this wretched career it is arrested by Christ:

> Return, O wanderer, return, return,
> Thou art already gone too far away,
> It is enough: unless thou mean to burn
> In hell forever, stop thy course at last and stay.

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He then points back to the deserted heart as if he would say, "See, thou hast left thine own best convictions, the nobler part of thee behind. Thou art running a wretched race, though thou knowest its wretchedness, ever nearing a bitter end, though foretasting its bitterness." But the soul makes answer:

> Shall I return to thee? Alas I have
> No hope to be received: a runaway,
> A rebel to return! Madmen may rave
> Of mercy-miracles, but what will justice say?

That a man should thus, as it were, run away from himself—leave his heart behind him—seems at first absurd. Will not a man do that which he knows will be best for him—is not ignorance the true root of evil? A man thoroughly sound, morally as well as mentally, doubtless would follow his nobler convictions, would act up to the height of his knowledge. But sin means spiritual mania, means that a man shall do that which he abhors himself for doing, hurried into it by some inexplicable hallucination. He who first comes under an evil habit, is conscious of the power of shaking it off, he even flatters himself that he is his own master long after he has become a slave; but to most, to all in fact, who sincerely try to reform, there comes a time when they learn, that they are under an alien and hostile power. Every struggle only tightens the noose about the poor ensnared soul.

Is not the drunkard a lunatic, does he not as consciously and deliberately injure himself, as the demoniac that "cut himself with stones," in the gospels? Does not every form of sin contain the same awful element? Is there any cure, but to return unto Christ, and unto our own better selves, that side with Him?

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The Pouring Out of the Heart.

'POUR OUT THINE HEART LIKE WATER BEFORE THE FACE OF THE LORD.'—Lam. 77 : 19.

THE soul is pouring out her heart like water before Christ, who contemplates the outpouring in pleased attention, with folded arms. What is the use of confession? Why should I tell my sins only to deepen my shame; why should I unfold my nobler aspirations, only to prepare for myself confusion of face when I fail to attain them? And yet, this open-heartedness, which seems so useless, is somehow a necessity of our nature. It does not at first seem possible that there should ever be a voluntary

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confession of crime. What good can it do the criminal? It certainly does not diminish his crime. But how many instances does criminal history afford of men voluntarily giving themselves up to justice, and revealing deeds that, but for their unconstrained divulgence, would never have come to the light.

Nay, take even the universal consciousness and confession of iniquity on the part of our race; why these altars and sacrifices of every religion and of every tribe? Is not man free and proud, why then does he not proclaim himself sinless? Is there not something wondrous in this great world leper veiling itself before Jehovah, and crying unclean, unclean, through the pure universe of God. Here we have the secret of the wondrous vitality of the Roman confessional; men must confess, and if driven from God and Christ, by the repelling sublimity with which their own fancies have invested them, they will confess to the priest.

Let this sweet leading of nature guide thee to Jesus. If you could say perhaps with Quarles:

> A plague of leprosy o'erspr adeth all
> My powers and faculties: I am unclean,
> I am unclean: my liver broils with lust;
> Rancour and malice overflow my gall;
> Envy my bones doth rot, and keeps me lean;
> Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's just:
> Mine ear's uncircumcised, mine eye is evil,
> And hate of goodness makes me partly devil.

If so, then the Saviour answers:

> Why dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou hide
> In thy close breast thy wishes, and so side
> With thine own fears and sorrows? Like a spout
> Of water, let thine heart to God break out.

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The Contrition of the Heart.

"A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU WILT NOT DESPISE."—Psalm 51 : 17.

IF you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, his folly will not depart, but should the fool bray himself, in earnest resolve to be wise, there is more hope. Here an awakened soul, anxious for wisdom and seeing what pernicious things fill her heart, is beating it in a mortar, beating it with all earnestness, so that the obnoxious contents are seen coming out through the

bottom of the mortar. Christ, standing by, evidently approves the deed.

There is a strange despotic instinct in the conscience, which shows it was born to empire. Who has not felt the fierce desire to take vengeance on one's self, who has not felt a sort of grim satisfaction in self-denunciation, who has not felt a deep relief under the punitive consequences of sin, because they relaxed the fell wrath of our own natures. It was not Christianity, but human nature, that peopled the deserts of Egypt with self-torturing monks, that set Simeon Stylites upon his pillar, and filled the ascetic roll down to our times.

It is only when this instinct is misguided that it is dangerous. When it prompts us to cast ourselves low before our Master, with hearts broken by a sense of sin, when it keeps us humble, despite exaltation, then in its true office it ennobles, even when it seems to degrade. In humbling and breaking our own hearts, we but save ourselves the far more fearful visitations of divine providence. God's sure march must bring us down, sooner or later; the heart must be rendered broken and contrite, here or hereafter. To us is left the choice whether it shall be in this land of hope, or in that land of despair.

In mine own conscience then as in a mortar,
I'll place my heart, and bray it there;
If grief for what is past, and fear
Of what's to come, be a sufficient torture,
    I'll break it all
    In pieces small
Sin shall not find a shred without a flaw,
Wherein o lodge one lust against thy law.

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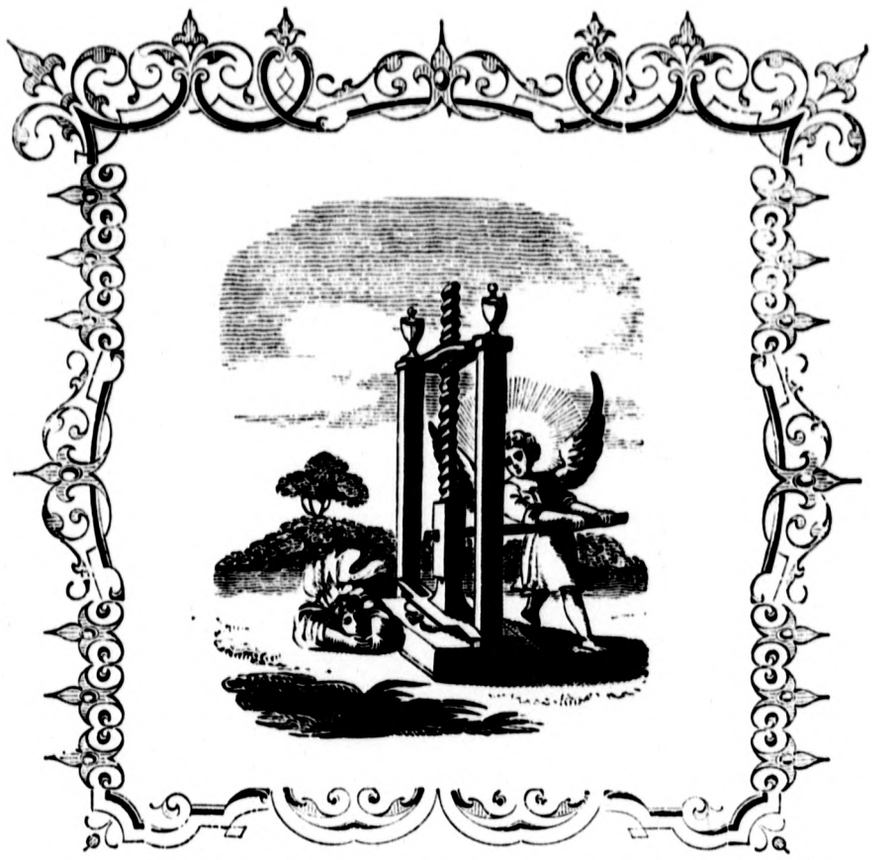

The Humiliation of the Heart.

"THE PATIENT IN SPIRIT, IS BETTER THAN THE PROUD IN SPIRIT."—Eccl. 7 : 9

THIS is a companion piece to the former picture; there the sinful soul pounds its own heart, forcing from it various vices; here Christ takes up the incomplete work. The sinner can never cleanse himself. See the difference of efficiency in the means used. The sinner with weak hand, wields a puny pestle; Christ with strong arm, works a powerful screw. The heart is squeezed flat beneath it, and the poor soul, prostrate upon the ground, watches the piteous process, rejoicing in suffering.

Slack not thine hand
Lord, turn thy screw about:
If thy press stand,
My heart may chance slip out.
Oh, quest it unto nothing, rather than
It should forget itself, and swell again.

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Criminals tell us of the relief felt in arrest and even in punishment. Conscious they were paying the penalty of their crimes, in some sort expiating them, they felt a strange sort of peace. So the sin-stained soul, conscious of its guilt, rejoices in the judgments of God, that promise purification. External anguish gives inner peace. Through suffering they see hope. Sharp and thorny road, leading to wide fields of angels and light.

There is in the truly converted soul a holy fear, a sanctified anxiety, accompanying all sinful indulgences, even where the zest is keen, and the flavor delicious. The morsel is sweet under the tongue; yet it is known to be poison, and welcome is the bitter medicine of affliction, that tones the moral appetite, and makes it reject all such dangerous sops. Our souls learn to rejoice in tribulation with a certain anguished bliss and to say:

So let it be,
Lord I am well content
And thou shalt see
The time is not misspent.
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell,
And crush the heart, where pride before did swell.
The way to rise
Is to descend: let me
Myself despise,
And so ascend with thee;
Thou throwest them down that lift themselves on high,
And raise them that on the ground do lie.

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The Softening of the Heart.

This icy, marble heart, like wax will melt,
Soon as the fire of heavenly love is felt.

"GOD MAKETH THE HEART SOFT."—Job 23 : 16.

TO crush the heart is not enough. Pound it in the mortar of remorse and contrition, then let the humiliating judgments of Christ crush it flat as a powerful screw, still the work is not done. Vice may be driven out, yet the virtue that is left may be hard and repulsive. Goodness may wear porcupine quills. A work of softening must be done. The heart must be made gentle ; it must be filled full of tenderness. This none but

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Christ can give. The engraving shows us a heart held up to the Sun of Righteousness, and melting beneath his rays, as the drops falling down beneath the heart indicate. The poor soul shelters her eyes from the blinding radiance, but gladly lifts her heart to the genial, penetrating, life—giving warmth:

Mine heart is like a marble ice,
Both cold and hard: but thou can'st in a trice
Melt it like wax, great God, if from above
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.

We all know the fable of the Sun and North Wind, trying their power upon the traveler, which should make him throw off his cloak soonest. We know which proved most powerful, gentle sunshine or conquering, blustering cold. But do we act on our knowledge?

Nothing is so resistlessly powerful as the outshining sun of love. The natural sun's rays, falling so softly that they do not hurt the tender eye, yet daily bend the mighty shaft of Bunker Hill Monument like a reed. This was discovered, by actual experiment of scientific men, a few years ago. Think of Sunshine swaying that column against which the Hurricane hath so often vainly set his great shoulder. So God's spiritual sun can sway and soften the flintiest souls:

Although mine heart in hardness pass
Both iron, steel, and brass,
Yea, the hardest thing that ever was;
Yet if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And, working with thy word,
A blessing unto it afford,
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,
But melt itself away before thy throne.

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The Cleansing of the Heart.

"O JERUSALEM, WASH THY HEART FROM WICKEDNESS THAT THOU MAYEST BE SAVED."—Jer. 5 : 14

THE heart, pounded in contritious mortar, screwed down in the crushing press of God's judgments, and softened by the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, needs only to be washed in the blood of Christ, to be every whit clean. Here Christ stands, fountain-like, while from the nail holes in hand and foot, and from the spear thrust in his side, pours the life giving flood. The soul chooses the jet from the heart, and in it holds her polluted heart. She first wearied herself out trying to cleanse it herself.

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Oh endless misery!
I labour still, but still in vain.
The stains of sin I see
Are fixed all, or dyed in grain.
There's not a blot
Will stir a jot,
For all that I can do,
There is no hope,
In fuller's soap,
Though I add nitre too.

I many ways have tried,
Have often soaked it in cold fears;
And, when a time I spied,
Poured upon it scalding tears;
Have rinsed and rubbed,
And scraped and scrubbed,
And turned it up and down;
Yet can I not
Wash out one spot;
Its rather fouler grown.

Then at last she saw the utter vanity of trying to purify her heart, when she herself was impure.

But am I not stark wild,
That go about to wash mine heart;
With hands that are defiled,
As much as any other part?

Full of this new thought, she looks about her, and speeds to the true fountain of cleansing.

Then to that blessed spring,
Which from my Saviour's sacred side
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring;
And then it will be purified.
Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimson or scarlet were;
This blood I know,
Will make it as snow,
Or wool, both clean and clear.

The lesson of the picture is open to all; cease trying to wash thine own heart with thine own foul hands; cleanse it in the blood of the Lamb, fountain ever open for sin and uncleanness.

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The Mirror of the Heart.

"MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART."—Prov. 23 : 26.

NOW, patient soul, hold up thy heart, all crushed and cleansed, to the mirror of Christ's heart. There is that heart, that stretched forth wounded hands, praying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" that heart which yearned toward all men, and cried with all-embracing invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;" that heart which only pierced and bleeding feet could serve, and that rested only in infinite self-sacrifice. Hold up thy heart, and compare it; see thine own soul as in a mirror.

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There only can you learn what is in man, whether of guilt or glory; there only can you tell what is acceptable unto God. There only can you tell whether you have obeyed the Scripture motto, and given your heart unto God. How many have deemed their hearts right, and their lives irreproachable, till they first saw themselves in that mirror; first saw themselves, not as others saw them, for that too, is a false view, but as they really were—as God saw them; then they abhorred themselves, and repented in dust and ashes.

Here in the heart of Christ, we have the true monitor of conscience; the only reliable code of morals; the only effectual, spiritual impulse; the only guarantee of steady progress; the basis and test of civilization. How shall we bring our hearts into accord with his? How shall we give him our hearts?

Lord of my life, methinks I hear
Thee say, that thee alone to fear,
And thou alone to love,
Is to bestow mine heart on thee,
That other giving none can be,
Whereof thou wilt approve.

Should I not love thee, blessed Lord,
Who freely of thine own accord
Laid'st down thy life for me?
For me, that was not dead alone,
But desperately transcendent gr wn,
In enmity to thee;
Lord, had I hearts a million,
And myriads in every one,
Of choicest loves and fears,
They were too little to bestow
On thee, to whom I all things owe,
I should be in arrears.

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The Sacrifice of the Heart.

"THE SACRIFICES OF GOD ARE A BROKEN HEART."—Psa. 51 : 17.

SKIN for skin, all that a man hath, will he give for his soul." To give what one *has*, is not so difficult as some deem it—giving one's self, not one's possessions—that is the arduous task. If salvation were for sale, how many would deny themselves to buy it! Catholics build grander cathedrals from the pockets of servants, than Protestants from the resources of their masters. Why? Because men will give anything for salvation, but themselves. Yet is the sacrifice of the heart to God, the initial

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step, and the essence of Christianity. To exalt self was the beginning of sin, to take God from the centre, and make a satellite of him, nay, to set the whole vast Universe spinning about ourselves, making all interests subordinate to ours, and seating ourselves on the throne, was the essence of our transgression.

If this be so, then the first step in our restoration must be one of conscious sacrifice. We must come down from our fancied elevation; we must acknowledge practically the infinite superiority of God, by making him the centre of our being and effort. It is this inner self-offering, that gives value to all external acts of denial. Burnt offerings, and the fat of rams, were as nothing to God, save as they spoke a heart bowed and broken in His presence.

Self-sacrifice is the only road to success in living—taking life in its true and broad meaning. To attempt to bend the laws of the Universe, and the purposes of the Eternal, to our own low ends, is to court disastrous and complete failure; to sink ourselves in God, to come in harmony with his whole system, is to insure the grandest triumph. The smoke and savor of the sacrifice went up toward heaven; so through self-denial we climb, rising ever higher through humiliation.

Lord, be my altar, sanctify
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, tha I,
Burning with zeal to magnify thy merit,
May both consume my sins, and raise
Eternal trophies to thy praise.

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THE WEIGHING OF THE HEART.

"THE LORD PONDERETH THE HEART."—PROV. 21 :2.

THE Soul is in despair; she hath done all that she could. She brayed that foolish heart in the mortar of contrition, till folly was driven forth, Christ aiding in the work with the ponderous press of his judgments; then having washed it in the blood of the Lamb, she offered it a living sacrifice, and rejoiced that Jesus received the poor broken thing. But he knew the tameless vanity of man; he knew that even in the blessing of Conversion, there is a hidden danger. Vanity may enter in, by the door God's mercy has opened. Is not my heart something worth, why Christ values and accepts it?

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But the Saviour will have none of this, he would awaken the proper humility of a sinner saved by grace. He has accepted, he does value that heart, but only out of his infinite compassion. Come, cast it into these scales, put over against it the law of God:

My balances are just,
My laws an equal weight;
The beam is strong, and thou may'st trust
My steady hand to hold it straight.
Were thine heart equal to the world in sight,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it should prove too light.

Lo! it kicks the beam; what is the matter with this heart, that seems so vast in bulk, "equal to the world in sight?"

Search it, and thou shalt find
It wants integrity;
And yet is not so thoroughly lined,
With single-eyed sincerity,
As it should be: some more humility
There wants to make it weight, with constancy.

Whilst windy vanity
Doth puff it up with pride,
And double-faced hypocrisy,
Doth many empty hollows hide;
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Wavering unstaidness makes its resolutions brittle.

But what shall this poor soul do? Can she do any more? Is she not at her wit's end? Nay, listen further to Christ:

But if thou art ashamed
To find thine heart so light,
And art afraid thou shalt be blamed,
I'll teach thee how to set it right.
Add to my law my gospel, and there see
My merit's thine, and then the scales will equal be.

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The Trial and Defence of the Heart.

'THE FINING POT IS FOR SILVER, AND THE FURNACE FOR GOLD: BUT THE LORD TRIETH THE HEARTS.'—Prov. 17 : 3.

THE poor soul sits, with anguished countenance, folding in arms all powerless to protect, a heart, which has been made the target of all the assaulting engines of evil. The devil draws his arrow to the barb, and leans forward to get a truer aim; the world, in likeness of an earth-crowned, gaudy woman, with body backward thrown, gathers her whole strength to hurl her javelin; while the lust of the flesh stoops from on high, in the form of the god of love, to send his dart, tipped with infernal fire, into that poor defenceless heart. The soul is evidently utterly

despondent. She does not see what we see. Behind her a shining one stands, and stretches out before her a shield—the bosses thereof are the Cross and Crown, and nailprints, and spear; shield, forged by Christ, in the furnace of his own agony; shield, proof against all the fiery darts of the adversary. See how the arrows fall, quenched and broken, while behind the unseen bulwark, the soul sits shuddering, and wondering that she is not struck through.

Why this fierce and fearful trying of the heart? God would test it, and He would purify it. The process may be painful, but the result is glorious. When the gold ore is crushed in the ponderous mills, and plunged into the sweltering fire, the process does not seem pleasant; and if the gold had voice and sensibility, it might cry out against the needless cruelty. "Why all this torment? Have I not lain content through the ages in this quartz? Why tear me from my life-long home?" But when the bright gold flashed forth in all its purity, free from all dross, wondering at its own matchless sheen, it would say, "Ah, I see it all now, and I rejoice even in what I have suffered."

If, in the composition of thine heart,
A stubborn steely wilfulness have part,
That will not bow and bend to me,
Save only in a mere formality
Of tinsel-trimmed hypocrisy,
I care not for it, though it show as fair
As the first blush of the sun-gilded air.

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The Levelling of the Heart.

"*GLADNESS FOR THE UPRIGHT IN HEART*"—Psa. 97 : 2.

Nay, yet I have not done: one trial more
Thine heart must undergo, before
I will accept of it:
Unless I see
It upright be,
I cannot think it fit
To be admitted to my sight,
And to partake of my eternal light.

HERE we have a level. From the upper part of it hangs a plumb-line, which passes directly through the centre of the heart of Christ, thus adjusting the level. Beneath, is a sinner's heart, which Christ on the one side, standing, and the

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soul on the other, kneeling, strive to test and correct. The position of the soul, and the altar before it, intimate that this work is done most appropriately in prayer, or at least in a prayerful spirit.

The heart of Christ, is the true test and revealer of the hearts of men. He not only knew what was in man, but showed it forth. In his death, the sword pierced the soul of Mary, that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed.

Dost thou wish to know whether thine own heart stands plumb with the level of uprightness? Try it with the heart of Jesus.

Can'st thou not see how thine heart turns aside,
And leans toward thyself? How wide
A distance there is here?
Until I see
Both sides agree,
Alike with mine 'tis clear,
The middle is not where it should be;
Likes something better, though it looks at me.

I, that know best how to dispose thee,
Would have thy portion poverty,
Lest wealth should make thee proud,
And me forget;
But thou hast set
Thy voice to cry aloud
For riches: and unless I grant
All thou wishest, thou complain'st of want.

I, to prevent thy hurt by climbing high,
Would have thee be content to lie
Quiet and safe below,
Where peace doth dwell;
But thou dost swell
With vast desires, as though
A little blast of vulgar breath
Were better than deliverance from death.

Mighty Father, help us to submit to the test, and then give us thine aid, that we may bring our desires into perfect harmony with His.

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THE ENLIGHTENING OF THE HEART.

"THEY LOOKED ON HIM, AND WERE LIGHTENED."—Psa. 34 : 5.

NATURALLY our light is darkness; our souls, vast fountains of shadow, ray forth only gloom; the emanations of intellect and philosophy, that we often deem so transcendently radiant, are but faint flashes along the cloud-margin, serving to deepen the gloom. The Sun of Righteousness rises upon this light-forsaken realm. In every heart, that does not persist in loving darkness rather than light, he kindles a little of his own divine radiance.

In the engraving, the sun breaks in full effulgence through masses of cloud, that seek to stay his coming; lights them up with

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his own glory, and drags them as captives to grace his triumph. At the same time Christ is seen, introducing a taper into a dark heart, which the glad soul holds up to him.

All Christians are lit by Christ, but all do not shine alike. Some, like the dark lantern, shut in their light, and let it not so shine before men as to gain glory for God; others, like tallow candles, burn well when first lit, then gather snuff on the wick, and turn over, and sputter, and run to waste with feeble light; others, like good sperm candles, burn steadily down into the socket of death, while others still are as beacon lights, flaming on lofty headlands, and arousing nations and ages to the great conflict, and cheering them to the great victory.

Darkness hath been
My God and me between,
Like an opacous, doubled screen,
Through which nor light nor heat could passage find.
Gross ignorance hath made my mind
And understanding not blear-eyed, but blind;
My will to all that's good is cold,
Nor can I, though I would
Do what I should.

No, now I see
There is no remedy
Left in myself: it cannot be
That blindness in the dark should find the way
To blessedness, although they may
Imagine the high midnight is noon-day,
As I have done till now, they'll know
At last, unto their woe,
'Twas nothing so.

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The Flowers of the Heart.

"MY BELOVED IS GONE DOWN INTO HIS GARDEN, TO THE BEDS OF SPICES, TO FEED IN THE GARDENS AND TO GATHER LILIES."—Cant 6: 2.

THE great Husbandman has broken up the fallow ground of the heart, with the stern plougshare of his judgments. He has sown in the tear-softened mould the seed of his truth. His love has distilled upon it the fructifying dews of grace, and now He cometh to look for the crop which it should bear Nor in vain; the glad soul looks up to an abundance of sweet flowers, while her Saviour gathers for himself the fragrant reward of all his toil.

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Is there a joy like this?
What can augment my bliss?
If my beloved will accept
A posy of these flowers, kept
And consecrated unto his content,
I hope hereafter he will not repent,
The cost and pains he hath bestowed
So freely upon me, that owed
Him all I had before
And infinitely more.

What say'st thou to that rose,
That queen of flowers, whose
Maiden blushes, fresh and fair,
Outbrave the dainty, morning air?
Dost thou not in those lovely leaves espy
The perfect picture of that modesty,
That self condemning shamefacedness,
That is more ready to confess
A fault, and to amend,
Than it is to offend.

Is not this lily pure?
What fuller can procure
A white so perfect, spotless, clear,
As in this flower doth appear?
Dost thou not in this milky colour see
The lively lustre of sincerity,
Which no hypocrisy hath painted,
Nor self-respecting ends have tainted?
Can there be to thy sight
A more entire delight.

Or wilt thou have beside
Violets purple-dyed?
The sun-observing marigold,
Or orpin never waxing old,
The primrose, cowslip, gilly flower, or pink,
Or any flower, or herb, that I can think
Thou hast a mind unto? I shall
Quickly be furnished with them all,
If once I do but know
That thou wilt have it so.

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The Watching of the Heart.

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH."—Cant. 5 : 2.

While the soft bands of sleep tie up my senses,
My watchful heart, free from all such pretenses,
Searches for thee, inquires of all about thee
Nor day nor night, able to be without thee.

THE possessor of the heart here sleeps, but the heart itself watches the while, and with wide open eye observes the way the Saviour goes. Is not this paradox? Can our hearts wake while we sleep, attending to that which our senses do not note? On closer scrutiny, I think we shall find in this seeming contradiction a great truth.

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There is such a thing as spiritual instinct, acting without any prompting from reason, acting without vacillation and without delay. The soul rejects certain courses of conduct and follows others, not because reflection and experience have shown that these are right, and those wrong, but only in obedience to the instinctive impulse; she loves the one course, she abhors the other, without thinking. There is no struggle, no conflict, only the sure working of instinct. In proportion as a man becomes more thoroughly upright, more and more of his conduct ceases to be a matter of thought and effort, and becomes a matter of nature. What christian has to be consciously on his guard against murder. He sleeps so far as the law, "thou shalt not kill," is concerned, but his wakeful heart repels the least approaches of temptation.

In proportion as obedience becomes natural, and strengthens into habit, in one department of our life, are we at liberty to transfer our energies to some other department. We can rely on the heart-guard, and shift our vigilance. The philanthropist who commenced his work through depth of tender sympathy, finds that sympathy slowly deadened by familiarity with suffering; does he therefore slack in zeal? No; the instinct of benevolence has taken the place of the impulse of sympathy; he does his work with equal energy, but with more steadiness and more judgment.

Oh! could I lay aside this flesh,
And follow after thee with fresh
And free desires! my disentangled soul,
Ravished with admiration, should roll
Itself and all its thoughts on thee;
And, by believing, strive to see
What is invisible to flesh and blood,
And only by fruition understood,
The beauty of each sev'ral grace,
That shines in thy sun-shaming face.

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The Wounding of the Heart.

"HE HATH BENT HIS BOW, AND SET ME AS A MARK FOR THE ARROW."—Lam. 3 : 12.

A thousand of thy strongest shafts, my Light,
Draw up against this heart with all thy might,
And strike it through; they that in need do stand
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

SUCH is the exceeding beauty of Quarles' treatment of this subject, that I can do nothing more than transcribe it. The soul, bowed in anguish by the power of her pierced heart, yet cries to the Saviour who hath discharged the arrow :

Nay, spare me not, dear Lord, it cannot be
They should be hurt, that wounded are by thee.

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First, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,
Whose light outvieth the star-spangled sky,
Strike through the darkness of my mind,
And leave no cloudy mist behind.
Let thy resplendent rays of knowledge dart
Bright beams of understanding to mine heart;
To my sin-shadowed heart, wherein
Black ignorance did first begin
To blur thy beauteous image, and deface
The glory of thy self-sufficing grace.
And let the shaft of thy sharp-pointed power,
Discharged by that strength that can devour
All difficulties, and incline
Stout opposition to resign
Its steely stubborness, subdue my will;
Make it hereafter ready to fulfill
Thy royal righteousness,
As gladly as I must confess
It hath fulfilled heretofore th' unjust,
Profane and cruel laws of its own lust.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave
The bosom of thy Father, and bereave
Thyself of thy transcendent glory,
(Matter for an eternal story!)
Strike through mine affections all together;
And let that sunshine clear the cloudy weather,
Wherein they wander without guide,
Or order as the wind and tide
Of floating vanities, transport and toss them,
'Till self-forgotten troubles curb and cross them.

Lord empty all thy quivers, let there be
No corner of my spacious heart left free,
'Till all be but one wound, wherein
No subtle sight-abhorring sin
May lurk in secret unespied by me,
Or reign in power, unsubdued by thee,
Then, blessed archer, in requital, I
To shoot thine arrows back again will try;
By prayers and praises, sighs and sobs,
By vows and tears, by groans and hrobs,
I'll see if I can pierce and wound thine heart,
And vanquish thee again by thine own art.

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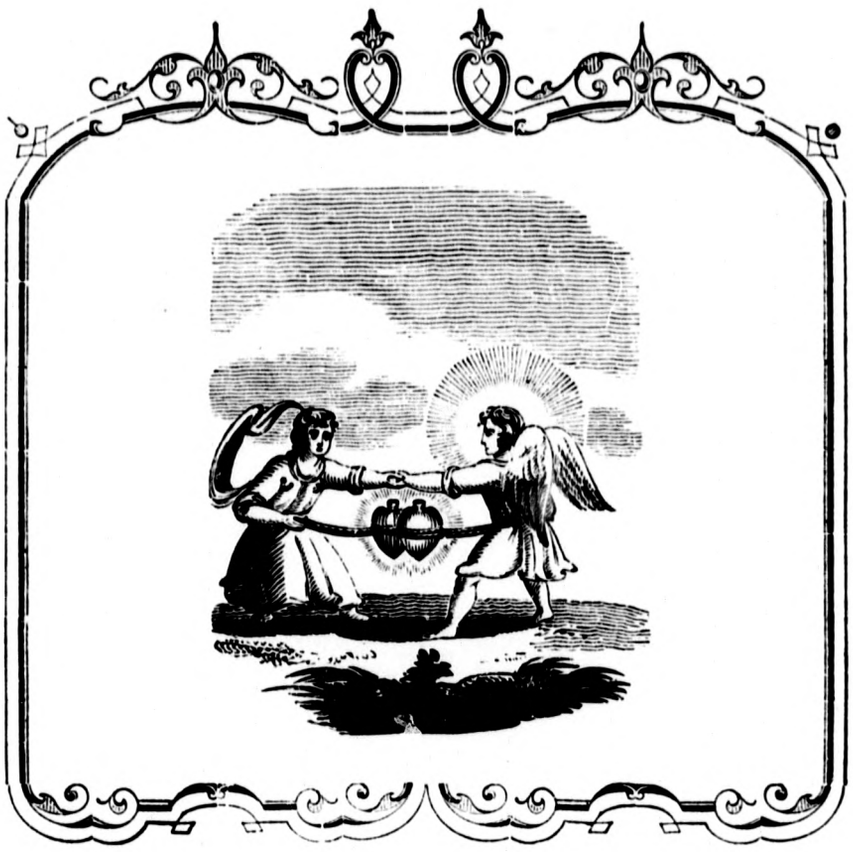

The Union of the Heart.

"I WILL GIVE THEM ONE HEART."—Ezek. 11 : 19.

THE soul and Christ clasp hands; her heart and his are bound fast together by cords which are drawn ever tighter by the united efforts of both. So closely are they thus united, that both hearts are surrounded by the same halo of glory, the sinful heart equally with the pure heart of Christ.

This is the goal toward which the longing desires of Christians tend—to perfect union with Christ. Herein, it seems to me, far more than in doctrinal exactness, lies the true secret of spiritual success; to have the mind that was in Jesus, to have our hearts thrill with his heart, to feel as he would have felt in our places.

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But how shall we attain unto this blessedness? Can we not take the poet's advice?

> Then thou must not count any earthly thing,
> However gay and gloriously set forth,
> Of any worth,
> Compared with me, that am alone
> Th' eternal, high, and holy One:
> But place thy love,
> Only on me and the things above,
> Which true content and endless comfort bring.

Then note; these hearts are bound together with the cords of love, and both pull at the ends, and work in harmony with clasped hands. Christ's loving me is not enough. Infinite were his yearnings over Jerusalem and her children; yet was her house left desolate, and her children's carcasses given a prey to the gathered eagles of Roman revenge. He, doubtless, loves every soul of man, yet all are not saved. If he alone pull on the cord of love, it is all drawn back to himself, and no one blessed. We must take hold and pull vigorously; we too must love, and so divine attraction, no longer neutralized by sinful repulsions, does its work, and two hearts become one.

> Love is the loadstone of the heart, the glue,
> The cement, and the solder, which alone
> Unites in one
> Things that before were not the same,
> But only like; imparts the name,
> And nature too,
> Of each to the other: nothing can undo
> The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

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The Rest of the Heart.

"RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL."—Ps. 116 : 7

THE soul sits contentedly in humility on the earth, for her heart is clasped in the Saviour's arms, in the clouds of heaven, and his peace rays out on every side. While yet on earth we can find content only by fixing our hearts on something beyond earth's influence. The world might well answer to her disappointed and grumbling worshipers—"why do you complain? I have done what I could for you—why do you expect peace and rest of soul from me? What I give you is subject to abuse, and liable to be lost, and, even if diligently kept through life, must be resigned at death. Besides, it is not such as the soul's

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appetite craves; only the great Father always has bread to give; I must often give a stone instead." In this world, we are in the midst of heaving waves, and can only find rest for our hearts, by placing them on the rock—Christ Jesus.

But there we can find it. In the Southern Ocean, there rise, here and there, strange, circular coral reefs, which enclose, in a continuous ring, a portion of the sea. Outside, the startled billows leap, and fling themselves on the barrier, and roar and fall back, the terror of the proudest vessels. Inside, the still waters mirror the heavens, and in their depths are the coral gardens, mimicking all floral beauty in flintlike material. So the soul, out of Christ, is tossed, amid the weltering waters of a sin-disquieted world, at the mercy of every shifting wind of fortune, every storm of calamity, every reef of despair. But in the encircling arms of His protection, there is perfect peace. Let the sea roar, and the waves thereof, they cannot shake that soul; he is lifted into the still air of heaven, and regards the mutations of earth, almost as do the cloud of witnesses.

On Thee, then, as a sure foundation,
A tried corner-stone,
Lord, I will strive to raise
The tower of my salvation, and thy praise
In thee, as in my centre, shall
The lines of all my longing fall,
To thee, as to mine anchor, surely tied,
My ship shall safely ride.
On thee, as on my bed
Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.

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THE BATHING OF THE HEART WITH THE BLOODY SWEAT.

Christ's bloody sweat immortal blessings gives,
As by its daily sweat man's body lives.

"I WILL CLEANSE THEIR BLOOD, THAT I HAVE NOT CLEANSED."
Joel 3 : 21.

THE drops falling from the brow of Christ represent the blood-drops of agony in Gethsemane; the cup in the cloud is that of which He prayed, "Let this cup pass from me."

All this thy God hath done for thee,
And now, mine heart,
It is high time that thou shouldst be
Acting thy part.
And meditating on his blessed passion,
Till thou hast made it thine by imitation.

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In this bloody sweat we have an intimation of our Saviour's horror, not of death, but of sin—it was the settling down upon him of the burden of a world's iniquity, that crushed it forth. There he saw the beginnings of his Father's aversion, which culminated in His forsaking him, even in the agony of the Cross. These drops are the prelude to, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Into this spirit of hatred of sin, must we, too, enter. Here must we hold our hearts under the magic rain, till they are transformed into the same image. But through purity is the only road to abhorrence of iniquity, and we are overspread with the sores of pollution.

Poison possesseth every vein;
The fountain is
Corrupt, and all the streams unclean;
All is amiss;
Thy blood's impure, yea, thou thyself, mine heart,
In all thine inward powers, polluted art.

And it may be that purity shall come to us only through sufferings. We, too, may have hours of agony, even when all about us seems serene and joy-giving, hours like Christ's agony, girt about with fair trees and flowers, in a lovely garden of the Orient. Shall we not welcome sufferings that only ennoble us? rejoicing in losses that leave us richer, in humiliations that lift us nearer heaven, and in light afflictions that prepare for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. By the sweat of our brows, our bodies live—by the sweat of His agony, our souls live, and enter upon everlasting joy.

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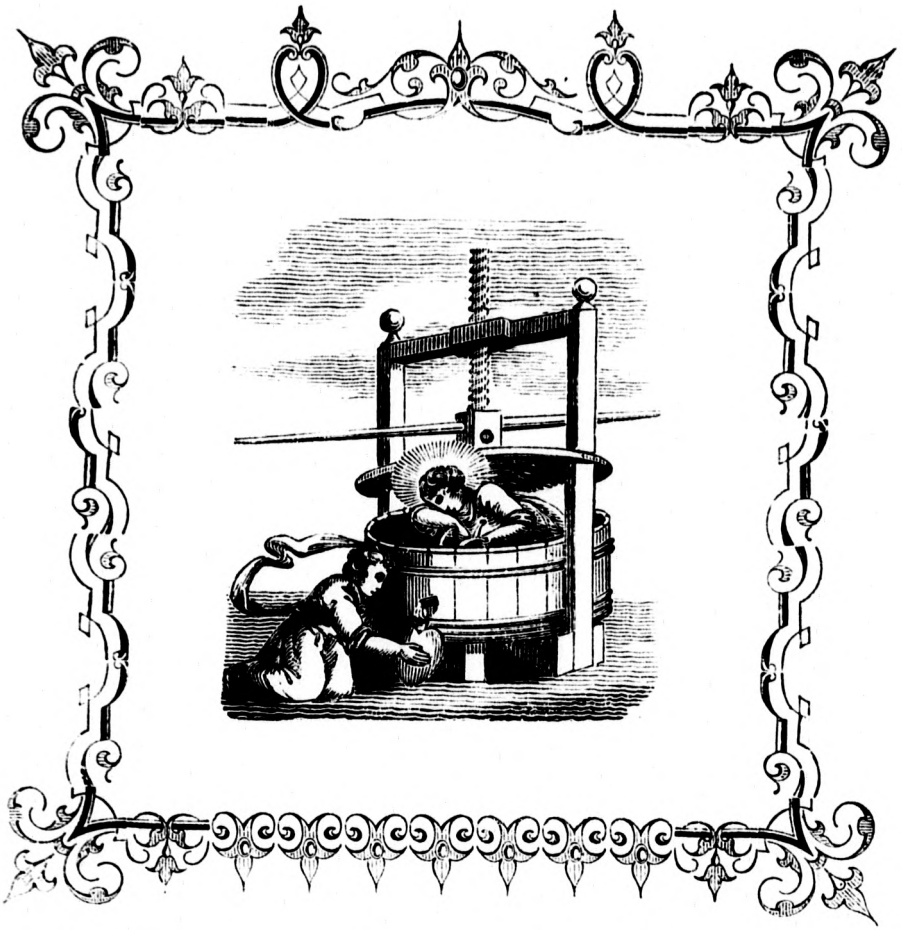

THE NEW WINE OF THE HEART OUT OF THE PRESS OF THE CROSS.

Behold, the Cyprian clusters now are pressed;
Accept the wine, it flows to make thee blessed.

"WINE THAT MAKETH GLAD THE HEART OF MAN."
Psa. 104 : 15.

Christ, the true vine, grape, cluster, on the cross,
Trod the wine-press alone, unto the loss
Of blood and life. Draw thankful heart, and spare not;
Here's wine enough for all, save those that care not.

UNDER the fearful pressure of God's wine-press of wrath, the blood is forced, in streams, from the side and hands of Christ, and is caught in the opening of the heart by the loving soul.

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Shall he, that is thy cluster and thy vine,
Tread the wine-press alone,
Whil'st thou stand'st looking on? Shall both the wine
And work be all his own?
See how he bends, crushed with the straightened screw,
Of that fierce wrath that to thy sins was due.

The school of the heart, that began with the sad lesson of temptation and sin, ends here with the awful, yet gladdening lesson of the Cross and salvation. Here we see with what difficulty the devil, that entered in so lightly, is cast out. He came in, pleasantly disguised, an apple, fair to look on, to be desired for wisdom's sake; he goes forth with the agony of Calvary, and the blood of the Anointed one.

Yes, faithful soul, hold thy heart under, and catch the spirit of that infinite self-sacrifice; then put thyself beneath thine own cross, the cross that he, thy Saviour, hath placed upon thee, and strive to bear it as patiently as he bore the one placed on him.

Although thou can'st not help to bear it, yet
Thrust thyself under too,
That thou may'st feel some of the weight and get,
Although not strength to do,
Yet will to suffer something as he doth,
That the same stress at once may squeeze you both.

Here we must close our School of the Heart in this book; in the world this school closes only with life. Death it is, that shuts to the door, and dismisses the scholars. May these few lessons stir you to study on in the depths of your own soul, in the vicissitudes of your own experience, and may your success be such, that the Master may give you the prize of life.

"The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

A summer's season follows winter weather:
Suff'ring, you shall be glorified together.

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LIFE MIRRORS.

IT is said of the Israelites, in their travels through the wilderness, that they wandered like pilgrims, without house or home; they fought like soldiers, the battles of the Lord, and they called upon the name of the Lord their God, who heard them in the midst of their distress. And thus it is that every good Christian is to order his life: as a pilgrim, not seeking high things for himself, but, having food and raiment, therewith to rest contented; as a Christian soldier, not to be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but to fight manfully under his banner against the three arch-enemies of mankind—the world, the flesh, and the devil; lastly, as the true servant of God, to tread often upon the threshold of His sanctuary, to frequent His ordinances, to be always in such a frame of spirit as to bless and praise and magnify and speak good of His holy name.

IT is said of the ship *Argo* (the then sovereign of the Asiatic seas), that being upon constant service, she was constantly repaired, and as one plank or board failed, she was ever and anon supplied with another that was more serviceable, insomuch that at last she became all new, which caused a great dispute amongst the philosophers of those times, whether she was the same ship as before or not. Thus it is that, for our parts, we have daily and hourly served under the commands of Sin and Satan, made provision for the flesh to fullfil the lusts thereof, drawn iniquity with cords of

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vanity, and sin, as it were, with a cartrope, and daily, like Ephraim, increased in wickedness, insomuch that there are not only some bruises and blushes, but, as it were, a shipwreck of faith and all goodness in the frame of our precious souls. What, then, remains but that we should die daily unto sin and live unto righteousness; put in a new plank this day, and another one to-morrow; now subdue one lust, and another to-morrow; this day conquer one temptation and the next another, be still on the mending hand;' and then the question needs not be put whether we be the same or not. For old things being put away, all things will become new; we shall be new men, new creatures; we shall have new hearts, new spirits, and new songs in our mouths; be made partakers of the new covenant, and at last inheritors of the New Jerusalem.

If a traveller hath but enough to bring him to his journey's end, he desires no more. We have but a day to live, and perhaps we may be now in the twelfth hour of that day; and if God give us but enough to bear our charges till night, it is sufficient; let us be content. If a man had the lease of a house or farm but for two or three days, and he should fall a-building and planting, would he not be judged very indiscreet? So, when we have but a short time here, and Death calls us presently off the stage, to thirst immoderately after the world, and pull down our souls to build up an estate. were it not extreme folly.

Our life which we now live should be by faith on the Son of God.

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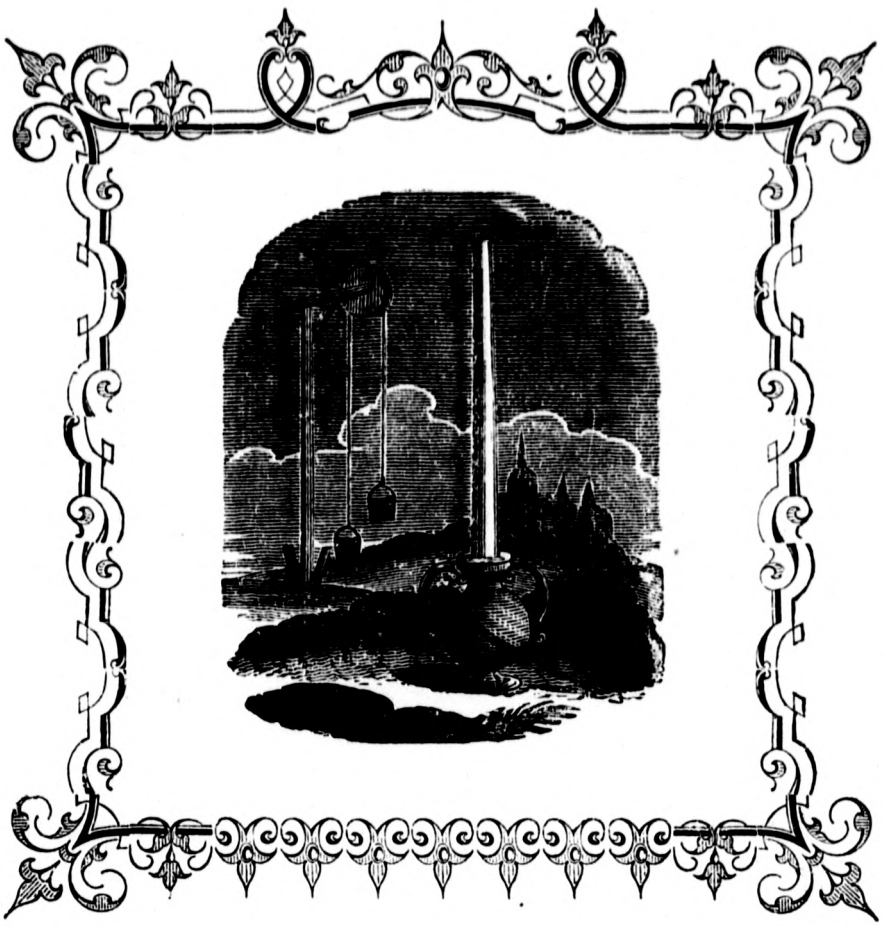

Created half to rise, or half to fall,
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

"I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."—Psalm 139 : 14.

WE have in this impressive picture, the first of a series of hieroglyphics representing the course of human life from the cradle to the grave. You behold a candle, perfect in form, and placed in a beautiful urn. It is composed of matter, cordid and inert, and in its present condition useless, because it gives no light. Such was the human form, moulded from the dust of the earth, before the Creator breathed into it the breath of life. Such, too, is man as fallen, ignorant and depraved, before the light

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of revelation has dawned upon his mind, or his soul has been renewed by the Holy Spirit. His natural powers may be fully developed. He may possess skill in the arts. He may build cities whose domes and turrets rise as monuments of his genius. He may invent and construct the machinery by which the waters of knowledge are drawn from Nature's deep wells; but all his faculties will be employed to little purpose, so long as the pall of spiritual darkness hangs over them. You see two buckets suspended from a wheel in mid air, and an architectural pile in the gloomy distance, but all is dark and silent. The picture wants light and life. Man, in his natural state, needs the light and life which God alone can impart. He is ignorant of his origin and his destiny. Flesh and blood cannot reveal these things to him, nor are the dim rays of natural religion sufficient to guide him in the path which leads to happiness and Heaven. He gropes in darkness, feeling after God, if haply he may find him, but his weary steps lead him into labyrinths of error, where he stumbles and falls. In despair he cries, "when shall I arise and the night be gone?"

"Thus lifeless, lightless, worthless, first began
That glorious, that presumptuous thing called man."

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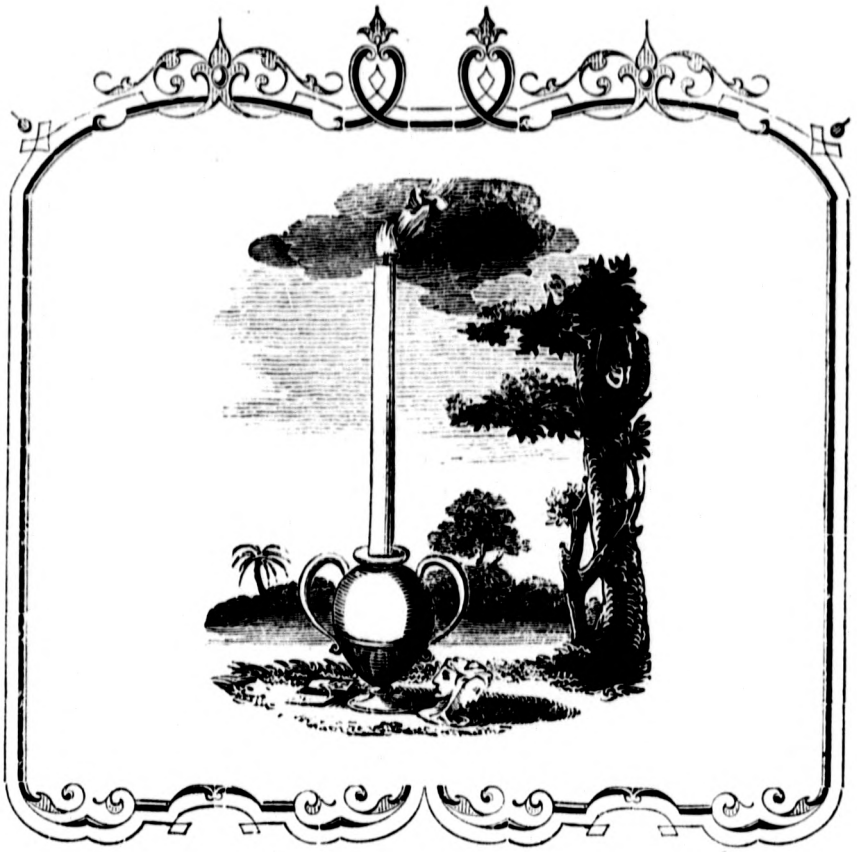

Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

"AND MAN BECAME A LIVING SOUL."—Genesis 2 : 7.

MARK the contrast between this picture and the preceding. Instead of the gloom of darkness and the stillness of death, we behold the cheerful glow of life. The taper is lighted, but whence came the fire? We know not how the candle is formed, much less how it is illumined. The divine hand that furnishes the flame is folded in a dark cloud of mystery. We know that we live, because we think, and feel, and act. The blood circulates, the heart beats, the pulse throbs, but what, and whence, and where is that principle which we call life, that sets in motion the complicated mechanism of the human body, so fearfully and

wonderfully made? Man cannot unravel the mystery of his being. His life is threefold; physical, sustained by food, intellectual, fed by knowledge, and spiritual, imparted and nourished by the Holy Spirit.

In the foreground of this picture, we see two tablets, on which the recording angel waits to write the history of man's life, thus teaching us that life is a sacred trust, and connected with solemn responsibilities. On the right of the urn are two faces; thus man looks heavenward and earthward, for he has interests in both worlds. Thus also hope peers into the future, and memory turns to the past. Their faces are very different in their expression; the one, calm and peaceful, is the symbol of a contented christian life, the other, sad and sullen, portends a career of guilt and shame. Who can tell when the candle is lighted, whether it will burn to cheer and illumine the world, or merely to attract the foolish insect to its destruction. On a branch of the tree, you may discover a dove, the emblem of love and purity, bending over the scene, a token of that divine benevolence which gives us life, and that human charity which sweetens its sorrows and lightens its burdens; and a symbol, also, of that divine Spirit who broods over the darkened soul, as he moved upon the chaos of old, and wakens it to life and love. Thanks be to God, for the life and immortality brought to light through the gospel, which teaches man how to live and how to die.

"Our better nature pineth—let it be!
Thou human soul—Earth is no home for thee,
Thy starry rest is in Eternity."

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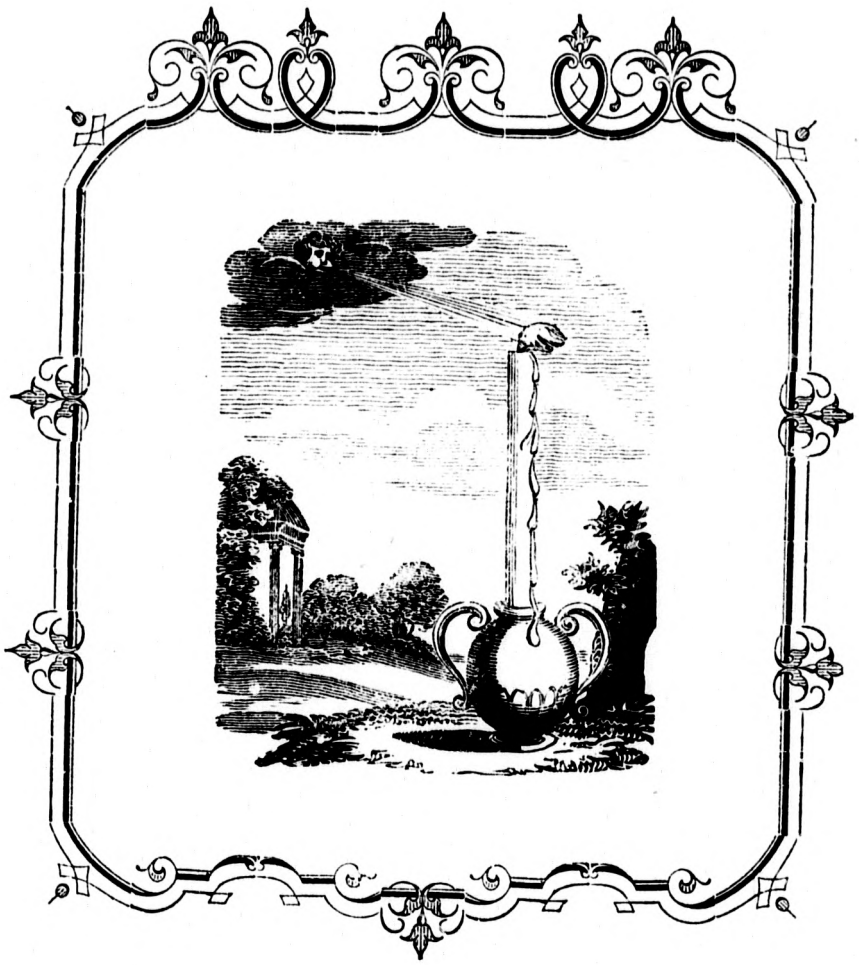

Troops of unknown diseases, sorrow, age,
And death assail him with successive rage.

"AND THE WIND CARRIED THEM AWAY."—Daniel 2 : 35.

HOW frail is human life—a vapor, a breath, a flickering flame.

"At best a brief delight,
A sun scarce brightening ere it sinks in night."

Sorrow and danger meet the child on the threshold of its earthly existence. The taper so recently lighted, and burning with a gentle flame, is suddenly assailed by "sorrow with her full-mouthed blast." "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." We

come into a world of disease and suffering. The child's first utterance is a cry. Beneath the cloud is a portico, indicating that life in its very beginning is exposed to danger. The flame unable to resist the blast, bends over, and with irregular heat wastes the candle itself. Trouble and sickness not only imperil life, but diminish the vital forces by producing a feverish flame both unsteady and destructive. Nor is there any way of escape. The walls of the nursery are no protection from the envious winds. A mother's arms cannot shield her darling from the destroyer, who gathers by far the largest number of his trophies from the tender, fragrant buds of infancy: the wind passeth over them and they are gone.

To what rude blasts of *temptation* also are the young exposed in this age of abounding iniquity! The flame of moral principle suddenly assailed, too often yields. The passions, which seem so well controlled, bend to the blast, and with irregular fires consume the vital powers, and defile and destroy the beautiful urn itself.

"What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong temptation doth apply
Against the fort of reason evermore,
To bring the soul into Captivity."

But there is One, who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, and He is able to succor the tempted. There is no earthly refuge from trials. The taper cannot be placed where the blast will not reach it, for in this world we must have tribulation.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

But the hand that lighted the candle still remains concealed in the cloud, and holds the winds in its firm grasp.

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Out, ye impostors!
Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks—your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

"YE ARE ALL PHYSICIANS OF NO VALUE."—Job. 13 : 4.

THE lighted taper is now exposed to a new peril. The urn has assumed a different form. The ears of serpent shape, the starry zone above with the astronomical signs, the peculiar dress and expression of the old man, with the snuffers in one hand and a fanlike instrument in the other, denote the presence of an astrologer, whose hidden mysteries and magic arts formerly obscured the science of medicine. The healing art has

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become more simple and practical, and therefore more valuable to suffering humanity. But the world is doctored too much, and especially by ignorant or unprincipled pretenders, who force their nostrums upon a too confiding public. Many a taper which would have burned with a moderate flame down to the socket of old age, is trimmed by unskillful hands, until in an evil hour its light is snuffed out. Nature has her laws, and always resents unnecessary interference. The vigorous flame must have pure oxygen; it dies amid unwholesome vapors. There is no secular profession more useful and noble than that of a good physician; none more contemptible than that of an avaricious quack, who takes advantage of the anxious fears which disease always excites, and trifles with human life. The same despicable class of physicians is found in every walk of life. They prescribe and offer their remedies for all the domestic, social, political and religious evils under which the world groans. Their prescriptions almost rival in number the recipes of the pharmacopœia. Reader, beware of all deceitful panaceas whether for the body, or for the soul. Man's fatal malady is sin:

"The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions."

The great physician is Christ, and the only effectual remedy is his blood, that cleanseth from all sin. Philosophy, science, all the wisdom of this world, and all the pretended revelations of those who profess to commune with the stars, or with the spirits of the departed, are useless medicines for a sin-sick soul. The balm of Gilead alone can heal every human malady.

"Physician of my fainting soul,
One word of thine shall make me whole;
One touch—one timid touch of thee,
Shall set my long-bound spirit free"

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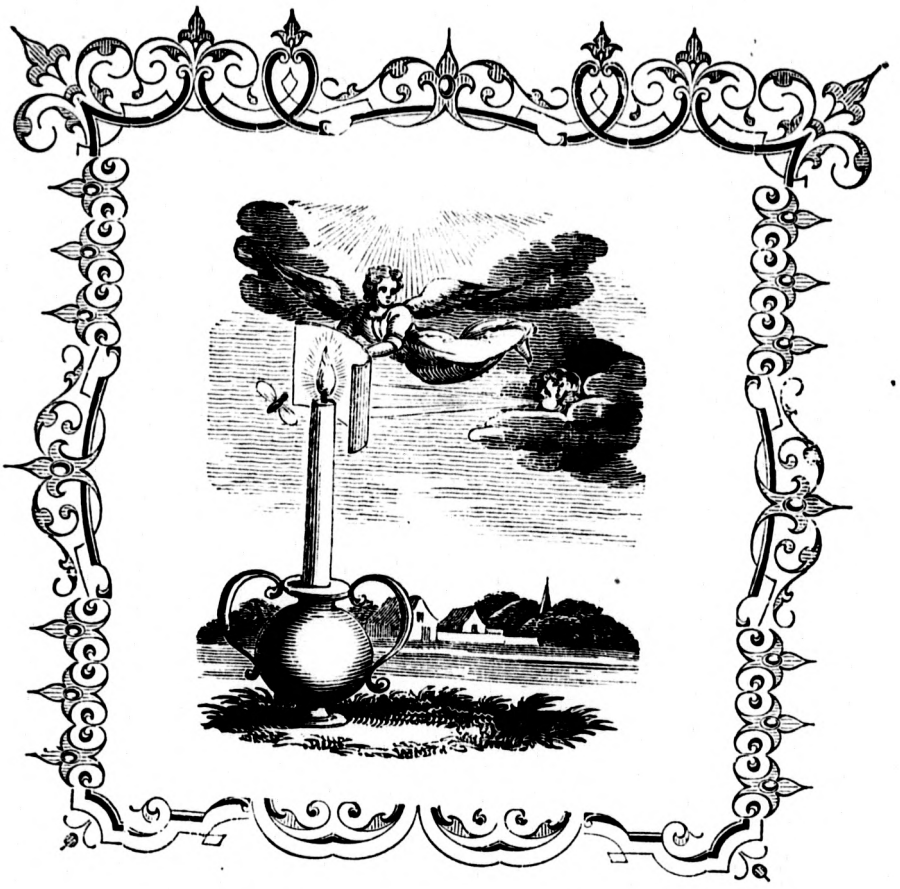

With his broad ægis thrown around,
Unmoved shall I maintain my ground,
Though all the fiends of hell combined
To harass and confound my mind.

"THE LORD GOD IS A SUN AND SHIELD."—Psalm 84 : 11

THE picture now presented is beautifully suggestive. The genius of evil is still in the cloud, with cheeks distended by his efforts to blow out the light, but his envious breath is spent in vain. An angel poised in air with outstretched wings holds a screen around the flame, and effectually protects it. The sun shines in the sky above, shedding his rays upon the village spire on the other side of the placid stream. Everything betokens peace and security. The only emblem of danger is the foolish fly

that seems bent on its own destruction. Sad indeed would be the condition of man in this world with no better safeguard than his own skill and foresight, with all his precautions he is constantly exposed to danger. If we take the experience of a single day how often might we say, "There is but a step between me and death." But that one step is enough for safety, because "He will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands." How often in the day and through the night, do angel hands hold the screen of divine protection between the Candle and the blasts, which might extinguish its light in a moment. Fatal *accidents*, as they are termed, are daily occurring, but when we consider how many dangers surrround us, and what a frail thing life is, we are amazed that so many escape. Who can survey his past life, and not see the marks of a special Providence. Yes, even the hairs of our heads are all numbered. He who gave us life guards the treasure for us. A taper lighted and exposed to the storm is a picture of man without divine protection. But the child of God can take comfort in the assurance that the arms of infinite love are around him, and no power can snatch him from the embrace of his Father. The same angelic care is exercised over the spiritual life which Satan endeavors to destroy. His poisonous blasts cannot touch the flame, for it is protected by the screen of paternal love held by the hands of angels, for "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation!"

"How had this slender inch of taper been
Blasted and blazed, had not this heavenly screen
Curbed the proud blast, and timely stepped between."

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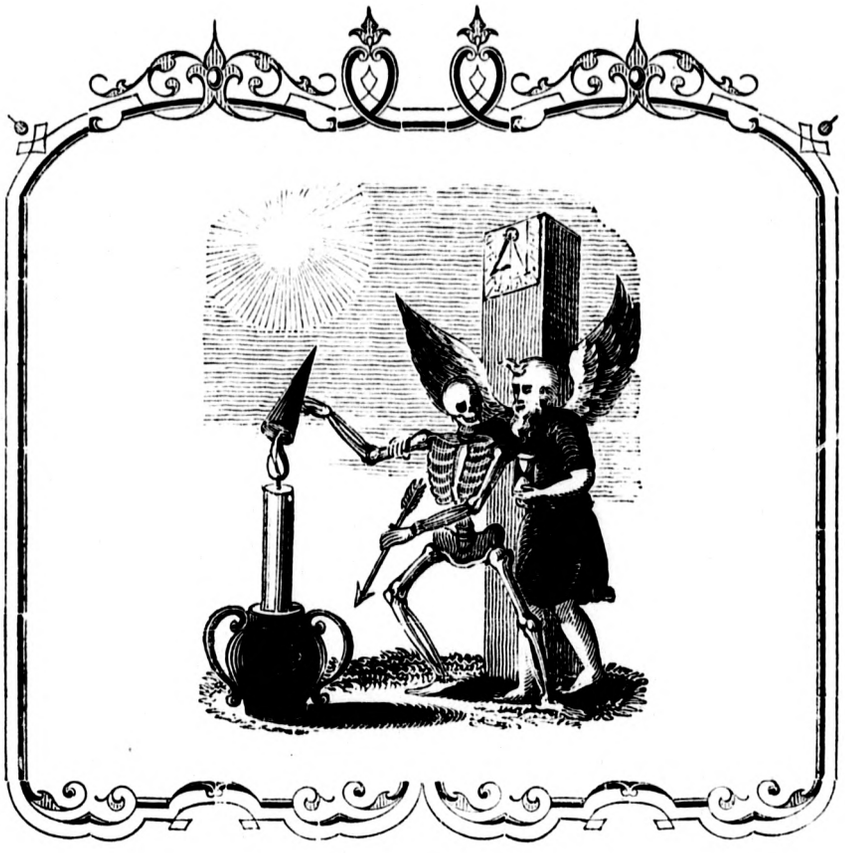

All hail, thou viewless one whose lonely wings
Sweep o'er the Earth, unwearied and sublime!
Mysterious agent of the King of kings,
Whom conquerors obey, and man calls Time.

"IS THERE NOT AN APPOINTED TIME TO MAN UPON EARTH."—Job 7 : 1.

BEHOLD our helpless taper again in peril. The angel with the screen has departed and an enemy has taken his place. The gnomon marks the passing hours. The candle is more than half consumed, and the sun, though still shining brightly, is fast declining toward the Western horizon. Death stands with his arrow in one hand—and an extinguisher in the other, ready to put out the trembling flame. But what holds him back? Time grasps the skeleton arm, and both gaze upon the hour glass,

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watching for the dropping of the last sands which will be the signal for time to spread his wings, and death to do his work. Death has been watching that flame with jealous eye, from the first moment of its existence. He holds his extinguisher over every lighted taper, for "Death has passed upon all men." He is the relentless enemy. What is death, but the end of life's consuming work? We begin to die as soon as we begin to live, and the struggle is short, and is sure to end in the victory of death over this mortal life. Why then does he hasten to extinguish the light which must so soon go out? Why so eager to seize with violence the prize that will ere long fall into his hands? "Insatiate archer!" So far shalt thou go, and no farther; thou canst not speed that fatal dart, till God's appointed time release thy hand. O, how comforting the thought that my times are in his hand.

"I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high, He calls me home."

Death puts his extinguisher upon many a bright flame in its early glow, but he cannot defeat the purposes of God. Doddridge when an infant was given up to die. Moses was left to perish in the flags by the river's brink. Death was sure of his prey, but Time triumphantly held up his glass full of the sands of life. God's purposes were to be accomplished. Go forth then to duty, even though the path lead through danger. Man is immortal till his work is done. But the hour must come at last, and to the Christian also.

"Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.
This king of terrors is the Prince of Peace."

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Shine forth, sh ne forth, ETERNAL LIGHT,
And penetrate the heavy night,
That presses down the soul.

"FOR EVEN THAT WHICH WAS MADE GLORIOUS HAD NO GLORY IN THIS RESPECT, BY REASON OF THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH."
2 Cor. 3 . 10.

THIS taper gives no light. What has happened to it? Is this picture an illustration of the fearful truth that "the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine?" We think not. The feeble taper still shines, but it is obscured by excess of light from the bright beams of the sun. It is high noon, and the solemn bird of night has sought his

retreat in the hollow trunk of that old tree. The glorious king of day is on his throne in the heavens, and the taper lights vanish. What is human wisdom, compared with that infinite knowledge that searches the heart, and comprehends all the events of time and eternity, in one vast thought? What is the might of man, compared with the power of Him who rolls the planets in their orbits, and weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? What is the glory of human greatness, when compared with the majesty of that divine Being who sits enthroned in the highest heaven, before whose effulgence angels veil their faces? Human reason, which we are wont to extol so highly, is but a taper light in the bright beams of revelation. The scintillations of human genius are but the sparks from an anvil. How dark would be the condition and prospects of man, with no light from above, no rays of knowledge, save those admitted from his own intellect. Man is but a glow-worm, whose feeble light flashes for a moment and is gone. But how glorious is my Saviour. Even on Mount Tabor, human eyes were blinded by his radiance. On Patmos, the seer fell down as one dead before his glorious presence. The New Jerusalem shall have no need of the sun, because of the light of the Lamb. Other light cannot shine when his glory is unveiled. The wisdom of man is foolishness with God. The lamp of his truth obscures all human tapers; the beams of his glory render all the rays from earthly suns invisible. I rejoice in this, that my Saviour may be all in all, for he shall shine on me, and I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is.

"Then—transporting thought—thy glory
Shall thy risen church enshrine;
Then, while countless hosts adore thee,
Heaven and glory shall be mine."

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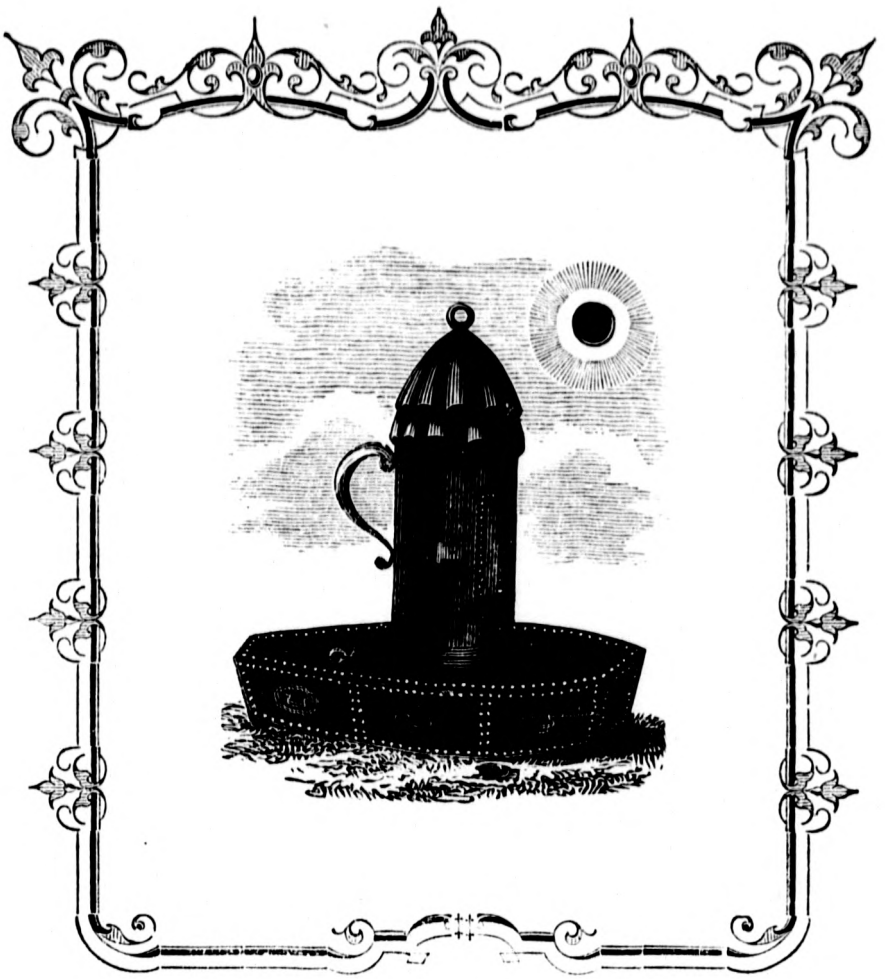

Heaven does with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

"IF THEREFORE THE LIGHT THAT IS IN THEE BE DARKNESS, HOW GREAT IS THAT DARKNESS."—Matt 6 : 23.

WHAT means this sad and gloomy picture? The sun is almost totally eclipsed; the lantern is entirely dark, and rests upon a coffin, and a beetle, apparently dead, lies on the ground. Everything indicates darkness, ending in death. Alas! whither has the light fled? Is this a solemn representation of the end of all flesh, when the candle of life is burned out? Is this an

emblem of death? We think not; the flame is not yet extinguished—it is only hidden from view. Behold here a recluse, retired from the world, and shut up in a monastery, where his life, however virtuous, can have no influence upon his fellow-men. Behold here a backslider, once a bright professor, but now far astray from holiness—neglecting religious ordinances, and the duties of charity, and presenting no bright side to attract the world to Christ. Behold here the useless, dark lantern professor, the unfruitful vine, the barren fig tree. Reader, look on this picture, and ask, "Is it I?" There are a great many candles hidden as if under a bushel. A christian life that shines with the lustre of sincerity, is beautiful indeed. "The light is sweet," and there is no more cheering light than that which radiates from a holy life. When Christ is formed in the soul the hope of glory, his beams will shine through all the windows by which the soul communicates with the outer world. A believer has light within him—the light of reason, of conscience, of truth, of the Holy Spirit, of Christ himself. How can his life be dark? "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," may dim the light of a christian profession. But how awful is such a condition, when men love darkness rather than light, and are so neglectful of God's Word, that even the lamp of life itself is to them as darkness.

The Duke of Luneburg engraved on his coat of arms a lighted candle, with the initials of the words, "Ministering to others, I consume myself." Such was the life of Jesus, and such should be the life of every follower of Jesus. Christian, the Holy Spirit illumined thee, that thou mightest be a light to others. "Let your light so shine, that men, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

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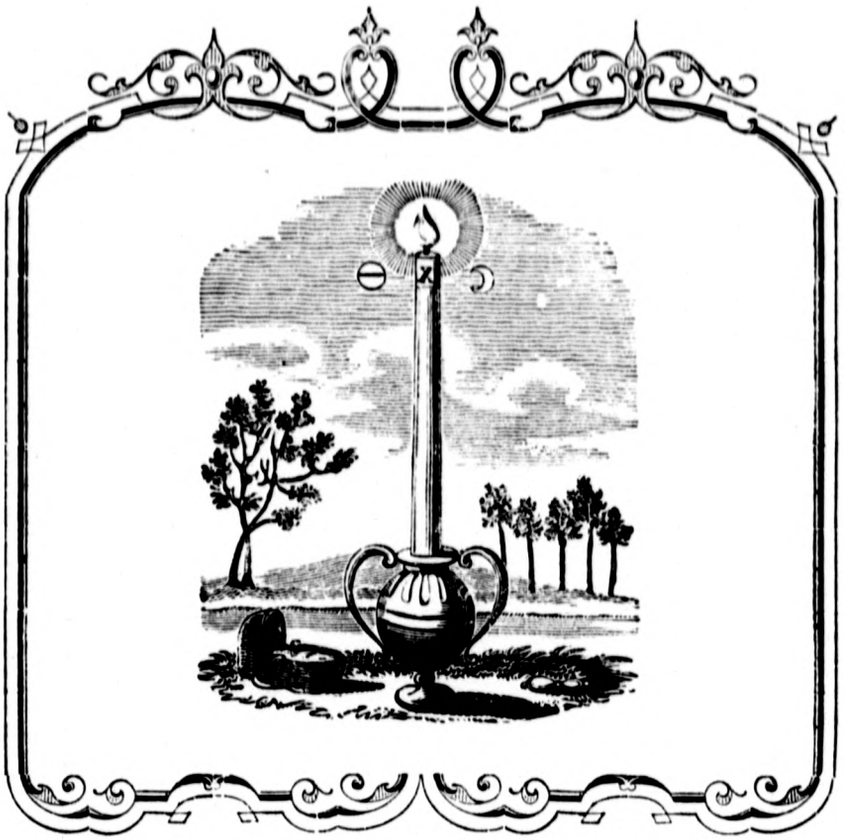

How oft heart-sick and sore,
I've wished I were once more
A little child.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO; AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."
Proverbs 22 : 6.

THE preceding illustrations have presented man in a variety of relations and conditions, without regard to any regular progression of time. Those which follow represent human life as divided into seven periods, of ten years each. All the candles, except the first, are marked off into spaces corresponding with these numbers. The one before us represents the first decade of earthly existence, the period of childhood. On the left of the figure, we see the earth, denoting the origin of our bodies, and their destination; on the right, a crescent moon, suggesting growth, while a cradle and a toy upon the ground, remind us of playful and helpless infancy.

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An infant! What hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows what promises of good or ill what a career of glory or of shame, are wrapped up in that little germ. Is it a bud that will open into the fragrant, full blown rose, or is it destined to be nipped by an untimely frost? What sympathies are stirred by the sight of a little child? We who have half finished our voyage, know some of the trials that await the young adventurer on life's ocean. Ignorant, unsuspecting, helpless, and thoughtless, his infancy consumed in eating and sleeping, little does he dream of storm or wave.

"We spend
A ten years' breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live or fear a death;
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and, waking, prove but toys."

Yet the first ten years of life is the most important period of all for training. The plant is tender, and will yield to the influence that bends it in any direction. And now what discretion is needed to train wisely; to discern the natural capacity of the child, to furnish the mind with proper aliment and culture, to mould the character, guide the conduct, excite and quicken the mental powers, give a practical cast to the judgment, and above all to instil the principles of true piety. "The nursery anticipates the school, and the church." Parents should exercise great care in the selection of nurses and teachers for their children, and should never give them up entirely to the care of even the best. The mother is the divinely appointed nurse and teacher of the child, and she will realize her responsibility when she remembers that

"Childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

Sweet childhood! sanctified by the example of the Saviour, who was once himself a child, and afterward took the little ones in his arms and blessed them.

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Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

"FOR CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH ARE VANITY."—*Ecc. 11; 10.*

A LARGE proportion of the human race never finish the first period of ten years. Heaven is full of infants, and earth of empty cradles. But time has begun his second stage, and we behold the bud of childhood bursting gently and beautifully into the flower of youth. On the left of the figure, we discover the planet Mercury, the swift-winged god, and on the right a peacock; while below, a rash youth is being thrown from a horse. These symbols denote the activity and bravery of youth; the pride and vanity which sometimes characterize that period, and the heedlessness which always marks a stage of imperfect development of the reasoning powers. "It is the fault of youth," said Seneca, "that it cannot govern its own impetuosity." And yet,

this is the proper time for curbing the passions, and obtaining the mastery over self. He is happy who willingly submits to bear the yoke in his youth. A young man denying himself, and taking up his cross, is a noble spectacle. Jesus looked upon one who had almost reached this point, and loved him. The beloved and loving John said, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." The young men under twenty, in any community, constitute a most important element in its social and moral forces. Human life has been compared to a river issuing from a mountain spring, gushing forth from rocks, falling into deep glens, and meandering through wild and picturesque regions, before it widens into the broad stream. Calm in its flow, bearing upon its bosom the stately vessel, and slowly pursuing its majestic way to the sea. The first part of its course, represents youth thundering and dashing headlong over the rocks of temptation, and foaming in its folly; but, by and by, the stream will flow calmly along, within its appointed channel.

What a glorious opportunity has the youth, before he reaches twenty years, to mark out his future. How kind or cruel he may be to the old man, whom he expects to become. "Live as long as you may," says Southey, "the first twenty years form the greater part of your life." They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory, than all the years which succeed them. Habits are then formed for life. The process of education, especially in colleges, is a severe ordeal. It has been said, that if a young man can pass through it unscathed, he will be safe for the future. Religion alone, can keep him secure. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

"Thrice happy he whose downy age had been
Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin;
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth."

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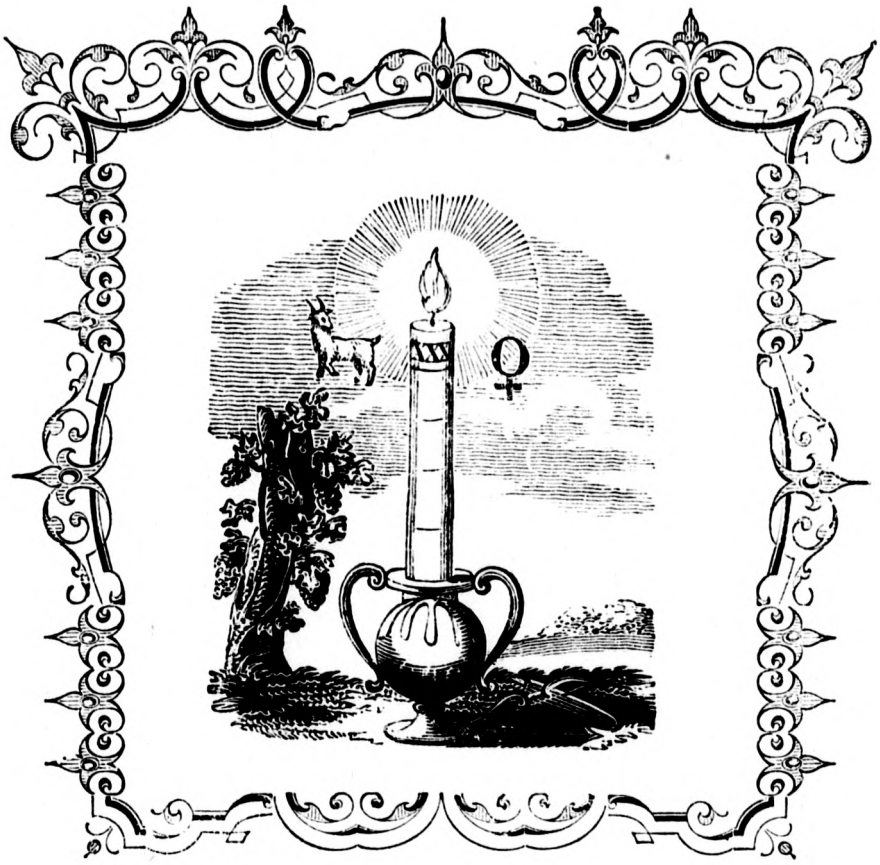

Can'st thou rejoice—rejoice that time flies fast?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?

"WHEN I BECAME A MAN, I PUT AWAY CHILDISH THINGS."
1 Cor. 13 : 11.

THIS picture represents the period of life between the age of twenty, and of thirty years. Not more than one half of the human race live to pass through this period, and during its continuance, death mows down rich harvest fields ere their blossom has given place to ripening grain. The artist has here symbolized the passions which in opening manhood are most susceptible, and which need the guiding and restraining hand of reason and religion. The character on the right represents Venus, while Cupid's bow and arrows lie on the ground beneath. The goat, worshiped by the heathen with abominable rites, also symbo-

lizes the lower animal nature which it is the noble ambition of a good man to subdue. At twenty, most young men have marked out their path, chosen their life work, and are putting on their armor for the grand struggle. Ere they reach thirty, many of their hopes will have been realized or blighted forever. The rash ardor of youth has subsided into the more steady energy of manhood, and business relations are formed. Some, beginning with an inherited fortune, become spendthrifts and end their days in poverty. Others, trained to industry and virtue, press on in the race of life, and win the prize of wealth and honor. Some listen to the syren song of pleasure, and turn aside to drink the Circean cup that destroys their manhood, and changes them into brutes. Others, taking the inspired Oracles as the "man of their counsel," walk in wisdom's ways, apply themselves with industry to their calling, conduct their business with strict integrity and honor, seek to accumulate without making haste to be rich, and consecrate their gains with themselves to the Lord. Now, also, the virtuous young man seeks a companion to share his joys, and divide his sorrows. He drinks waters out of his own cistern, and running waters out of his own well. He rejoices with the wife of his youth, and together they lay the foundation, in prayer and faith at the family altar, of future prosperity and happiness.

"What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish!
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven."

Young man, "Think of 'living.' Thy life, wert thou the pitifulest of all the sons of Earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; *it is all thou hast to front eternity with.* Work then, even as he has done, and does, 'like a star, unhasting, yet unresting.'"

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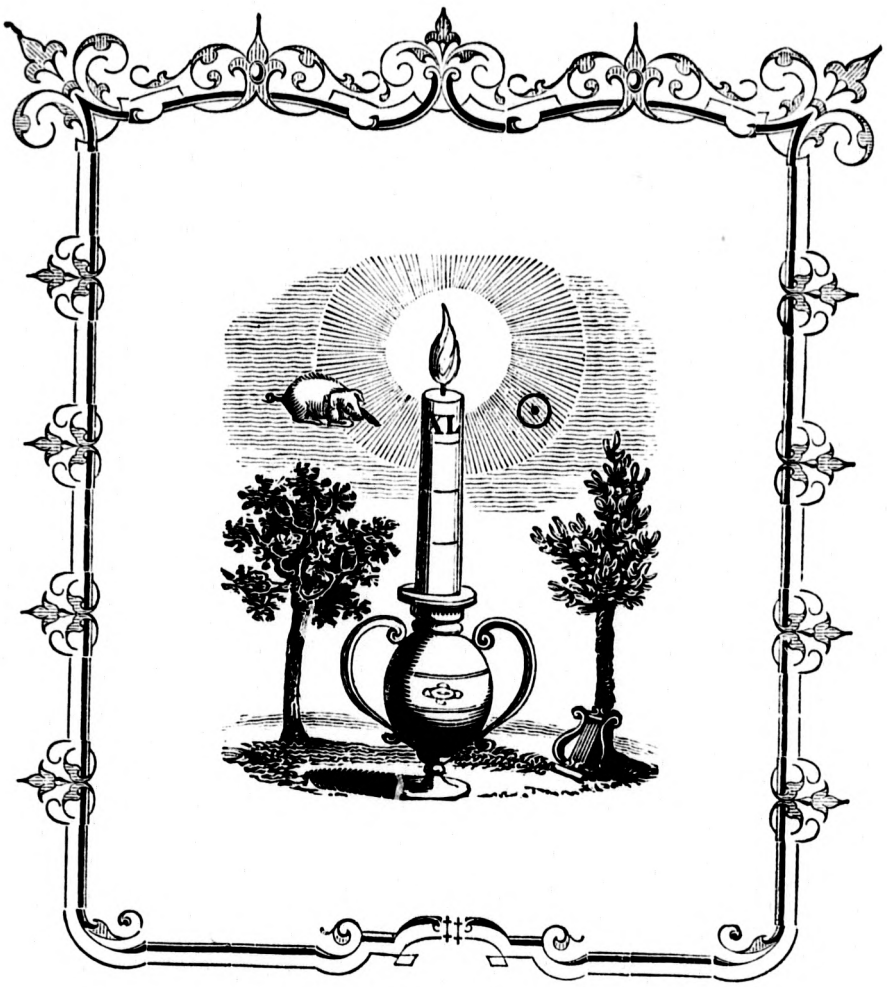

Fair time of calm resolve— of sober th ught!
Quiet half-way hostelrie on life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!

"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT, NOR THE BATTLE TO THE STRONG"—Eccl. 9: 11.

THE sun of life is now approaching its meridian. It is high, hot noonday. See with what a large and brilliant flame the taper burns. On the right is the astronomical sign of the sun, the emblem of productive strength; on the left, a swine, denoting the low and groveling uses to which a man may put himself, when he indulges in luxurious eating and drinking. The lyre of Apollo rests against a tree, prepared for his use, if he feels

inspired to invoke the Muse. What a thrilling history is written during this period of man's life! He is now fairly launched on the broad ocean. What storms assail him, what waves rise mountain high around him. He is in the very whirlpool of business and of politics. The prospect of wealth lies before him. Ambition calls to him from lofty hights. His children are growing up around him, but he is too deeply immersed in worldly cares to think of his responsibility to those whom God has given him to train for immortality. He lives for himself, a sordid creature wrapped in his own pleasures. "Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished." When a man assumes his place in the active, busy, money-making world, let him think of God who gives men power to get wealth, and, from a feeling of gratitude, and a sense of religious obligation, cultivate the grace of benevolence. What he gives to Christ and his poor he keeps forever; what he hoards he may lose to-morrow. Success in life depends, humanly speaking, upon a man's own exertions; but in a truer sense it is the gift of God, and may be perverted to evil uses.

"Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The ruin of the state as well as of the individual is sure, when the passions of men are all absorbed in objects so mean and selfish as the accumulation of wealth and position, for the sake of the luxury and sensual gratification they will afford. "If the heart does not sanctify our wealth, we may rest assured that the wealth we obtain will soon corrupt our affections." A rich man at forty, without religion, without a sanctified heart, without treasure in heaven, is in a condition of moral peril; for "no man can serve two masters."

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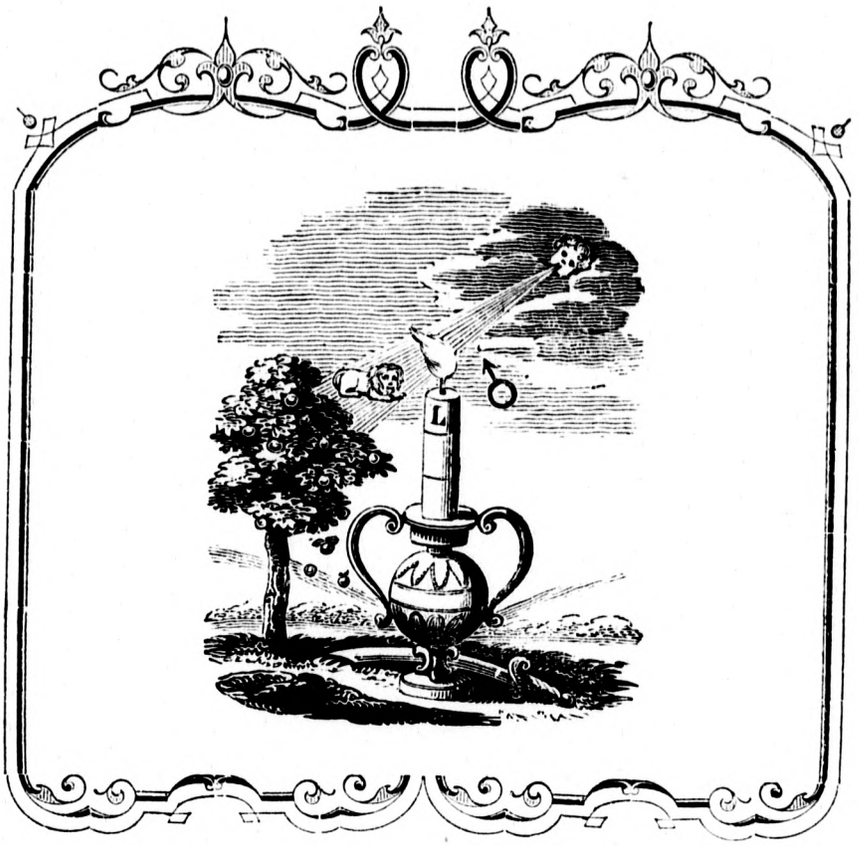

He who hath never warred with misery,
Nor ever tugged with trouble or distress,
Hath had no time, nor any chance to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH, LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE."—1 Tim. 6 : 12.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. "To eat, drink, and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life." Life is a warfare, and our enemies are numerous and strong. It is a desperate struggle, in which no quarter can be asked or granted, but happy is the man who gains the victory. The picture before us now is complicated, but every stroke of the artist reveals a truth. Behold life's taper more than half gone, yet see the efforts of its foes to extinguish it

before the time. The blast of danger bends the yielding flame, but cannot put it out. On the right is the sign of Mars, the fierce god of war; on the left a lion *couchant*, the monarch of the beasts, while a huge sword lies at the base of the urn.

These symbols teach various lessons. Man in his vigor and prime, is prepared for danger and conflict. Passion is still strong as in youth, only "in manhood the great deep flows on more calm, but more profound; its serenity is proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise." His experience qualifies him to detect the approach of danger, and the discipline he has acquired enables him to cope with his enemies, the greatest of which, with the exception of the Arch Foe of mankind, is himself. If he has not gained the victory over himself at fifty, it is probable that he never will. Self-conquest is the greatest of all, and makes other triumphs sure; for he that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city. The true Christian, strong in the faith, is a warrior whom no foe can conquer. His shield will turn every fiery dart, and the sword of the Spirit has an edge that no armor can resist. And now, at the age of fifty, it is high time to gather some assurances of victory in the good fight of faith. The meridian of thy life is past. The summer is gone, and the autumnal fruits are dropping from the tree.

"Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease."

"Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

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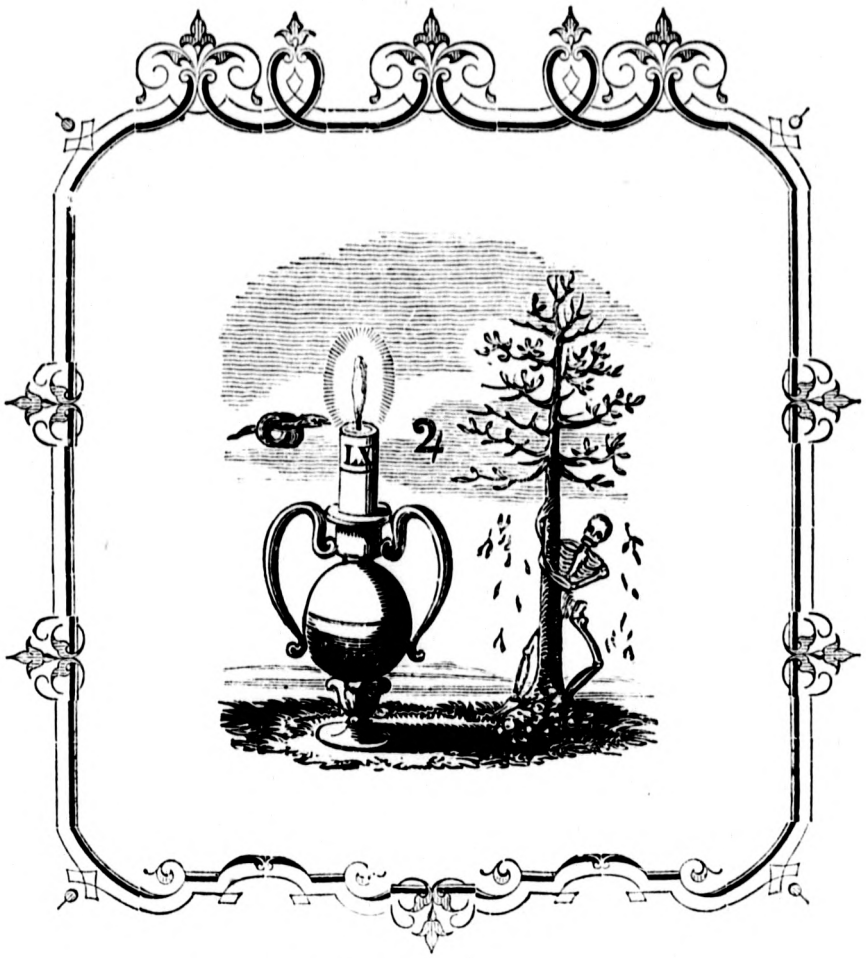

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

"AND WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."—Isaiah 64 : 6.

HOW dimly burns the candle now since it has felt the blasts of life's approaching winter. And yet the envious serpent hisses at its feeble flame, and would poison the litle remnant of that life which at first was forfeited through his subtle malignity. The astronomical sign of Jupiter, the object of universal adoration among the heathen, indicates the duty of man, as his days decline, to withdraw from the cares and strife of the world, and give up his mind to religious contemplation. And what

solemn thoughts now force themselves upon his attention. See how short the taper has become. "Yet a little while is the light with you." Childhood with its sunny hours is gone. Youth with its buoyant hopes has given place to manhood with its grave realities, and now old age is coming on apace. The animal and nervous systems begin to lose their tone. The heart "the first of man that lives, and the last that dies," sends forth the blood with less energy through the channels of circulation, and debility follows. See, death is shaking the tree. The fruit has dropped off, and now even the very leaves and twigs are falling under his rude shocks. Soon the tree itself will fall. Behold the picture of man in his decline. How few realize the value of a happy old age. Not more than one-fourth of those born into the world ever reach it, but all who are spared to maturity should so regulate their lives as not to form disagreeable habits which in age will make them miserable slaves. A holy life will ensure a peaceful death, and God will never forsake his aged saints. They shall still bring forth fruit. The almond tree shall flourish in holy beauty.

"How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age."

The aged Christian, "a store-house of experience," stands ready to impart his rich treasures. Happy are they who have the privilege and the disposition to learn from such a teacher.

"Life is not measured by the time we live,
'Tis not an even course of three score years."

What have we done for God, for man, for ourselves, in treasures laid up in heaven?

"Our wasted taper now has brought her light
To the next door to-night:
Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighboring urn;
Her slender inch that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains;
And in a silent language, bids her guest
Prepare her weary limbs to take eternal rest."

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"Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low;
By which a gray-hair'd man is mournful dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark, and he returns no more."

"THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS ARE THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN'
Psalm 90: 10.

AT last the end is come. "And he died," is written of antediluvians whose age reached nearly a thousand years. "Death hath passed upon all men." Behold the taper light in its last struggle for existence.

"That blazing taper, that disdained the puff
Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuff.'

A bird is bringing fuel to feed the expiring flame, while opposite we see the sign of Saturn, generally represented as an old man bent with age and infirmity, holding a scythe in his right hand, with a

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serpent that bites its own tail, an emblem of time, and of the revolving year. The sun is sinking behind the hills, on which stand the ruins of an old castle. The drama of life is about to close. How solemn is the approach of death. We have marked the difference in the shape of the urn in the successive pictures. Thus man changes from one period to another, as youth decays and manhood ripens into the sere and yellow leaf, and at last his great change comes, the dissolving of his earthly tabernacle. The death of the body is not an event to be dreaded by a child of God. It releases him from prison and from exile, and lets him fly to his Father's house. Death is the rest of the tired laborer when the day is done —the sleep of the weary watcher, when relieved from exhausting duty—the harbor of the storm-tossed mariner, the home of the long absent traveler—the final struggle in the great warfare of victorious life. "The sting of death is sin." But for this, death would have no terrors. Thanks be unto God for the cross of the Redeemer. By his death he hath delivered those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The Captain of our salvation has conquered the last enemy, and leads his followers triumphantly through the dark dominions of their vanquished foe, while they sing, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more calmly on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

We have viewed human life as a candle lighted by a divine torch. We have seen it burn down to its socket and expire. Is this the end? If a man die shall he live again? Is there no hand that can the expired light relume? Ah, yes, the spark of immortality may seem to slumber in the ashes of the grave, but it will burst forth again in the glorious resurrection morning, and burn with eternal splendor; for "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

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BUNYAN.

History a Pyramid.

IT were impossible to gaze upon the Pyramids, those vast sepulchres, which rise, from the Libyan desert, without solemn feeling. They exist, but where are their builders? In their silent heart there is a sepulchre with a handful of dust in it, and that is all that remains to us of a proud race of kings.

Histories are the pyramids of nations. They entomb in olden chronicle, or in dim tradition, peoples which once filled the world with their fame, men who stamped the form and pressure of their character upon the lives of thousands.

The Mythical and the Real.

But although the earlier times are wrapt in a cloud of fable; though tradition, itself a myth, gropes into mythic darkness; though Æneas and Agamemnon are creations rather than men, made human by the poet's "vision and faculty divine;" though forgetfulness has overtaken actual heroes, once "content in arms to cope, each with his fronting foe;" it is interesting to observe how rapid was the transition from fable to evidence, from the uncertain twilight to the historic day. It was necessary that it should be so. "The fullness of times," demanded it. There was an ever-acting Divinity caring, through all change, for the sure working of his own purpose. The legendary must be superseded by the real; tradition must give place to history, before the advent of the Blessed One. The cross must be reared on the loftiest platform, in the midst of the ages, and in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind. The deluge is an awful monument of God's displeasure against sin, but it happened before there was history, save in the Bible, and hence there are those who gainsay it. The fall has impressed its desolations upon the universal heart, but there are scoffers who "contradict it against themselves." But the atonement has been worked out with grandest publicity. There hangs over the cross

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the largest cloud of witnesses. Swarthy Cyrenian, and proud son of Rome, lettered Greek and jealous Jew, join hands around the sacrifice of Christ—its body-guard as an historical fact—fencing it about with most solemn authentications, and handing it to after ages, a truth, as well as a life, for all time. In like manner we find that certain periods of the world—epochs in its social progress—times of its emerging from chivalric barbarism—times of reconstruction or of revolution—times of great energy or of nascent life, seem, as by Divine arrangement, to stand forth in sharpest outline; long distinguishable after the records of other times have faded. Such, besides the first age of Christianity, was the period of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the Puritans.

Times of Bunyan.

How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles, the Star-chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering; Laud with his Papistry, and Strafford with his scheme of Thorough; the long intestine war; Edgehill, and Naseby, and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown; a discrowned monarch, a royal trial, and a royal execution. He saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places, like the scene-shifting of a drama; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history, and molded into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and of progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses; the absolution of courtiers and courtezans; the madness which seized upon the nation when vampires like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession, to take effect on St. Bartholomew's day, by which "at one fell swoop," were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy

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Gospel; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen. Then followed the death of the dissolute king; the accession of James, at once a dissembler and a bigot; the renewal of the struggle between prerogative and freedom; the wild conspiracy of Monmouth; the military cruelties of Kirke and Claverhouse, the butchers of the army; and the judicial cruelties of Jeffreys; the martyrdoms of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle Alice Lisle; the glorious acquittal of the seven bishops; the final eclipse of the house of Stuart, that perfidious race, and England's last revolution.

And the men were there; the wit, the poet, the divine, the hero, as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Then Pym and Hampden bearded tyranny, and Russell and Sydney dreamed of freedom. Then Blake secured the empire of ocean, and the chivalric Falkland fought and fell. In those stirring times arose Charnock, and Owen, and Howe, and Baxter, Cudworth, Henry, South, Prideaux, Whitby, Sherlock, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Beveridge, and Milton—men who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer.

In such an era, and with such men for his cotemporaries, John Bunyan ran his course, "a burning and a shining light," kindled in a dark place, for the praise and glory of God.

Early Life.

He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes, he was of obscure parentage. His youth was spent in excess of riot. At twenty he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion: "The Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven."

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Conversion.

By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on. While thus under the thraldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the license which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitude a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night distinct and terrible. One by one, under the lashes of the law, he relinquished his besetting sins: swearing, Sabbath-breaking; from all these he struggled sucessfully to free himself, with his heart alienated from the life of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford, who spoke of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy Mr. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream; and in "the Comment on the Galatians," of brave old Martin Luther, he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. Temptations of dark and fearful power assailed and possessed his soul. Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blessed vision of Christ, the glad deliverance came; the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny; from this time his spiritual course was for the most part one of comfort and peace.

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Ministry, and in Prison.

Bunyan became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, and was shortly urged by the Spirit to the actual ministry of the Gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and powerful, and greatly blessed of God. In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favor as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. There, in the day-time, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind, and therefore best-beloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart. Within him the good conscience bears him bravely up.

And now it is nightfall. The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. There is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains; the light of heaven is around him.

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As a Writer.

As a contributor to theological literature he is a worthy associate of the brightest Puritan divines. His terse, epigrammatic aphorisms, his array of "picked and packed words," the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with which he applies the truth, his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page, his vivacious humor, flashing out from the main body of his argument, like lightning from a summer sky, his deep spirituality, chastening an imagination; all these combine to claim for him a high place among that band of masculine thinkers, who were the glory of the Commonwealth, and whose words, weighty in their original utterance, are sounds which echo still. No man since the days of the Apostles has done more to draw the attention of the world to the matters of supremest value, nor painted the beauty of holiness in more alluring colors, nor spoken to the universal heart in tenderer sympathy, or with more thrilling tone. In how many readers of the truthful "Grace Abounding," has there been the answer of the heart to the history. "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved," has been as "yonder shining light," which has led through the wicket gate, to the blessed spot "where was a cross with a sepulchre hard by," and at the sight of that cross the burden has fallen off, and the roll has been secured, and jubilant, and sealed, and shining, they have gone on to victory and heaven.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when "mingles the brown of life with sober gray;" nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on pilgrimage; we

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speed with him to the Gate; we climb the difficult hill; we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again, amid the "hydras and chimeras dire," of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle, and pass through every scene ghastly or joyful till we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we greet the angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony when we wake, and, behold, it is a dream. The "Pilgrim's Progress," was written without thought of others. One of the most conclusive proofs of the popularity of this wonderful allegory, is to be found in the versions into which it has been rendered, and in the imitations to which it has given rise; there are forty treatises, mostly allegorical, whose authors have evidently gathered their inspiration from Bunyan. It has been done into an oratorio for play-goers; done into verse for rhymsters; done into elegant English for drawing rooms; done into catechisms for the use of schools. It has been quoted in novels; quoted in sermons; quoted in Parliament and Congress; quoted in plays; mutilated or stretched, as it exceeded or fell short of their standard.

There has been a Popish edition, with Giant Pope left out. There has been a Socinian parody, describing the triumphant voyage, through hell to heaven, of a Captain Single-eye and his Unitarian crew; and last, not least note-worthy, there has been a Tractarian travesty, in which the editor digs a cleansing well at the wicket-gate, omits Mr. Worldly Wiseman, ignores the town of Legality, makes no mention of Mount Sinai, changes the situation of the cross, gives to poor Christian a double burden, transforms Giant Pope into Giant Mohammedan, Mr. Superstition into Mr. Self-indulgence, and alters, with careful coquetry toward Rome, every expression which might be distasteful to the Holy Mother.

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Pilgrim's Progress among other Nations.

No book but God's own has been so honored to lift up the cross among the far-off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens. It has blessed the Armenian trafficer, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah; and it has drawn tears from dark eyes in the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon. It has been as the Elim of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings, and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and, crowning triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron, and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have "wept over it," "for themselves and for their children."

An Earnest Bible Student.

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character, than the devout earnestness with which he studied the Divine Word; when a restless wanderer after rest, the Bible was precious to him, and after his deliverance, it was his congenial life-work to exalt its honor, and to proclaim its truths.

As a Preacher.

Bunyan had a high reputation. Sympathy, earnestness, and power, were the great characteristics of his ministry. He preached what he felt. At first, himself in chains, he thundered out the terrors of the law; then happy in believing, he proclaimed salvation, and the unparalleled blessedness of life by Christ. Instances of conversion were frequent—many churches were founded by his labors. Dr. Owen assured King Charles that for Bunyan's ability he would gladly barter his own stores of learning; and in his visit to London, twelve hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter's working day, to hear him.

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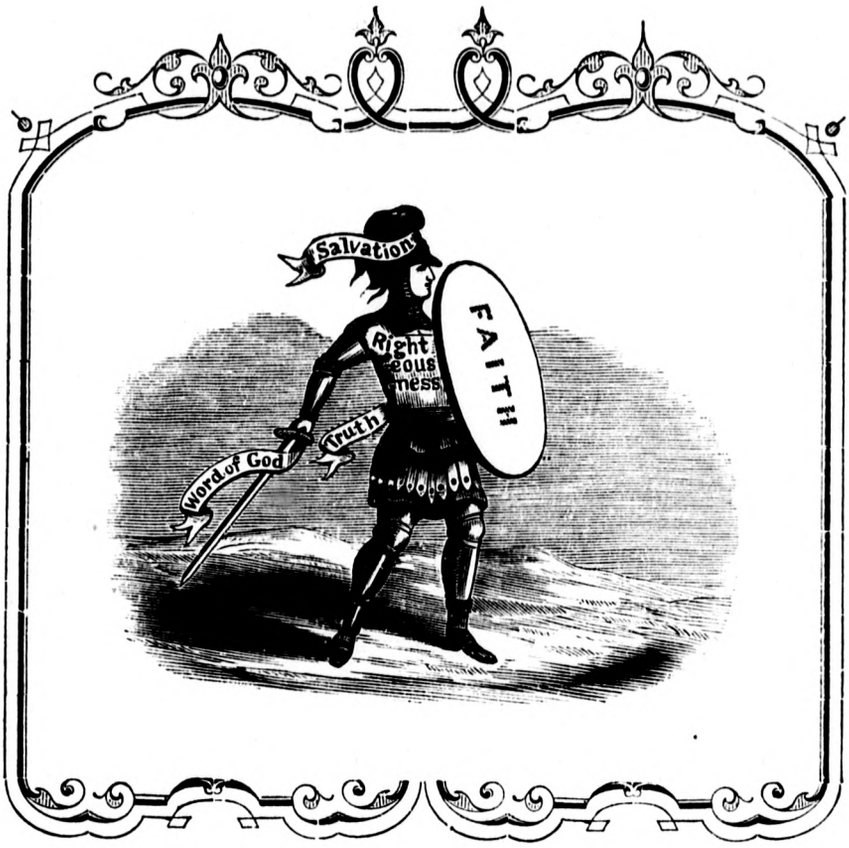

FEW things are pleasanter and more profitable than the study of John Bunyan's minor allegories. He had a great deal of natural humour, and a child's simplicity and frankness in the indulgence of it, with a keen but good natured and benevolent satire, and a child's fondness for surprises, puzzles, and plays. Sometimes, beginning a by-lane of thought and fancy, to please himself in giving way to his passion for tracing similitudes, he discovered that some useful lesson might be drawn out for others, by putting his ideas into serviceable shape, sometimes for grown people, sometimes for little children; but as it often happens, the things intended for children prove sweetly attractive to older persons, leading them insensibly back to the simplicity and wonder of a child's heart, and making them realize the opening

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lines of Henry Vaughn's Retreate, a poem written while Bunyan was passing through the processes of the furnace and the prison, to prepare him for writing the Pilgrim's Progress.

Happy those early days when I,
Shined in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught,
But a white celestial thought;
While yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
Aud looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face,
When on some gilded cloud or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy,
Some shadows of Eternity.

Bunyan's childhood was not so happy in external circumstances and associations, that he could look back upon it as an angel-infancy, but he remembered the time when he was comparatively innocent, and afterward, when he had contracted the habit of profane swearing, and it clung to him as a collar of steel, he used to exclaim, "Oh! that I could be a child again, that I might grow up without that dreadful habit of swearing!" So, in Henry Vaughn's story—

Happy those early days of angel-infancy,
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Those were "white celestial thoughts," that like angels drew Bunyan with their loveliness, while he was reviewing some of the

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passages of his life to make a record of God's dealings with him; drew him on insensibly into the sweet windings of the Pilgrimage by the River of Life. And those were "white celestial thoughts," that like the Shining Ones at the Cross, apparelled Bunyan's genius, when he traced minor analogies between nature and the Scriptures, and drew lessons from trees and stones, and bits of landscape, from birds and blossoms, from spiders, toads, and moles, flies and candle-snuffs. He apologized for the rudeness and commonness of his themes, and his manner of treating them. The graver and more composed of his readers, he said he would be catching with better things than toys, but meanwhile he would fill up some snatches of time, by thus catching girls and boys. This was the object of the little book entitled "Divine Emblems, or Temporal Things Spiritualized." He regarded these as the shavings of his shop, or as the whistles that a cunning workman might turn off for a group of children at intervals, while resting from a great and steady work in hand.

Paul himself seemed to play the fool that he might gain those that were fools indeed, in acting out the madness of losing their souls by sin and thoughtless vanity. He would become all things to all men, if by any means he might save some. So would Bunyan imitate his example, in a generation of the world fit to be covered with one great fool's-cap, or kept in ward in Bedlam. He seemed to see nothing but grown people with childish follies, no wisdom, nor worth, nor any immortal lesson gained or learned, nothing of the experience of age but beards and wrinkles, bearded men acting like beardless boys, chasing the frantic fooleries of the earth. And while great and wise ministers, with word and pen, were shooting thunders at them as wide of the mark, or as far above it, as if one should point a columbiad to shoot a butterfly, or a humming bird, or a musquito, he would entice them by their

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playthings, to raise their thoughts to heaven, he would go upon his hands and knees:

Making experiment
Of smallest things great mischief to prevent.
To shoot too high doth make but children gaze,
'Tis that which hits the man, doth him amaze.

Bunyan's aim was to hit men's consciences; and if they shunned and despised a saint, he would play the worldling; nay more—

Wherefore, dear reader, that I save them may,
I now with them the very devil play.

and since they despise gravity, thinking it nothing but moroseness or hypocrisy, he would cast his own beard behind a bush, put on a wag's mask, and like a fool, play with their toys to gain their attention.

The rhymes are rude, but the language is pure, the emblems are suggestive, and the thoughts sacred, instructive, sanctifying. There are snatches of feeling and melody here and there, both in Bunyan's prose and poetry, worthy the genius of Shakspeare. Bunyan never referred to Shakspeare, nor indeed to Spenser, in any of his writings, and for many years knew nothing of literature either profane or sacred, but his Bible and the Concordance, together with Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven, and The Practice of Piety. But, at a later period of his life, it is curious and interesting to find him quoting one of the devout poets of his age, George Herbert, just as a religious writer of this day might quote Cowper. He brings the opening of Herbert's Temple, the very first stanza in "The Church Porch," to justify his own poetical playing with Emblems.

"If what the learned Herbert says holds true,
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

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Hearken then to a versifier who would make a bait of pleasure, and may rhyme thee to good. If men of genius and leisure would give themselves to a like task, it would be delightful and profitable to themselves and to others. So Bunyan argues, and introduces his poetical fancies with great humility. They were composed, he says, only for diversion's sake, and yet, hoping some soul may reap benefit thereby, he ventures to publish them, being himself neither poet nor poet's son; but only a mechanic, led by no rule or knowledge, but what was gained in his minority in a grammar school.

Bunyan might have been acquainted with the poetry of Wither and Quarles, as well as with that of Herbert. He may have seen Wither's "Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, tinctured with Metrical Illustrations," just published in 1685. Wither wrote in prison, as well as Bunyan, and was afterward one of Cromwell's army officers, about the same time when Bunyan was a private soldier, in the Parliamentary Army, at the siege of Leicester. Bunyan may have met the Poet under arms. But whether he knew him and Quarles, or not, or Herbert, or neither, there was in all a sympathy and magnetism of the same genius, awakened in Bunyan almost exclusively by the Work of the Holy Spirit, with the Divine Word in his heart, but turning every incident and object of life and nature, into lessons of thoughtfulness and beauty. Bunyan's Prison Meditations and Wither's Address to his muse in prison may be compared, that one may note the superiority of piety and genius above all circumstance, and how "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage."

"She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place,
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments,
In my former days of bliss,

Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rust'ling
By a daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
On a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man,
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow,
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness."

From these sweet strains of true poetry, to the description of Bunyan's prison experience, the change may be rude in form, but it is grand in thought and feeling, and both utterances are the carol of a poet's soul. In Bunyan, the saint is uppermost; it is the Spirit of God that kindles his fire, and gives wings to his genius, and freedom and joy in the prison.

"For though men keep my outward man
Within their bolts and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars.
The prison very sweet to me
Hath been since I came here,
And so would also hanging be,
If God would then appear.
Here dwells good conscience, also peace,
Here be my garments white,
Here though in bonds I have release,
From guilt which else would bite."

"When they so talk of banishment,
Of death and such like things,
Then to me God sends heart's content,
That like a fountain springs,

'Tis not the baseness of this state
Can hide us from God's face;
He frequently both soon and late
Doth visit us with grace.
God sometimes visits prisons more
Than lordly palaces;
He often halteth at our door,
When he their house doth miss."

"The truth and life, of heavenly things,
Lift up our hearts on high;
And carry as on eagles' wings,
Beyond carnality.
We change our drossy dust for gold,
From death to life we fly;
We let go shadows and take hold
Of immortality."

Know then true valour there doth dwell,
Where men engage for God;
Against the devil, death, and hell,
And bear the wicked's rod.
These be the men that God doth count,
Of high and noble mind;
These be the men that do surmount
What you in nature find.
First they do conquer their own hearts,
All worldly fears, and then
Also the devil's fiery darts,
And persecuting men.
They conquer when they thus do fall
They kill when they do die,
They overcome then most of all
And get the victory."

If Wither's lines are the most refined and melodious, Bunyan's are filled with the grandest thought. The expression of his feeling was never imaginary nor exaggerated; but very few men then living, whether in prison or out of it, could sincerely say, that even hanging would be sweet, if God would appear in it. Yet this is true christian experience.

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"Thy shining grace can cheer,
The prison where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise if Thou art here,
If Thou depart, 'tis hell."

An unusual combination of common sense as well as piety, with imagination and invention, is to be noted in Bunyan. The basis of all his intellectual effort was the Scriptures; next to this the facts of his own experience; and then the working of them up by a vivid imagination, along with the invention of such emblems or allegories, as would most accurately and completely set them forth. It is marvellous to see an inventive and fervid genius, with such a passion for allegories, holding so fast to the letter and spirit of the Word of God.

This indeed was Bunyan's wisdom and strength. He held fast to the letter, just because he was so filled with the Spirit. His love of the Bible, and his ingenuity, in suggesting or discovering possible and hidden meanings, are seen in his work on Solomon's Temple Spiritualized, where in threescore and ten particulars, he shows the gospel significance and glory of the worship of God, by the fathers, and how God shut up the Jewish Church in types figures, and similitudes, through which it is our privilege to look directly into the face of Christ. His whole genius and life were occupied with illustrating and obeying what he found in the written word. "I dare not presume to say," said he, "that I know I have hit right in everything, but this I can say, I have endeavoured so to do. I have not for these things fished in other men's waters. My Bible and Concordance are my only library, in my writings."

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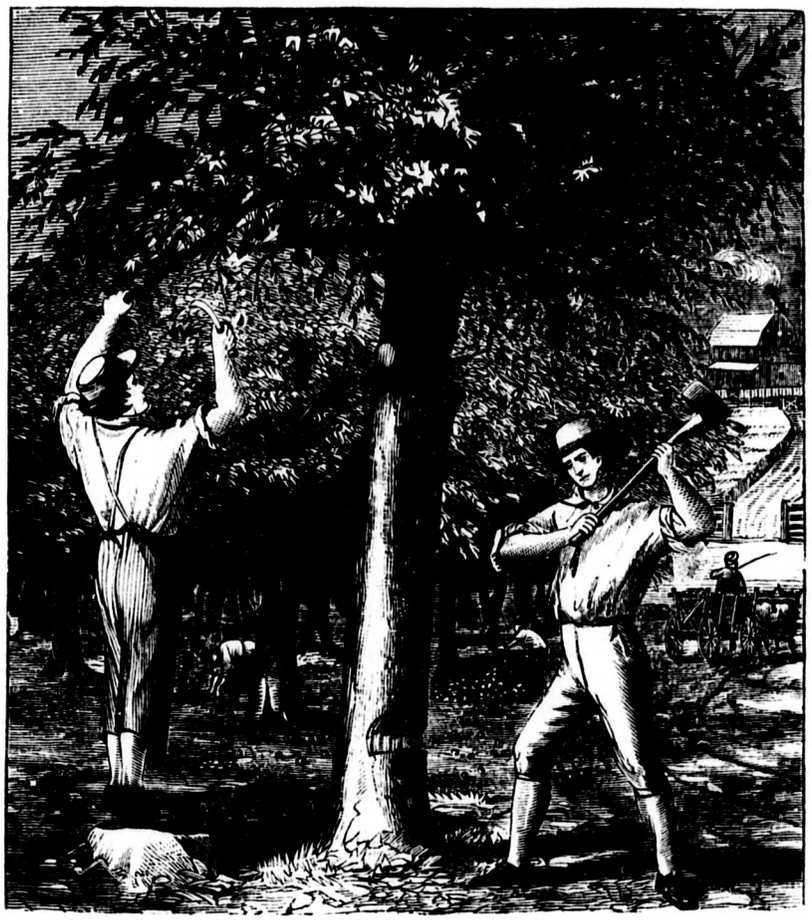

JOHN BUNYAN opens his little Book of Emblems, as John the Baptist did his ministry, with the wood-cutter standing at the foot of the tree. The axe is laid at the root, in John's ministry, and the warning is, that it will be speedily used to cut down the tree, if fruit do not appear in season, after the warning to escape the condemnation of barrenness. God waits to be gracious; but his Spirit will not always strive, and there must be a limit to his long-suffering.

The great question as to a living tree is, first of all, its growth from the root—growth or no growth; next, fruit or no fruit. Growth is a proof of life; fruit the perfection and object of life. The perfection of a shade tree is, its foliage; of a fruit tree, its fruit. When Christ Jesus came into the world, he came first of all

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unto his own nation—seeking fruit of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile. Then was the axe laid at the root of all the trees. Then did the goodness of God invite all men to repentance; that, believing in Jesus, and grafted into him by grace divine, they might become trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. They that by faith obeyed the truth, and by patient continuance in well-doing, proved that they were fruit-bearing trees, showing their faith by their fruits, had their fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

But because the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and the opportunity of salvation is given, and the Lord Jesus stands and says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and men are warned to flee from the wrath to come, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, therefore every tree, which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire. It is the season of men's gracious visitation, and cannot be disregarded with impunity. It is the season for the formation of character and destiny for eternity; and both character and destiny are manifested and determined by fruit; fruit or no fruit—good or evil.

Fruit for God, for Christ—the fruit of faith, gratitude, love—the fruit of a loving, believing, penitent heart—is the great crisis and question of a man's eternal destiny. The first question is, Fruit or no fruit. The appearance of fruit—even a little, ever so little—if it be true fruit, proves a child of God. God's grace has certainly been there; Christ's love has certainly been there; the life-giving Word and Spirit have been working there. The next question is, How much fruit? "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much* fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. Every branch in me that bringeth forth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." He, my Father, the Husbandman, by whose order the axe is laid at the root of all the trees. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away. He striketh with the

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axe, after the warning. If the blow of the Word is disregarded, then the axe follows; but for a long time, of the Divine patience, the axe lieth still, while the Word speaketh with warning upon warning. It is not with God, a word and a blow, as it often is with men; but God's long-suffering and forbearance are great and wonderful, and he waits to be gracious, and comes again, and again, and again, with the anxious, loving inquiry for fruit. Is there no fruit? How shall I give thee up? How shall I make thee as Admah, and relinquish thee to the burning? How often would I have gathered fruit from thee, but thou would'st not!

Sometimes God, with loving, patient care, and tenderness, cuts with the knife, before he strikes with the axe; cuts that he may not be compelled to strike. He cuts the wood to the heart, and he prunes the branches, that he may not have to cut the tree down. Every form of discipline, but that of the axe, is used first, for everything but this may accompany salvation. But the axe is fatal. It is all over with the soul, and there is no more hope, nor possibility of fruit, or life, when it is severed from the root—from the Saviour. For the earth, which drinketh in the rain which cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.

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The Sinner and the Spider.

SINNER.

WHAT black, what ugly crawling thing art thou?

SPIDER.

I am a spider——————

SINNER.

A spider, ay: truly a filthy creature.

SPIDER.

Not filthy as thyself in name or feature:
My name entailed is to my creation
My features from the God of thy salvation.

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SINNER.

I am a man, and in God's image made,
I have a soul shall neither die nor fade:
God has possessed me with human reason,
Speak not against me, lest thou speakest treason;
For if I am the image of my Maker,
Of slander laid on me He is partaker.

SPIDER.

I know thou art a creature far above me,
Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
But though thy God hath made thee such a creature,
Thou hast against Him often played the traitor.
Thy sin has fetched thee down: leave off to boast;
Nature thou hast defiled, God's image lost,
Yea, thou thyself a very beast hast made,
And art become like grass, which soon doth fade.
Thy soul, thy reason, yea, thy spotless state,
Sin has subjected to th' most dreadful fate
But I retain my primitive condition,
I've all but what I lost by thy ambition.

SINNER.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee;
The dregs of nature surely did befall thee;
Thou was't composed o' th' dross and scum of all,
Men hate thee, and, in scorn, thee *Spider* call.

SPIDER.

My venom's good for something, since God made it;
Thy nature sin hath spoiled, and doth degrade it.
Thou art despoiled of good: and though I fear thee,
I will not, though I might, despise and jeer thee.
Thou say'st I am the very dregs of nature,
Thy sin's the spawn of devils, 'tis no creature.

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Thou say'st man hates me 'cause I am a spider.
Poor man, thou at thy God art a derider;
My venom tendeth to my preservation;
Thy pleasing follies work out thy damnation.
Poor man, I keep the rules of my creation,
Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy station.
I hurt nobody willingly; but thou
Art a self-murderer: thou know'st not how
To do what's good; no, for thou lovest evil
Thou fly'st God's law, adherest to the devil.

SINNER.

Thou ill-shaped thing, there's an antipathy
'Twixt man and spiders, 'tis in vain to lie;
Stand off, I hate thee—if thou dost come nigh me,
I'll crush thee with my foot; I do defy thee.

SPIDER.

They are ill-shaped who warped are by sin,
Hatred in thee to God hath long time been;
No marvel then indeed, if me His creature,
Thou dost defy, pretending name and feature.
But why stand off? My presence shall not throng thee,
'Tis not my venom, but thy sin doth wrong thee.
Come, I will teach thee wisdom, do but hear me,
I was made for thy profit, do not fear me.
But if thy God thou will not hearken to,
What can the swallow, ant, and spider do?
Yet will I speak, I can but be rejected,
Sometimes great things by small means are effected.
Hark, then, though man is noble by creation,
He's lapsed now to such degeneration
As not to grieve, so careless is he grown,
Though he himself has sadly overthrown,

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And brought to bondage every earthly thing,
Ev'n from the very spider to the king:
This we poor sensitives do feel and see;
For subject to the curse you made us be.
Tread not upon me, neither from me go;
'Tis man who has brought all the world to woe.
The law of my creation bids me teach thee;
I will not for thy pride to God impeach thee.
I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see
Thy best performances but cobwebs be.
Thy glory now is brought to such an ebb,
It doth not much excel the spider's web.
My webs becoming snares aud traps for flies,
Do set the wiles of hell before thine eyes;
Their tangling nature is to let thee see
Thy sins, too, of a tangling nature be;
My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of damnation shew the lastingness.
My lying quiet till the fly is catch'd,
Shews secretly hell hath thy ruin hatch'd.
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers, whom God hath forsaken.
The fly lies buzzing in my web, to tell
How sinners always roar and howl in hell.
Now since I shew thee all these mysteries,
How can'st thou hate me, or me scandalize?

SINNER.

Well, well, I will no more be a derider,
I did not look for such things from a spider.

SPIDER.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to say,
If heeded, may help thee another day.

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Since I an ugly ven'mous creature be,
There's some resemblance twixt vile man and me.
My wild and heedless runnings are like those
Whose ways to ruin do their souls expose.
Daylight is not my time, I work i' th' night,
To shew they are like me who hate the light.
The maid sweeps one web down, I make another,
To shew how heedless ones convictions smother.
My web is no defence at all to me,
Nor will false hopes at judgment be to thee.

SINNER.

O spider I have heard thee, and do wonder
A spider should thus lighten and thus thunder!

SPIDER.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,
Yet in my ways more mysteries there be.
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
I shew to thee a four-fold way to hell?
For since I set my web in sundry places,
I shew men go to hell in divers traces.
One I set in the window, that I might
Shew some go down to hell with gospel-light.
One I set in a corner, as you see,
To shew how some in secret snared be.
Gross webs great store I set in darksome places,
To shew how many sin with brazen faces.
Another web I set aloft on high,
To shew there's some professing men must die.
Thus in my ways, God's wisdom doth conceal;
And by my ways that wisdom doth reveal.
Ihide myself when I for flies do wait,
So doth the devil when he lays his bait;

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If I do fear the losing of my prey,
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
That sure as she is catch'd, so she must die.
But if I see she's like to get away,
Then with my venom I her journey stay.
All which my ways the devil imitates,
To catch men, 'cause he their salvation hates.

SINNER.

O spider, thou delight'st me with thy skill,
I pr'ythee spit this venom at me still.

SPIDER.

I am a spider, yet I can possess
The palace of a king, where happiness
So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither
I make my hasty travels; no, not they:
They let me pass, and I go on my way.
I seize the palace, do with hands take hold
Of doors, of locks, or bolts; yet I am bold,
When in, to clamber up unto the throne,
And to possess it, as if 'twere my own.
Nor is there any law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this palace be.
At pleasure I ascend the highest stories,
And there I sit, and so behold the glories
Myself is compassed with, as if I were
One of the chiefest courtiers that be there.
Here lords and ladies do come round about me,
With grave demeanor, nor do any flout me
For this my brave adventure, no not they;
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

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Now my reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou may'st possess thyself of bliss:
Thou art worse than a spider, but take hold
On Christ the door, thou shalt not be controll'd:
By Him do thou the heavenly palace enter;
None e'er will chide thee for thy brave adventure.
Approach thou then unto the very throne,
There speak thy mind; fear not, the day's thine own.
Nor saint, nor angel, will thee stop or stay,
But rather tumble blocks out of the way.
My venom stops not me; let not thy vice
Stop thee; possess thyself of paradise.
Go on, I say, although thou be a sinner,
Learn to be bold in faith, of me a spinner.
This is the way true glories to possess,
And to enjoy what no man can express.
Sometimes I find the palace-door up-lock'd,
And so my entrance thither has up-block'd.
But am I daunted? No, I here and there
Do feel and search; and so if anywhere,
At any chink or crevice find my way,
I crowd, I press for passage, make no stay:
And so through difficulty I attain
The palace, yea, the throne, where princes reign.
I crowd sometimes as if I'd burst in sunder;
And art thou crush'd with striving, do not wonder.
Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter:
Knock, for they nothing have that nothing venture.
Nor will the king himself throw dirt on thee,
As thou hast cast reproaches upon me.
He will not hate thee, O thou foul backslider:
As thou did'st me, because I am a spider.

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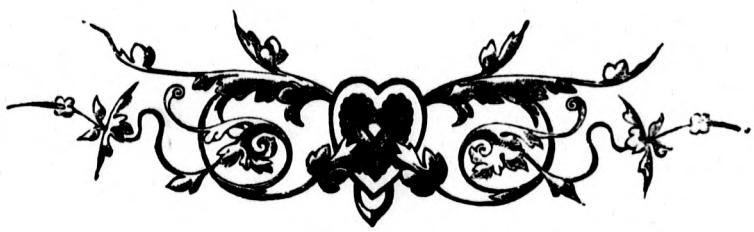
Now, to conclude: since I much doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing;
God wisdom hath unto the pismire given,
And spiders may teach men the way to heaven.

SINNER.

Well, my good spider, I my errors see,
I was a fool for railing so at thee.
Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
But shew what sinners are, and what they do.
Thy way and works do also darkly tell,
How some men go to heaven and some to hell.
Thou art my monitor, I am a fool;
They may learn, that to spiders go to school.



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The Sun of Righteousness.

But all this while, where's he whose golden rays
Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
Where's he whose goodly face doth warm and heal,
And shows us what the darksome nights conceal?
Where's he that thaws our ice, drives cold away!
Let's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with those who are possessed of grace,
There's nought to them like their Redeemer's face.

THIS is forever the language of true, deep, genuine Christian experience. It has Christ and his love for its centre, end, and aim. Its happiness is in him, in the sense and enjoyment of his presence, the light of his countenance, the sight and interpretation of his glory. The heart filled with his light and love, needs no other happiness. He is the soul's all in all.

When he reveals his face,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

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Bunyan, Baxter, Cowper, Brainard, Payson, and all eminent saints of every age, have had the same experience; precisely the same as to its source, object, and nature, and varying only in directness, continuance, intensity. The expected and desired heaven of the believer, is always that region or abode where Christ manifests his glory, and gathers his people to the perfect enjoyment of his love. There is no need either of the sun or the moon to lighten that city, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. None but a divine Being, none but God the Redeemer, could thus be the centre of the minds, the hearts, the love, the adoration, the worship, the blessed life, of all created intelligences; for he is before all things, and by him all things consist, and he is the Head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! My soul thirsteth for God, my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they say unto me, Where is thy God? My soul fainteth for thy salvation, but I hope in thy word. Wherever there is this desire, God's Spirit has produced it. Where there is this smoke ever, this fainting and these tears, God's Spirit is setting God's fire. The first indication of it may be a very little glimmering, only enough to hope for a flame, or to show that a fire is possible.

One of the most precious fruits and results of this longing of the soul after God, this panting for his salvation, is this, namely, that it strips the soul of all self-delusion, and makes you see yourself somewhat as God sees you, lays you low before God, makes you penitent and contrite, fills you with abhorrence of sin, makes you watchful against sin, and causes you continually to be crying out for God's mercy. A very little hope in this way, is better than a very large hope any other way. A little that a righteous man

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hath, is better than the riches of many wicked. Be mine, the comforts that reclaim the soul from Satan's power! Be mine, the hope that redeems me from myself, and throws me upon God, my Saviour.

How beautiful, how affecting, how encouraging, is the description of the panting for God's salvation, in the experience of the sorrowful yet happy soul of David Brainard! "God," says he on one occasion, "is unspeakably gracious to me continually. In times past, he has given me inexpressible delight in the performance of duty, but too frequently my soul has been ready to say, Lord, it is good to be here; and so to indulge sloth, while I have lived on my frames and feelings; of late, however, God has been pleased to keep my soul hungry almost continually, so that I have been filled with a kind of pleasing pain. When I really enjoy God, I feel my desires after him the more insatiable, and my thirstings after holiness the more unquenchable; and the Lord will not allow me to feel as though I were fully supplied and satisfied, but keeps me still reaching forward; and I feel barren and empty, as though I could not live without more of God in me. I feel ashamed and guilty before God. Oh, I see the law is spiritual, but I am carnal. I do not, I cannot, live to God. O for holiness! O for more of God in my soul! O this pleasing pain! It makes my soul pine after God; the language of it is, then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in thy likeness, but never, never before; and consequently I strive to press towards the mark, day by day. Oh, that I may feel this continual hunger, and not be retarded, but rather animated by every cluster from Canaan, to reach forward in the narrow way, for the full enjoyment and possession of the heavenly inheritance." Such is a soul panting for God's salvation, and hoping in his word.

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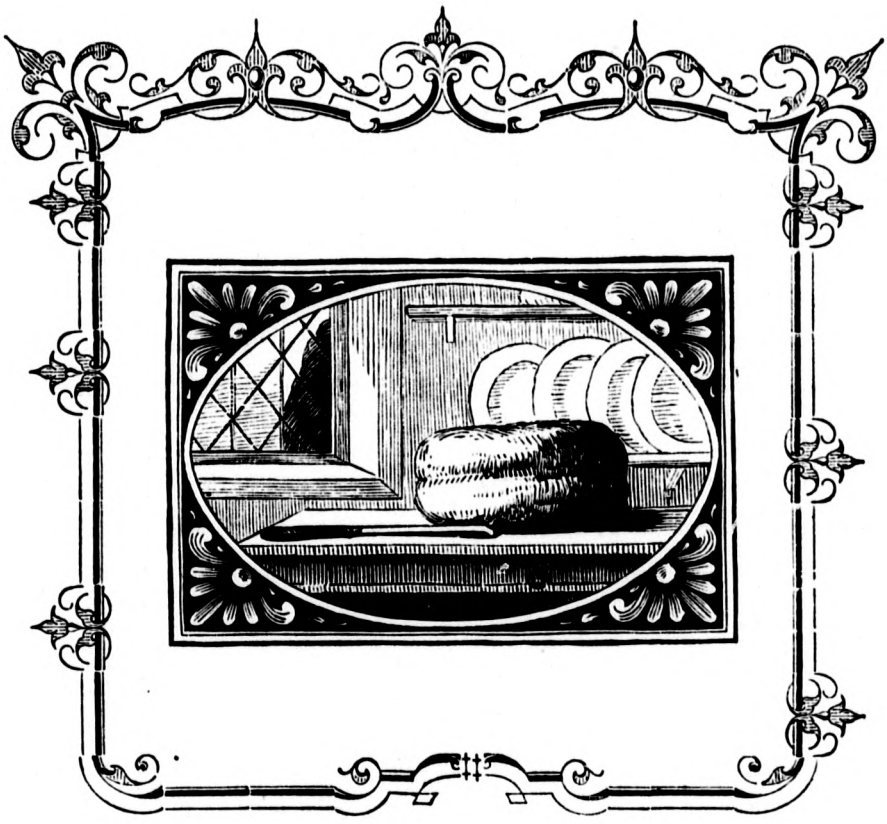


A Penny-loaf and the Bread of Life.

THERE is the Bread of Life offered by the Saviour, without money and without price. Come, every hungry soul, and buy and eat. To-day, thou may'st cut, and come again, and the loaf will never grow smaller, but if all mankind should come, it would be more than enough to feed all, if they come while the Saviour calls; but not enough for one, if thou come when it is too late. When once the Master of the House hath shut to the door, and thou art left without—yea, by thine own folly hast shut thyself out, thou wilt cry in vain for entrance, or for bread. Now, thou may'st have it for the asking.

But thou must take thy season, thy day of visitation; for there is an accepted time given thee, and a day of salvation, and if thou

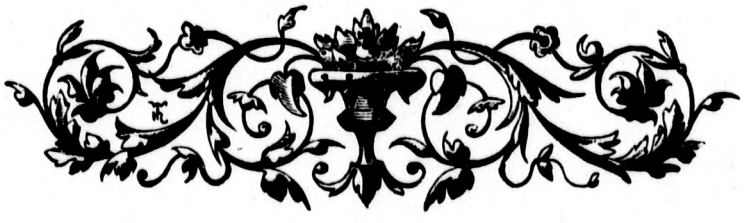
waste that. there is no promise afterward. And every day that thou wastest, thou runnest an imminent hazard of having lost thy last opportunity. O be not so foolish, but to-day, while it is called to-day, be thou found upon the knees of the soul, seeking God's mercy in Christ. If thou kneel to-day in spirit, thou wilt do it again to-morrow, for the Spirit kneeleth with thee, and maketh intercession for thee with groanings that cannot be uttered, and when thou prayest thus, thy prayer is wrung out of thine importuning soul, and will be heard at the mercy-seat and answered, for it is according to the will of God.

He will give thee the Bread of Life—for that thou hast come and begged it while it was offered. But if thou delay, to-morrow it will be dearer, and perhaps the next day not to be had at all, not at any price.

Thy price one penny is in time of plenty,
In famine, doubled 'tis from o..e to twenty,
Y a, no man knows what price on thee to set,
Where there is but one penny-loaf to get.

The loaf's an emblem of the Word of God,
A thing of low esteem, before the rod
Of famine smites the soul with fear of death,
But *then* it is our all, our life, our breath.

Take it and eat it, sinner, while you may,
It may not offered be another day.



Faith and Peace.

This pretty bird, oh, how she flies and sings
But would she do so, if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs, my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

THE Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang,

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Or Jesus, for the men that Pilgrims are?
Thus to provide, that I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven!

This is one of the Christian's experiences, as a new convert, and perhaps the happiest and the best. Yet the chamber in which he sleeps the first night after his justification at the Cross, is not

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always this sweet chamber in the House Beautiful, opening towards the sunrise. Or if it be, the sun does not always rise so free from clouds as to be visible with direct and steady shining; as witness the emblems of the Dawning and the Cloudy Day. But the sun may shine, and may diffuse a sweet peace through the soul, even though his orb cannot be seen, nor his place in the sky reckoned by reason of a veil of clouds prevailing, it may be, till high noon, perhaps all the day; and rain, and showers, and sleet, snow, hail, and black tempest before the evening. Yet all the while the sun is shining, and it is because of the sun's light that the believer sees the clouds, and knows that they are clouds and only transitory, and that though they hide the sun for a season, they cannot take him from the Christian firmament, nor prevent his light from shining.

Then, too, the light may be good and sufficient for all things to live and grow by, though not to rejoice, as all nature does, in the sun's clear shining without clouds. There may be light enough for all the fruits of the Spirit except transport, ecstasy; there may be Peace, and Peace on the whole may be the chamber of the soul, even though there be doubtings, and changes, troubles, and alarms. Where would the exercise of a strong faith be, if there were no clouds, no darkened rooms, no distresses, no heart-aches? The swallow flies and sings by day, and the lark in the morning sunlight. But the nightingale is the bird of faith, that all night long sings, darkling, and sings in the rain, and sings in happy confidence that the day is coming. It is then a proof of great faith when the soul can say, not merely, When I believe and sing my doubtings cease, nor when my doubtings cease, then I believe and sing; but I will believe and sing in spite of my doubtings. I will still believe in Christ, and sing, Who loved me, and gave himself for me.

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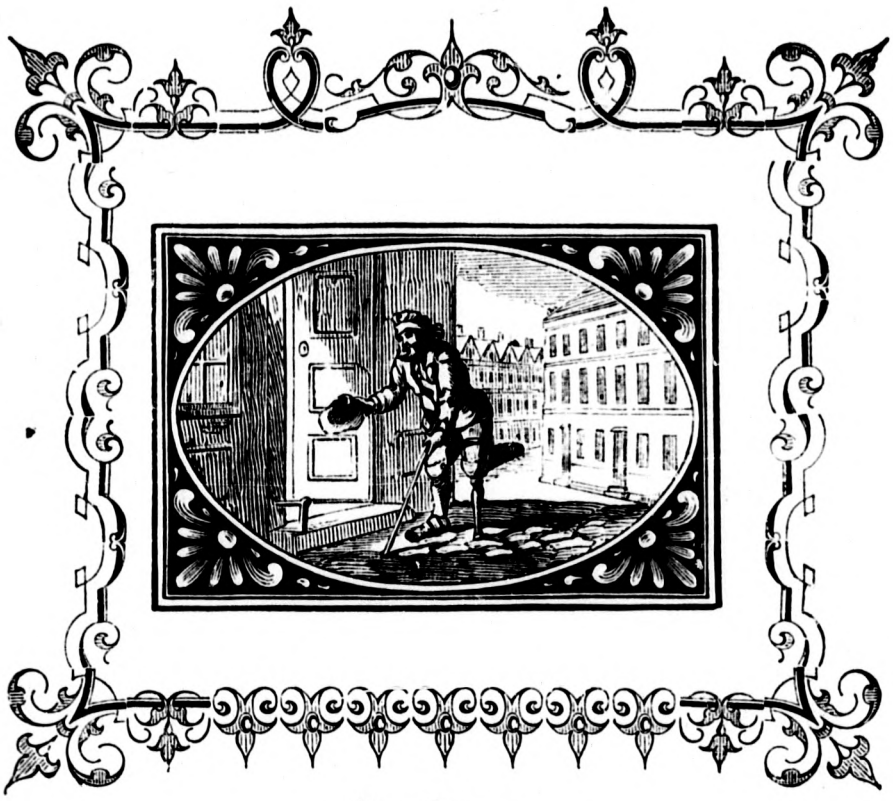

The Beggar.

He wants, he asks, he pleads his poverty,
They within doors on him an alms deny.
He doth repeat and aggravate his grief,
But they repulse him, give him no relief.

He begs; they say begone: he will not hear;
He coughs and sighs, to show he still is there;
They disregard him, he repeats his groans,
They still say nay, and he himself bemoans.
They call him vagrant, and more rugged grow;
He cries the shriller, trumpets out his woe.
At last, when they perceive he'll take no nay,
An alms they give him without more delay.

The beggar doth resemble them that pray
To God for mercy, and will take no nay:
But wait, and count that all his hard gainsays
Are nothing else but fatherly delays.
Then imitate him, praying souls, and cry;
There's nothing like to importunity.

Bunyan's own example and experience are a great instruction in prayer, and a great encouragement.

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"Verily," says Bunyan "may I but speak my own experience, and from that, tell you the difficulty of praying to God as I ought, it is enough to make you poor, blind, carnal men to entertain strange thoughts of me. For, as for my heart, when I go to pray, I find it loth to go to God, and when it is with him, so loth to stay with him, that many times I am forced in my prayers first to beg of God that he would take mine heart, and set it on himself in Christ, and when it is there, that he would keep it there. Nay, many times I know not what to pray for, I am so blind; nor how to pray, I am so ignorant; only blessed be grace, the Spirit helps our infirmities Oh! the starting holes that the heart hath in the time of prayer! None knows how many by-ways and back lanes the heart hath to slip away from the presence of God. How much pride also, if enabled with expression! How much hypocrisy, if before others! And how little conscience is there made of prayer between God and the soul in secret, unless the Spirit of supplication be there to help! When the Spirit gets into the heart, then there is prayer indeed, but not till then."

Wordsworth's sonnet from Michael Angelo, is fit to accompany this experience of Bunyan:

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray.
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can not ing feed
Of good and pious works thou art the seed
Which quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead!
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

A man that truly prays one prayer, shall after that, never be

able to express with his mouth or pen, the unutterable desires, sense, affection and longing that went to God in that prayer.

When David had the pains of hell catching hold on him, and the sorrows of hell compassing about, he needs not a bishop in a surplice, to learn him to say, "O! Lord I beseech thee deliver my soul!" Or to look into a book to teach him in a form to pour out his heart before God.

Much of mine own experience could I here discover; when I have been in my fits of agonies of spirit, I have been strongly persuaded to leave off, and to seek the Lord no longer; but being made to understand what great sinners the Lord hath had mercy on, and how large his promises were still to sinners; and that it was not the whole, but the sick, not the righteous but the sinner, not the full, but the empty, that he extended his grace and mercy unto; this made me through the assistance of his Holy Spirit to cleave to him, to hang upon him, and yet to cry, though for the present he made no answer. And the Lord help all his poor tempted and afflicted people to do the like, and to continue, though it be long, according to the saying of the prophet; and to help them to that end to pray not by the invention of men, and their stinted forms, but with the spirit and with the understanding also.

And verily, mine own experience tells me, that there is nothing doth more prevail with God than importunity. Is it not so with you, in respect of your beggars that come to your door? Though you have no heart to give them anything at their first asking, yet if they follow you, bemoaning themselves, and will take no nay without an alms, you will give them; for their continual begging overcometh you. Is there bowels in you that are wicked, and will they be wrought upon by an importuning beggar? Go thou and do the like. It is a prevailing motive, and that by experience, he will arise, and give thee as many as thou needest.

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LOVE, TRUTH, HOPE.

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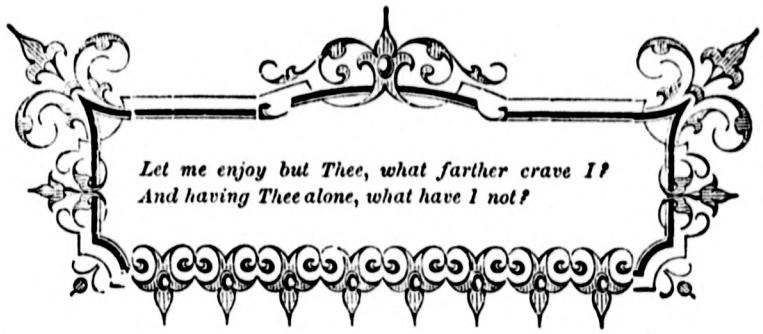

NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY, THESE THREE, BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."—Paul

LOVE is the central figure of the group, covering with angel wings the forms of Truth and Hope. Her eyes are bent upon the face of Truth tenderly, who holds the Book of the Protestant world, the Bible, in her left hand, while with her right hand she clasps the right hand of Hope. Love is young and beautiful, for age makes no impression upon her beyond maturity. Her presence is a divine inspiration, giving comfort and firmness to all the objects of her attachment. She has just come from the Heavenly world, whose arch of glory spans the firmament, having Love in the glow of the central rays.

Hope lays hold upon the right hand of Truth, bowing reverentially to her, and making an alliance over the Holy Book, while the left hand and fore-arm rest confidingly upon a noble and strong anchor. Behind her is the Ocean, whose near waves are breaking in foam just below her feet, but reaches a shore of light and blessedness, far away behind the sky of glory, out of which Love has come with her messages of affection.

Truth has placed her foot upon the mask of falsehood, which has been torn and thrown upon the ground. Error deceives, and wounds and overthrows. But Truth saves, and makes friendly alliances, and holds up the hands of Hope, while Heaven lends the

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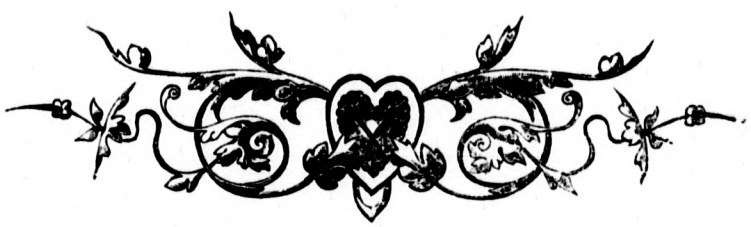
radiance of the divine approbation to all her bindings of tenderness. The fool, the harlequin, the juggler, the lady of fashion have no part in her holy society. Deception and subterfuge flee from the words of her book, and avoid the light of her path. All the daughters of pleasure hide their faces at her approach, and break their hearts when they comprehend the purity of her life, and know the happiness of her home, and see the beauty of her children.

Faith is symbolized in that graceful structure, the House of Prayer, just back of the figures, whose excellences we admire, and whose import we hope to know in the manners and customs of life. That House is the abiding-place of God's name, for it is written there. In it, the tribes of spiritual Israel are gathered to keep holy the Sabbath, unto the Lord. It is fit, that childhood and youth should go up to the House of Prayer, and there see the Love, the Truth, the Book, the Hope, the Ocean, the Heaven lighted up, and thence be led away into the dim world beyond that cloudy glory, where Love dwells forever with God and Angels.

What have not the Bible and the House of God done for the Christian world! Two thousand years of history can but life-sketch the names, by trophies won unto holiness and to Heaven by these means. God's will revealed to man, and God's House, where He will meet His people and hear them pray to Him, are to make kind assurances of their liberties, their country, their Homes, their final Salvation.



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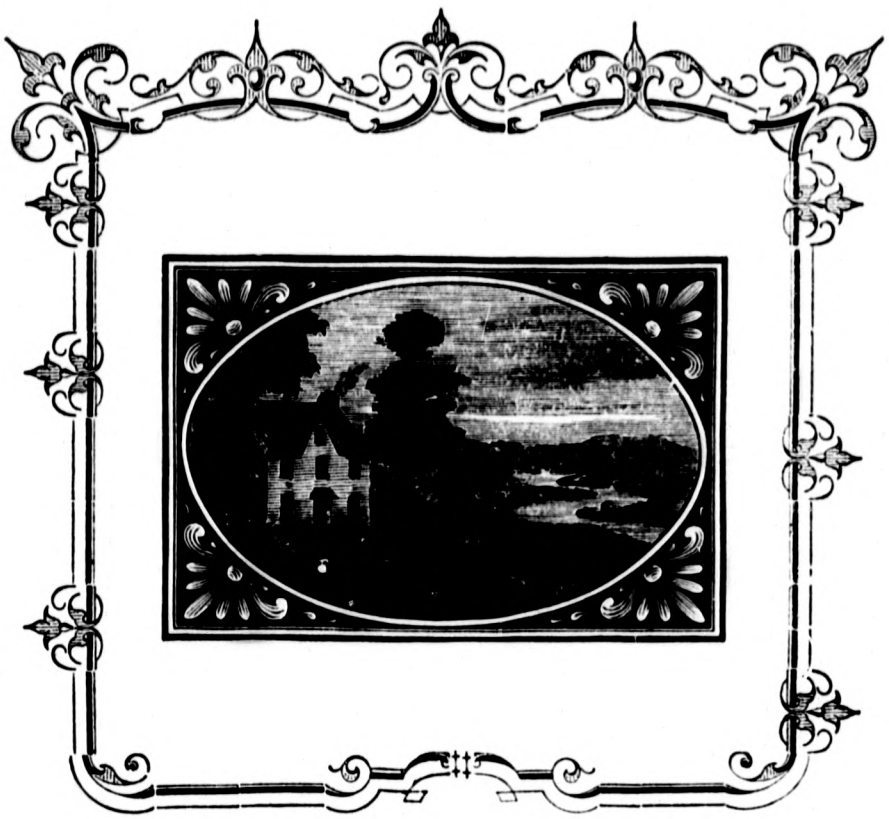

The Dawning.

TILL the day dawns and the day-star arise in your hearts, be content with the prophets; only in them wait on God. Who is among you that so doing walketh in darkness and hath no light? Is it so that there can be such a case? Is this possible? Does God ever let a man wait on him without light? The light of enjoyment may be wanting for a season, but the light of life shall not. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. Doth any man walk in darkness? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God. Then there will be light.

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At peep of day, I often cannot know
Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or no,
I fancy that I see a little light,
But cannot yet distinguish day from night;
I hope, I doubt, but certain yet I be not,
I am not at a point, the sun I see not.
Thus such who are but just of grace possest,
They know not yet if they be curst or blest.

But one thing they know, namely, that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. And an upright heart is not a heart that is perfect, or that has no sin; but a heart that is looking to Christ for deliverance from sin, a heart that is struggling after God, a heart that desires to please him, a heart that is trying to find him. Well, for such a heart there is light laid down in the furrow, and gladness in store. The light will soon spring up, for it is sown, and though at first rising it may be but as the pale green blade when it peeps forth from the earth, still it is light, and shall shine more and more unto the perfect day. And there shall be a great harvest of gladness.

All light that is life, is hid within the heart, before it is seen by the heart. It is hid within the heart that asks for it. It does not depend on external teaching, though the light of the Word as an external sun may stir up the heart to ask for the light of life, to beg for its inward experience. The Word itself is a sun shining on all men and their ways, and at first that is the only way in which any man sees it and hears it. It calls men to God, but it does not become their life, till they receive and hide it in their hearts. All the light that comes as life, comes from Christ within, from the Word abiding in the soul.

And this inward sense and light of the Word and of Christ, is that state of mind when evidence passes into life; the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. This is the only true understanding of them, for they are to the natural man

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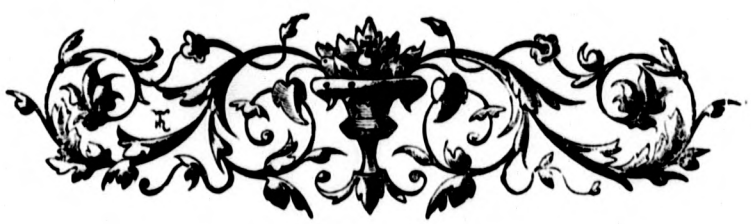
foolishness; as if he looked at a piece of tapestry on the wrong side, tags and twisted tufts of divers colors being all that he can see, but neither landscape nor meaning. The very promises of God's Word, the most ravishing of them, find an interpretation and possess a power only within the heart where God's illuminating grace is present.

To the natural man, and by the daylight of this world merely, the promises are as a dead transparency. But when the Spirit of God in the heart goes behind them, and lights them up, then they shine; and shine the brightest when it is darkest night. The world shut out, and heaven brought in, the soul in such ravishing communion with God and Christ, and the glories that are unseen and eternal, is almost like Paul caught up into the third heavens; like Peter, and James and John, on the Mount of Transfiguration; and these divine, celestial forms and realities are as a cloud overshadowing them. The soul of the humblest believer, is baptized in such a cloud, when it holds its sweet permitted and accustomed communion with the Saviour. Strengthened by such communion, it can go down into the world, and every blissful? reality it has conversed with, shall be as the radiant wings of angels bearing it up, and as companions trooping around it.



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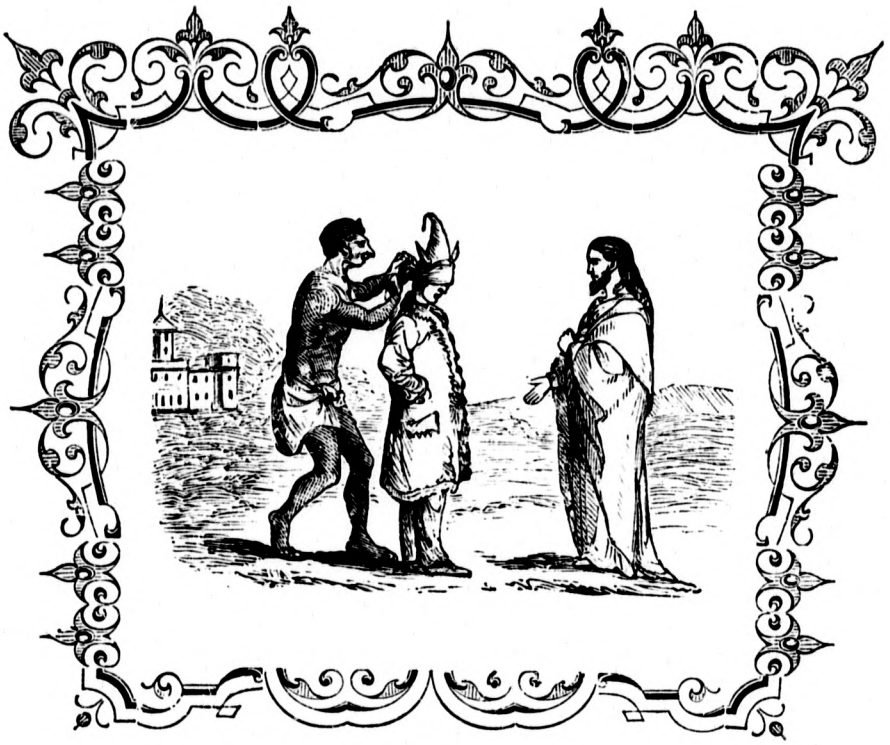

SATAN AT BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

A MAN'S back may be turned to Satan, and his face towards Christ; and yet he may in heart be turned away from Christ, and joined to Satan. He may be taken captive by Satan at his will; he may be a mere plaything in the hands of Satan, as this fellow is with the fool's-cap on his head, whom Satan is blinding with a bandage round his eyes.

If he did not permit himself to be thus played with, Satan could do nothing with him. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. But let him play blindman's buff with you, and he will bind and knot the handkerchief so tight that you cannot remove it, for that is his art, and he makes men think they can see through it, when they go about as blind as Elymas, the sorcerer, and grope among spiritual things in the dark as at noon-day.

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In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. Under the power of unbelief, beneath the veil of Satan, and of the things of this world, they cannot see Christ—they are impervious to this light.

And we may see what a divine rescue from Satan is necessary, and what a divine illumination must be granted, in order to behold Christ's glory, But this is granted to prayer, and when the heart, though blindfolded and buffeted by Satan, turns to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away, and beholding, as in a glass, his glory, the soul shall be changed into his image.

The work of Satan with men's minds, is to keep out the word, the heavenly light from shining. But if it be true that man lives only by every word of God, being by faith the Bread of Life to the soul, then, if Satan can succeed in keeping men from eating that bread —that word—he can destroy them. And if he can help them in unbelief, that cuts them off from the Word, from the power of it, from all experience of its spiritual efficacy. Hence the necessity of earnest effort to bring the Word and the heart together, and to keep them in contact. When your heart is under the pressure of the Word of God, then you are in the way of life—you are not necessarily in unbelief; you may be sanctified by the truth, for that is its natural operation.

But under the handling of Satan, men's minds are like a mirror—one side of which is coated with quicksilver, so that if the silvered side is turned towards any object, there can be no reflection of it. Even if turned towards the sun at noon-day, there would be no reflection of the sun. And Satan keeps only that coated, covered side of the mirror turned towards God, towards the Sun of Righteousness, the Redeemer, so that there can be neither sight, sense, nor reflection of his glory.

But the other side, or face, of this mirror, which is turned

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towards the world, reflects that, with all its objects, pursuits, and pleasures, fully, completely. That is the devil's veiling art—by the things of time, sense, and sin, to keep out the things of eternity. So with the hearts of men under the veil of sin and unbelief, which after all, is simply the coating of the soul with desires, habits, and interests earthly, selfish, and sinful. That side, the side under the veil, is the only side that Satan permits to be turned towards heaven, the coated, unreflecting side only; while the other side, the mirror side, the seeing and reflecting side, is turned towards the earth, and consequently reflects that, and nothing else. And so men walk on in darkness, beholding and reflecting only this world, its objects, and pursuits; heaven, and God and Christ just as much shut out, as if there were no heaven, no God, no Saviour.

True faith has its seat in the heart, not in the unnerstanding, merely. The same is true of unbelief, which, beginning in the heart, having its life there, proceedeth outward like a moving mist, or veil, and darkens the understanding, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of the heart.

The believing heart takes the personal interest—mingles it with the affections. Truth in the heart is like leaven, causing the whole mixture to become bread, hearty, wholesome, nourishing. But truth falling in the mind only, is like varnish, or a wash, on the outside of a piece of furniture. The heart tries the truth in the crucible of personal experience, and then, and thus, possesses it forever.

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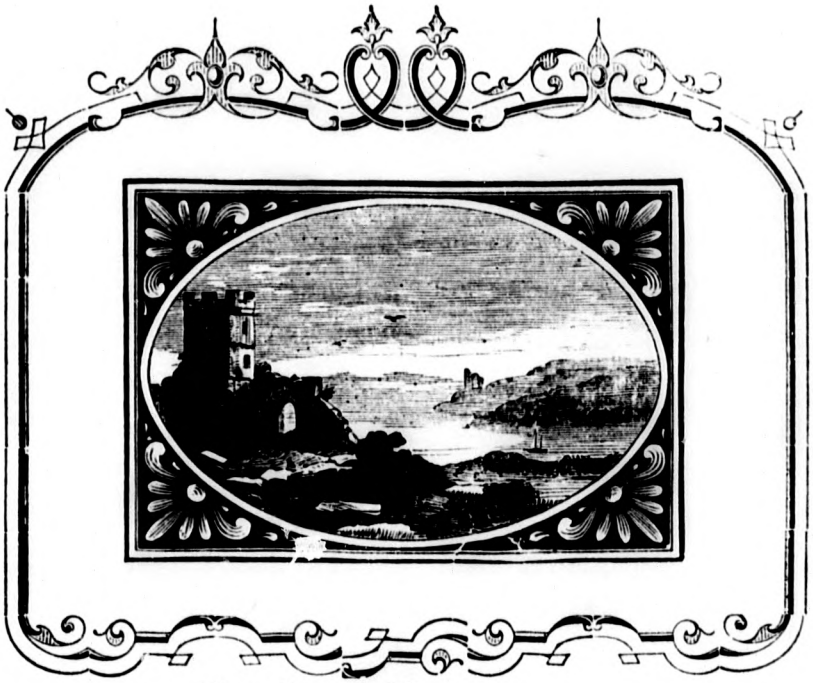

The Cloudy Morning.

Well, with the day I see the clouds appear
And m x the light with darkness everywhere,
This threatens those who on long journeys go,
That they shall meet the slabby rain or snow;
Else while I gaze, the sun doth with his beams
Belace the clouds, as 'twere with bloody streams;
Then suddenly those clouds do watery grow,
And wee› and pour their tears out as they go.
Thus 'tis when gospel light doth usher in,
To us both sense of grace and sense of sin;
Yea, when it makes sin red with Jesus' blood,
Then we can weep, till weeping does us goo d.

WEEPING may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. A sense of sin introduces the soul to the Saviour, and makes it see and feel his glory, sweetness, and preciousness. Even the high billows rising between him and the soul, are good to increase and quicken the sense of dependence upon him, and to hasten and strengthen the effort of the soul struggling after him. Such difficulties are good for growth in grace, and the clouds are good when they bring showers, and the rain of weeping, is good to moisten the heart and give expression and sensibility to its contrition, and so it becomes very fruitful.

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Is it so, asks Bunyan, that they that are coming to Jesus Christ, are oftimes heartily afraid that Jesus Christ will not receive them? This he asks on the occasion of Peter's sinking in the sea, when he was coming to Jesus. And he answers his own asking, by affirming that faith and doubting may, at the same time, have their residence in the same soul. O! thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? He saith not, O! thou of no faith; but O! thou of little faith; because he had a little faith, in the midst of his many doubts.

The same is true even of many that are coming to Jesus Christ. They come, and fear they come not, and doubt they come not. When they look upon the promise, or a word of encouragement, by faith, then they come; when they look upon themselves or the difficulties that lie before them, then they doubt. "Bid me come," said Peter; "Come," said Christ. So he went out of the ship, to go to Jesus, but his hap was to go to him upon the water; then was the trial. So it was with the poor desiring soul. "Bid me come," says the sinner; "Come," says Christ, "and I will in no wise cast thee out." So he comes, but his hap is to come upon the water, upon drowning difficulties; if therefore, the wind of temptations blow, the waves of doubts and fears will presently arise, and this coming sinner will begin to sink, if he has but little faith.

But you shall find here in Peter's little faith a twofold act; to wit, coming and crying. Little faith cannot come all the way without crying. So long as its holy boldness lasts, so long it can come with peace; but when it is so, it can come no farther, it will go the rest of the way with crying. Peter went as far as his little faith would carry him. He also cried as far as his little faith could help, Lord save me, I perish! And so, with coming and crying he was kept from sinking. Though he had but a little faith, Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore did'st thou doubt!"

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The Love of Christ.

THE love of Christ, poor I! may touch upon;
But, 'tis unsearchable. Oh! there is none
Its large dimensions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon world without end.

When we had sinn'd, He in His zeal did swear,
That He upon His back our sins would bear.
And since to sin there is entailed death,
He vowed that for our sins He'd lose His breath.

He did not only say, vow, or resolve,
But to astonishment did so involve
Himself in man's distress and misery,
As for and with him both to live and die.

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To His eternal fame in sacred story,
We find that He did lay aside His glory.
Stepped from the throne of highest dignity,
Became poor man, did in a manger lie;
Yea, was beholden upon His for bread,
Had of His own, not where to lay His head:
Though rich, He did for us become thus poor,
That He might make us rich for evermore.

Yet this was least of what He did;
But the outside of what He suffered.
God made His blessed Son under the law;
Under the curse, which, like the lion's paw,
Did rend and tear His soul, for mankind's sin,
More than if we for it in hell had been.
His cries, His tears, and bloody agony,
The nature of His death doth testify

Nor did He of constraint Himself thus give
For sin to death, that man might with Him live.
He did do what He did most willingly,
He sung, and gave God thanks that He must die.
Did ever king die for a captive slave?
Yet such were we whom Jesus died to save.
Yea, when He made Himself a sacrifice,
It was that He might save his enemies.

And, though He was provoked to retract
His blest resolves to do so kind an act.
By the abusive carriages of those
That did both Him, His love, and grace oppose;
Yet He as unconcerned about such things,
Goes on, determines to make captive kings:
Yea, many of His murderers He takes
Into His favour, and them princes makes.

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A CORRESPONDING Emblem, illustrative of God's, discipline with the Christian, is that of the Vine in the Vineyard, yielding only wild grapes. It was planted for the grapes, for such fruit of the vine as Christ indicates, when he says that he means to drink of the fruit of the vine, with his disciples, in his Father's kingdom. But what is the vine good for more than any other tree, if it do not bring forth that very fruit for which it was planted?

There are two things set down as a curse, and as bringing a curse. First, no fruit at all, emptiness, barrenness, deadness, abiding not in Christ. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. *Every* tree that bringeth not forth good fruit. But how much more the vine-tree, whose only

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usefulness is in its fruit. How much more he, that beneath the name of a Christian, who if he be not a Christian, is good for nothing, nay, is worse than nothing—a cumberer, a bad example, a caricature, a betrayer of his Lord, and of his cause, into the hands of sinners, a stumbling-block, perhaps over which others stumble and fall.

For every tree is known by *his own fruit*, that for which the tree was chosen and planted, and by which it has its reputation and its worth. For of thorns men do not gather figs, neither of a bramble-bush gather they grapes. They do not look for grapes or figs on bramble-bushes, and, therefore, they are not disappointed. But when they come to a fig-tree and find nothing thereon but leaves, or to a vine-tree, and find no grapes, they are not only disappointed, but angry as at a deception, and they regard that tree as more worthless, by far, on account of its fair profession, than if it had been from the outset a mere miserable bramble, that men would know for what it was, and never would have been caught or cheated by it, or gone out of their way, thinking to find fruit upon it.

They that hang out the profession but not the fruit, are like Job's deceitful wells and empty brooks channelled in the desert. As the stream of brooks wherein the snow is hid, they pass away, and vanish just then and there, when they are most needed. When it is hot, and the traveler is dying for thirst, then they are consumed out of their place; their paths go to nothing and perish; the troops of pilgrims that waited for them, and followed them, and rested their whole hope of life upon them, are confounded because they had hoped. If they had not been led to hope, they would have put their strength, all that was left them, into some other refuge. But they had just strength enough left to come thither, to the borders of the channel, to the curb of the fountain; and, behold, alas, it is as dry as the burning sand around them, and

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they have nothing more that they can do, but to lie down and die. And those again, afterwards deceived in like manner will find their bones bleaching.

So the wood of a vine-tree that bears no grapes, is no whit better than the salt that has lost its savor. It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men. And, even so, when men find out the absolute worthlessness of men for the purposes for which they were vaunted, all the other good qualities that might have been in them, suffer an eclipse, and are good for nothing. They are thenceforth refuse matter and cheats. Men are angry against them for their hypocrisy and falsehood.

The sole preciousness and usefulness of the vine-tree, is in its fruit, and its fruitfulness. For in itself it is gnarled, crooked, distorted; winding and curling about as wilful and wanton as its own tendrils, hardly a foot's length running straight enough to make a pin to hang a man's jacket upon, or a cane to lean upon, or any smooth wood for planing or for work. It is good only for fuel, fit only to be burned, and that is the conclusion of the apostle in regard to fruitless professors of religion, those that abide not in Christ, and, consequently, cannot be partakers of his life, nor produce the fruits of the Spirit; whose end is to be burned.

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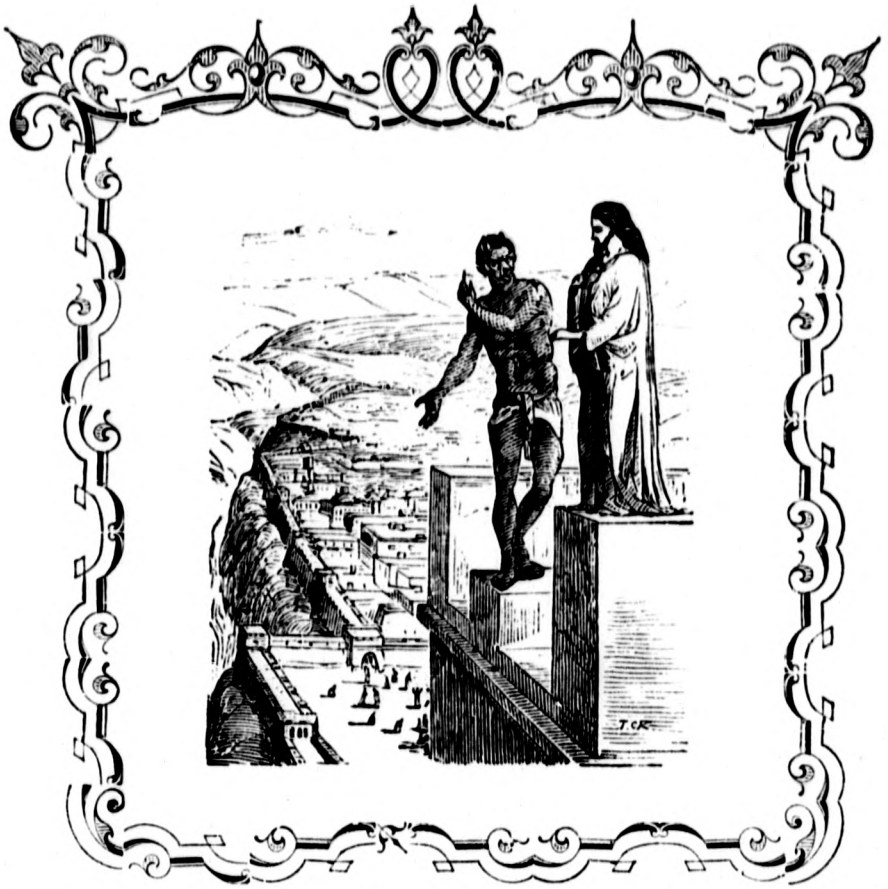

JOHN BUNYAN tells us that there were several pinnacles belonging to the temple. These pinnacles stood on the top, aloft in the air, and were sharp, and, therefore, difficult to stand upon. I, therefore, says he, take those pinnacles to be types of those lofty, airy notions with which some men delight themselves, while they hover like birds above the solid and godly truths of Christ. Satan attempted to entertain Christ Jesus with this type and antitype at once, when he set him on one of the pinnacles of the temple, and offered to thrust him upon a false confidence in God, by a false and unsound interpretation of a text.

"Some men cannot be content to worship in the temple, but must be aloft; no place will serve them but pinnacles—pinnacles, that they may be speaking in and to the air, that they may be

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promoting their heady notions, instead of solid truth, not considering that now they are just where the devil would have them be. They strut upon their points, their pinnacles, but let them look to it—there is difficult standing upon pinnacles; their neck, their soul, is in danger. We read, God is in his temple, not upon these pinnacles.

"It is true, Christ was once upon one of these; but the devil set him there, with intent to dash him in pieces by a fall; and yet even then told him, if he would venture to tumble down, he should be kept from dashing his foot against a stone. To be there, therefore, was one of Christ's temptations; consequently one of Satan's stratagems; nor went he thither of his own accord, for he knew that there was danger; he loved not to clamber pinnacles.

"This should teach Christians to be low and little in their own eyes, and to forbear to intrude into airy and vain speculations, and to take heed of being puffed up with a foul and empty mind."

Knowledge, says the apostle, puffeth up, but love buildeth up. Knowledge is proud, because he knows so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more. The conceit of knowledge carries men to pinnacles, that they may be observed, and may gather followers. But it is only those who are rooted and grounded in love, that are able to comprehend the depths and heights incomprehensible, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Love keeps them humble; love preserves them from presumption.

There are plenty of these outside pinnacle men, who worship not within the temple, but above it in the air. Bunyan's descriptions bites them shrewdly. There are not wanting pinnacle teachers, pinnacle theologians, pinnacle philosophers, rope-dancers across theological Niagaras.

Here was Satan attempting an *Ecce Homo*, earlier than Pilate, earlier than Renan and his followers. If he had succeeded, it would indeed have proved Christ but a man, and a very imperfect

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and presumptuous one. For if Christ had obeyed the suggestion of the tempter, to try the question of his divine power and sonship, by a miracle, it would have proved doubt, distrust, presumption, vanity, pride, self-seeking. If to show his divinity, and prove himself the Messiah at Satan's will, by constraining God to interpose in his behalf, in order so to fulfill the Scripture quoted by the devil, this would have been the weakness of a character altogether human, not divine. Not so was Christ to be lifted up, and to draw all men unto him; not on a pinnacle of the temple, but on the altar, himself mysteriously the temple, the altar, and the sacrifice.

Satan, baffled, fled; but he has had plenty of success ever since. He is fond of pinnacles for temptations; he is continually setting men on pinnacles, to tumble them down. Our Lord commands us to be ever clothed with humility, and in honor to be preferring one another; but this setting another on a pinnacle, is just putting an occasion to fall in a brother's way. Satan sets men up, in order to tip them over—he makes nine-pins of them through their own ambition. He hoists them up by his elevator into the very skies, where they see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment. He has pinnacles for intellect, for genius, for imagination, for subtlety of mind. They throw their books, if not themselves, off into the air, and then come down by the stairs of the temple, not daring to follow their own speculations, but seeking, nevertheless, to raise admiration and wondering doubt of Jews, that require a sign, and of Greeks that seek after wisdom. Now our Blessed Lord will not have our faith to stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God; for only the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and no flesh shall glory in his presence.

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A Sheaf of Emblems.

ALL Bunyan's writings, whether sermons, or allegories and emblems, are a wonderful mixture of the most pungent warnings and the sweetest encouragements. He had the heart of a lion and a dove together; the Great-Heart warrior, the grave and tender Evangelist, the loving mother and the playful little child, all met in him; a myriad-minded Christian, possessing the experience of all saints, the kindest sympathies for all sinners, and such a sense and knowledge of the boundless love and tenderness of Christ, and such freedom and affectionate desire in offering and applying the sweetness of the promises, such considerate gentleness and wisdom in dealing with troubled consciences, as well as pungency and power in awakening careless and stupid souls,

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that his pages are an inexhaustible store of argument, persuasion, consolation, instruction, rebuke, encouragement, terror and delight. How exquisitely tender, careful, encouraging, and yet truthful, scrutinizing and distinguishing, are his delineations of such Christians as Fearing, Feeble-mind, Little-faith, Ready-to-halt, Much-afraid, and others of a similar type. He could, more wisely and tenderly than most men, lift up the hands that hung down and the feeble knees; and he loved to make straight paths for the feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way. Ah, he said and felt, let it rather be healed. Like his beloved Master, the bruised reed he would not break, nor quench the smoking flax.

Yet he looked diligently and earnestly, lest any man should fail of the grace of God. His "Sighs from Hell," and his "Heaven by Footman," his "Strait Gate," and his "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ," his "Jerusalem sinner saved," his "Barren Fig Tree," and his "Discourse on Prayer," are the most wonderful combinations of all the qualities of an effective preacher; pathos, pleadings of love, warnings, threatenings, wrath, entreaties, weepings, compassions; the very heart of love poured out, and the soul that had been agonized, revealing its own experience of wounds, and burnings, and healing grace and consolation, for the benefit of others; terror and pity, mingled with playfulness, humour, wit, sarcasm, logic and prayer; the Mount of fire and tempest, and the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, moving and flashing in contrasted descriptions; all this and more; everywhere his own experience, unborrowed, unimitated, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the product of the Holy Spirit, through the Word. Bunyan could say with Paul, "I preach, warn, teach and labour, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily."

Beginning at Jerusalem, all the way down through the ages of Christianity, to London and New York, Bunyan's delineations of the Christian life and character are universal, true and perfect;

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exclusive in no age, but belonging to all. The reality of the Christian Pilgrimage is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever, like the Divine Author and Finisher of our faith, and in every generation the characters and personages of the Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy War are reproduced. Bunyan's knowledge of human nature and divine grace, appears not only in those great works, but equally in the multitude of illustrations, parables, applications and interpretations of texts, that as precious gems, and little exquisite cabinet pictures, shine here and there in all his writings. In them, the Christian Pilgrimage is as a great procession of witnesses extending past and future, beyond vision, winding onward, upward, caught at turns of rugged depths and passes afar off; as from a mountain top, may be seen the divisions of an army, marching through the vale with banners. Here are sketches of grace in original characters, vivid as fire, so that the figures flash forth as incarnations of light on the way of life, reflections of the loveliness of Christ, in participated gifts of his Spirit, clouds of witnesses, scattered through the firmament over the radiant circle of the sky.

> "And giving back and shedding each on each,
> With prodigal communion, the bright hues,
> Which from the unapparent Fount of Glory
> They had imbibed and cease not to receive."

For such is the Communion of saints with Christ, the unapparent Saviour, in whom believing, though now they see him not, yet they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and from whom they reflect on earth, in apparent forms and colours, the light they drink in and live upon, transmitting to one another and to the world, something of the radiancy which in such communion with the Invisible Glory they receive.

Thanks be to God for such an exercise of human genius, and a human heart with all its fears and hopes and feelings baptized in

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divine love, presenting in such attractive forms the truths of Scripture for our daily walk.

Let eve lasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of endless day.
My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
'Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

Most of the pages in his book of Emblems are made up of simple objects, and the lessons he draws are expressed with brevity, simplicity and terseness; as for example, this plain cut of the Ant beside a field of bearded grain, which tells its own story as prettily as Watts' rugged stanza.

The little ants for one poor grain
Labour and try and strive,
But we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise! But how can man be such a fool, exclaims Bunyan, as to need such a lesson?

Must we upon the Pismire go to school,
To learn of her in summer to provide,
For winter next ensuing? Man's a fool,
Or silly ants would not be made his guide.
But, sluggard, is it not a shame for thee
To be outdone by pismires? Prythee hear!
Their works too, will thy condemnation be,
When at the judgment seat thou shalt appear.
But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey; her ways consider, and be wise.
The Pismires will inform thee what to do,
And set the way to life before thine eyes.

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Another of his emblems is on the whipping of a top, the cut being merely of a child's top and a whip lying beside it, a farm house and a windmill in the background of the picture. And what will Bunyan make out of this? A lesson that might have been one of the riddles in the amiable and instructive gossip of Christiana and her children. The top moves only when you whip it. It has no life nor motion in itself, but the boy makes it whirl with a whipping, and as long as he whips, so long it skips and jumps, but otherwise, is as still as a stone. That is the picture of a man that can only be whipped into duty, but has no principle of love, life, and heavenly diligence in his heart.

Our Legalist is like this nimble top,
Without a whip he will not duty do.
Let Moses whip him, he will skip and hop,
Forbear to whip, he'll neither stand nor go.

On another page we have the cut of a fat, unwieldy frog, like one of those tun-bellied sinners whom Bunyan described, unavailingly striving to get into the Straight Gate without mortification. This frog sitting on the borders of her native pool, and croaking with large mouth, and a cold damp skin, is Bunyan's picture of a hypocrite.

The hypocrite is like unto the frog,
As like as is the puppy to the dog.

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A very droll emblem meets us a few pages previous, on Moses and his Wife, who are represented in the picture, hand in hand, like a couple taking each other out for a dance. Moses has the horns of brightness coming out of his head, and the rod in his hand; but his wife is as black as a coal. In the back ground is a palm tree on one side, and a double tent on the other.

This Moses was a fair and comely man:
His wife a swarthy Ethiopi-anne.

Moses signifies the Law; his wife, one who knows no way of eternal life but the Law. But the Law cannot give life, nor make righteous those that are married unto it, no more than Moses' brightness could change the hue of his wife's skin.

Therefore as Moses' wife came swarthy in,
And went out from him without change of skin,
So he that doth the law for life adore
Shall yet by it be left a blackamore.

In another picture, Bunyan has drawn a crowing hen, cackling with mouth wide open, beside the barn, and just inside the barn door you may spy a new laid egg on a hen's nest. This is an emblem of something such a character as Talkative in the Pilgrim's Progress, or of those who proclaim their own goodness.

The Hen, so soon as she an egg doth lay,
Spreads wide the fame of doing what she may.
About the yard a cackling she doth go
To tell what 'twas she at her nest did do.

Just thus it is with some professing men,
If they do aught that's good; they're like our hen,
Cannot but cackle on't where'er they go,
And what their right hand doth their left must know.

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Humourously satirical is another similar emblem of a hen that has just laid her egg, which shines within the barn door, white, fresh, clean, and beautiful, the most conspiucous object in the engraving. Doth this symbolize a Christian? The new laid egg is fair and sweet in appearance, as the profession of a convert is bright and holy. But there is no real life without grace, even as the egg is yet to be made a chicken.

The egg's no chick by falling from the hen,
Nor man a Christian 'till he's born again.

The chick at first is shut up in the shell in darkness, and just so the soul is by nature prisoned in the flesh, knowing nothing but the life of nature. As when the shell is broken, the chick peeps forth and chirps, so when the flesh decays, the soul weeps and prays, and mounts at length on high. This reminds us of the couplet of an old Poet:

The soul's dark cottage battered and betrayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

But chickens, Bunyan says, do not come from rotten eggs, nor is a hypocrite a saint indeed, but only a rotten egg under profession, which cannot warm him into life.

Some eggs bring cockatrices; and some men
Are hatched and brooded in the viper's den;
Some eggs bring wild-fowls, and some men there be
As wild as are the wildest fowls that flee.
Some eggs bring spiders, and some men appear
More venomed than the worst of spiders are.

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Another emblem is that of a mole in the ground, her coat so smooth and shining, though she does nothing but dig in the dirt, the earth being her native element. Like a poor, blind, dark sinner, working away from the light, mining below the surface for wealth that he cannot carry with him.

Poor silly Mole, that thou should'st love to be,
Where thou nor sun, nor moon, nor stars can'st see!
But oh! how silly's he, who doth not care,
So he get earth, to have of heaven a share

Bunyan says, in a similar vein, that some persons are very sumptuous and fashionable in their clothing, and nice and coy about their diet, but their crying souls they can quiet with hog's-meat.

A flint in the water occasions a similar vein of moralizing, that often is like Jacques' melancholy in the forest of Arden. The flint has been washed by a living crystal stream, time out of mind, and yet abides a flint as it was before ever the water touched it.

Its hardness is not in the least abated,
'Tis not at all by water penetrated.

It holds also a fiery nature in its hardness, retaining that fire, if crossed, even under water. Strike it with its opposite, and in your very face it will spit fire.

This flint an emblem is of all that lie
Under the Word like stones until they die;
Its crystal streams have not their natures changed,
They are not from their lusts by grace estranged.

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There is an instructive emblem of the lark and the fowler; a man with his net, and a glass mirror beside it, reflecting the sun, and dazzling in its brightness. The silly lark, turning from the sun and her singing, is lured to the shining mirror. It is the sinful soul, caught by the bright glitter of this world and its pleasures, and taken captive by Satan at his will.

Thou simple bird, what makes thee here to play?
Look! there's the fowler, prythee come away;
Dost not behold the net? Look when 'tis spread,
Venture a little further, thou art dead.

Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
Look! there's the sun above thee; dart upright.
Thy nature is to soar up to the sky,
Why wilt thou then come down to the earth and die?

Remember that thy song is in thy rise,
Not in thy fall. Earth's not thy Paradise.
Keep up aloft then; let thy circuits be,
Above, where birds from fowlers' nets are free.

This last stanza is very beautiful. Nothing can be sweeter than the touching lesson, *Remember that thy song is in thy rise, not in thy fall.*

There are some stanzas on the picture of a snail traveling in the garden, written with a grave, quiet, thoughtful simplicity and quaintness, illustrating the texts that throw everything in our pilgrimage upon the perseverance of our faith, whether little or much, quick or slow. Ye are secure, if ye hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. Daily diligence maketh

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sure, but he that despiseth little gains or losses, by little and by little shall he fall.

She goes but softly, yet she goeth sure;
She stumbles not, as stronger creatures do;
Her journey's shorter, so she may endure,
Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but still seizeth on
The flower or herb appointed for her food;
The which she quietly doth feed upon,
While others rant and glare, but find no good.

So there are humble souls that make neither parade nor clatter, nor draw notice by any sensational gallop, who yet are earnestly thirsting for Christ, and really fleeing from wrath, fleeing as with wings, though they seem only to crawl, while others prance as on war-steeds. Those humble souls attain their end most quickly, though what they seek is out of sight and limit, and not to be come at by might of natural power or passion, or ransom of great riches.

One act of faith doth bring them to that flower,
They so long for, that they may eat and live;
Which to attain is not in other's power
Though for it a king's ransom they would give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismayed,
That life by Christ do seek; they shall not fail
To have it; let them nothing be afraid;
The herb and flower are eaten by the snail.

A man riding on horseback in a gallop like John Gilpin's, leads Bunyan into various meditative characteristic sketches of the various gaits of sinners riding post to hell. One rides very

sagely, affecting the gravest mode, another tantivy or full trot; another as in a steeple chase, full speed over hedge, ditch, bog, no matter what; another up-hill or down, heedless, headlong, as if he would break his neck, and cares not.

> But every horse has his especial guider,
> And by his going you may know the rider.

And so in the Christian life, on foot or on horseback, each one's gait marks his spirit. Some are climbing on hands and knees, as on the Hill Difficulty; some walking quietly, and commencing gravely, as Christian and Hopeful at peaceful intervals; some running as for their life; some riding as on war-steeds. One of the most vivid and instructive of all the pictures of this description, is in the Holy War, in that dread winter of storm and desertion, when the communion of the soul with Christ had been broken up by lukewarmness, and the grieving of the Spirit, and Mansoul had sent many messages, but could get no token. The difficulty of prayer in the endeavor to get back to God, after a season of such neglect and departure, is illustrated by a horseman flying alone through the snow storm, thick, blinding, overwhelming; the mail-bag of letters for the king strapped to his waist, his grasp almost frozen in the reins, his body bending forward over the neck of his struggling horse, no sign of any other traveller coming or going, no help, no station, a bleak, tempestuous, mountain road to conquer. But the rider lives, and struggles on, and while there is life there is hope. He will reach the King's court once more; he will get his answer.

"I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will arise and give him as many as he needeth."

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The last, but one, in these snatches of illustration, and of thought, developing the truths of the Gospel, and Bunyan's views of Life and time passing into Eternity, consists of the engraving, simply of an open ledger, or account-book, lying on a table, the fair, white pages not yet blotted with a single record, or ink-mark. You may write what you please there. A bystander may catch up the pen and write; may write his own name and opinions, or the troll of some foolish song running in his fancy. A dispossest devil roaming through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none, may write, and having written, may claim possession. For thus carelessly do men leave open and unguarded the page of life and character, the Book that is to be read at the judgment.

Most men are so thoughtless of eternity, and of the character they are daily forming, the account that is being filled up, the influences that are streaming upon them, the thoughts and opinions registered, the visitors and habits entertained, that their minds are like the blank page of a subscription-book, where every man is at liberty to write his name, and affix his claim to just as much stock in the concern as he has the means, or the will, or the fancy to command, and it is his.

> Some souls are like unto this blank or sheet,
> Though not in whiteness. The next man they meet,
> Be what he will, a good man, or deluder,
> A knave or fool, the dangerous intruder
> May write thereon to cause that man to err
> In doctrine, or in life, with blot and blurr:
> Nor will that soul conceal wherein it swerves,
> But show itself to each one that observes.
> A reading man may know who was the writer,
> And by the hellish nonsense the inditer.

But not always is the page possessed by hellish nonsense. Bunyan's own heart was written over anew, by the Spirit and the Word, and all the pages of his life were thenceforward filled with the fair characters of Heaven, and he was one of those heavenly

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epistles, known and read of all men, manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God. And so may each man choose whether God shall write, or Satan.

For the owner of this fair page can make his own record just as he pleases. He can keep off whom and what he pleases. He can watch over the register both of names and influences. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for into it go the records and out of it the issues, that make up the account of death or life. Each new day begins a new fair page. To-day, the name of Jesus and the record of his love may be, if you please, the very first name and register. And if that be the first, Satan will hardly dare to follow that. If that be the first, with prayer for Christ's grace, every after-record of that page will respect it, will take character according to it.

Let it then be so begun, and so continued, and one fair page filled up this day, with Christ. To-day, Lord, take thou my heart, and fill its open pages; my life, and write up its thoughts, feelings, actings, and account, with thy Word, thy Grace, and thy most precious blood. Then, when the judgment comes, and the thoughts of all hearts are revealed, and the dead are judged out of the things written in the books, thou wilt read thine own name to the universe, and show thine own blood there, and all shall be cancelled, and all made white in the blood of the Lamb.

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And now this little book of emblems closes with a flame of fire. It is the picture of an open blazing furnace as in the side of a hill, where the flames are bursting forth with great volume and fury, and have thrown down, and are enveloping a careless straggler who has ventured too near. While he is crying out for help, others stand away and laugh at him. They call him fool; say it is delirium tremens, or only an excited imagination; affirm that there is no such thing as fire, but only the fancy of it; and as to burnings in another world, they are only the phantoms of diseased brains, or the fictions of priests, intending thereby to rule men's souls and consciences with fear. They say that men's happiness of life and peace of mind, is all tormented out of them by such bugbears, and that the whole story of hell and sin, is an ugly Tartaren fable, that men are fools to give heed to. Let them dismiss it from their minds, and walk at liberty. But while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption; and the wages of sin is death, which no man can escape, neither the sin nor the death, but only through the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.

Who falls into the fire shall burn with heat,
While those remote seem from it to retreat,
Yea, while those in it cry out, oh, I burn!
Some further off, those cries to laughter turn.

While some tormented, are in hell for sin,
On earth, some greatly do delight therein,
Yea, while some make it echo with their cry,
Others count it a fable and a lie.

In his "Caution to stir up the soul," to watch against sin, Bunyan closes with some pregnant stanzas, such as Sir John Davies, or Donne, or the grave and profound genius of the greatest poets of the seventeenth century, might have written.

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Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire,
Hell soon would lose its heat, could Sin expire;
One sinless with infernals might do well,
But Sin would make a very heaven a hell.
Watch, therefore, keep this giant out of door,
Lest it get in, and never leave thee more.

Fools make a mock at Sin, will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
They know not that it is the very spell
Of Sin, to make men laugh themselves to hell.
Release, help, freedom from it, none can give,
But even He by whom we breathe and live,

Now may the God that is above,
That hath for sinners so much love,
These lines so help thee to improve,
That he to him thy heart may move.
Keep thee from outward enemies,
Help thee all Tempters to despise,
Deliver thee from fiends infernal,
And bring thee safe to life eternal!

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GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.

Palpitation of the Heart.

THE conversation, in a company, happening to turn upon the beating and motion of the heart in the human body, great admiration was expressed at the power and wisdom with which the Creator has so contrived these, as to keep the blood in circulation, and impregnate it with vital power, assimilating the heart, as one of the company observed, to the great machines which, through secret pipes, distribute water over a whole city. Gotthold observed: Let this remind us of the expression which the Holy Spirit has twice used respecting David, namely, that his heart smote him, upon one occasion, when, in the cave, he cut off the skirt of Saul's robe; and upon another, after he had numbered the people. And let us supplicate as a grace from God, that, whenever we are tempted, by imprudence or infirmity, to enter on any doubtful or dangerous course, our heart may in the same way beat and palpitate, to warn us of our danger; or that, if we have already been misled, and are fallen into sin, it may give us no rest, but smite and compel us, till, with true repentance, we fly to the cross of Christ, and find rest for it in Him. Not without reason do I call such palpitation a grace of God; for, in fact, it is nothing else but Christ and His Spirit knocking at the

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door of our heart, either to dissuade us from sinning, or induce us to repent of having sinned. In the body, the stoppage of the heart's beating indicates the presence of death; and, even so, he who no longer feels palpitation in his conscience, is, even though living, spiritually dead.

Second Meditation on the Heart.

IN the case of the criminal who has long stifled his conscience, the heart beats violently when he labors under apprehension or anxiety. We are told of an ingenious judge, who, as an easy and expeditious way of detecting a murderer among a number of persons who were suspected, ordered them all to stand round him in a circle, and uncover their bosoms. He then proceeded to lay his hand upon each in succession over the region of the heart, and discovered the perpetrator by the violence of the palpitation.

Here Gotthold paused; but a learned man, who was present, took up the word, and said that he had recently met with a very beautiful story, which was highly appropriate to the subject of conversation; and that, if it was the company's pleasure, he would briefly relate it. It happened in Switzerland, about one hundred and twenty years ago, that a worthy peasant was sentenced to the flames for adherence to the truth of the gospel. After many admirable proofs of constancy and fortitude during his confinement, he, so to speak, bequeathed to posterity a most remarkable one

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immediately before his death. When bound, and ready to be thrown into the fire, he craved permission to speak once more to the judge, who, according to the Swiss custom, was required to be also present at the execution. After repeatedly refusing, the judge at last came forward, when the peasant addressed him thus: You have this day condemned me to death. Now, I freely admit that I am a poor sinner, but positively deny that I am a heretic, because from my heart I believe and confess all that is contained in the Apostles' Creed (which he thereupon repeated from beginning to end). Now, then, sir, he proceeded to say, I have but one last request to make; which is, that you will approach and place your hand first upon my breast, and then upon your own, and afterwards frankly and truthfully declare, before this assembled multitude, which of the two, mine or yours, is beating most violently with fear and anxiety. For my part, I quit the world with alacrity and joy, to go and be with Christ, in whom I have always believed; what your feelings are at this moment is best known to yourself. The judge could make no answer, and commanded them instantly to light the pile. It was evident, however, from his looks, that he was more afraid than the martyr.

Gotthold offered the thanks of the company to the speaker for his beautiful story, with which, he said, he had not met in any of the martyrologies, and added: Let us, therefore, earnestly desire and continually pray, in the name of Christ, to God, graciously to give to us at our death an equally calm, happy, and fearless heart.

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Books or Men.

A STUDENT of theology complained one day that he was too poor to procure a sufficient supply of books; and yet, according to his opinion, a study without books was like a druggist's shop, in which the unstopped phials and empty boxes can furnish no medicine for the cure of disease. Gotthold replied: There is some truth in what you say; but, my good sir, do not imagine that a multitude of books is the only source from which it is possible to derive that erudition and mental culture which are acceptable in the sight of God. In fact, they often do more harm than good. It is possible to dry up a vast stream, by draining off its waters into little currents; and this is what happens to the mind which is prompted by curiosity or the hope of fame to read much, and toil through many books, but which gains only the boast of having read them; at the same time losing its humility and godliness. How foolish, too, is the man who sets up a number of costly volumes, like superfluous furniture, for mere ornament, and is far more careful to keep them from contracting a single spot of ink than to use them as the means of instructing his ignorance, and correcting his faults. Compared with fools like these, you ought to be considered fortunate. Better a man without books than books without a man. Select for yourself one or two of superior excellence, and lay them not aside, until it is observable in both you and them that they have been well used. That copy of an old author, which a pious lady had read so often, and bedewed so plentifully with her tears, that the pages had grown thin and sallow, was worth all the libraries of all hypocrites and nominal Christians collected into one. Be less concerned, therefore, about the number of books you read, and more about the good use you make of them.

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The Strange Bargain.

ONCE there lived, in a well-known city, two merchants—one of them a skilful arithmetician, and generally an able man; the other, inexperienced in figures, and by no means a match for the former in talent. They made the following bargain: The first sold a horse to the second; but instead of fixing a definite sum of money as the price, they agreed that it should be regulated by thirty-two nails with which the four shoes were fastened to the animal's hoofs, and should be paid in millet—one grain being given for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on; that is, doubling the number at every nail. The buyer was at first delighted at purchasing a fine charger for what he fancied a very moderate price; but, when the account came to be settled, he found that the quantity of grain which, by the terms of the agreement, he was required to pay, was enormous. In fact he would have been reduced to beggary, if some sensible friends had not interposed, and procured a dissolution of the bargain. Gotthold, who heard the story, observed: Well does it exemplify the wiles of Satan. By promising merry hours and temporal gain, he persuades and seduces man at first into what he calls venial faults, and labors to keep him in these until they have grown into a habit. Afterwards he advances by geometrical progression. Sin grows from sin, and one transgression follows another, the new always being the double of the old; and so the increase proceeds, until at last the base pleasure which has been bought, can be paid for only with that which is above all price, namely, the immortal soul; unless, indeed, God mercifully interpose in time, with his Holy Spirit. It is therefore best to keep one's self aloof, in every way, from Satan and his concerns, and to regard no sin as venial and small.

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VALUE OF EMBLEMS.

THE law which underlies the analogies between the external and invisible worlds, may never be comprehended until the mysterious connection of spirit and matter is successfully explored; yet that these analogies exist, and that they are not the children of fancy, but indicators of an essential agreement, and a native though indefinable oneness, must be the conviction of every thoughtful and unbiassed mind. The two worlds, that of material nature, and that of spiritual life, are creatures of the same Maker, and we might expect that some common principles or ideas might show their common origin; that the impressions of truth and wisdom found in the sphere of mind and conscience would have their counterparts, modified only by the necessities of the case, in the sphere of matter and material forces. The abundant and prevailing use of these analogies in the Scriptures of God, appears, we think, not simply because they form an attractive method of inculcating truth, but also because of the deep reality which lies at their basis. Especially is this apparent, when the analogies stand forth, not as verbal allusions or illustrations, but as visible symbols before the instructed eye. Indeed we might argue that the very fact that through these analogies the inculcation of truth is made attractive, proves a bottom reality of connection between the members of the analogy.

At the very first page of human history, we see the cherubim

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and flaming sword, a grand and impressive symbol to the parents of our race, powerful in its meaning to them, doubtless, as a very Bible of spiritual truth, however that meaning may be obscured to us in these days of new symbols indicating new facts. What was the rainbow to Noah, and what ought it to be to each of us? Simply the reflection and refraction of the different rays of the sun's light from the drops of water in the shower? Is this scientific analysis exhaustive of the rainbow? Is there no *soul* in the rainbow? no deep spiritual connection, of which the outward scientific definition has no cognizance? Is there not a great reality in the "rainbow round about the throne," with which every iris formed from sun and rain stands everlastingly conjoined? The sacrificial victim and its altar from the first days of sin had then symbolic significance, in accordance with which the suffering Saviour is styled the Lamb of God. Surely that was no mere conventional form by which Abram divided the heifer, the ram and the she-goat, placing the parts asunder, through which the lamp of fire and the smoking furnace passed in the deep darkness of the night. If there was not profound meaning there, then there was child's play.

On every page of the Bible, we find kindred exhibitions of symbolic tokens as divine instructors for our humanity. The Jewish dispensation, in its tabernacle with its priesthood and ritual, is replete with these analogies, grouped in intricate interlacing, that suggest even to those most ignorant of their meaning, a marvellous alliance between the seen and unseen, the material and spiritual. The prophets have handed to them, as it were, from heaven, emblem after emblem, to give either pictorially or verbally to the people to whom they minister. And, when we come to the New Testament, we find the body of Christ with its Head and its members accurately and minutely described, where the Church is signified, the olive tree and the wild olive, standing for the Jewish and Gentile churches, and all the parts of a building, representing the spirit-

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ual people of God. The leaven, the seed, the temple, the race, the armour, the household, the wedding, the supper, and scores of other familiar objects, are brought constantly before us as the exponents of the most important and recondite truths of the unseen world, and the use of head, hands, heart, and other portions of the bodily frame as indicating attributes of the soul, are common both to Scripture and universal human usage.

No mere chance-likeness can account for all this. The problem is too many-sided to be solved by the notion of hap-hazard. A designed resemblance is the least we can assume, and this really implies a connation. Men have often given the reins to a wild fancy and asserted analogies where none existed, which reckless conduct has led the sober-minded to lose their equilibrium, and fall back into a dogged skepticism on the whole subject, while they stigmatize all figurative language as mere poetry, by which they mean something different from, if not antagonistic to truth.

Now while we condemn all unreasonable vagaries of the imaginative powers, let us reverently hold to the courses of analogy revealed from God. These we may safely pursue. More than that we may assume that the material emblem will best present and impress the spiritual truth, giving a truer notion than what we call exact philosophic language could convey. For, after all, our philosophic language has to be translated by the mind into this language of material analogy, before it can be comprehended and become anything more than a dead X. Y. Z. Abstract language is exact, only because it has no life. It is exact, as it will not move and alter. You can put it away and it will keep, but when you take it out, you must clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood before you have a living being. It is *not* exact, as representing the unseen truth. *That* cannot be represented until you have reached the material analogue. A direct view of the spiritual world through language is impossible. The vision rests perforce upon the material

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representations, while a transcendant action of the mind makes the spiritual transfer.

A notable instance of this truth is in the universal notion of God in human form, or, if not in human form, in form lower than human. No one ever yet thought of God except as in the likeness of a material object. The theophanies of the Old Testament were not degradations of the Godhead, but truthful representations of God, as was the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

To treat, therefore, the highest spiritual subjects emblematically is to treat them in a natural way, and in a way nearer to the reality than by philosophic statement. Yet we grant that the exuberance of life in the emblem or symbol, makes it a more readily misused instructor than the lifeless formula of philosophy. The very quality which gives it power, makes it dangerous to the careless. The leading of God's word, the careful tracing of personal experience, and the due regard to modifying truths, are necessary elements in a judicious and righteous use of emblematic teaching, and (as we have seen) all teaching must be emblematic at the last.

Archbishop Usher's secretary, Francis Quarles, will always stand prominently among the men of English tongue, as the paragon of emblematic teachers. Though a loyalist adherent of Charles I., he wrote like a Puritan, and hence his works went into eclipse under the grossness of the Restoration. Later generations brought Quarles out of the cottages of the peasantry, where he had been preserved, and true piety has ever found in his "Divine Emblems," a wholesome and well flavoured feast. He drew from quaint and holy writers before him, but he had the soul of a poet and a saint to infuse his own individuality into all the material he used, and though we may find extravagancies both in his poems and in his prints (which should never be dissevered), his stream of truth is so full and broad, that we are not misled by these eddies of thought along the bank. With Quarles we always unite in our

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minds the Bedfordshire tinker, who was a boy when Quarles died. The "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Holy War," are but sustained systems of emblematic teaching, and to their wonderful power many generations will testify at the judgment-day. The design of the present book is to bring Man's life in its highest interests and relations pictorially before the eye and mind, after the manner of Quarles and Bunyan, from which the child may gather with delight and in which the man may explore with careful and well rewarded study. We feel assured that such books come nearer to the heart, and do more to establish it in truth, than the most erudite tomes of scientific theology. In this belief we commend the present volume to the guidance of Him, who uses the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty, that by these emblems human hearts may be instructed, rebuked and comforted to the furtherance of godly faith and the glory of His holy name.

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