

naum. There, at least, devoted friends and believing disciples would welcome Him. There, also, a large draught of souls would fill the Gospel net. Capernaum would be His Galilean home. Here He would on the Sabbath days, preach in that Synagogue, of which the good centurion was the builder, and Jairus the chief ruler. These names, and the memories connected with them, are a sufficient comment on the effect of His preaching, that 'His word was with power.' In Capernaum, also, was the now believing and devoted household of the court officer, whose only son the Word of Christ, spoken at a distance, had restored to life. Here also, or in the immediate neighborhood, was the home of His earliest and closest disciples, the brothers Simon and Andrew, and of James and John, the sons of Zebedee.

To Matthew, the writer of the first Gospel, as, long years afterwards, he looked back on this, the happy time when He had first seen the Light, till it had sprung up even to him 'in the region and shadow of death,' it must have been a time of peculiar bright memories. How often, as He sat at the receipt of custom, must he have seen Jesus passing by; how often must he have heard His Words, some, perhaps, spoken to Himself, but all falling like good seed into the field of his heart, and preparing him at once and joyously to obey the summons when it came, *Follow Me!* And not to him only, but to many more, would it be a glowing, growing time of heaven's own summer.

In the evening of his days, Levi-Matthew looked back to distant Galilee, the glow of the setting sun seemed

once more to rest on that lake, as it lay bathed in its sheen of gold. It lit up that city, those shores, that custom house; it spread far off, over those hills, and across the Jordan. Truly, and in the only true sense, had then the promise been fulfilled, "To them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."—A. E.

GLORIOUS LIBERTY!

I have seen the caged eagle beating vainly against the iron bars of his prison, his plums soiled and torn, his strong wings drooping, the light of his glorious eye dimmed, the pulse of his proud heart panting in vain for conflict with the careering clouds and the mountain blast. And I thought it a pitiable sight to see that kingly bird subjected to such bondage, just to be gazed at by the curious crowd.

I have seen the proud denizen of the air rejoicing in the freedom of his mountain home,

Clasping the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Basking in the noon's broad light, balancing with motionless wings in the high vault of heaven, or rushing forth like the thunderbolt to meet the clouds on the pathway of the blast. And I thought that that wild and cloud cleaving bird would choose death, could the choice be his, rather than give up his free and joyous life to drag out a weary bondage in a narrow and stifling cage.

And yet I have seen a greater and sadder contrast than that. I have seen men, made in the image of the living God, endowed with the glorious and fearful gift of immortality, capable of becoming companions with archangels, consenting to be caged and fenced