

tyrant. Give Satan that throne, and your whole being will be cursed and blackened into a devildom.

Set some friend there; his character will soon become yours. Throne the Lord God there, and your soul will be worked into Godliness. Love makes or unmakes the man. While dominant earthward love makes the miser, the despot, the stoic, the libertine; dominant Godward love suns the soul into uprightness.

He rests confidently upon the *adaptation* of the Lord's nature to his. He knows by experience that God is suited to him. If he is in darkness, God is a sun that knows no setting. If he is weak and foe beset, the Lord is a shield and stronghold mightier than a thousand Gibaltars. Is he bankrupt and needy? The Lord is his portion—a better portion than ten thousand argosies of golden fleece. God suits him and he wants to suit God.

He rests his soul upon God's *promise*. Looking down into this text, he reads "He will give." This is enough. This is a rock for the feet of the soul amid all the mutations of being—amid the quicksands and whirlpools of life. The continents of earth may be swept by contending seas, the Himmalayes may be tossed from their rocky thrones, the sun with his stars may be struck from his luminous centre, Alcyons; but the upright man knows that this rock will remain unmoved and immoveable as the eternal throne. God's promise is as immutable as God's throne. "To the upright there ariseth light in darkness." The upright man has often seen this light. He expects to see it come out the next dark day. Here is another promise, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the *end of that man is peace.*"

The upright are specially interested in the *beyond*. One day I saw within the margin of a sunny lake, three pretty things—a pebble, a shell, a lily. As I stood gazing at the three beauties in delight, my eyes changed and I looked away beyond the pebble, away beyond the shell, away beyond the lily, into the dreamy immensity, and saw clouds of new fantastic loveliness hung up in the setting sun. Forgetting or neglecting the wee beauties at my feet, I was lost in the magnificent glories beyond. Thus it is with the upright. While attracted by the fading beauties of earth, they are more attracted by the infinite glories of heaven. If attracted by the praise of men, they are more by the praise of