

veniously contriving the irregular parts that they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God; now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both servants of his providence; art is the perfection of nature; were the world now as it was the sixth day there were yet a chaos; nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE MODEL MAN OF ZEAL.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

"When I reach heaven," said an aged saint, just then ascending the electable Mountains, "I shall love to talk with the Apostle Paul." This was a very natural and a beautiful wish. It was not strange that the old pilgrim, whose life struggle was nearly over, should long for communion with that glorified saint who had withstood so many trials and borne so many stripes (if it be one occupation of heaven to talk of things below) to hear him tell how, in his Master's strength, he had confronted Grecian philosophy on the hill of Mars, how he had stood before Caesar unpappalled, how he had risen from his sleep in the midnight dungeon to sing praises to God, and how he had cast off the weeping brethren from his neck and cried aloud, "Behold, I go bound in spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there."

Paul was the model man of zeal. "It is good to be *zealously* affected," said he with a peculiar grace from his burning lips. Other men may have been more sublimely eloquent—perhaps Isaiah was. Elijah was commissioned to work more majestic miracles. Solomon had vaster knowledge and profounder wisdom. The bosom that lay nearest to our Lord's at the paschal supper may have contained a more tender, loving heart. But in the zeal that confers not with flesh and blood, that rejoices in abundant labors, stripes above measure, in weariness, watchfulness and tears; in the zeal that counts not even life dear, but cries out exultingly, "I am ready to be offered," in this the great apostle outshone them all.

This zeal no waters could quench. No prison dungeons or royal judgment halls could shake it. No intimidations could fright it. No labors or painful watchings could weary it. On through every dungeon, on through every difficulty, on he went in his holy mission, and became "all things to all men," if by this conformity to their wants (not to their errors) he might possibly save the more souls from the death that never dies.

The examples of Paul's zeal which his inspired biographer gives us are not brilliant isolated cases in a life of chronic self-indulgence and sluggishness. They were the outcome of a spiritual fervor so great that if seen but on one occasion they might appear to have been the overflow of a momentary enthusiasm; but the regularity, the *constancy* of their occurrence showed them to be the customary and normal actings of a soul per-