

here; accept them, do not with stoic affection ignore them, yet never let them limit your contemplation, and ensnare your chief attention and desire; the time is short this scheme of things unreal and fleeting.

"It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not, and they that rejoiced, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it,

For the fashion of this world passeth away."

And yet again, this life is a shadow, because it indicates, suggests, typifies to us the substance. God teaches us by types, and figures, and shadows of heavenly things, intending to prepare us by shadows for the Land "where all is true." Obviously so is this in Revelation; it is also thus in nature, and in the events and employments of life. Shadows, in themselves beautiful, are meant to suggest to us the far higher and more perfect beauty of the substance; and joined to this substance, that which was by itself a fleeting phantom, may secure a share of reality and endurance. Thus human love may become eternal, if wrought into and made part of the Divine; and even our possessions here may become treasure in the Heaven that faileth not. Only let the shadows perform their mission of suggesting, shaping out to us the substance, and leading our thoughts and affections to the things above, from which are cast those fair shadows that lie on the earth, if, that is, there be indeed in them real beauty. For I have noticed at the outset that shadows may delude, as well as instruct, they may mislead, as well as suggest. And whereas God would lead us by shadows to the substance of all that is good, and lovely, and great, the Enemy is ever on the watch to thwart this design by means of these very shadows, making us to take these for the reality itself. Thus shadows may either mislead or guide, delude or suggest, baffle or direct thought. Moonlight shadows, shadows watched alone, when the sun of gladness is set, and the colour and the noise of day have subsided—these mislead least, and the true shapes of objects are most clearly discerned in the sharp pencilling of the colder, graver light. And it is when the heart has it most brought home to it that the shadows are shadows, that they are least dangerous and most likely to be useful.

I have noted a passage which may well

be reproduced here, as allied to this train of thought, and further developing it;—

"To those who live by faith everything they see speaks of that future world; the very glories of nature, the sun, moon, and stars, and the richness and the beauty of earth are as types and figures witnessing and teaching the invisible things of God. All that we see is destined one day to burst forth into a heavenly bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. Heaven at present is out of sight, but in due time as the snow melts and discovers what it lay upon so will this visible creation fade away before those greater splendours which are behind it, and on which at present it depends. In that day Shadows will retire, and the Substance show itself. The sun will grow pale and be lost in the sky, but it will be before the radiance of him whom it does but image, the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, who will come forth in visible form, as a bridegroom out of his chamber, while his perishable type decays. The stars which surround it will be replaced by saints and angels circling his throne. And our mortal bodies will be found in like manner to contain within them an inner man, which will then receive its due proportions, as the soul's harmonious organ, instead of that gross mass of flesh and blood which sight and touch are sensible of. For this glorious manifestation the whole creation is at present in travail, earnestly desiring that it may be accomplished in its season."

I see the clearly cut shadow upon the blind of a large cloth-of-gold rose. Distinctly, exactly drawn: petals, drooping and erect; leaves, stem, buds;—all sharp and clean, and perfect in the transparent neutral tint; might not this shadow satisfy; might it not be accepted as an adequate rendering? We smile at the question, well knowing what wealth of tint and colour, light and shade, fulness and relief are not even suggested by that flat, though clear-drawn pattern. So may it be, let me think, with that glorious Substance, of which here we have merely Shadows more or less distinct. Not only eye hath not seen, but neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the warmth and colour and light and glory of those joys, that happiness which casts at times, however clear, a shadow here. Oh unimagined rapture therefore, and undreamed-of ecstasy to be the experience of God's true-hearted servants, in that hour, in those ages, when—

"The Morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay!"