

sion. The Zodiac is the path of the perishable in the eternal. The wild dance of dead leaves are bodies without souls carried away by the wind. There is more in life than many get out of it. By the wayside falls a lily. The foot of the reveler crushes it; the heat and toil of the day withers it; the dews of the night dampen it. Spots of decay appear. Soon that which came up will be cut down; and only the elfin winds will whisper "though after the skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God."

The World Form is the World Spirit. Conformity with law is the only freedom. If your ears were not dulled with the clinking of so many coins, if you did not sing so utterly out of tune you might hear the far off murmur of the distant Deity and the Worlds moving in a celestial melody. To know God is to know the flower of the field. Not that it is of a certain colour, not that it is of a certain species, but that the silken petal, the slender stem, the tint, the tone are all parts of one divine melody proceeding from the throne of Grace. Indelible truth is stamped upon perishable nature, indelible nature upon the same perishable truth.

Man is of doubtful parentage. As flesh and blood you may call him the man in God. As soul and sympathy you may call him the God in man. Perhaps the fingers are stiff and useless, the throat parched and broken, the heart hard and furrowed. If you could only strike the right note the nerves of a dead nature would glow with vitality and the tongue be wild with music. As it is he is such a senseless creature,—dumb as the brute beast, blind as the day owl, weak as the young willow. Only the hand tells the hour and the head indicates that life is a play of few acts and love but a song piped in the intervals.

Resurrection from the dead is in one sense Resurrection from the living. The Flesh Frame is as much a grave as the Earth, the World Frame. If the creeping creatures of the sod are absent you have the evils of the body. If the damp and moisture is a vision then the slime of a mouldy conscience is a great reality. Were it not better to sever the fateful cord with one swift blow than to slip into the great deep strand by strand? You think not because then it would be written that he who passed away was twice buried and but once died. He might have wakened, the voices whisper, if the rain of mercy had been spilt and the winds of wisdom overcome. Aye, he might have wakened and then the New Born would have turned his face to the breaking East