

it show forth, to the faith of the soul, the high path of its progress; how has it thrown thereon an illumination from heavenly spheres; how has it made it vocal 'with the soft beseechings of those gone upward to inhabit there; how has it communicated courage and animation, by its examples and its promises, to the striving believer! See an Apostle stretch out his fettered hands, while from his chainless soul breaks forth the exclamation,—“not that I have already attained; but forgetting the things that are behind, I *press on* to those that are before.” See the Holiest—having neared at every life-step the Infinit Goodness, in the adoring contemplation of which he sees none beside, none even in himself—as he stands at last on the Olivet-heights of that glorious excellence which the ministries of earth and heaven had helped him to attain, and says—if with reference to a local, yet more to a spiritual ascent, which not that passing hour was to consummate, nor yet the cycles of eternity —“I *ascend* to my Father.”

“Go up higher.” To a soul rightly attuned it is heard as the bidding of all events; it is felt in the tendency of all to aid in what thus they call to. Those that we dread the most, whose approach we shrink from, may prove, and more truly than those we welcome, the helpers of our progress—as the winds that roughen the sea impel the vessel, before a faithful helm, more swiftly on her course. The call to conflict is a call to the added strength which awaits the victor. Every temptation and difficulty and hardship and loss, is a trumpet-note for the soul to gird itself to a struggle, in which fidelity is success, and success is progress. And that event, shrouded, to the natural apprehension, is such appalling mystery, and