

In like manner the thrill of fresh joy which makes the whole man throb with delight, would be scarce worth the having or the losing, were it only like the lightning, flashing intensely bright, and then quenched forever. But a nature gifted with faculties for infinite enjoyment, and with a whole eternity wherein these joyous buds shall expand themselves in undecaying beauty and fragrance, turns our whole life into a deep and awful reality. A flower that folds its leaves, and withers down at sunset, may be carelessly trodden under foot; but a star that shall roll round forever in its orbit—either effulgent in its brightness, or dark in the gloom of its own chaos, is an object of wonder.

Such is the life of man—not of one man, or of some men, but every man. By itself it may seem a plaything; in connection with the everlasting future, it becomes awfully real and solemn in its aspect. We may be poor, unlettered, obscure, hard-toiling men, still our life is an infinite reality—no mere shadow or vision, but an inconceivable reality.

We must then live in earnest. No other kind of life deserves the name. Life is not life if it be not in earnest. Anything short of this is gross inconsistency—an utter mockery of life. If there be anything in real life, or anything real in eternity, we must be in earnest. If our souls have any value beyond the trees of the forest, we must be in earnest. If heaven be no fable, and hell no dream, we must be in earnest. If God so loved the world as to give his Son for us, we must be in earnest. If Jesus died and rose again, and lives in heaven for us, we must be in earnest.—*Extract.*

### FRIENDLY RELIGIOUS LETTER.

BELOVED BROTHER OLIPHANT:—It is not at all uncommon for me, and for many others also who are situated at a distance from relations and friends, to write frequently to them about the every day affairs of this transitory life; and why then should I, though not situated very remotely from you, fear or hesitate to write to you upon a far more important subject; viz. the very day affairs of the christian life? It appears to me there is not enough familiarity among disciples.

When we speak of the life of a christian, we have eternal life in view. And the question naturally arises, How shall we, who have put on Christ, and profess to walk in newness of life, conduct ourselves in order to be as perfect as this state of existence will permit, or in order to be as near like Christ as possible?

“Set your affections on things above,” says the apostle. What things?—and for what purpose? The things are, “Glory, honor, and immor-