

fine article called "the hopes of salvation." The most handsomely dressed disciple in primitive times, even Paul wore one of this kind, only it was a good many times more beautiful. But the one I now refer to was a good article, and it gave a most dignified and noble appearance to said disciple.

But when I saw him lately I should judge he must have gone head foremost into the Slough of Despond. That once beautiful head-dress was disfigured to one's amazement. It was crushed and tattered. Whatever had been the case, it did not *now* seem that the head-dress had anything to do with salvation. David's looked very much like it about the time he wrote the fifty-first psalm; and Peter's about the time he denied his Master.

I do not know that anything more need be said, to show that the individual in question was a very poorly dressed disciple. There was not one article of that beautiful apparel which he had received when he entered the King's family, but had been made a sad spectacle to look upon. The "fine linen, clean and white," was sadly soiled, while rents and chasms in all directions, announced what company he had been in, and what usage he had received.

It was more of a pity, in that, when he received his beautiful garments,

1. He received a very solemn charge to keep every thing in nice order and worthy of a member of the King's family.

2. He as solemnly promised he would. A great many people heard him make that vow. And it is not doubted there were invisible hearers, too. And 3. He had the most pressing and urgent motives to keep himself arrayed in the beauty of holiness. The King's command was one; the King's kindness in giving him such apparel in the place of former rags was another; and the help promised him was another; and the peace of conscience it would have given him was another; and the good he could have done in promoting the moral beauty of others was another; and the shining examples of all the well-dressed disciples since the world began was another. And there was yet another. The King sent him word often, that if he did not look out for his spiritual apparel he would not be able to "go through the gates into the city," and therefore he could not be present at the the great banquet he was preparing for all who were arrayed in "fine linen, clean and white." This was now and then as a "fire shut up in his bones," but it soon burned out, and he kept on being the ragged and dingy disciple I have been describing.