

the people, and an awe as if it had thundered, or as if there had been an earthquake; they go home in quietness and in serious thought. And many on their way home avoid conversation, and would much rather walk alone, and in many a house there is one, who is silent that day at dinner, and the others do not understand the reason. And when you preach thus in the Spirit, you yourself are moved in your soul, and feel that it is not you who are speaking, but that it is given you of the Father, and you would fain fall down and worship and weep before God—is it from joy or sorrow, fear or hope?

See, O pastor, or whatever your title may be, were you to preach thus every Sunday, the Spirit would begin to kindle gradually in your congregation and to break through, and the kingdom of God would be in it as when a woman taketh leaven, and hideth it in three measures of meal till the whole is leavened. Yes, it cannot be otherwise, it must kindle and burn, and if you do not live to see it on earth, you will see it on that day when you behold your risen parish-children at the right hand of the Great Shepherd, peace and joy in their countenances. True, it is not always possible to preach in this way, and it is not given thus to every one; the gospel may come also without thunder and sound of trumpet, as a still light, and quiet word, and yet have a deep and powerful effect. But it would be a grievous sin for a man to trust to his ready utterance, and enter a pulpit without earnest prayer and meditation, or to study florid and graceful phrases, and oratorical effectiveness, to please and amuse the sentimental, and to be praised on account of his rhetoric, instead of preaching the gospel to the poor. Let it not be so with you, or if it has been so, let it be so no longer.—*Good Words.*

#### HOW THE OLD ARE TO BECOME YOUNG.

I PITY you, that you are getting old, and yet you would like to be young, and to live a long while. I know, however, of something—do not think I am joking, I am quite serious—something that I think you would like very much, viz., a prescription for becoming young again, and if you use it properly, you will find I have not been deceiving you. But is it in your body or your soul, that you would like to become young again? Don't be ashamed to say "in your body," if that is your feeling. Well, I have no remedy to accomplish that;—God has reserved it for a future time, and at the great resurrection, the grand Easter-feast, he will accomplish the wondrous work. But the renewal of the soul is another thing, and I have something to say about it. The soul has a mysterious nature, and it is unfathomable what may become of it, an angel or a devil, and an old soul may even become a child.

You believe the Son of God. He said once to his disciples, some of whom were ra-

ther advanced in years (Peter, I think, was already bald at the time): "Unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And if this was an utter impossibility, it is clear the Saviour would not have mentioned it. If you think of the old people in your neighbourhood, you will find a great variety amongst them. Some remind one of old cats. I don't mean that they are dried and withered up, but I refer to their mind. They are obstinate and envious, and deeply interested in food and ready to grumble, whether you are silent or talkative, and all the day long they look discontented, and nothing pleases them. But you know some old men and women who are quite different. After speaking to them one feels as if one had tasted old sweet wine, and one would like to be with them every day, and almost falls in love with them. And though their face is full of lines, and looks so parched, it delights you to look at them. Their mouth has no teeth, but it is beautiful when words of piety and kindness flow from it; and though their cheeks are hollow, their eyes make up for it, they beam with love, humility, meekness, and happiness in God; and this beaming look is gentle and calm, like the quiet sheen of glow-worms in a still summer night. And withal, they are so patient, and bear so much without complaining, and yield so readily to other people, and have so few claims, and are so anxious to be of no trouble to any one; they think so little of themselves, and pray so much for other people, and follow so readily what one suggests, and are always so calm, that you think their old bodies are inhabited by the soul of a dear angel-like pious child. These people are of the class whose youth has been renewed.

Do you not agree with me, that such youthfulness is a very precious thing, for, in the first place, it renders old age pleasant, and people like such an aged companion, and like to keep him among them as long as possible. Secondly, there are no old people in heaven, and never shall be. For heaven is made to suit only children. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." But how can a soul become young and child-like, a fragrance to God and to angels?—I will tell you something about it.

You have seen beautiful images of saints. When you look into one of those faces, do you not feel your heart moved, and forget your old annoyances and petty cares, and almost fancy you also should like being a saint? And even when the artist has not been very clever, and when very little money has been spent on it, it is the expression and memento of a God-devoted life. Now, what have the images of saints to do with my subject? Just wait a moment. Our Lord God, who can paint most beautifully, even as he is the source of all that is truly good and beautiful