

the discordant note may be traced to grief at the blindness and hatred of the world towards Him who came to be its light and life, — never to merely personal considerations. His character is surely far more interesting from his union of high spirit with devoted love. His goodness came not from want of passion or sensibility, but from the power of an engrossing faith and the life of a guiding love. To understand St. John, borrow an illustration from the name given him in his young days by his Master. The Son of Thunder was so impetuous, that, when the Samaritans rejected the Saviour, he wished that fire might come from heaven and destroy their city. Here is an electric spirit unbalanced, lightning within in affinity with the lightning which it would evoke from the clouds. Pass on a few years, and contemplate that same man at the Last Supper, — follow him to Ephesus, to Patmos, nay, to that sacred old age, when all he could say to his people was but to tell them to love. Where was the lightning then, — its power annihilated, or its forces balanced and controlled? Or in other words, does goodness weaken the character, or strengthen it? does it consist in the annihilation of natural forces, or their true balance upon principles of everlasting right? Let the element which furnished the name for this loved disciple afford the illustration of the change in his character. When clouds vanish, the winds cease, and lightnings flash no longer, no power is destroyed; the elements that made the storm are balanced, and the fiery bolt was but an irregular action of a force omnipresent, and coexistent with life itself. Yes, in every cup of water given in the name of a disciple, there is enough of latent lightning, or electricity, if let loose, to lay waste a city, and in every dew-drop enough to arm the storm