

him the foretaste of heaven. The world is beautiful to him, because it is the work of his Father's hand; and his emancipated spirit walks abroad through all the pleasant things brought forth by the sun, and delights amid the beauties and glories of creation as if they were all his own.

The Palm grows from within outward. The new deposit of woody matter, which is to enlarge its dimensions and increase its strength, comes directly from the vital process which is going on at the heart. Though the surface may seem hard and rigid, yet the central portion of the trunk is soft and pliant, and at the same time full of that mysterious and ever-acting vitality, which is the source of strength and growth to the whole tree. With the other and larger class of trees, the process of growth is the opposite of this. In them the heart may be hard as stone, and utterly dead, while the outside appears green and flourishing. The whole vitality of the tree may be employed in giving the surface the appearance of life, while the heart is utterly gone, and the trunk is nothing but a shell.

The spiritual life of the righteous man has its seat in the heart, and displays its power from within outward. He is not indeed as yet "vital in every part," sanctified in his whole body and soul and spirit; but the warmth with which his system glows is fire from heaven, and it has been kindled upon an altar, where the flame shall never go out; and that altar is his renewed and consecrated heart. However his external aspect may at times seem rigid and cold, there is always warmth and tender sensibility within. The outside of the cultivated and decorous worldling is the best of him. While his branches are green, and he spreads his foliage in glorious beauty to the sun, he is so utterly dead in the very soul and centre of his spiritual being as not to possess the slightest symptom of vitality, where the new life of love to God should have its pure fountain and have its perpetual spring—in the heart.

And the universal church of Christ in the world, lives and grows by the same law which governs the spiritual life of the individual believer. The elements of its power come from within itself, and not from the world. And the church must be made strong for the entire conquest of the world, by living expansion from its own centre of life, and that is Christ himself. It is not the world that is to enrich and strengthen and save the church; but it is the church which is to enrich and save the

world, or both will be lost together. The streams of salvation must flow from the church outward, to water the desert, and make the waste blossom as the rose. The church forgets its mission and its glory, when it seeks to propitiate the powers of this world by a recreant distrust of its own truth, or a feeble hesitancy in asserting its high claims, in the name of Christ, to the loftiest endowments of intellect, and the utmost resources of nations. From the heart of the church of Christ alone can go forth the vitalizing influences which can save the world from utter corruption, decay and death. And the world can secure to itself permanent growth and prosperity, only by taking to its own heart that divine principle of life by which the church and all the children of God live.

#### HERE AND THERE.

Here, 'mid death and danger, mournfully we  
stay,  
Everything around us yielding to decay;  
But in the better country, sin's dark triumph  
o'er,  
All things are enduring—life for evermore.

Here, with weary footsteps, in a desert waste,  
Strangers in a strange land, we pass through  
in haste;  
There our rest awaits us, our hearts are gone  
before,  
In that land of brightness—rest for evermore!

Here our courage faileth in the storms of life,  
Our hearts are sad and anxious, ruffled in the  
strife;  
There the tempest endeth, the billows cease to  
roar,—  
All is calm and tranquil—peace for evermore!

Here, amid our sadness, silence often reigns,  
Or our voices mingle in low and plaintive  
strains;  
There no chord of sadness shall wake an echo  
more,—  
Heaven itself resoundeth—song for evermore!

Here, amid our sorrows, sighs are often heard,  
Foudest hearts are parted, sick with hope  
deferred;  
There no tear-drop falleth, hearts are never sore,  
All is joy and gladness—joy for evermore!

Here, 'mid deep'ning shadows, wearily we roam,  
Looking for the day-star, the bright light of  
home;  
There the clouds shall vanish, the night of  
weeping o'er,  
When the sun ariseth—light for evermore!

Only a little longer have we to trust and wait,  
Ere we reach the portals, pass the pearly gate,  
Hear the shout of welcome, from loved ones  
gone before,  
In our Father's mansion—home for evermore!