

Numb and weary, on the mountain, would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battles? Many wounded round thee moan,
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still

Is the heart a living power, self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

THE FARMER WHO WAS A FOOL.

LUKE XII., 16-21.

No. II.

III.—THERE IS THE WORDLY MAN IN HIS SECURITY.

After he had made his fortune he was to have a fine self gratulation: the mortal was to speak to the immortal: that part of him which had its emblem in the grass, green at morn and withered at night, was to say to the soul, "*Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease.*" What would we think of the state of mind of the proprietor of many goodly acres, and the holder of stock in many profitable Associations, sitting down daily to a feast of the finest soil from his lands, and before dishes filled with gold, and notes and mortgages, and to hear him say that such constituted his food? We would look at him with utter wonder. We would conclude that avarice had driven his intellect from its throne. And why? Because such is not food for a man, and cannot satisfy the cravings of hunger and the pantings of thirst. But look at the man immortal, the man with the wondrous spirit nature, the man with a soul that God has breathed into him, and must return to Him again; and see him offering that soul, as its chief care, and contemplation, and joy, the products of successful earthly enterprise, and what shall we say? Are these its proper sustenance? Do these give it health and strength to go back to its native land, the world of spirits, and to meet the Parent Spirit in the glorious likeness of His child? Indeed it would seem more rational to attempt to feed the body with earth and gold, than it does to see a man give his whole soul, mind and strength only to material gains; tho' after all, it is not a mere figure of speech to say that the real bread of life with many consists in such temporal acquisitions. Their souls find their sweetest feast in their worldly gains. The great Limner of the human heart here shews us a covetous one, with its promptings, motives, and joys, in that farmer who looked proudly on his great barns, and bade his soul seek its security from want in the plenty that was gathered there. He beheld, but saw not God who gave, nor God who keeps, nor God who can take away.

Does any one of my readers see, in that farmer, anything like himself? Come, now, look narrowly, and learn what manner of man *you* are. Desire really to know. Pray to know, for you cannot obtain the right knowledge without Divine help. Come now, go apart, and with all your earnestness and sincerity, pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know