

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. v. 14.



“THINGS WHICH CANNOT  
BE SHAKEN ;”

OR,

“FASTENING UP, NOT FASTENING  
DOWN.”

**W**E were going over a private yacht, which had put into harbour for a day or two at Whitby. It was a beautiful sight; a very picture of nautical neatness, from its natty-looking crew to its most trifling appointment.

But one feature of the arrangements in the little cabins of the *Curlew* specially caught my attention. As far as possible, the appliances for rest and comfort, great and small, were detached from the floors and walls of the saloons and cabins and made to hang on hooks and cords. The lamps swung by chains from the ceiling, as did also the various

little shelves placed here and there, to serve the purpose of occasional tables. The beds and couches, such as were not actually hammocks, as well as the saloon table, were loose in their standing-frames, so that a touch of the hand set them in motion. I turned for explanation to our sailor guide.

“How loose everything seems,” I said; “I should have thought that for going to sea you would have had all the furniture fastened down as tightly as possible.”

“Ay, miss,” he answered, with a good-natured smile; “we need to be fastened tight, that’s true enough; but it’s fastening up, not fastening down, that keeps things steady in a gale. Now, this little thing here” (and he put his hand on the bright lamp, suspended from the middle of the saloon ceiling), “if you were to nail it down to the table, it would shake about, and spill all the oil, and be no good at all; but slung from above, as you see, it doesn’t move with all the tossings of the boat, but will hang pretty steady, and burn clear in even roughish nights.”

The sailor, all unknowingly, had read me a parable. Surely, I thought, if there’s one thing of more consequence than another in our voyaging over the waves of this troublesome life, it is to have a hold that will keep our hearts steadfast and still. But oh, how truly we can say with my sailor friend, “it’s not fastening down, but fastening up,” that keeps us quiet in life’s storms. Even the Christian’s anchor—“the anchor of the soul”—must be fastened above, not below. It “entereth into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered—even Jesus.”

This holding from above is one of the blessed distinctions which mark the child of God. It would be mockery to say “Be still” in the hour of trouble, to one whose feet were resting on this poor slippery, storm-tossed earth, since such an one could not “hold him still in the Lord.”—*Selected.*

Thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help.

Hosea xiii. 9.