

the quickening, illuminating, and sanctifying influence and power of the Holy Ghost, we have no means of knowing.

There will not, indeed, be any revelation made to man which will supersede that system of truth which constitutes the historical basis of Christianity. Startlingly original as the teaching of our Lord must have appeared to those who heard Him, He never failed to put honour upon the Scriptures. In this respect we cannot be too careful to follow His example. If we would avoid error, however, and not shut out the progressive illumination which the words of the Lord Jesus warrant us in expecting in this the perfection and crowning glory of all the dispensations, we must not confound the spirit with the letter. We must learn to distinguish between the truth embodied, represented in symbols, and in forms of speech, which however perfect, owing to the defectiveness of the recipient, can never of themselves convey to the soul a complete representation of such a subtle essence as the truth of God, and the living Spirit of God, which is essential Truth itself, operating upon the human spirit by the written Word, by the facts of nature and Providence, by the progress of human development and the peculiar forms of intellectual activity which distinguish the successive ages of human history, by the state of the affections, and by the aspirations, and the conflicts and struggles of the soul in its efforts to obtain a more complete comprehension of the mystery of being, and a more perfect acquaintance with God. All these constitute a divinely-appointed system of means for the development and perfecting of human nature; and in all these, through all these, and by all these, is the Holy Ghost continuously working, not only through the entire life-time of individual men, but through the whole progress of the ages, guiding those who love God and keep His commandments into all the Truth. Such is the mission of the Comforter, in its broadest and most comprehensive aspect, if we read aright the promises and predictions of our Lord respecting it.

MY HEART WAS HEAVY.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place,
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded o'er a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
One common sorrow like a mighty wave
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

—Whittier.