

plished, and spend three times the sum for which he is contending, sooner than he will submit to be *wronged* out of it. Men do not suffer injustice tamely; but here, where *all* that is of value to the never-dying soul is at stake—here just upon the edge of the everlasting and most dreadful woe—here, where, if there was *one* single consideration which would tell for them, they would be most patiently and gladly heard, there will not be found one—not one—who shall have the assurance to utter a single syllable.

So clear will it be to them the utter folly and wilfulness of their self-ruin, that when sentence is pronounced, they will turn in dead silence from the face of Him who sought them all their lives, and veiling their faces, they will take the plunge, from which He *could not* save them. There will be but one expression and one wail through all that endless falling, and that will be, "Soul, thou hast destroyed thyself."

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## THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching toward heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses great ships about like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snowflakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it ere we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air.

Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us.

Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all living things were there no atmosphere; the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose.

In the morning, the glaring sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, until her eyelids begin to open; and thus daily, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.

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