

valuable in their hands; and her wealth was to see them abound, and then she was rich and happy.

Now it is to be supposed that these precious metals, rich spices, and goodly gems, were such as are used for pride and show, and bravery, such as where the crown encircles an aching head, where the diamond agraffe fixes a silk cope over a troubled heart, or where the dazzle of the bright emerald attracts the gazer's eye from the wan complexion of the wearer of the gay bauble; but to show in more striking relief, the lustreless and sickly eye of her that boasts thereof. But these precious things which she gave out of her treasury, were of infinitely greater value than the diamond that hides its lustre in the gloomy mine, or the pearl that lies in obscurity among the coral reefs of the depths of the ocean. Her jewels were fairer far than these, and her gold was seven times refined. The choicest amongst them was as the violet among flowers, whose perfume is rich, and its purple most beautiful, but both are hid behind the clustering leaves, so this sweet and lovely jewel grew low and retired; but whosoever wore it became lovely in their mother's eyes, and most dear in that of her Spouse; for it was such He loved, and wore the most, giving an example to all that should love him, that the surest road to his heart and love, was to walk as HE had walked, adorned with the sweetest gem of HUMILITY.

(To be Continued.)

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

How goodly and how many are the holy thoughts, like winged worshippers, unseen too as they, that throng the heart of the silent worshipper, as he kneels in meditation in the NAVE OF THE CHURCH. But to feel them aright, to lavish therein in full sweep, he must needs enter into the chancel, where the Holy of Holies dwells, and where all is redolent of Paradise. Yet even there, there is but a glimpse, a shadow, as it were, of the good things to come, in that sanctuary of sanctuaries, the chancel of the New Jerusalem, where alone is to be found that full fruition which here we love in prospect, and long for, saying, *Usquequo, Domine, usquequo*. "But Thou, O Lord, how long!"

In the porch we sow the seed, and the shoots young and tender break forth; but in the NAVE the blossoms come forth in their beauty, and form into fruit,—fruit that is ripened in the sanctuary. Hence every thing around is to be turned to the advantage of the yet frail plant. Unseen agency and quickening suggestions from heavenly guardians must needs be heedfully received; the very silence of the holy place tells of that long-suffering patience with which forbearing God holds back till we dissolve in tears, and that chair of penance

where we have so lately knelt proclaims that, to those that have wept aright, answering angels have rejoiced in heaven, and the long line of Community of Holiness is still intercessionally imploring that we may watch aright, and by humble perseverance continue in the new and better way which their much prized but common grace has begotten;—in us the tears, in them new joy, and imprecating its descent on us, that we may receive it now as they too receive it, and that in us it may beget a better assurance of our, one day, feeling the effects thereof which they now experience,—increase, namely, of holy love, and continually increasing devotion to the one end, aim, and object of their and our creation.

From the alpha of the western porch, to the brilliant omega of the chancel, from transept to transept, from pillar to pillar, from the symbolized tiles of the pavement to the golden stars that smee the azure spandrels of the lofty roof;—from the depth of the under-croft, to the watchful bird of St. Peter that crowns the cross of the massy tower's spire,—there is not an inch of ground that is not full of subjects suited to the deepest heart. God is a spirit and a Mystery; our souls also are Spirits, and they are mysteries. Therefore it is fitting that HE should be in all our thoughts, and that there should be congruity between us, by means of that which unites us with Him; albeit the union can only be that of the finite and created, with HIM the Infinite and increate,—the one and only Fountain from which all life flows. Thus also Spirit may, or rather cannot, join with Spirit, but in that communion which leads link-like towards Him; seeing that, however their degree in the order of creation, the highest as well as the lowest emanate solely from Him, who is the common source from whom all orders have sprung. Hence, in compassion to our compound nature, which is half angelic, half plastic,—of heaven and earth,—designed for ever for heaven; and moulded of earth, for earth for a time; and modified for heaven for eternity;—so, while we are in the material state of existence, there are given therein, as it were, windows, through which the soul may read, in sensible things, subjects for mysteries as deep as shall give full scope in eternity for the glorified being to contemplate, and in contemplation to rejoice.

Hence we have food for the soul in all the tangible objects that are around us, the suggestions of which we must perfect by that wondrous, tangible, and material mystery of the Incarnation, which not only our souls enjoy, but also our bodies, in the verily and indeed presence of the adorable victim, who for every want and use rests tangibly on the altar within the sanctuary. Hence, by a needful corollary, the use of sensible images, as books or landmarks of the soul, are needful and required by the