

is summer ; the gardens are colored with flowers, but it stands as bare as it stood in the spring. It is autumn ; the orchards are golden and red with fruit, but it remains black and dead.

Sinner, thou art that dry tree. Look back to your early years and think what you were, — ere ever the light of knowledge of good or evil dawned upon your new-born wondering mind, ere evil storms of passion overhung to darken or trouble it. How warm was your fresh tender heart towards your earthly parent, how cold towards your Heavenly Father ? You wept sometimes from religious impressions, but were the tears which fell from your eyes true signs of the life of God in your soul ? Do not those who are at enmity with God perchance weep over the sufferings of Christ ? Have you not wept over the pathetic story of the cross ? But was there any more real spiritual emotion in your tears than in the tears you shed over a broken toy, or a dead pet ? Did your child-voice ever utter prayer, true prayer ? Do the dead breathe ? And when summer came and others of your age were blossoming in spiritual loveliness, did you brighten and break forth into the bloom of grace ? Did you become humble and obedient and affectionate ? Did your heart begin to swell and beat with a new and hidden life, sending the warm streams of joy and love through your entire being, until no longer able to contain yourself you broke forth into sweet confession of Christ and praise to God ? Do the dead speak ?

And when autumn came to you, and the souls of men you loved were ripening under the constant shining of God's face upon them, did your feelings