

have eyes to see, and make good use of them. But blinded, perverted, shortsighted worldlings cannot perceive or admire.—What little of God's dealings with men may be forced on their attention may seem confused, unintelligible, lacking all righteousness. So, they continue to look earthward, and to grub and grovel till the bitter end. Those fens and sluggish pools, those bogs and quicksands, are more attractive in their eyes than yonder glorious crystalline heights bathed in the light of Heaven.

Those snowy crests have never been trodden by explorer's foot. The air is piercingly clear, and thin, and cold. It becomes dark to the eye from excess of light. There is no foothold even for the lithe-limbed chamois hunter. Adventurers have tempted the ascent and have paid the penalty with life itself. Yet though it is not given to men to tread those summits or to pitch their tents there and live on that pure cold air in the stainless light, all may look up from some modest hill-top far below, and enjoy the sight and drink in the beauty and be abundantly satisfied. We cannot trace all God's footsteps, or follow him in the paths of his righteousness. There are heights so bright with the clear light of Heaven, and so removed from our track, that if we seek to bring them under our feet they are lost to us in utter darkness, and we become blind to them, and we stumble upon them and fall and perish.—But if we gaze from some lower height with the eye of loving faith we shall see nothing but light and beauty the most exquisite, where, had we been too curious and too trustful in our own strength, our flesh would have been torn and all our bones shattered.

How glorious the mountain robed in the dewy light of morning or of evening! No cloud darkens its brow. Its breaths of forests, its green pastures, its tinkling rills leaping from ledge to ledge of the everlasting rock, its glaciers, ever flowing, ever stationary, its towers and pinnacles of granite softened with the hues of the rainbow, its kingly mantle of virgin snow,—all strength, and grandeur and loveliness seem concentrated in a scene such as this. All is harmonious, all unified in the flooding light. You would

not willingly exclude one cold peak, one rough gorge, one frowning precipice.

But look again. The mountain is gloomy with clouds. The storm bursts in fury.—The winds rave wildly. The lightnings flash through the gloom, and the thunder utters its multitudinous voices. The avalanche crashes down the mountain side carrying ruin and terror in its wake. Where now the light and glory of the mountain? Its very shape disappears; it is as if it were wholly blotted out in darkness and tempest. Ay, but it is the same mountain still; and there it rests, behind the storm, behind the gloom, ready to be revealed in pristine splendour when the elements of confusion and wrath have exhausted themselves.

Need we draw out the analogy with regard to the righteousness of God? How often in the course of history do all things appear utterly confused, in hopeless disorganization; rebellions, revolutions, convulsions threatening church and state.—Thrones totter and fall. Kings are made to lick the dust. Old institutions are swept away in the whirlwind of popular passion. Nation marshals its forces against nation, and the red waves of war threaten to overwhelm the world with ruin. The landmarks which the fathers erected are rudely torn down. God himself is blasphemed, ignored, forgotten. But the righteous God still reigns,—rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm. His righteousness is as firm and sure as ever, and it will soon be made manifest. The clouds will pass away; the storm will be hushed, leaving those slopes and heights all the more sunny, bright and lovely. Peace is the purer and more blessed for the thunder of war. Health is sweeter after sickness; safety more welcome after peril. Every completed chapter of the history of nations and of churches, manifests the righteousness of God. Be it the overthrow of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red sea, or the destruction of the ancient monarchies, or the fall of the Roman empire, or the tragic story of the French revolution, or the revolutions of British history,—God's righteousness shines through all resplendent and beneficent. Deep-rooted iniquities