

cult, sorely difficult, to get a sickly, dying world to Christ. Of a stout, healthy, undying world, we should utterly despair. *To quicken our desires for the permanent home.* When down the mountain side the storm rushes, beating the tent of the traveller to the earth, scattering the canvas to the winds—then, if not before, does there steal into the heart of the storm-beaten one a wistful desire for the fire-lit hearth and the fond faces of home. The tent trembles—disease weakens the body, accident lays it low in pain. The tent trembles, the arm falls weak at the side—the raven tresses are streaked with gray, the eyes grow dim, the ears become dull. O ye aged believers, ye dwellers on the slope of life, feeling in yourselves the approach of death, think of the home that awaits you! A home where the walls of jasper, and the gates of pearl, and the streets of gold will be surpassed by the glory of God, and the presence of Christ, and the companionship of loved ones gone before. In the prospect of that home rejoice!

“Heavenly home! heavenly home!
Precious name to me!
I love to think the time will come,
When I shall rest in thee.”

“I’ve no abiding city here;
I seek for one to come;
And though my pilgrimage be drear,
I know there’s rest at home.”

There is the pressure of trial in this tabernacle. “Being burdened.” My youthful friends will perhaps find it difficult to believe this is a description of their condition. Upon them the burden has not yet descended. Youth is joyous. The future is bright with hope, and if in the present tears come they are sudden and short as April showers. The gladness of a heart un-