

kept. Many men live in one or two rooms, out of thirty or forty in the soul.

If you should take a candle—that is, God's Word, which is as a lighted candle—and go into these soul-houses, and explore them, you would find them, generally, very dark. The halls and passage-ways, the stairs of ascent, the vast and noble ranges of apartments—all are stumbling dark. There, for example, is the apartment, or faculty, called Benevolence. You can tell by the way the door grates, that it is seldom opened. But if you were to thrust in a light, you would see that the room is a most stately place. The ceilings are frescoed with angels. The sides and panels are filled with the most exquisite adornments. The whole saloon is most inviting to every sense. Seats there are, delightful to press, and the niches are filled with things enticing to the eye. But spiders cover over with their webs the angels of the ceiling. Dust blackens the ornaments. The hall is silent, the chambers are neglected. The man of the house does not live in this room!

Turn to another; it is called Conscience. It is an apartment wonderfully constructed. It seems to be central. It is connected with every other apartment in the dwelling. On examination, however, it will be found that, for the most part, the doors are all locked. The floor is thick with dust. The dust is its carpet. The room is very dark. The windows are glazed over with webbed dirt. The light is shut out, and the whole apartment is dismal. The man who owns the house does not frequent this room!

There is another chamber called Hope—if haply you can see the inscription over the door. It has two sides, and two windows. From one of these you may see the stars, the heaven beyond, the Holy City, the Angels of God, the General Assembly and Church of the First-born.—This is shut! The other window looks out into the World's Highway, and sees men, caravans, artificers, miners, artisans, engineers, builders, bankers, brokers, pleasure-mongers. That window stands wide open, and is much used!

The room called Faith is shut, and the lock rusted. It is lifted up above all others and rests, like a crystal-dome observatory, upon the top of the dwelling. But its

telescope is unmounted—its implements all gone to waste! The chamber of Worship is silent, unused, unvisited, dark and cheerless.

Indeed, in these upper and noble apartments, on which the sun rests all the day long, from which all sweet and pleasant prospects rise, to which are wafted the sweetest sounds that ever charm the ear, and the sweetest odors that ever fall from celestial gardens, around about which angels are hovering—these are, in most soul-houses, all shut and desolate!

But if you go into the lower ranges, you shall find occupancy there, yet with various degrees of inconvenience and misery. If you listen, you shall hear in some rioting and wassail. The passions never hold Lent; they always celebrate carnival! In others, you shall hear sighs and murmurs. The dwellers therein are disappointed, restless desires, crippled and suffering wishes, bed-ridden ambitions!—In others you shall hear weepings and repinings; in others, storms and scoldings; in others, there are sleep and stupidity; in others, toil and trouble; in others, weariness and disgust of life.

You would be apt, from these sights and sounds, to think that you were in an ill-kept hospital. The wards are filled with sad cases. Here and there, if you enter unadvisedly, you shall find awful filth.—You shall even come upon stark corpses—for there is not a soul that does not number, among its many chambers, at least one for a charnel-house in which Darkness and Death abide! It is a dreadful thing for a man to be enlightened so as to see his feelings, passions, sins, crimes, thoughts and desires, motives and imaginations, as God sees them! It is a dreadful thing to go about from room to room, and see what a place the soul is! How unlighted and gloomy! How waste and unused! How shut and locked! And where it is open and used, how desecrated and filthy!

Now, it is to the door of such a house—to the human soul with such passages and chambers—that Christ comes! To such a dwelling, he comes and knocks for entrance! We can imagine the steps of a good man coming to houses that are nothing but habitations of wretchedness to places of misery and infamy, to jails