

the dear, dying Lamb of God upon the cross. I know not what conceptions bereaved affection, untaught by revelation, may form of the future life of recognition and communion in the glory everlasting; but in the deep sorrow and anguish which come when the tender ties of love are severed, and when the heart in its anguish cries out, "What and where are now my beloved ones?" I know of no answer that falls on the listening ear of the heart, so full of celestial beauty as this: "They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

That is the final vision; that is the inevitable, fadeless vision of perfected, long-separated humanity—a new Eden at the end, as Eden was at the beginning of human history.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

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The deep things of God—1 Cor. ii: 10.

We walk in a daily wonder, ourselves the strangest of mysteries. Our lives are as the bubbles upon the waves of the great deep. Our knowledge is only the glimmer of light upon the surface of the ocean of existence. Beneath are the deep things of God. If any one here present is attending to the plan of his life as though yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow were the whole of it, and there is nothing to be thought of beyond; if any are satisfied with what they are doing in this little market-place, thoughtless of eternity which lies around time, our text this morning is a word for them. And it may be profitable for us all, in this Sabbath stillness, to pause from our pleasures and our cares and ponder the deep things of God.

To a thoughtful man the most familiar things are among the greatest marvels of our existence. We need not go far to stand on the shore of the deep things of God. You have but to look up and to glance out of your windows to see a world which passes knowledge. Every familiar thing around our homes is still an unexplained mystery to us. What do you know about the nature and constitution of a single thing mirrored in your eye as you glance out of your window? What do you know about that strange process which changes those things, having apparently form and color and motion, into a picture of your mind, or a state of your consciousness? The moment you begin to question appearances, your thoughts are out fluttering over the deep things of God. Our science has not gone to the root yet of a single blade of grass; how it grows is still one of the unrevealed secrets of God. It is my purpose now to consider, for a few moments, a little more closely these mysteries of which I am speaking.

To begin with the first and lowest, what do we know about the nature of matter? You can tell me as easily what the angels' wings are as tell me the ultimate constitution of a single particle of matter. Common oxygen and hydrogen, and all elemental principles, belong by nature to the unrevealed deep things of God. We have been learning, indeed, not to trust our first impressions of things. We have come to recognize the fact that beneath the familiar face of nature there may lie a diviner secret than we have eyes to see, and in its commonest speech there may be a diviner meaning than we have ears to hear. This common, every-day matter, which we handle and shape, and call by many names, and speculate about, the very dust of the earth upon which we tread, is in its real principle as unknown to us as the nature of God Himself. It belongs to the deep things of God. But if the common earth is thus the wonder of science, much more is that dust a mystery when, by unknown forces, it is taken up and woven dex-