

heir. Doubtless the same vast and expansive laws which rule the eternities and whose efficiency and sublimity issues out of their provision for the minutest detail as well as the greatest event, will also hold good in the parlor and the workshop and the store. But they who truly understand their relations to the realities of eternity will apprehend those of time, while such as seek those of time only will miss both. The greater includes the less. Close the Volume of Inspiration and interrogate the ages. Is there anything fitted to inspire or cause happiness in the unrelieved and normal condition of the great majority of men? We know that in all states of society the majority will be dissatisfied with things as they are and desirous of change, thinking that under other circumstances they would be better than they are, and are like the pendulum ever passing through but never abiding in the wise mean. Consider the question with all proper allowances therefore. Yet the answer must be in the negative,—emphatically there is not. How poor, mean, dispiriting, and contemptible is the sceptical view of existence! Lose this world for the next? Nonsense, man! It is *you* who belittle life by making it begin and end in itself—by making sublunary existence all in all. We talk of the waste of life by accident and disease, of those who are slain by war and sacrificed by famine; the horrors of the pest house and the gory battle field startle and amaze, but what are all these to the waste of life and soul and strength that is going on all around every day? Think of the thousands of homes where women are all eaten away and fretted out by the carking cares and petty details of household labor, and scarcely a season for a meditation or a prayer; or those other women who pine more sadly for want of some nobler interest than the weary motion of a needle to-and-fro, to-and-fro, in whose hands perpetual motion has been discovered if anywhere. Think of the lives of the great multitude of men who go and come and go again, morning, noon and evening; this opening, hurrying and dying of the day, week in and week out, with no refreshment of thought and oftentimes but little of body, no aspiration, no glit in the horizon; no sphere of interest larger than the business machinery of which they form a part, until they come to do their work with the minimum of thought and as by a blind instinct; and all this,—for what? A handful of dust—a handful? Aye a spee whirled away on the wheel of time. Ask them if the hoped for peace and happiness has been embraced; whether the Dove has found a resting place in their hearts amid the tur-