

key is answered by its relative minor, as the ancient shield of gold had its silver side; so this loyal parable has also its answering thought.

Who can separate the minstrel from the crown of his reward?

And the two colors flash into one again; the sweet wail of the minor tones into the grand finish of the major; the precious gold out, and absorbs the fainter ray of the silver, in the perfect whole of the unbroken meaning.

Is not the dearest reward of the faithful servant that unspoken joy which fills his heart at the safety and success of the royal crown? Is not love, the deepest and the highest, its own best reward? No true love can be without true loyalty; when earth's passion was brought into the presence of the Holiest, the sacred fires of the Unseen purified it from the dross of the below, and intensified it into that divine superlative of Love, which "Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight;" and left that rich, pure heaven of harmony in the soul, which no language of earth can fully express; but which some echo of celestial minstrelsy lingered round, until one word thrilled down to men, and that word was—

LOYALTY!

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

So HE has told us, Who best knoweth the mysteries of heaven and earth. And, therefore, because it was meet that the Son of God should feel and "be touched with the feeling" of all joy as well as of all woe, therefore He whose right it was to wear the Eternal Crown, chose also to do the service of His own diadem; and now, in Christ Jesus,

QUIS SEPARABIT?

Who shall separate the service from the royalty? Who shall part the Harp of His humanity from the Crown of His divinity, since the very infinitude of His dominion is glorified by the tender halo of the service which He deigned once to accomplish!

Who then shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?

On earth "the whisperer separateth chief friends." Here, one breath of cruel slander has often parted hearts which should have throbbed together until death. Distance bars the intercourse of earth's dearest. The exile, sick at heart for the beloved land and home so very far off, stretches forth yearning hand over the cold blue waves that toss so impassively between him and the spot he could die to reach, if but in dying he might sleep upon the country his heart breaks to look upon once more.

A cruel word from one to whom love clings, will often separate life and happiness in this world of chill and sorrow; and even if joy and gentleness fold us as sunshine through life, yet at last comes the great separator, Death, snatching the cup of bliss from the lips trembling on the edge of the goblet, or clutching away the laurels from the cold hand of the brave soldier who sinks on the battle-field.

From all that mere earth can give, of love, and joy, and loyalty, Death, if nought else, can separate.

But there is more lasting service; a brighter crown; a harp of richer, fuller music; a deeper, truer love; a more unvarying Friend! When all else ruins into mockery, "HE abideth faithful." When other friendships fail, HE still is the unchangeable one; and when the flames of final judgment destroy the world and all that is therein, then, amidst the crash of nature, HIS own shall still be safe, endowed with an inheritance that fadeth not away," crowned with the everlasting love" of the "Faithful and True;" blessed with a joy which "no man taketh from them." His own! Oh! fairest, dearest, title of the redeemed rebels whom Jesus honors and calls to faithful service for Him! On their banner is written, with His atoning blood:

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

"Who shall separate us from the