

*and be merry.*" St. Paul, in his great argument for the resurrection of the dead, allows it to be a good maxim if there be none, and that then, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The whole creed of the Epicureans, the whole purpose of their life being was, "*Ê'e, bibere, ludere, post mortem nulla voluptas.*" (Eat, drink, sport, after death there is no pleasure.) It is a proper life for a brute, for men if they are brutes; for this state, if it be all, and the future a profound blank: if all the pleasure we can possibly realize, do and learn the most and best to obtain it, is only to be found by and for the body in this world; if we become Atheists—if that be possible—and blot out God from the universe, and banish into nonentity all spirit life: and if we unman ourselves and see our companions in the browsing ox and the merry lambkin, then, go eat and drink: let fleshly enjoyment be our entire religion and worship; let it occupy all our thoughts; let it be our loftiest attainment; let it be the "one thing needful." But the Apostle believed—and did and taught far otherwise. He felt himself to be a man with a soul that gave him an affinity to God: a soul that gave him an everlasting: a soul in that respect, which made him like God, eternal; and therefore he had much more and far better to live for than this present life, and for that he had given up very much which the carnal heart so dearly loves, and he was fully prepared to give up all that he might "win Christ."

How great is the effort to find earthly happiness in mere worldly things! How eager the pursuit of that phantom, by the rushing multitude, in all the avenues, and mazes, and highways, and byeways of life! And how that phantom does glide from every hand that tries to grasp it, and from every heart that thinks it possesses it! Yonder child supposes that he has got it when he fondles the toy, but see him to-morrow casting it away and seeking for something new. See it in youth, ever changing his amusement. See it in manhood in his aspirations, and never contented with what is obtained: and see it in old age, confessing, after a weary and troubled pilgrimage, that it is only to be found beyond the tomb. Is it not the thought of many, only let me be rich and great, let me have at my command everything needful to get what I please, and to do what I please, and then what a happy man I shall be! Such is theory but never fact; for if the poor man has a thorn in his poverty, the rich man feels as piercing a one though it be covered with gold. We have the notable confessions of a great king on this very matter. He determined to find happiness, and with despotic power, he rigorously exacted tribute from his subjects to enable him to carry out his purpose. He gave himself to idleness and mirth: he gave himself to gratifying his sensual nature: he gave himself to cultivating and gratifying the finest tastes. he lived in magnificent state at his capital: he built a splendid palace among the mountains to enjoy seclusion and happy repose: he tried to create an imitation of the original Eden: he tried books: he sought the wine cup. he grasped at everything he could imagine, and ransacked all under the sun; and the result from them, every one, was "vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Happiness does not come from our surroundings, but it consists in the state of our own hearts; and hence we find it even with those beaten, bleeding men, Paul and Silas, lying in the stocks in the inner prison at Philippi and giving a sacred concert at midnight. And why