

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

GROWING OLD.

O, to keep them still around us, baby darlings,
fresh and pure,
"Mother," smile their pleasures crowning,
"mother," kiss their sorrows cure;
O, to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls,
and radiant eyes,
Patting feet, and eager prattle—all young
life's lost Paradise!
One bright head above the other, tiny hands
that clasp and clasp,
Little forms that close enfolding, all of Love's
best gifts were grasped;
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing
round the winter hearth,
Bidding all the bright world echo with their
fearless, careless mirth.
O to keep them!—how they gladdened all the
path from day to day,
What joy dreams we fashioned of them as
in rosy sleep they lay!
How each broken work was welcomed, how
each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love be-
decked and fancy sailed!
Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding
from our clasp, bold and bold,
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and bourgeon;
Lo! the shy, sweet buds unfold;
Fast to lip, and cheek and tresses steals the
maiden's bashful joy;
Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the
accents of the boy.
Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon
in other share than ours
Those young hands will seize their weapons,
build their castle, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear
eyes we trained to see;
Soon a closer love than ours in those awaken-
ing hearts will be.
So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears
the main;
Backward yearnings are but idle, dawning
never glows again;
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and
sure the links are rent;
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their
sober bloom content.
All the Year Round.

BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

"Better be at work," grumbled
John Spence, as he passed the min-
ister's house, and saw Jenny,
the minister's daughter feeding the
birds that came every day to her
window. "My girls have some-
thing else to do. I'll not give a
cent to support such lazy doings."
"Good morning, Mr. Spence,"
said a friendly voice. "I want to
know how much you will put down
for Mr. Elder's salary this year?
We want to increase it to \$500 if
we can."

"Not a cent," was his emphatic
answer.
"Oh! you're jesting, Mr. Spence,"
said his good-natured neighbor.
"No, I'm in earnest. My girls
have something better to do than
feeding birds. Humph! Do you
see that?" and he pointed to a win-
dow where Jenny Elder, the min-
ister's daughter, stood feeding half a
dozen birds that flew close to her
hand: one or two of them even
lighting on her shoulder.

"Well, that is beautiful exclaim-
ed Mr. Egbert.
"Beautiful?"
"Yes; don't you think so?"
"I think she'd better be at work,"
replied Mr. Spence in a hard voice.
Mr. Egbert turned and looked at
his neighbor in mute surprise.

"I mean just what I say," added
Mr. Spence. "My daughters have
no time to waste after that fashion,
and I can't see that I am under any
obligations to support other peo-
ple's daughters in idleness."
"Jenny Elder is no idle girl!"
said Mr. Egbert, a little warmly.
"Don't you call that idleness?"
"No. It is both rest and invig-
oration. The ten minutes spent
with those birds will sweeten her
life for a whole day. She will hear
them twittering as she goes about
her household duties, and be strong-
er and more cheerful in conse-
quence."

Mr. Spence shook his head, but
not with the emphasis of manner
shown a little while before. A new
thought had come into his mind. A
bird had flown in through a window
of his soul.
"Work, work, work, every hour
and every minute of the day," said
Mr. Egbert, "is not best for any
one—not best for Jenny Elder, nor
for your daughters nor mine."
"Nobody says it is," replied
Spence. "But—but—" His thoughts
were not very clear and so hesitated.
"The rest that gives to the mind
a cheerful tone, that makes it
stronger and healthier, is the true
rest, because it includes refresh-
ment and invigoration."
"Nobody denies that," said Mr.
Spence.
"And may not Jennie's ten min-
utes with the birds give her just the
refreshment she needs, and make
her stronger for the whole day? If
not stronger, then more cheerful;
and you know how much comfort
to a household one cheerful spirit
may bring."
"You have such a way of putting
things," replied the neighbor in a
changed voice. "I never saw it in
this light before. Cheerfulness—
oh, dear! I am weary looking at
discontented faces. If feeding birds
at the windows is an antidote to
fretfulness, I shall recommend my
children to begin at once."
"Let the birds come first to your
window," said Mr. Egbert.

"Oh, I'm too old for anything
like that," was replied.
"To the windows of your soul I
mean."
Spence shook his head. "You
shoot too high for me."
"Thoughts are like birds—right
thoughts like doves and sparrows;
wrong thoughts like hawks and rav-
ens. Open the windows of your
mind, and let such thoughts come
in. Feed them, and they will sing
to you and feed your soul with mu-
sic. They will bear you up on their
wings; they will lift you into purer
regions. You will see clear-
er and feel stronger. You will be
a wiser and happier man."

"I never did hear any one talk
just as you do, Egbert!" said the
neighbor. "You look into the
heart of things in such a strange
way."
"If we can get down to the heart
of things, we are all right," was the
smiling answer. "And now we
want to know how much we may
count on from you towards Mr. El-
der's salary. Open wide the win-
dows; let just and generous thoughts
come in."

"As much as last year; perhaps
more. I'll think over the matter,"
was replied.
While sitting at dinner with his
family on that day Mr. Spence broke
the constrained silence, the usual
accompaniment of their meal, with
the words—
"I saw a beautiful sight this
morning."

Both the sentences and the tone
in which it was spoken were a sur-
prise. A weight seemed removed
from every one—a shadow fell from
each dull countenance. All eyes
were fixed in inquiry upon him.
"Jenny Elder at a window, with
wild birds feeding from her hands,
and sitting on her shoulders," added
Mr. Spence.
"Oh, yes; I have seen it often,"
said Margaret, his oldest daughter,
a light breaking over her face,
"Jenny is so good and sweet that
even the birds love her. I wish
they would come to my window."
"You must ask Jenny her secret
said the father with a gentleness in
his voice that was such a surprise
to Margaret that she looked at him
in wonder. Mr. Spence noticed and
understood the meaning of her look.
He felt it as a revelation and a re-
buke.

The dead silence soon passed
away. First one tongue and then
another was unloosed; and in a
little while the whole family were
in a pleasant conversation—a thing
so unusual at meal time that each
one noted the fact in a kind of be-
wondered surprise.
Mr. Spence opened the windows
of his soul still wider, and let the
singing birds come in. All the
hours of that day he pondered the
new ideas suggested by his neigh-
bor, and the more he considered
them the clearer it became that
there was a better way to secure the
happiness of himself and family
than the hard and narrow one he
had been pursuing. Minds needed
something as well as bodies. Tastes
and feeling had their special needs.
Soul hunger must be attended to and
satisfied.

As he came home from his shop
that evening he passed a store, the
windows of which were filled with
cages of singing birds; and as his
eyes rested on them he remembered
how often he had heard Margaret
wish for a canary, and how he had
often said, "Nonsense, you've got
something better to do than wasting
your time with birds."

Mr. Spence saw things in a dif-
ferent light now.
"She shall have a bird," he said,
speaking to himself, and turned into
the store.
"Oh, father! not for me?"
Mr. Spence was taken by surprise
at the sudden outburst of delight
that came from Margaret, when
she understood that he had really
bought her the bird. Tears filled
her eyes. She threw her arms
around him and kissed him.
"It was so kind of you—and I
wanted a bird so much!" she said.
"Oh, I'll be so good, and do every-
thing for you I can."

What a sweet feeling warmed the
heart of Mr. Spence through and
through. The delight of this mo-
ment was greater than anything he
remembered to have experienced for
years.
"I am glad my little present gave
you so much pleasure," he answer-
ed, subduing his voice that he might
not betray too much of what he
felt. "It's a good singer the man
said."
"It's a beauty!" returned Margare-
t, feasting her eyes on the bird;
and I'll love it if it doesn't sing a
note."
"Such a little thing to give so
much pleasure!" Mr. Spence said
to himself as he sat and pondered
this new phase of life. And to his
thought came this reply; "A cup
of water is a little thing, but to

thirsty lips it is sweeter than nec-
tar."
And then, as if a window had been
opened in his soul, a whole flood of
new ideas and thoughts came in
upon him, and he saw that the mind
had needs as well as the body; and
that unless these were supplied,
life would be poor and dreary—just
as his life, and the lives of his wife
and children had for the most part
been.
Mr. Spence never shut that win-
dow, but let the birds fly in and out
at pleasure. When Mr. Egbert saw
him he received him with a joyful
heart and pleasant smile, and dou-
bled his subscription to the minis-
ter's salary.—T. S. Arthur.

THE HOME OF VEGETABLES.

A Cincinnati correspondent of
the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: A re-
cent inquiry as to where the cereals
and other products come from, has
led me into some good agricultural
reading, and it may be interesting
to have the following digest, which
can be preserved for future refer-
ence and a basis for profitable talk,
and to while away a long winter's
evening. Madder came from the
East. Celery originated in Ger-
many. The chestnut came from
Italy. The onion originated in
Egypt. Tobacco is a native of
Virginia. The nettle is a native of
Europe. The citron is a native of
Greece. The pine is a native of
America. The poppy originated in
the East. Oats originated in North
Africa. Rye came originally from
Siberia. Barley was found in the
Himalaya. Wheat is supposed to
have come from Asia, and to have
grown spontaneously in Tartary,
north of the Himalayan mountains.
Parsley was first known in Sar-
dinia. Sunflower was brought from
Peru. Cabbage grows wild in
Siberia. Buckwheat came from
Siberia. Millet was first known in
India. The apple and pear are from
Europe. Spinach was first cultivat-
ed in Arabia. The mulberry tree
originated in Persia. The horse-
chestnut is a native of Thibet. The
cucumber came from the East In-
dies. The quince came from the
island of Crete. The radish is a
native of China and Japan. Peas
are supposed to be of Egyptian
origin. The garden cross is from
Egypt and the East. Horse-radish
came from the south of Europe. The
Zeland flax shows its origin
by its name. The coriander grows
wild near the Mediterranean. The
Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazilian
production. Hemp is a native of
Persia and the East Indies. The
tomato originated in South Africa,
but was known in England as early
as 1597. Decodens, a Holland agri-
culturist, mentions the tomato in
1583, as a vegetable to be eaten with
pepper, salt, and oil. The bean is
a native of Persia. The beet origin-
ated in Africa and Asia. The
cabbage came from England. Cay-
enne pepper came from the tropics;
the best varieties from the West
Indies. The sweet-potato came
from tropical America, and was
early introduced into Europe. Corn,
or Maize, is a native of South Amer-
ica; early introduced into Europe.

INTEMPERANCE AND THE HOME.

We were residing in a beautiful
village. It was a June morning;
the soft light was painting the eastern
sky. The green ivy was climb-
ing over the eaves of our cottage-
window, the birds were caroling
their earliest carols, and the breath
of morning was freighted with per-
fume. All Nature, animate and in-
animate, invited to holy thanksgiv-
ing. But yonder, returning from
midnight orgies, was the confirmed
inebriate, stupified as to all the
noble impulses of his early man-
hood. His faltering steps were
tending toward that little home,
almost hidden amid the graceful ma-
ples, which his own hands had
planted in other days. Children
were there in the heyday of life,
too young to comprehend the sad-
ness of their home. The once litho-
some maiden—now the disconsolate
wife—was there, wakeful during all
the hours of the livelong night.
That footstep upon the threshold,
that loud rapping upon the door,
were but signals of her distress.
Let us recall the brief years of their
 united allment:
He was, in early life, the associate
of some who are now leaders in the
nation. Endowed amply by nature,
admitted always to the best circles,
and welcomed to the bar at an early
age by the most influential in his
profession, all predicted for him a
brilliant career. Unfortunately, she
who was to share his destiny had no
fixed principles respecting the dan-
gers of intoxicating beverage. She
provided it at each evening call.
She saw him in the social circle
with the wine-cup, and smiled.

The puritanical admonitions of the
village pulpit furnished the staple
of ridicule. Her influence confirm-
ed him in the habits of dissipation.
One look of disapproval, one honest
word from the unseen depths of her
affectionate nature, would have
given another direction to all his
life. O, why did she not see it? Why
could not some blessed angel
have gently lifted the veil upon her
dark future? Why did not some
deep, divine prophecy, from out her
immortal being, foretell the inevi-
table results of youthful dissipation?
She laughed with secret scorn that
no noble, with such self-control,
could ever betray his grand destiny.
He did betray it, and with it all the
affection and hope of her life. A
wreck, morally and physically, he
lost his position in society, and re-
duced his family to abject want.
The sun which rose that morning
in June threw his beams upon a
desolate home. The early notes of
the morning songsters had long
since lost for her their divine music.
All was blasted—hope, affection
and trust.

Women of America, unfurl the
banner of total abstinence in the
home. Turn to the future. Behold
how our civil institutions are in
peril. You are the appointed
guardians of our nation's destiny.
Your silent, yet potent, influence in
the home is our hope. Be true,
true as the brave defenders of your
own households, true as those who
hold the reins of highest power.
How can you touch the wine-cup,
or use the common beverages that
conceal the consuming fire? Your
own religious life is arrested by it;
and not only this, your home is put
in fearful jeopardy. O suffer the
desolated firesides, the unrecorded
grief of widows and children, to en-
force this appeal! Listen! As you
value depth of piety, a quiet con-
science, an influence that shall bless
others, do not hesitate. God, our
country, the Church of the blessed
Lord and Saviour, require the wo-
men of our times "to touch not,
taste not, handle not."

WHAT A LITTLE BOOK DID.

Mr. S. A. Blackwood relates an
instance in which a word was made
efficacious to the saving of a soul.
He was travelling on the top of a
coach from London to Croaydon, and
after discussing the topics of the
day with one who sat beside him,
he turned the conversation to the
things of heaven, to the disgust of
another passenger sitting near, who
talked of "canting hypocrites," etc.,
and when the coach stopped left his
seat. In descending, the pocket of
his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood
dropped in the little book entitled
"Eternal Life." When the gentle-
man reached home and emptied his
pockets he found, amongst other
things, a small book that he knew
nothing of, and, reading its title, he
at once guessed who had put it
there, and in his rage he tore it in
pieces, and threw it inside the fen-
der. When he returned from town the
next day his ire was increased by
finding the pieces on his toilet
table. He immediately rang the
bell, and asked the servant why
they had not been destroyed. And
when she replied that in gathering
them up she had seen the word
"Eternity," and did not like to burn
them, she was in anger ordered
from the family, a promising young
man in active business in the city,
came home from his shop one day
saying he did not feel quite well, and
would lie down. In answer to his mother's
inquiries, there appeared nothing
alarming about his symptoms, and
after a little she left him for duties
in another part of the house, but re-
turned to find him a corpse.

THE DEEP MEANING.

"I cannot let him go. Why, he
might be ill; and, among strangers,
who would care for him? If he
should die away from home, how
could I endure it?"
Such were the expressions of a
mother who thought she had con-
secrated her children to the Lord,
but who would not consent to the
plan for one to go to distant regions
to teach the Gospel to needy ones.
Though himself quite decided on
the plan for going, he could not
leave his mother while feeling thus,
and lingered till at length she gave
consent. But she always spoke of
him with a sigh, and with eyes
brimful of tears, as of one quite lost
from the family; though frequent
and loving were the letters sent
home from this earnest Christian
son.

A little more than half the year
—which was the limit of his first
absence—had slowly rolled away,
and there came a new sorrow to
this burdened heart. The eldest of
the family, a promising young man
in active business in the city, came
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he did not feel quite well, and would
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Sympathizing friends tried to
comfort her, but from the first she
said: "It has a deep meaning to
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nothing for him. He died at home,
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can keep or God can take his own.
I said with my lips that H. might
go, but my heart never said so till
now. From henceforth he may
labor where the Lord calls him."
When the heart feels so strongly
at meaning of God's providence,
shall others dispute it? Shall they
not, rather, search their own hearts
to see if there be any "wicked way"
of withholding what is God's own?
—Congregationalist.

THE "SHUT-IN SOCIETY."

As I lay upon my sofa last Sab-
bath morning thinking prayerfully
of the servants of God, some of them
very dear to me personally, who
were at that time preaching his
word in our own and other lands, I
seemed to see as in vision a vast
extent of country, over which a great
multitude of men and women were
walking, and as they went scatter-
ing seed.
Some walked with feeble step and
bowed forms; more ran swiftly;
while the most with steady stride
and uplifted head advanced contin-
ually, but all sowing seed diligently
as they went.
Up to the high places, down to
the shady valleys, over rocky and

dangerous ways, through the tan-
gled paths of forest and jungle—
even the seas and the rivers pre-
sented no obstacle to their dili-
gence—casting their seed every-
where, sure that if the rain from
heaven followed they should find
the fruit, and, though after many
days, "return again, bringing their
sheaves with them."
And then I thought, "Cannot we
invalids, shut out from the courts
of our dear Lord's house on earth,
do something—much, to bring down
this rain, by spending the half hour
in which we know the word is be-
ing preached, and which we usually
devote to study of the Bible, in
prayer for this very blessing—the
rain of the Spirit upon the seed-
sower?"
Thus may we, "passing through
the valley of Baca (the vale of
weeping), make it a well" of sweet-
ness and refreshing, "the rain also,"
for which we plead, "filling the
pools." Though shut in, and shut
out from active work, we may help
to make the outside "wilderness re-
joice and blossom as the rose," while
we ourselves shall "go from
strength to strength, every one in
the heavenly Zion, the Church
above, appearing before God," in
whose presence our prayers shall be
exchanged for praise.

For "he that weareth," if only
by his prayers and tears, "shall be
watered again" in his own soul
richly by the dew of the Spirit.
"They who grow in grace shall at
last be made perfect in glory," and
he groweth faster than any other,
whose heart is most concerned for
the glory of his Lord, most earnestly
desirous for the coming of his
kingdom in the conversion of the
world unto him who came to bless,
who died to save it.—Presbyterian
Banner.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
HOW EFFIE HELPED.

One day, when she came home
from school, Effie found the sitting-
room and kitchen occupied by
cousins and friends, all very busy
and very lively, for they were mak-
ing preparations for a wedding.
One of Effie's sisters was soon to be
married, and of course there was a
great deal to be done.

Effie thought how nice it would
be if she could help make the cakes
and spread on the icing; for it was
a country wedding and much of the
"refreshment" part would have to
be done at home. It seemed such
easy work mixing things together,
beating eggs, etc.
So Effie went first to one and
then to another, begging that she
might be allowed to help.
"No, child, no; what do you
know about such things?" a rather
impatient old lady said to her.
Another said:
"Oh, my! now school's out, we
shall have no more peace. Children
are always in the way!"
After Effie had been rebuffed in
all her attempts at being useful in
the pleasant way she wanted to be,
she happened to cast her eyes upon
a large work-basket in a corner of
the sitting-room, and she saw that
it was filled with stockings and
socks waiting to be looked over and
repaired.

"Now, if I really want to be use-
ful," thought the little girl, "I
might get these stockings out of the
way for this busy week. They have
been forgotten, I suppose—but I
would rather make cakes."
Effie was but eleven years old,
but she knew how to darn very
nicely, for her mother had taught
her, and she had been willing to
learn.
Down she sat, therefore, close to
the table in the corner, so as to be
out of the way, and began her self-
denying work.

The merry laughter among the
young cousins, as they went in and
out to the oven with their delicate
cakes and other things, sounded
pleasantly to Effie, and she longed
to be among them; but she reflected:
"Mother will be so tired by this
evening that she will not want to
do her darning, and it will be a nice
surprise to her when she finds all
these socks and stockings have been
put in their proper drawers all ready
for use."

So she persevered with her quiet
task, glancing once in a while to-
ward the busy group, and admiring
their skillful performances.
One of the cousins who had been
"cross" to Effie, noticed how industri-
ous and steady she seemed all her
work in the corner, and afterwards
brought over a beautiful iced ques-
ecake and gave it to her.
But that, nice though it was, gave
her not half the pleasure she felt
when, towards the close of the after-
noon, her mother, tired with her
baking and other work, sat down
by her work-table, saying:
"I would like to lie down and
rest a little, but I must get the
weeks' mending out of the way.
But who has been here before me,
I wonder?" she added with sur-
prise.

"Your little daughter," said one
of the young girls. "I could not
but notice her, after she had been
refused when she wanted to help
with the cakes and sweet things.
Not many little girls would have
been so thoughtful about doing
work that was not attractive."
And when Effie was kissed and
thanked by her mother, and had
seen her comfortably resting after
her labors, she certainly felt much
happier than if she had been allow-
ed to help with the icing and orna-
mental matters which seemed so
tempting to her among her young
cousins. She felt sure now that she
would only "have made a mess,"
as they said, for she knew nothing
about such doings.

Little girls are sometimes trou-
blesome when they undertake to do
things of which they have no know-
ledge, and are called "officious."
This day's days experience was
useful to Effie. She had borne pa-
tiently the disappointment of not
being allowed to help in the way
she would have preferred, but in
the performance of a nearer duty,
she had proved herself really a val-
uable assistant; and in after years
she learned to know and value, un-
der all circumstances, the wise and
practical suggestion, "Perform the
duty that is nearest thee."

This is from the Nashville Advo-
cate: Two young girls, who had re-
cently been converted and brought
into the Church, were offered tick-
ets to the theater. "We will not
go—we are Christians," they said
quietly and firmly. That settled it;
they did not go. Their white robes
are unstained, and the bird of para-
dise, a good conscience, sings in their
young hearts.

SUNDAY
APRIL
COVERTOUS

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