

perpetual accession of glory, that shall be given when faith and hope have passed away, as the soul is introduced into heaven's blessed realities. With trembling reverence would I think and speak of a glory which no imagination can grasp, and no language can describe. Its brightness, indeed, has been, in some degree, revealed to us. Images of material splendour have been exhausted in unfolding to us its surpassing magnificence. We have been told, that the street of that city—the New Jerusalem—is of pure gold, as of transparent glass. All that encumbers, all that obstructs direct and immediate communion with God, shall be removed,—“I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.” And such is the light perpetually issuing from the Divine glory, that the city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; the gates of that city are ever open, for they “shall not be shut at all by day;” and times of peculiar watchfulness are unknown,—“There shall be no night there.” In a sense far more exalted than was ever experienced on earth, “Salvation shall be for walls and for bulwarks;” and as endless ages roll on, every capacity for taking in all highest happiness shall be enlarged, and from God the redeemed shall ever draw the blessedness of increasing light and brighter holiness, and greater conformity to His likeness. But it is impossible to describe this glory, rising by endless progression until believers sit with Christ upon His throne. There are sights of material beauty that regale the eye; and when we gaze on earth's rich, or rugged scenery, or scan the firmament with its rolling orbs, or linger with arrested interest on the works by which genius has won for itself a cherished memory, we willingly acknowledge that there is much which the eye hath seen; there are tones of sweetest melody to the ear, and strains of sadness, and affection, and deep devotion, that open up floods of gushing sensibility, and speech with its strength and its tenderness, expressing and awakening every changing emotion, and teaching most precious truth, and, therefore, is there much which the ear hath heard;—there are feelings of which the heart is conscious, and joys and sorrows that it knows in infinite variety, and passions, too, that glow within it, and strange fluctuations of desire and affection, and terrific visions of darkest evil disclosed to it, when with desperate wickedness it breaks in on unhallowed fields, and therefore is there much which hath entered into the heart of man; but whether we look to the present or the future life of a believer, “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him.” It is the privilege of the enlightened followers of Jesus to repeat with the apostle, “God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit;” for it is only in the enjoyment of the inner light that

there can be any discernment in time, or in eternity, of the deep things of God. Seek with restless importunity that inner light. Then will you see,—then will you be changed into the image of the Lord: and then, even on earth, with its doubts and fears,—its trials of faith, and seasons of sad desolation,—you may be enabled to form some conception of that progressive clearness and enlargement of view, and increase of love, and brighter holiness, which, in union with the blessedness of perfect life, render heaven the consummation of all highest conceivable happiness.

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FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

The Falling Snow.

GENTLY and softly falling.

On roof, and tower, and tree,
Crowning the lonely mountain,
Mantling the spreading sea;
The snow-flakes through the ether.
On white wings flutter down;
An ermine robe of beauty,
For hamlet, moor and town.

So swiftly and so softly,

Like spray from limpid looms,
As if God's holy angels
Had stirred their downy plumes;
And thus the radiant lustre,
Soft floating from their wings,
Down through the snow-flakes shimmer,
To us the symbol brings.

When sunshine lights the mountains,

And flecks the valley land,
Till lake, and tree, and river,
As things of glory stand;
Then as the snow's white fingers,
The shining earth caress,
We think of Love's crowned fulness,
And call it bridal dress.

But when the silence shadow,

Darkly the earth in dreams,
Here in the cold grey midnight,
A winding sheet it seems,
When earth lies pale and silent,
Beneath night's spectral dread,
The snow-flakes fall as cerements,
To shroud the stirless dead.

Not less as deeds of mercy.

Pure as the dew of heaven,
White as the globe—like manna,
To Israel's children given;
Each flake a tiny feather,
Like hopes the humble lift.
These build up Love's sweet fabric,
Those form the sun-lit drift.

Like Charity they cover

The rough, bleak spots of earth,
Like Love they guard and shelter
All things on Nature's hearth.
Bare moor and desert forest,
By beauty's guise entralling,
In white, calm rest resplendent,
But loveliest when falling.

Old as our earliest childhood,

New as love's peerless grace,
Dear as the pleasant coming
Of some familiar face;