

and acute with the most sluggish and the most dull. This wisdom is kept close from the fowls of the air. The eagle sees afar off; it can gaze upon the sun, and seems familiar with his brightness; while it takes in the whole scope of the surrounding heavens; but no intellectual vision, as penetrating, as steadfast, as wide-embracing as the eagle's glance, can take in or comprehend the glories of the Divine nature, and those secret things which belong only to God. It is the unrevealable part of wisdom which is thus hid from men, and which only futurity will develop, if it be ever all developed.

—There is a revealed wisdom which may be attained here below, but which nevertheless to us may be hid. The natural man knoweth it not: he cannot tell the place of it. We are foolish, sordid, children, wise to do evil, but to good we have no knowledge. How much the reverse of wise is man's general conduct. Apart from the knowledge of true wisdom, we may safely pronounce the conduct of man in his natural condition *unwise*. Some we find making provision only for the flesh, and for the lusts thereof, having no aspiration, no object, above these; while their soul, their immortal part, is altogether forgotten. Is this wisdom? Is it wisdom to sleep the senses in indulgence, to gratify the appetite merely, to look upon ourselves in no other light than as having appetites to gratify, and senses to indulge? Where is the soul all this time? Where is that nobler part which was given us to converse with heaven, possessing faculties capable of an exalted, intellectual, communion, at least, and of seeking after God, if haply we might find him. This surely will not be pronounced even by those who are enslaved by such indulgences to be wisdom. Then, there is such a thing as living only for time and forgetting eternity, not ministering to the cravings of vice, it may be, but confining our desires and our views to this lower world. Were we to live here always, this might be wisdom, but it cannot be wisdom, seeing that this world is not our only sphere of existence, that there is another in which we are to exist, and to exist for ever.—It were wisdom to take up only with the objects of time, if time were all to us, but if time be but like the beginning of an endless journey, O! is it wisdom to be wasting all our strength on the first stages of it, forgetful of the long, long, distance before us? It were like the traveller consuming all his provisions, and

expending all his money, on the first few miles of his way, and leaving himself unprovided, and a beggar for the fifty or hundred miles succeeding; or playing with the flowers or every curious object that met his eye, allowing himself to be beighted and lost before his journey was ended. Such is the wisdom of those who make provision only for this world, who think only of the passing hour, who care only for pleasure or business, and let eternity provide for itself, or rather lose eternal objects in the anxiety for what is temporal.

Even reason says—"What shall it profit a man though he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Such a course cannot be wise; and yet such, for the most part, is the conduct of all men. So that wisdom may well be said not to be found in the land of the living, to be hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. The most intellectual, the most gifted, of men equally with the most grovelling are occupied only with the things of time: the former may rise above the latter in the class of objects which they pursue, but these objects are equally among the things which are only seen and temporal. True wisdom is not discovered, or, apparently, discoverable, even by them, by intellects which penetrate the deepest truths, and embrace the most extended and the loftiest views. It eludes their glance, and is beyond their ken. Where, then, shall wisdom be found? "Destruction and death say, we have heard the fame thereof with our ears." This is a bold poetic personification: Destruction and death are said to have heard something like a rumour of what wisdom is; but they cannot certainly pronounce what it is. What a lively representation, however, is this of the power of these in bringing home to us a truth which nothing else belonging to time can teach! Go and read in the ruins of cities, of Kingdoms, of Empires,—go and learn from Death—some fame of this thing of which the depth saith, it is not in me—and the sea saith, it is not with me—which is hid from the eyes of all living, and is kept close from the fowls of the air. *They* can mutter something about it, they can give some obscure hints of it, they can but inditate darkly what it is. It is only the fame of it they have heard. And yet, this very fame is an all-powerful teacher. O! how powerfully does *Destruction* preach to