

the breath of life? And when dust returns to dust, he also is restored once more to his first home, after having served his great purpose in the household of nature—not to rest or perish for ever, but to begin again the eternal course through death and life.—*M. S. De Vere.*

#### A SPIRITUAL BODY.

As spirit serving the flesh is not unsuitably named carnal, so flesh serving the spirit is rightly named spiritual; not because changed into spirit, as some suppose from the words of Scripture,—“It is sown a natural body, it is

raised a spiritual body,”—but because, with perfect and most wonderful facility of obedience, it will be subject to the spirit, so as completely to fulfil the serenely calm volitions of a never-ending immortality—all feeling of uneasiness, all possibility of decay, everything that clogs its motions being done away.—*Augustine*, book xiii, chap. 23.

#### DEATH IN EVERY PART OF US.

So many members as we have, so many deaths have we. Death peeps out at every limb.—*Luther.*

## Original Similitudes.

#### INFIDELITY.

Amid the ocean a massive iceberg floats. Its base is sunk far down in the dark deep, and its head is lifted high above the waters. It glitters in the light of the sun with strange beauty and grandeur; but its characteristic is icy coldness; and when gallant ships are struck by it they become total wrecks. Like the iceberg, infidelity is partly hidden in gloomy depths of mysticism, and partly seen in lofty pride of intellect. It sparkles in the rays of genius with singular fascination and brightness; but it glows not with love, and it works not for good; it is cold as death, and when men are smitten by it they suffer extinction of spiritual life, destroyal of the beautiful hope of glories and joys in eternity. *P. J. WRIGHT.*

#### FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

A tree is sometimes found which grows a certain height in oneness, and thence in twin stems, spreading out goodly branches, and rising skyward. Like this remarkable tree, Faith, firmly rooted in Jesus Christ, waxes strong, and develops Hope and Charity, blessing mankind with benignant influence, and aspiring from earth to heaven. *IBID.*

#### THE MIND.

The operations of the human mind are quicker than the lightning shot from the bow of the thunder. *IBID.*

#### THE PROGRESS OF SIN.

Man's downward course is made by very im-

perceptible steps, and he does not become aware of the rapid strides he has made until some dread calamity bursts upon him like a storm cloud; just as the minute hand of the clock glides noiselessly along, and we are only informed that an hour is passed by the loud stroke of the bell. *IBID.*

#### SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

When the evening is waning and twilight appears, and the stars are beginning to emit their uncertain light, how indistinct are the objects which surround us! How readily our imagination works them up into hideous monsters of all shapes and sizes! This is the result of a little light. So it is with a little knowledge, which is the light of the soul. In such an uncertain light—a light shaded and obscured by the massive barriers of pride and sin, how can the grand economies of nature and grace appear otherwise than a confused system, possessing no beauty of arrangement—a ghastly monster of contradictions? *IBID.*

#### LIFE AND FORCE.

How ponderous is a steam engine! With what ease it performs the labor of many hundred men! Yet one man will outlive many steam engines. The power of force is greater to look at, but the power of life is greater in reality. Yea, the power in the simplest plant is more wonderful in its kind than the most powerful machinery. *IBID.*

## Sabbath Readings.

### THE BLESSEDNESS OF DEPARTED SAINTS.

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—*REV. xiv. 13.*

The night is cloudy, but it is not dark. The moon is receiving the sunlight on her own disc, and pouring down, at second hand, through intervening vapours, as much of the precious gift as suffices to show the traveller his path on the surface of the earth. Some of those clouds that career across the sky are thick and black, while others are more or less bright, according to the degree of their density. Here and there the shaggy covering of the sky is rent, for a

few moments, right through, and an irregular ragged spot of blue appears. In that spot you descry a glittering spark. It is a star lying in the deep of heaven, seen through a rending in the cloudy veil.

Like such a sky in such a night is the Book of the Revelation of John. In the main, it is an allegory. A drapery of cloud is intentionally drawn across the heaven from horizon to horizon; and yet the pilgrim underneath is not left