

THE WAVERING MIND.

ANONYMOUS.

THE moral indecision manifested by so many minds cannot fail to be hateful to God. No father can delight, or ever did delight, in a child who loved what he had forbidden more than it loved him ; who by deliberately preferring it over and over again, rejected that favor which is life to the childlike heart. This thought is too obvious to be dwelt upon. Our own souls rise up in rebellion against our spiritual hesitancy. Our own experience of life most manifestly condemns us.

Let us come to something yet more definite. God can never give more satisfactory evidence than that truth is true which we now tamper with and virtually reject. No new prophet, no higher miracle, no farther revelation, no added resurrection, can now come to quench your doubts, and end your delays. All you can have, you already have. Yes, more now, than will be yours in this life again. That old man, still pausing on the river's bank, and looking over wishfully into the flowery Canaan where he had always meant his feet should walk, — can he have stouter heart or firmer purpose, quicker conscience, or diviner appeal? No ; oh no ! Imperceptibly will decay spread over his faculties, his memory will give up one golden link after another, his reason will mourn because the locks of its strength are gone ; in the infancy of all the rest, his passions and prejudices will hold him with a giant's grasp. And how dare he say he shall be permitted another season of worship with the people of God ? Who has insured him another call to that Table which commemorates the dying love of the best friend humanity