

taking advantage of the nap which Judgment is taking in the easy chair, seems quite plain from a careful observation of what passes in our sleep. But that memory is often as busy as fancy, that the two often sport together, and seem to challenge one another to see which can outdo the other is equally plain. In this instance memory simply brought out the pictures which she had carefully stored away, and hung that visionary ante-room with the exact copies of those facts which had really happened, painted with a vividness of resemblance to reality which made him that gazed at them live, as it were, his life again.

It is recorded of Luther, that during a serious illness the evil one seemed to enter his sick-room, and looking at him with a triumphant smile, unrolled a vast roll which he carried in his arms. As the fiend threw one end of it on the floor, and it unwound itself with the impetus he had given it, Luther's eyes were fixed on it, and to his consternation he read there the long and fearful record of his own sins, clearly and distinctly enumerated. There stood before his very eyes "the sins and offences of his youth," and all "his transgressions in all his sins." There they were in letters as black as he felt his sins to be, and as plain as he knew they would be if God should "set them before him in the light of his countenance." "His heart failed him," as he looked. That stout heart, which never quailed before man's,—that firm honest eye, which could look cardinals and bishops, princes and palatines, in the face, *did* quail before that ghastly roll. "His sins took such hold upon him that he was not able to look up." Suddenly it flashed into his mind that there was one thing not written there. He said aloud, "One thing you have forgotten; the rest is all true, but one thing you have forgotten, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;'" and as he said this the "Accuser of the brethren," and his heavy roll "of lamentation, and mourning, and woe," disappeared together.

It will be said, "This was but a dream." True; but the mind of the sleeping man is still mind, and memory still memory, and the fact looks in the same direction as the other I have mentioned, and seems to prove that what is once done, though it may seem to be forgotten, may yet at any time be recalled.

It would appear from facts that are generally known and completely authenticated, as well as from some which have come under our own personal observations, that before death,—or what might have been and would have been death but for most marvellous interpositions,—memory is often intensely active. A naval officer, who afterwards reached the highest rank in his profession, when a very young man, fell into deep water, and after a few ineffectual strokes sank to the bottom. He was brought up perfectly insensible, and it was not till after much patient and diligent effort that the feeble spark of life, which had been almost quenched, was fanned into a flame, and he recovered. When strong enough to speak and to describe what he felt, he said that the sensations which he had experienced after the first agonizing struggles for life before he sank were pleasurable; that as he lay on his face on the sand at

the bottom, his whole life rose in review before him, scene after scene coming up, from the first things he could remember to the last day of life. Was his case exceptional? Was it that *his* memory was peculiarly and singularly strong? Or is it the fact that memory takes off the photographs of life: that they are then put away out of sight, but in no case *destroyed!*

I remember one man, whose case illustrates this supposition. He was a man of good moral character, and singular gentleness of temper. He carried it in his face. The habitual expression of it was mild and amiable. The very muscles of it, when let alone, sank down into this their normal state. As men grow older the lines that mark the face come out in bolder relief, and indicate in what direction the face has been most frequently drawn; and in this way they often tell concerning the passions, the cares, the tempers of the life. This man's face told of much calmness and gentleness of natural temperament, of much kindness of natural disposition. He became during the latter years in which I knew him very decidedly and earnestly religious. I need not say that his natural amiability was greatly increased; his natural kindness "grew exceedingly." Conscientious he had always been, he was much more so now,—for his conscience was enlightened, his views of duty enlarged, his standard raised, his motives hallowed, the aim of life elevated. Once, with all his amiability, he lived to himself; he now lived to God. The approval of his superiors was once his highest ambition; he was now the servant of Christ, and he knew that if he pleased men, he could not be the servant of God. It was now a "small thing with him to be judged of man's judgment;" the Lord whom he served would be his only judge; and so that he could have *his* approval, so that he was sure that *his* countenance was lifted up upon him, it was comparatively a small and a light thing what men thought or said of him. Yet this did not make him deficient in respect to those who were set over him. He had carefully read that old book, which for ever established and enjoined *respect for office*, when it told men to "honour the king" at the very time when one of the vilest men that ever sat upon a throne, wore Rome's imperial purple. He had not learned to read the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother"—"if they are kind, if they are good, if they are compliant, if they do not curtail your liberty, if they do not encroach on your independence, if they do not require your help, if they are willing to make their home your house, or, at all events, your lodging." He read the commandment as God uttered it on Sinai, and as men, taught by his Spirit, endorsed it, and repeated it for Christian times. (Eph. vi. 1, 2).

So he learned to "honour all men" in their place, BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO HONOUR GOD ABOVE ALL.

While I had charge of a parish in Oxford, he and his excellent wife, one of like mind with himself, were regular and most attentive members of my congregation, though they never could be at church together, because his duty as porter of one of the colleges made it