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THE SCHOOL OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. GEORGE MATHESON.

MY SOUL, thou art receiving a music lesson from thy Father. Thou art being educated for the choir invisible. There are parts of the symphony that none can take but thee. There are chords too minor for the angels. There may be heights in the symphony which are beyond thy scale—heights which the angels alone can reach. But there are depths which belong to thee, and can be touched only by thee. Thy Father is training thee for the part the angels cannot sing; and the school is sorrow. I have heard men say that he sends thy sorrow to prove thee—nay, he sends thy sorrow to educate thee, to train thee for the choir invisible. In the night he is preparing thy song. In the valley he is tuning thy voice. In the cloud he is deepening thy chords. In the storm he is enriching thy pathos. In the rain he is sweetening thy melody. In the cold he is molding thine expression. In the transition from hope to fear he is perfecting thy lights and shades. Despise not thy school of sorrow, O my soul! It will give thee a unique part in the universal song.

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