

Like to the damaske rose you see,
Or like the blossome on ye tree,
Or like the daintie flowers in May,
Or like the morning to ye day,
Or like the sunne, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
Even such is man, whose webb is spunne,
Drawn out, and cutt, and soe is done.
The rose withers, the blossome blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sunne soon sets, the shadow flies.
The gourd consumes, and man—hee dies!

Like to the grasse that's newlie sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begunne,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the genial dews of May,
Or like an hour, or like a spanne,
Or like the singing of a swanne;
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Whose hour's soone gone—soe life and death.
The grasse withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dews ascended,
The hour is short, the spanne not long,
The swanne now dies—man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brooke,
Or in a glasse much like a looke,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hands,
Or like a writing on the sands,
Or like a thought, or like a dreame,
Or like the gliding of a streame;
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Whose hour's soone gone—soe life and death.
The bubble's burst, the look's forgotten,
The shuttle flung, the writing blotten,
The thought is past, the dreame is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done.

Like to an acorne in a bower,
Or like swift surge of water's roar,
Or like the time twixt flow and ebbe,
Or like the spider's tender webbe,
Or like the race, or like the goale,
Or like the wailings of a doale;*
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The acorne's not, the flood's soon spent,
The time's noe time, the webbe soon rent,
The race soone runne, the goale soone wonne,
The grief soon ends—man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the skie,
Or like the post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in short song,
Or like a journey three days long,†
Or like the snow in summer's sunne,
Or like the wood, or like the plume;
Even such is man, who lives in sorrow,
He's here to-day, away to-morrow,
The lightning's past, the poste must goe,
The song is short, the journey soe,
The wood doth rott, the plume doth fall,
The snow dissolves—and soe must all.

* A funeral or some grievous event.

† Three days, viz., youth, manhood and old age.

SELECTIONS.

LEARN HYMNS.

A good hymn is a blessed treasure. Every such hymn in your mind, at command when it is needed, will be worth vastly more to you than so many dollars in your pocket. It is capital that bears repeated and continued investment, always repaying at compound rates. A good hymn, like a good plough, becomes all the brighter from using, but, unlike the instrument, use does not wear it out or weaken its power. Like the "Fama" of Virgil, "*vires acquirit eundo*" the hymn gathers strength

from repetition, and with something of mercy's quality "it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

A hymn committed to memory becomes a little perennial fountain for good in the soul of the young Christian. It affords a substantial refreshment. It does not interfere with his duties, for it is a sweetener of toil. It helps to make heavy burdens light and dull hours cheerful. It either drives away care or lessens its anxieties. It brings a gleam of sunshine into the cloudiest and darkest day and aids in the development of right feeling under the most unfavourable circumstances.

If any one doubts this, let him fill his heart and mind with such a hymn as

"Jeaus, lover of my soul,—
Let me to Thy bosom fly;"

or Cowper's—

"Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the Cross;"

or Watts's—

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

and see how much such trains of thought, thus expressed, can be made to do for him in the appropriate circumstances.

He will sing it over to himself in the store or shop or office, and even in the street. Though his lips may be silent, the hymn will be found springing up a little fountain of "melody in his heart unto the Lord."—*Exchange paper.*

THANK THE PREACHER!

How often are the feelings of ministers pained for want of a little thought and a little courtesy on the part of elders and church members. Through the absence or sickness of a pastor a stranger is asked to supply the pulpit that would otherwise be vacant. He goes, it may be, at the cost of no little self-denial; he preaches to the best of his ability; he prays with and for the congregation; he seeks to do them good; and, having invoked the blessing of God upon them, he descends the pulpit steps. There he stands, whilst the audience pass out of the church, and not one individual takes him by the hand to cheer him with one word of thanks. He is pained, not because he has done a great thing for them, and without a grateful recognition of the fact on their part—but he is conscious of having sought to do them good; he feels the imperfection of his performance; and he craves an expression of sympathy and kindly feeling. In its absence he is pained.

Will not elders especially think of this? It costs little to take the stranger by the hand, and thank him for this labor of love. You need not praise his sermon—it may have been a poor one—but you can acknowledge gratefully the effort on his part to serve you and the church. Nor should the members of the church overlook it. They need not fear that the minister will be offended by a kindly salutation, though they have no personal acquaintance with him. Give him a kindly greeting. Let him feel that you thank him for his services.

And one thing more: invite him to your house for rest and refreshment. It will often be the case that the invitation will be declined, but occasionally it will prove most acceptable. "Given to hospitality," is a mark of the child of God.

It is related of a clergyman who had travelled some distance to preach to a strange congregation, that, at the conclusion of the morning service, he waited for some one to invite him to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked up to an elderly gentleman and gravely said, "Will you go home

and dine with me to-day, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles away, sir." "No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me."

Do not let this happen in your church!—*Exchange.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

(See page 136).

Whither can you flee from the presence of God! But also reflect upon it that this mighty God is your Father, that there is no one loves you as He does, for you are His own creature, you belong to Him and not to yourself—that He has an interest in your good and happiness such as neither you nor yet an angel can comprehend—and that in all He is now planning for you and doing to you He is weighing and considering how He can do you and yours most good, just as if He had none else to think about or attend to in the universe! Oh! who would wish to fly from such a presence as this! What a joy to feel that, wherever you are, there this God must be! "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who has created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding." Whatever evil, then, you wish to be delivered from, whatever good you seek to obtain, in God himself, as the most powerful, most wise, most loving of all Beings, and your Father—in Him alone must you hope.

(4.) Beware of seeking to obtain comfort only or chiefly, for this is not what God is chiefly seeking to bestow. Good—good to your own immortal soul, or to that of others, should be the great object of your desire. The comfort will come at the right time, when it is sought in the right way, and the right way is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Be assured that, whatever other ends, direct or indirect, in yourself or others, now or hereafter, God has to accomplish by this trial, your own personal good is never overlooked by Him, and may always be secured. Nor is it profitable for you to be balancing your mercies already possessed, or the mercies likely to come, against the affliction from which you suffer, and thus to find ground for peace. This is just a subtle form of seeking comfort without seeking God and the good which He wishes to impart to you.—*To be continued.*

The copious use of catechisms is a very noticeable feature in Sabbath schools. The benefits which a good catechism brings are great. It compresses Scriptural truths into compact logical forms: it reduces the scattered intimations of the Bible to method: it gives exact expression to religious thought: it imparts an orderly and progressive direction to the teachings of Sabbath schools. It is a great aid to the teacher in school and to the parent at home: it supplies them with consecutive subjects of thought—with terse and exact questions—with appropriate and fit replies. In fine it is useful as a text to speak from, and an orthodox interpretation of revealed truth.

With the fullest appreciation, however, of the value of catechisms, we must direct attention