

Going out and Coming in.

Ps. cxxi.

THE Lord preserve thy going out,
The Lord preserve thy coming in;
God send His angels round about
To keep thy soul from every sin.

And when thy going out is done,
And when thy coming in is o'er;

When in death's darkness all alone,
Thy feet can come and go no more,

The Lord preserve thy going out
From this dark world of grief and sin,
Whilst angels standing round about
Sing 'God preserve thy coming in.'

ELIZABETH H. MITCHELL.

The Crossing.

IHAVE been what they call a 'masterful man' always. It's easier, may be, for such as me to get on in the world than for those that are gentler and less set to have their own way, but I am sure that there are some things that come harder for us. We can't *always* get what we want, do what we may, any more than the rest; and when we *are* balked it seems to us as though such a thing had never happened before. We are tempted, too, to set ourselves up too much, to forget those above us, and think that we can do everything.

When I speak of getting on in the world I don't wish to be understood that I've done anything very great at present. I'm only employed on the line so far, though I get good pay, and have a position of trust, and hope to have a better some day. But if any one saw me now, with a good house over my head and a good coat on my back, and remembered me as I can well call myself to mind—a little ragged, ignorant boy, without a friend or relation in the world—he might think that I had got on pretty well considering.

That sounds a bit boastful, and I know I'm too much that way inclined; but any time I think to myself how well-off I am, I say to myself, '*Thank God,*' and I mean it too.

It was not till I was a man getting on for thirty that I turned my thoughts in any way to religion.

I'd been steady and respectable always, as

a man needs to be who wants to get on, but I hadn't kept so, with any thought of pleasing God, and I'm afraid I didn't think or care much whether He was pleased or no.

It would be a long tale to tell how Mr. Harrington, our clergyman, talked to me again and again, and how much trouble he took with me, and all the things he said. I doubt I should make but poor work of trying to repeat them, and, after all, they wouldn't be to any other man what they were to me. These are things that every man must learn, each for himself.

I came over to the right side at last, and please God I will keep on it to the end.

I feel sorry sometimes, though, when I think of the way I came to be confirmed. It was a right thing to do, and I wouldn't undo it, but there was a deal that was not good mixed with my feeling about it. Mr. Harrington had spoken to me about it more than once, and I saw that it was right, but I wasn't very willing, and I don't know when I should have made up my mind if it hadn't been for some of my mates making fun of me. They tried to laugh me out of it, and said they thought I should be ashamed to go up amongst all those little boys; and that roused my spirit, and I said I would go in spite of them, and I went. Mr. Harrington knew nothing of this when he prepared me, but may be it was because of it that I could not bring myself to go further afterwards. He wished me to come to the sacrament, and I knew I ought, and in a certain way I