

Who shall be afraid even of hell any more? The sting has gone from "death" and "hell." Hell has lost half its horrors, for if I make my bed in hell, behold, He is there! We cannot get away from God. How sweetly Whittier sings:

"I know not where His islands lift  
There fronded palms in air,  
But this I know, I cannot go  
Beyond His love and care."

But there is another thought of God within this psalm. God knows all about us. There is comfort and courage in that thought for every soul. Nobody else does, and so they misjudge and misinterpret. But God knows every thought as well as every word, every desire as well as every act, and therein there is rest. God knows all; remembers that we are dust. To His just, because righteous judgment, we appeal. The Lord is my light and my life; He is my father and my judge. Of whom shall I be afraid?

I know not who wrote the above save "Whittier's immortal verse," but it seems so true that we are at all times in God's divine immediate ever-living presence, and that life to us is so full of glittering possibilities that we should be very careful to try not to live beneath our privileges. Oh! for an inspiration that would arouse us like giants from slumber, and quicken, and awaken, and illuminate the soul with a joyous consciousness and a praiseworthy zeal "to keep the eye single to mind the light," that we may look for and expect a crown of rejoicing such as is soul satisfying, for what shall it profit a man to find everything that earth can offer if it save not his own soul.

DAVID WILSON.

Nothing pays a poorer interest on the investment than wearing a long face.

If there were less quarrelling among the ninety and nine, the shepherd would have more time to find what sheep was lost.

## THE VOICE.

BY J. K. LOMBARD.

"Write," said the Voice, "all the truths of thy vision,  
That which is coming, and that which hath been";

"Nay," said the seer, "the meaning is hidden;  
How shall sense fathom what spirit hath seen?"

"The spirit gives life, though the letter destroys;  
Silence were sinful;—write," said the Voice.

"Speak," said the Voice, "if the word hath come to thee,  
Go thou to Ninevah, utter the cry";

"Nay," said the prophet, "the message were fruitless;  
Who will regard such a babbler as I?"

"He who hath called thee His chosen employs,  
Silence were fatal;—speak," said the Voice.

"Sing," said the Voice, "if the harmonies in thee  
Leap to thy lips and thrill on thy lyre";

"Nay," said the singer, "'twere needless presuming,  
What is one strain in the many-voiced choir?"

"If it be given thee, venture no choice,  
Silence were thankless;—sing," said the Voice.

"Shine," said the Voice, "let the light that is burning,  
Buried within thee, illumine thy way."

"Nay," said the Christian, "the light is uncertain,  
What if it lead my weak brother astray?"

"Herald the dawning, and earth shall rejoice,  
Darkness is danger;—shine," said the Voice.

List to the Voice that comes echoed from Eden,  
Whispering soft, or in thunderous roll.

Say it not, "Nay," in thy proud self-distrusting,  
Welcome the message that wakens thy soul.

What if brief failure thy triumph alloys?  
Faithful thy service,—"Well done," saith the Voice.

"A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education for every one that can be prevented by prosecution."