

POEM FROM "SABBATH CHIMES."—BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

"Knew ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?"
 "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

"Speak not of trifles light as air,
 Or froth of ocean's pride;
 For things on which no thought we spare,
 The mightiest forces hide.
 As slumbers in the clod the fire,
 As lingers music in the lyre,
 So future destinies are born
 From hours of prayer or hours of scorn.

"Where God in generous fulness dwells,
 Nor small nor great is known;
 He paints the tiniest floweret-cells,
 O'er emerald meadows strown;
 And sees, but not with kinder eyes,
 The heavens grow rich with sunset dyes;
 Both ministrant to beauty's sense,
 Both signs of one Omnipotence.

"He comes not forth with pageant grand,
 His marvels to perform;
 A cloud, 'the bigness of a hand,'
 Can blacken heaven with storm.
 A grain of dust, if He arrange,
 The fortunes of a planet change,
 An insect reef can overwhelm
 The stately navies of a realm.

"There are no trifles. Arks as frail
 As bore God's prince of old,
 On many a buoyant Nile stream sail,
 The age's heirs to hold.
 From Jacob's love on Joseph shed,
 Came Egypt's wealth and Israel's bread;
 From Ruth's chance gleanings in the corn,
 The Psalmist sang, the Christ was born.

"Each spirit weaves the robe it wears,
 From out life's busy loom,
 And common tasks and daily cares
 Make up the threads of doom.
 Wouldst thou the veiled future read?
 The harvest answereth to the seed.
 Ask tidings of the battle now.
 Shall heaven e'er crown the victor's brow?"

"Oh, wise beyond all written page
 Are those who learn to say,
 'Less worth were centuries of age
 Than golden hours to-day!'
 For in the present all the past
 And future years are folded fast;
 And, in each laden moment, lie
 The shapes of an eternity."