

God ; all these are certainly precluded. That there is a great difference between faithless, anxious imagining and scheming, and godly prudence, every one understands who has given a thought to the matter. From the former, one sometimes wakes up, thoroughly ashamed of it. Have I work for to-day, and strength for to-day? Then let not thought of to-morrow's food, or how I shall get through to-morrow's duties, interfere with to-day's duties, which require for themselves all my thought and care. Let me *prepare* for to-morrow, so far as I can consistently with what I am called on to do to-day. Let me, for example, lay up seven years' corn, like Joseph, if I am given to understand there will be need of it ; let me, like our Lord himself, gather up the fragments of to-day, that nothing be lost for to-morrow ; let me lay by whatever will in all human probability be needed for simple maintenance ;—but

let me do this, knowing that I am as dependent as ever on God ; and let me do it only in so far as it does not clash with present claims of charity, hospitality, or station.

This, of course, is one of the cases in which a man's own conscience must draw the line—must say how much he is to spend or give, and how much to set against a future call. There is no other rule than his own conscience to define this. But of the principle on which all are to act, no one will be left in doubt who is from day to day sincerely asking God for his daily bread. And of the two extremes—trusting in gold to the utter exclusion of all confidence in God, and trusting in God to the neglect of the rules of prudence which he has taught (which God calls “temptigg him”)—no one needs to be told which is the more dangerous, and few can safely dispense with self-delivered warnings against it.

Life's Answer.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short : if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.