

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone,
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

Christian Thought.

IS CONSCIENCE INFALLIBLE?

JOSEPH COOK'S MONDAY LECTURE.



HERE is a celebrated oration by Massillon in which he adjured his hearers, at a certain point, to imagine the doors of the temple in which he was speaking to be closed. He then directs them to look upward and imagine the roof opening upon the azure, and the last day appearing in the infinite spaces. The judg-