

manifestly drifting. You cannot watch for twelve months without seeing how it is going down the tide; the anchors are pulled up, and the vessel is floating to destruction. It is drifting now, as near as I can tell you, south-east, and is nearing Cape Vatican, and if it drives much further in that direction it will be on the rocks of the Roman reef. We must get aboard her, and connect her with the glorious steam-tug of gospel

truth, and drag her back. I should be glad if I could take her round by Cape Calvin, right up into the Bay of Calvary, and anchor her in the fair haven which is close over by the Cross. God grant us grace to do it. We must have a strong hand, and have our steam well up, and defy the current; and so by God's grace we shall both save this age and the generations yet to come.



### "SHOWERS OF BLESSING."

"I will make them a blessing: there shall be showers of blessing." Ezek. xxxiv. 20.

Thou art sending showers of blessing,  
Lord, on many a Gentile heart;  
Hear Thy children's prayer that Israel  
In this gift may share a part.

Pour on them Thy Holy Spirit,—  
Spirit of all grace and prayer;  
Draw them to the cross of Jesus,  
May they see their Saviour there.

Long have they His love rejected,  
Cherished hatred in their breast;  
Like their fathers, when they shouted,  
"Let His blood upon us rest."

Lord, that cry which rent the heavens  
Brought on them long years of woe;  
They have known Thy power to smite them,  
Let them now Thy mercy know.

May they look on him they pierced,  
And with deepest sorrow mourn  
For their own Messiah, hated,—  
Met with mockery and scorn.

Let them see the open Fountain,  
Prove its power to cleanse each stain;  
Father, hear our cry for Israel,  
Pour on them thy plenteous rain.

Lord, we plead Thine ancient promise,  
To the house of Israel given;  
"I will send the showers of blessing,—  
The refreshing rain from heaven."

*Jewish Herald.*

March, 1874.

### THE LESSON OF THE WATER-WHEEL.

Listen to the water-mill!  
Through the livelong day,  
How the clicking of its wheel  
Wears the hours away.  
Languidly the autumn wind  
Stirs the greenwood leaves;  
From the field the reapers sing,  
Binding up their sheaves.  
And a proverb haunts my mind,  
As a spell is cast—  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more  
Leaves that once are shed,  
And the sickle cannot reap  
Corn once gathered;  
And the ruffled stream flows on,  
Tranquil, deep, and still,  
Never gliding back again  
To the water-mill.  
Truly speaks the proverb old,  
With a meaning vast—  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
Loving heart and true.  
Golden years are fleeting by;  
Youth is passing too;  
Learn to make the most of life,  
Love while life shall last.  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines.  
Men of strength and will;  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Useless by the mill.  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
Beam upon thy way;