

This life's a mystery

The value of a thought cannot be told ;
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live
 As if mere life were worth their living for.
 We live in deeds not years ; in thoughts not breaths ;
 In feelings not in figures on a dial :
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most . . . feels the noblest, acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto an end, that end
 Beginning, mean and end of all things—God.

Keep thy spirit pure.

From wordly taint by the repellent strength
 Of Virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
 Ever. Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast
 There is a Hand above will help thee on.

"FESTUS."

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"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine !"

TENNYSON, "IN MEMORIAM."

"All we have we offer ;
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee."

THRING.

The privilege of receiving from God is one fully recognized : obtaining the blessings which He is able and willing to give too often tends to become the whole of our religion. The privilege of giving to God as one peculiar to His redeemed creatures is little realized. All things come of Him, and His are the cattle upon a thousand hills ; we have but one thing actually our own to give, the sovereign will that makes us men. Surrender of this to God is the meaning of Consecration, the motive power of the truly useful life, the secret of the truly happy life. For each one of us 1896 may be a golden year if we begin it by giving gladly and without reserve, this New Year's Gift to our God.

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The following quotation is worthy of note. It is a comment on Psalm II, verse 8,