

the ministers, arm in arm, headed a long procession which encircled the auditorium two or three times, with kindling songs, of "We're marching onward to Zion," and other hymns, and then returned to the platform, where a show of hands was asked and given, attesting faith in Christ and assurance of heaven, also from those who then and there resolved to become followers of Christ.

The last moment had come. "I now," said Dr. Stokes, "pronounce the Ocean Grove camp-meeting of 1887 closed, in the name of the Father (toll of the bell), and of the Son (toll of the bell), and of the Holy Ghost (toll of the bell), Amen."

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
But like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shake of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir ;
Let not tidings of an hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

—Bonar.