

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God ;
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the valley of death my feet have
trod,
And I reign in glory now !

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven ;
I am one of the sainted band ;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home ;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come !

Oh ! friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true !
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no ;
For memory's golden chain,
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again,

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame,
Flows freely down like a river of light
to the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Savior's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?

A DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

During the public ministry of Jesus Christ upon the earth, the following description of His person was sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome. It is from an ancient manuscript :

"There lives a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ, in Judea.

The barbarians esteem him as a Prophet ; but his own followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped ; his aspect amiable and reverend ; his hair flows into those beautiful shades which no united colour can match, falling into graceful curves below his ears, agreeably couching upon his shoulders, and parting on his head like the head of a Nazarite. His forehead is smooth and large ; his cheeks without either spot, save that of a lovely red ; his nose is smooth, and formed with exquisite symmetry ; his beard is thick, and of a colour suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below the chin, and parted in the middle like a fork. He rebukes with majesty ; commands with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language ; his whole address, either in deed or word, being elegantly graceful and characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh ; but many have seen him weep, and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with his. He is very temperate, modest and wise, and in short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems, at present, from his excellent bearing and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

Such a word picture of Him of whom the Bible says : He is the chiefest among 10,000 ; yea, He is altogether lovely.

—When Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger and rags and hardship. Let him who loves this country follow me!" And thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet at that high appeal. And will you, the trustees of posterity—will you turn your backs to the appeal of your Saviour Christ? I know that you will not. You cannot all be missionaries ; but some of you may be called to that high work, and all of you may help it forward.—*Canon Farrar.*

Bad words are soon learned by converse with those that use them, but not soon unlearned.