



THEN WE SHALL KNOW.

“**W**HEN we get up on the mountains, we shall see *why*.” I turned to look at the speaker ; for it was one of the common trials of life of which we were speaking, and I did not know that I understood aright ; but the calm look of heavenly trust assured me, and I admired, as I had often before, my friend’s desire to acknowledge Divine wisdom in every event of life that is permitted to take place, however small.

“On the mountains !” Ah, what wonders shall we then behold ! With what now unimagined intelligence shall we look down upon the paths from which we shall then have ascended, and admire the wondrous Wisdom that guided us through the dark and difficult places. Could we but always look *up*, instead of stopping to tremble and shudder by the way, how much easier would be the ascent. Truly, as some writer has said, “Our tears hinder us from seeing the way clearly.”

God help us to be brave amid these life-trials, and to walk firmly, until the danger is past, and high up in the eternal home we rest safely.

SAM’S ARITHMETIC.

“**C**OME, Sam, let’s go in and take a little. Old Bob keeps the best cask in town. Come along ; a little drop will do you good.”

“Jim, I have been thinking this matter over since I saw you last, and I *can’t* do it. The fact is, Jim, I mean to give up drinking, and I hope you will never see me take a drop again. Besides, I have been figuring on this matter, and what do you suppose it costs us to patronise old Bob ?”

“Well, two or three shillings a week, I suppose,” said Jim.

Sam, taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket-book, handed them to J., and said, “Let us

look at it fully, and make a fair calculation. You deposit—

Your money—and lose it.

Your time—and lose it.

Your character—and lose it.

Your health of body—and lose it.

Your strength of mind—and lose it.

Your manly independence—and lose it.

Your self-respect—and lose it.

Your sense of right and wrong—and lose it.

Your self-control—and lose it.

Your home comfort—and lose it.

Your wife’s happiness—and lose it.

Your children’s rights—and lose it.

Your country’s honour—and lose it.

Your own soul—and lose it.”

“Well, Sam, I never saw it in that light before. Come, let’s go and sign the pledge together.”

The two friends did so, and of one thing we may be certain—that they never regretted the step they then took together.

HOLY THINGS.

THERE is a holy Name,
So sacred and so dear,
We speak it in a tone subdued,
With mingled love and fear.

There is a holy Place,
Where Christians meet for prayer ;
And Jesus Christ, whom we adore,
Is surely with us there.



There is a holy Book :
In mercy it is given
To guide us in the narrow way,
And light our path to heaven.

There is a holy Day,
Which God Himself has blest,
And set apart from other days
For worship and for rest.

Lord Jesus, help us all
To love Thee and obey,
Teach us to reverence Thy Name,
Thy House, Thy Word, Thy Day.