

osophy can yield so perfect a test.—Do nothing but what you can ask God's blessing to rest upon. Oh, what a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, be the lure ever so seductive! What a beacon in the darkest hour of doubt! To know that God will bless our efforts, is a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps than the most powerful of earthly helpers.

Nothing but what God will bless! write it on your heart—have it graven as a breastplate—it will never fail you. "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." So He has promised and He never fails to fulfil.—A. M. L.

ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

A soldier was wounded, and was being carried off the field of battle; he felt that his wound was mortal—that life was quickly ebbing away, and he said to his comrades who were carrying him,

"Put me down; do not carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" asked the kind hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is one thing for which I would be much obliged; in my knapsack you will find a Testament, please find a verse near the end of

the 14th of John, that begins with 'Peace,' will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read to him, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour. God is with me—I want no more," and immediately expired.

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Christian was under manifold trials and afflictions; and on one occasion, to a friend who was condoling with him, replied as follows:

"I look around, and I see how many there are who are much more heavily afflicted than I am. I look within and I see how much corruption there is in my heart, which needs to be mortified, and which deserve the rod. I look downward, and I see that hell which I deserve, and from which grace has alone delivered me. I look upward, and I see that God whose hand overrules all events, and who doth all things wisely and well. I look backward, and I see from how many troubles He has delivered me, and how many afflictions He has made to work together for my good. I look forward and see that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" to which He is conducting me, and for which, by those afflictions, He is preparing me. And when I have looked in all these different directions, I do not think of my afflictions." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."