

without sin. Had God been, in the Old Testament, set before our mind wholly in the abstract qualities of his being—there would have been a lack of unity in the mode in which he is presented to the apprehension of the heart (we say not of the *mind*) under the two dispensations. But the Lord, knowing from the beginning the aspect in which he would be eventually presented to the church in Christ, permitted beforehand these humanized indications of himself, that there might be under both dispensations that oneness of feeling in regard to him, which enables the most enlightened servant of Christ to make the language of ancient David his own when he thinks and speaks of God.

The Heathen Answered.

As a missionary was preaching to the people in Arracan, a man began to speak in praise of the god Gaudama, when another man, who had been a great enemy to Christianity, but who was converted, answered him. The following conversation then took place between them. "You have become a disciple of Christ, have you?" said the heathen. "You join with this foreign teacher, do you, to prove that our god is no good, and that our religion, which has stood for a thousand years, is only a cheat and a fable? You are like a dog that is coaxed away by a thief,—you may as well lick honey from the edge of a razor, as listen to this foreigner." "Very well," replied the Christian, "I used to laugh at this religion and this teacher as much as *you* do; but I was a fool, and did not make use of my eyes. This religion is true, and everybody would believe it if they knew what it is. We make a god of wood and then put a rope round his neck, and carry him off to his own place, put a fence around him, and keep him there till the white ants eat him up. We should not treat a thief as bad as this. You might as soon think that Gaudama was a monkey as that he was a god."

My Baby Boy.

All alone, my baby boy !
Little living fount of joy !
Standing on thy tiny feet,
Trembling, tottering, smiling sweet !
Canst thou walk, unled, unaided,
On the parlor floor paraded ?

Looking comical and queer,
Arms extended as in fear,
Infant pilgrim, now begin,
Try thy skill, and thou shalt win ;
There ! one little step is taken,
By it all thy form is shaken.

One more,—swinging to and fro,—
Lost your balance,—down you go !
Up again, by stool or chair,
Take another venture fair :
Walking is a mighty matter,—
Make your little feet to clatter.

Come, my darling, come to me,
Laughing, crowing, in your glee ?
See your father's beckoning arms
Wait to shield from hurts or harms ;
Ha ! you've started, tripping, running,
Hands outstretched, and steps so cunning !

O, my precious baby boy,
Father's pride and mother's joy,
Many charms in thee are found,
Many hopes in thee are bound ;
Kindest hands to thee are proffered,
Earnest prayers for thee are offered.

Take no evil path, my boy,—
Make not bitter all our joy ;
Oh, may every step of thine
Guided be by love divine !
Walk, alone, the path of duty,—
Path of safety and of beauty,

All alone, my blessed child,
Now so winning sweet and mild,
Though, with crowds along the way
Of life's opening, closing day,
Thou must walk, thyself immortal,
Toward the future's solemn portal.

Then thy faithful feet, at last,
When this earthly scene is past,
Shall, within the heavenly gate,
Walk, with highest joy elate ;
On the banks of Life's pure river,
Bright with glories fading never !

— The Lord knoweth the days of the upright and their inheritance shall be for ever.

— They shall not be ashamed in the evil time, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.