

The horns of the altar were symbols of mercy and grace, freely offered and freely given by God. They told of hope and of safety. To grasp the altar horns was to lay hold of God's strength and to rest under the shadow of his protecting love. So Christ is at once our shelter and our strength. He surrounds the believer as with a temple wall, keeps him in safety from all enemies and in peace amidst all alarms.

The temple was God's sanctuary of old. It represented God dwelling in the midst of Israel, and Israel drawing near to God in the appointed way. Christ is the true sanctuary. His manhood, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt (tabernacled) among us," is the "tabernacle of meeting" between man and God. His glorified body passed into the holiest place, where He ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is in Christ that God dwells with us, for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily," (Col. ii. 9) and it is through our abiding in Him and He in us, that God dwells with us and in us and is our sanctuary and grace, blessing and peace.

Kedesh, the city of the holy place of the sanctuary, points to Jesus the holy one of God, who is our one and only Refuge, the strong tower of the Lord in which we are safe for time and for eternity. Happy he who in trusting faith looks to Jesus as a refuge. It is related of that master-mind of the English Church, the great Christian apologist, Bishop Butler, that as he was on his death-bed he said to his chaplain, "I know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour but how am I to know that he is a Saviour to me?" The chaplain simply answered, "My Lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" The dying Bishop was lost in thought for a few minutes, but into his heart there came that blessed assurance which is the fruit of accepting Jesus as a personal Saviour; then he said, "I have often read and thought of that scripture, but never till this moment did I feel its full power, and now I die happy."

Do to-day thy nearest duty.

OUR ALL IN ALL.

(Deut. xxxiii. 27.)

Thou art ours, O gracious Father,
Ours to love and to adore;
Thou who art the Fount, the Giver
Of all good for evermore.

We are Thine, O loving Saviour,
Life and joy and peace we owe
Unto Thee, who didst redeem us
From eternal shame and woe.

Thou art ours, O dear Redeemer,
Our Immanuel, King, and Friend;
Thou hast loved, and still dost love us,
Love us even to the end.

Thou art ours, O loving Spirit,
Tender Guardian, ever nigh,
Leading earth's tired, wandering children
To their God and Home on high.

We are Thine, O Holy Presence,
Breath of heaven, of Christ within;
Witness, Comforter, Protector,
Midst a world of death and sin.

Thine for ever, tender Father;
Thine for ever, loving Son;
Thine for ever, blessed Spirit,
Safe in the great Three in One.
—*Harriet Julia Evans.*

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, the writer, philanthropist and speaker, has a strong individuality. You could never mistake her for somebody else. She has a strong, sweet voice, a magnetic personality, and it is no wonder that people like to listen to her. "I wonder," said her warm friend and co-worker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of late, "when you are going to lose some of your warmth and enthusiasm. You are a wonder to me. Does your zeal never flag? Do you never look back over the long years of labor and feel that it is time to rest and take your ease?" And Julia Ward Howe shook her white head and answered, smilingly:

"These thoughts have never come to me—as yet. But I must not boast—my warmth and enthusiasm may possibly desert me when I get old."

She is only seventy-eight, a mere girl, you see. Her father, a New York banker, gave her a liberal education. She had teachers in French, Greek and German; she had the best music-masters of the day, and, having a nature ambitious and earnest, she made good

use of these opportunities. Fifty-three years ago she married Dr. Howe and went abroad with him. She was ten years a wife before she published her first book. It was a volume of verse, and met with but indifferent success. A year later she brought out a drama, which was better received, but it was during the war that she penned the glowing words which made her famous, and endeared her to the American people for all time. Enthusiasm is catching, and it thrilled through her poems and her verse. Somebody asked her on one occasion what work of hers she was the proudest of. Her reply is characteristic. "I am proud of nothing I have written, but there is one song I never hear ring out without thanking God that it is mine." "And that song is—?" "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," she said simply. It is worth a great deal to hear her telling the story as it was told to her by one who was there, of the first singing of that hymn in that place of torment, Libby Prison.

Her eyes fill up with tears, her voice falters, her lips quiver. She is all woman as she tells of the horrors of war, she is all woman in her love and reverence for bravery and strength, and her emotion spreads to you. You see the picture so plainly—the prison with its squalid mass of humanity, the wretchedness too awful to be told. You see the red ball of the sun creeping down in the west after a day of intense heat. You see the wan faces, the hopeless faces, the death-touched faces of the men. Oh, the suffering depicted in haggard cheeks, and in lack-lustre eye! All day they have lain under the blazing sky, no shade, no cover. A tantalizing sound is in the air, the murmur of the wind among the pines not far off, but not a breath comes to carry away the sickening heat, or to lift the stench-filled vapor shrouding the sick and dying. It is awful to think upon, more awful to look upon. The pity of it will never quite die out of our hearts.

"Men have told me of long marches, of weary days and weary nights, cheered by the Battle Hymn; of loss met nobly, and of