

"THE DAY BREAKETH."

Yes! we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God the Spirit now is speaking
 By His word, in ev'ry land;
 Mark his progress,
 Darkness flies at his command.

Let us hail the joyful season,
 Let us hail the rising ray;
 When the Lord appears we've reason
 To expect a glorious day.
 At His presence
 Gloom and darkness fly away.

While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,—
 God the Saviour is preparing
 Means to spread His truth abroad.
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts to hear each day
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the Gospel wins its way,
 Those enlight'ning
 Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand;
 Let the Gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land;
 Let the idols
 Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

LEAVING IT IN GOD'S HANDS.

"Father, I will leave the matter in your hands, and will give myself no further trouble about it."

"Very well, I will attend to it."

Thus spoke an affectionate son to a loving father. The matter alluded to was one which had caused the son great anxiety. The adjustment of it was within the father's power. The son was about to set out on a journey. He therefore very properly committed the matter into his father's hands. Having done so, he felt no further anxiety about it.

"My son," said Mr. G., "I wish you to take this bundle to the river. Take it to the corner, and I will join you there and help you to carry it."

The son had a desire to go in another direction. The request or command of his father interfered with his plans. He could not refuse to obey, but he obeyed with a sullen spirit. He took the bundle to the corner as directed. It was heavy, and he bore it with great difficulty. When his father offered to take it, he held on to it, and said, "I can carry it alone."

"You had better let me relieve you," said the father.

"I can carry it alone," said the son. The father noticed the unpleasant tones of his voice, and thought it wise to let him bear his unnecessary burden.

Not a few Christians seem to act towards God just as that son acted towards his father. God in his wise providence imposes burdens. He does not wish to have his people crushed under them. He offers to relieve them—to bear their burdens for them: but they often obstinately cling to them, and say they can bear them alone. What wonder is it, that God lets such bear their unnecessary burdens!

Reader, there is no care, nor burden, nor sorrow which Christ wishes you to bear alone. He wishes you to cast it on him; or if that be impossible, he will share it with you. What a view this gives us of the love of Christ! and what a view does our conduct in clinging to our burdens, and bearing our sorrows alone, give us of our own folly and sin!

A godly man was once the object of persecution and slander. His good name was taken away. Those who had before treated him with confidence shunned him. His burden was a heavy one. That which greatly increased its weight was the fact that for the time his power of doing good was almost wholly destroyed.

He entered upon no labored defence of his character. He suffered in silence, and prayed for his slanderers. He sought the sympathy of a few Christian friends, whose confidence in him could not be shaken.

"I have not seen you for some time," said a friend as they met; "you look better than when I saw you last."

"I am out of trouble," was the reply. "I have laid the matter down at the feet of the Lord, and said, 'Lord, I roll that trouble off upon you—I'll have nothing more to do with it.'"