

shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." * Oh, my friends, make that man, the God-man, Christ Jesus, your "hiding place from the wind," your "covert from the tempest," and then you may say : —

"Then, let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies, —
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

"If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in THEE !"

* Isaiah, xxxii. 2.

THE END.