

promised to all His own. The clouds, which are tinged with scarlet and gold from the setting sun, draw out the imaginations of the Christian as he looks in ecstasy at them, and he can fancy that he sees the battlements of Heaven in the sky, and the abode of the blessed pictured in shining gold—aye, and even those hosts of the redeemed “which no man could number, standing before the Lamb,” all portrayed in that same glorious light. But remember all ye who would share your Master's cross, that, beautiful as are the works of God, which delight us in this world, they are as nothing compared to what is in store for those that love Him. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

In every blade of grass, in every curling white-crested wave that breaks on the beach—yes, even in the very grains of sand, of which the beach is composed, there are wonders ready to unfold themselves to the appreciative eye, and cause us to say with the Psalmist, “O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy riches.”—Ps. civ., 24.

W. D. McFARLANE.

REJOICE, O YOUNG MAN, IN THY YOUTH.

Hark to the words of one accounted wise
Beyond his fellow-men ; for never one,
Except that One who left the eternal skies,
The Man Divine, our God's Incarnate Son,
Had spoken such advice. But see Thou run
The way that leads to Heaven, for nought beside
Will give thee joy hereafter, when are done
Our days of travail,—ebbed are time and tide,
And gone, like morning dew, young life's strong gladsome pride.

Thy heart shall cheer thee in the days of youth ;
Yet be thou mindful of the coming years :
The days of darkness linger not in truth,
For truly mortals tread a vale of tears,
Therefore, rejoice while joyous life appears,
But in thy spring-time dread the wrath of God,
Lest all too late thy heart be fraught with fears,
And all too late He scourge thee with that rod
Which rules the earth, and guides where holy saints have trod.

And choose thy joys. Nay, God has made the choice.
Reck not what men call joy, but seek to hear
Above the din of earth the still small voice
That tells thee God is all that thou should'st fear,
And sin all thou should'st hate. Thy duty clear