

heaven. No human language can ever convey, the full import of that "which the Holy Ghost teacheth." Oh! that every one would learn to wait until they hear His Voice, and then obey *it* at any sacrifice. "O that thou hadst hearkened to *My* commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."
—*Words of Faith.*

WAITING FOR DAILY GUIDANCE.

I was called to decide upon a course of action in a time of great perplexity. I knew no one to whom I could apply for counsel. In my distress, a faint hope arose in my mind that the course I had decided to pursue was in accordance with the will of God. It entailed on me an immediate voyage to another country, and I made my preparations to depart.

In the evening previous to my leaving, several friends called to bid me farewell, among them the brother of one for whom I had a great regard. He severely censured me for the step I premeditated, and strenuously urged me to abandon a course which, after much deliberation, I believed to be the right one. He was particularly skilled in argument and persuasion, and thus my decision was shaken, the plan of action lately so clearly defined to my mind had become a labyrinth without light, and my heart had lost its once peaceful security. All was confusion. He took his leave satisfied that I had accepted his judgment to guide me in opposition to a path distinctly marked out to myself. But the Lord was my present help though I knew it not.

In either case I could not avoid the voyage, and the preparations were already made for my departure the following day. Equipped for the journey, harrassed with anxiety, agitated with the thoughts of the future, I waited for the carriage to convey me to the port, when my ear caught the sound of a horse in full gallop, and in a few minutes a horseman dismounted at my door. The appearance of the horse, his drooping head and heaving flanks, showed that he had been pressed to his utmost speed by

his impatient rider. There stood before me the skilful advocate of the previous evening, forced to do the bidding of a God he knew not. His face was changed from what I had seen it before. He looked scared and haggard. Trembling and exhausted by his rapid journey, I could not at first comprehend the reason of his sudden and unexpected appearance.

God had spoken and shaken the strong man's heart, and "the terror of the Almighty" had made him afraid; and whatever else he may have disbelieved, he never again doubted there was a God in heaven who defendeth the stranger, and him that hath no helper, and who will not suffer a hair of the least of his children to perish. He entreated my forgiveness, and prayed me to cast from my mind the rash counsel he had pressed upon me.

In a voice broken with emotion he told me that at midnight a dream or vision (he knew not which) rose before him, and like a frightful reality he beheld the fatal result of the counsel he had pertinaciously advised me to follow, while a voice distinct and terrible bade him look upon the woe he had worked for one who had never injured him. "All this is your doing," echoed in his ear, as he awoke from this startling visitation. He arose, called for his horse, and had ridden many miles before the sun was up in his anxiety to see me again, fearing that the vessel that was to convey me from the port would have sailed, leaving with him only the remembrance of his midnight dream.

The cold-hearted scepticism which pervades the Church is the obstacle to fulness of communion, and hinders the sealing of the Holy Spirit's instructions. Who shall limit His teaching, or circumscribe His action by day and by night.—
Anna Shipton.

WHEN we speak of imperfect love and perfect love, we do not refer to two kinds of love, but to two degrees of love.

BRILLIANCY may only be a lightning glare. It may only light to rive and blast, and end in thundering roar. Steady shining is what is needed.