

of our helplessness, and the expression of our confidence. Hence David says unto God in the Psalms xvii. 7, "O thou that savest by *thy right hand* them which put their trust in thee, from those that rise up against them;" xvii. 35, "*Thy right hand* hath holden me up;" xx. 6, "Now I know that the Lord saveth his anointed, with the saving strength of *his right hand*;" lxiii. 8, "My soul followeth hard after thee: *thy right hand* upholdeth me;" cviii. 6, "That thy beloved may be delivered: save with *thy right hand*, and answer me;" cxxxviii. 7, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, *thy right hand* shall save me;" cxxxix. 10, "If I dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, *thy right hand* shall hold me." And answering beautifully to all these expressions, we find God,—even He "whose right hand hath spanned the heavens" (Isaiah xlviii. 13), whose "*right hand*" is exalted, and "doeth valiantly" (Psalm cxviii. 15),—saying to every one that trusteth in him, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee;" "I will uphold thee with *the right hand* of my righteousness" (Isaiah xli. 10).

But as it was Peter that took the lame man by *the right hand* and lifted him up (Acts iii. 7), so it is not we that take hold of God's right hand, so much as He that takes hold of ours. Hence David says, Psalm lxviii. 23, "Thou hast holden me by *my right hand*." And in harmony with this, the Lord says in Isaiah xli. 13, "I the Lord thy God will hold *thy right hand*, saying unto thee, Fear not: I will help thee."

Dear readers, are ye afraid of God's wrath because of your sins? Grasp the hand of Jesus, seize it, and press it, cling to it, and keep it—and give him yours. Yea, lay hold of him with both your hands; say, "I stretch forth my *hands* unto thee." He is the man of God's *right hand*, and will save you. Be to him, each a *Benjamin*, which means "the son of the right hand."

God has a right hand, where there

are pleasures for evermore. But he has also a left hand. Read Matthew xxv. 33, 34, 41, and consider this. You and I shall ere long be either on the one hand or the other of the Judge; which of them shall it be?

To the Wind.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."—BIBLE.

Busy wind with sweeping wing,
Ever stirring, restless thing;
Whither come you—on your way,
From the dewy caves of day?
Whither bear your burden on
O'er the grassy slope and lawn?

Whither come you—spicy thing,
From the rosy grot of spring?
Bearing fragrance on your breath
From the daisy-spangled heath;
Whither go you—onward now,
Breathing notes of music low?

Whither come you—from the rill?
Or from out some mossy dell?
When you fan the fainting air,
Breathing life and freshness there.
Whither go you—tireless sprite,
Onward, onward! day and night?

Whither come you—sighing breeze,
Sadly moaning through the trees?
Can thy wail a requiem be,
Borne from off the rolling sea—
Bearing on o'er wave and land,
Tidings to some orphan band?

When you rock the stormy deep,
Or, leap down the craggy steep,
Bursting from that mighty Hand,
Strewing havoc o'er the land,
On thy desolating path—
Then, thou art a thing of wrath!

When the glowing cheek you kiss
Leaving prints of happiness,
Gently stooping from above—
Now, thou art a thing of love.
Whence come you—or whither go?
Who, thy secret place may know?

Thus is he of spirit born,
Meaner tracks he meekly scorns;
Ever moving to and fro,
O'er the moral waste below;
Mystic power around him breathes,
Swaying human sympathies.

Now he routs a thousand foes—
Now he melts for other's woes;
Now with drooping pilgrim weeps,
Now his brow with gladness steeps;
Ever changing, still the same,
Hid with Christ his secret name.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.