

England now presents—of patient suffering in one class, and Christian benevolence in another class of its people—and while both may thus be bound together, a way may be found to render the one that suffers, less dependent on the fluctuations of commerce. Thus no doubt God works out his wise and beneficent purposes. Soft showers and bright sunshine—in their turn ripening the sown seed for the coming harvest, and causing it to bring forth fifty, sixty, or an hundred fold,—are God's instruments to benefit and bless. But so is the hurricane which purifies the air from pestilential vapours, and compensates for its immediate devastation, by the more extensive benefits, which it ultimately confers. Yet is not the hurricane less dreadful. Nor is the calamity of war less to be deprecated. It is matter of thankfulness if we are subject to neither. We should pray for peace, and even when it is needful to prepare for war, seek the things which make for peace. Nor is it to be forgotten this day, amidst the grounds we have for thanksgiving to God, that there is a pacific spirit in the counsels of the empire,—and that it meets with the public approval,—that while jealous of the national honour, and providing for the public safety, those in authority avoid every cause of offence, and, in the face of temptation and provocation, preserve that honourable neutrality, which alone preserves us from being the first sufferers in a war. Yet it is not to them, but to a higher than they, that we are to look for continued peace and security. What saith the sacred "Scripture," Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh the flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."

It is to temporal mercies that our attention is this day called. But it behooves us, even while regarding these, and offering unto God the tribute of thanksgiving for them, to remember the spiritual privileges and advantages which we enjoy, and the claim which they establish, to a deeper and livelier gratitude. That we live in a Christian land,—that we have the word of God in our hands,—that we are free to worship according to the dictates of our consciences,—these are privileges, beyond what are enjoyed by the great proportion of mankind,—privileges calling for gratitude, and imposing responsibility. Then what ground of thankfulness there is for the revelations made to us, in that word of God, which it is our privilege to possess. The revelation of a merciful God, of an Almighty Saviour, of a glorious immortality! The offer of a free forgiveness, the promise of God's Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify, assurance of grace to sustain amidst the trials of life, and the terror of death!—all temporal blessings, how precious soever, and desirable for a season, sink into insignificance when compared with these. For these it is meet and right, that every day should be a day of thanksgiving,—that the daily life should be a continual sacrifice unto God, and that song of praise be begun on earth with which the courts of heaven are ever resounding.

There are views of human life, according to which it seems a light and insignificant thing, and but little to be valued. Thus it is said,—What is your life—it is even a vapour, that ap-

peareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." There are views of human life in which it seems a very wretched thing—a long series of labours and troubles, cares, vexations and disappointments, all terminating in disease and death. But how glorious a thing it is, when it is also a Christian life. It is the gift of God. It is spent under the eye of God. It is cheered by the favour of God. It is the preparation for a life with God. And that life is without end—and with nothing to bar the soul's ever advancing progress towards perfection in knowledge and all virtue. Who feels that such life is his—Who that but feels that such life may be his—but must own how justly the admonition of the text may be addressed to him, "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High!—Yield, that is, to God the gratitude of the heart, and the willing and steadfast obedience of the life.

### THE USEFUL LIFE.

Go labor on ; spend, and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;  
It is the way the Master went,  
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go labor on ; 'tis not for nought ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
The Master praises,—what are men ?

Go labor on ; enough, while here,  
If he shall praise thee, if he deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go labor on ; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,  
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !

Go labor on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on ;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away :  
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to win ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, behold I come !

—Bonar.

### THE ABSORBENT NAME.

The Wye and the Severn lose their names in the Bristol Channel, and the Bristol Channel loses its name in the Atlantic, and the Atlantic in the Pacific; and the names of the various religious sects are all ultimately to be absorbed in the all-comprehensive name of *Christian*—a name which the ransomed will retain throughout *eternity*. ΑΝΘ.