

music, and the cool river flows noiselessly by, as though anxious to bear away the melody on its silent tide. The sad, sweet notes wax sadder and sweeter, and the echoes glide and wander about as though they had lost their way in searching for an ear undulled by slumber to drink them in.

Dear God, we thank Thee for the sweet songs that come echoing to us out of the night shadows! When the sun of prosperity gilds our path, and the beauty of gratified wishes blooms, and the sympathy and love of friendship are awake, an unceasing chorus of joy thrills around us; but when the brightness pales, and the bloom withers, and the love falls into death's sleep, oh! the song stealing out of the gloom is rare and precious!

We love the sweet lark's song that sparkles down from the upward brightness of the summer sky like glittering spray showered from a limpid fount; but what morning song of gushing rapture steals into our very souls as does the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale's plaintive evening trill? We love the fair rose, with its exquisite perfume and richly-tinted petals, the pure, stately angel-lily, the countless rare exotics, with their many-hued beauty, that seem to lay imperious claim to our admiration; but, ah! how one's heart's love goes out unsolicited to the tiny fragrant lily of the vale, lurking 'mid its leaves, and the sweet wild violet hiding in the shadow!

We love to hear the praises of the Most High chanted from the "pleasant places," and behold the beauty of Christian graces flourishing therein; but, oh, the melody and fragrance of a *chastened* Christian life—how sweet it is!

God deals with His children in some ways as He does with the birds and flowers. Some He knows would wither up in the broad glare of worldly prosperity, but in the shade they give out the fragrance of manifold graces, and grow meet for life in the "better country," where no blight or wither can reach them. And some have blessings bestowed on them during a night of continuous sorrow, which, if it had never darkened on them, would never have been theirs, and many a testimony to the goodness and tenderness of a compassionate Father, far surpassing in depth of sweetness the exultant praise of a griefless experience, would have been lost.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord!" Ay! let His ears drink in the worship of a thundering chorale; "Let the floods clap