

We shall see him safe in at the gate next time.

Mrs S. Oh, what a glorious event that is in a man's history!

Mr S. It is indeed. But mark this well, dear children,—that not till then is the pilgrim a converted man. The pilgrim is not safe yet! All that he has undergone is insufficient to raise him out of his unregenerate state.

Dr M. Ah! how many come as far as this; and get no further!

Mr S. Take Evangelist's advice, then, immediately; and rest not till you have committed your souls, the youngest of you, to the care of that gracious Saviour who says, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not."

NEGLECT OF PRIVATE PRAYER.

It is the practice of some of the christianized Hottentots at one of the Mission stations, in order to enjoy the privilege of private prayer with greater privacy and freedom than they could do in their own confined dwellings, to retire among the trees and bushes in the vicinity; and, that they might carry on their devotions without being intruded on by others, and at the same time derive all that tranquilizing influence which would be produced by a spot with which no other thoughts were associated but such as are holy, each person selects for his own use, a particular bush, behind which he might pour out to God the pious breathings of his soul.

The rest considered this bush as an oratory, sacred to the brother or sister who had appropriated it, and which, therefore, was never to be violated by the foot or gaze of a stranger, during the season of occupancy by its proprietor. The constant tread of the worshippers in their diurnal visits to this hallowed spot, would of necessity wear a path in the thin grass which lay between their huts and the scene of their communication with God.

On one occasion, a Christian Hottentot woman said to a female member of the Church, "Sister I am afraid you are somewhat declining in your religion." The fear was expressed with a look of affection, and with a tone which savoured nothing of railing accusation, nor of reproachful severity, but altogether of tender fidelity. The

individual thus addressed, was too conscious of its truth to deny the fact, and too much melted by the meekness of wisdom with which the solicitude was expressed, to be offended, and meekly asked what led her friend to the opinion she had expressed.—"Because," said the other, "the grass has grown over your path to the bush."

The backslider fell under the rebuke, confessed that secret prayer had been neglected, and that her heart had been turned away from the Lord. The admonition thus given had its desired affect, and the faithful Hottentot had the satisfaction of restoring the wanderer, not only to the path to the bush, but to that God with whom she there communed in secret.

THY WILL BE DONE!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night: with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice,
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!