

Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth—you might have been born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London."

"That is true," said Ella; "I never thought of that before."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, "our *happiness* does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is an attendant upon wealth—upon fame—upon position in society; but if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time, into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others—who scorn the wrong and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the scales of self-interest and worldly pride—it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides.

It is I.

It is I!—So spake Jesus. Glance for a moment at the scene, and let it instruct you.

The vessel was frail, the night dark, the storm wild, the waves heavy. Many a staunch boat had gone to the bottom, in less urgent perils. And then, when these were at their height, when all natural forces seemed combined against them—came the super-

natural. The form as of a man, was dimly seen through the spray and gloom, walking toward them on the billows! What wonder if the disciples were afraid! or that they said to one another, "Our hour has come!"

But mark the sequel. Their extremity was the Saviour's opportunity. Above the roar of the tempest, his serene voice said—"Be of good cheer—it is I!" The winds heard it, and were still! Immediately the ship was at the land whither they went!

Well, and what now? This:

Jesus reigns over nature. His will directs the course and issues of providence. Events and their seasons are open to his knowledge and controlled by his power. His disciples need fear neither the night nor the storm, neither the adverse winds nor the swelling sea.

And what more? This:

The church was in that little boat, and imperilled by that midnight tumult. To the church, thus tossed and in danger, he said—"Be of good cheer, it is I!" That night scene on the lake of Galilee was for an example. It was meant to teach the church courage in the darkness and the storm. She cannot be sunk or stranded. Imminent as may seem the peril, the Church is safe. Why? Jesus is nigh her. Jesus is in her.

"Why do you fear?" said the stern Roman to the pilot who hesitated to launch forth his bark on the tempest-fashed ocean; "Why do you fear? You carry Cæsar."

Glorious Saviour! we will fear no more. Thy presence is with thy people. Thy love and power, like mighty walls, are round about the Church. The world may court or curse—Rome may commit her fornications, and wild with rage, grasp her thunderbolts. Hell may combine and put forth all its powers, to lay low the people and the city of God, but we will not fear. In the darkness, it is Thy form we see. Above the din of the conflict it is Thy voice which says, "Be of good cheer—it is I!"