

to the last its genial warmth and crimson glow ; but let the air stagnate around it, and, flake on flake, the white ashes will gather over it, and the fire will die away within it, and under those ashes it will be left black and charred, a cold and useless log. What the breath of wind is to the glowing brand, that prayer is to the soul. Let the man or woman live a prayerless life, and all the light and the fire and the glow, all the wisdom and generosity and love, will die away from it, because these are the results of spiritual grace above ; and covered with the dead, white embers of its own selfishness and pride, it, too, will be cold and dead and hard—a useless thing, half consumed with impenitence and sin.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

TRIED AS SILVER IS TRIED.

BY L. M. LATIMER.

“Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.”—Psa. lxi. 10.

I SAW them crush the silver ore
Till all the hills around,
That lay in beauty calm and still,
Re-echoed with the sound.

I saw when hoofs of angry steeds
Had trampled out the ore ;
And fiercely burned the furnace fires,
To purify still more.

I saw the silver in the fire,
The dross all burned away,
And perfect in its purity,
A thing of beauty lay.

As silver Thou dost try us, Lord,
Till melted at Thy will,
In sweet submission we have learned
To suffer and be still.

The die must heavy press the heart
To bear Thine image there,
And those who love Thee most, dear Lord,
Gladly Thy sufferings share.

O sit beside the furnace, Lord—
Refiner of the heart—
Till perfect, spotless, pure and white,
We see Thee as Thou art.