

in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber: 'Now as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said: 'Will that do?' 'Ay,' he replied; 'and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon.' 'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?' 'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to "Twas when the seas were roaring."' And so he wrote in the corner at the top of the page, 'Twas when the seas were roaring.' The hymn was printed accordingly."

The Forest-Guarded Highway.

A traveller relates that, when passing through an Austrian town, his attention was directed to a forest on a slope near the road, and he was told that death was the penalty of cutting down one of those trees. He was incredulous until he was further informed that they were the protection of the city, breaking the force of the descending avalanche, which, without this natural barrier, would sweep over the quiet homes of thousands. When a Russian army was marching there, and began to cut away the defence for fuel, the inhabitants besought them to take their dwellings instead, which was done.

Such, he well thought, are the sanctions of God's moral law. On the integrity and support of that law depends the safety of the universe. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is a merciful proclamation. "He that offends in one point is guilty of all," is equally just and benevolent. In this view, to every sinner out of Christ, God must be "a consuming fire." To transgress once, is to lay the axe at the root of the tree which represents the security and peace of every loyal soul in the wide dominions of the Almighty.

How inexorable is law! How wonderful and glorious the interposition of the Cross!—*Family Treasury.*

A Beautiful Reflection.

BULWER, eloquently says:—"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness! Else, why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that

the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why, is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why, is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."

The Poor Man's Wife.

How she reckons, I am sure I cannot tell; but she keeps out of debt, lives in cleanliness and plenty, and has always something to spare a sick neighbor. She says—"My husband's harvest wages clothes himself and the children; my gleanings pay the shoemaker; the orchard pays the rent; the garden does this; the flail procures that; the children's hands yield so and so; and good heart, she crowns all by saying—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. He forgiveth thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases. He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Commit Yourself.

It is not always best or even prudent to commit yourself on everything. In some things it is policy, nay, duty, to keep your own counsels. It might do more harm than good to disclose them. But it is not so in religion. You should always be ready to commit yourself on the Lord's side—"give a reason for the hope that is in you." It will strengthen your purpose—your character—and make you a bolder, better Christian; and it will be a great means of doing good to others. You should thus hold up the cross of Christ, and throw your influence on the right side.—*Morning Star.*

TRIALS.—A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.