

living rock, and our wonder is excited by the boldness of its conception, the regularity of the lines, the massive stone walls, with their pillars and buttresses—a perfect and complete work of art in the midst of this stony wilderness!

One hour's walk below Gondo lies Isella, the Italian customs station. Midway between these two places, on an open, elevated spot, stands a little pillar, the boundary stone between Switzerland and Italy. With anxious longing our eyes follow the dusty road to a land

“Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie.”

SHELTERED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weakness, that the strength of Christ may cover me.”—2. Cor. xii., 9. R. V. (margin).

DEAR Lord, I lie still in the shelter
Which Thy strength spreads over me;
For I cannot go forth as others go,
And share in their work for Thee.
I am all too weak to take my part
As one of the busy throng;
And even the voice that would sound Thy praise
Has grown too feeble for song.

But I can lie still in the shelter
Of the strength which covers me;
And I can rejoice in the weaknesses
That draw me more close to Thee,—
For I know so well that Thou art near,
Though veiled from my mortal eyes,
And I surely know that Thy choice for me
Is kind and loving and wise.

So I'll lie quite still in the shelter
Which Thy strength spreads over me,
Till Thou biddest me leave my weaknesses
And arise to dwell with Thee.
Oh, then I shall serve Thee tirelessly,
For they weary not above;
Oh, then shall my voice untiringly sing
The praise of Thy wondrous love!

TORONTO.