

powerful preachers in the North of England. His zeal knew no bounds. He was an earnest minister, a popular lecturer, and a voluminous author. Unhappily he became sceptical, and for several years he travelled extensively both in England and America, delivering lectures against the Bible and Christianity in favour of which he had often spoken most eloquently. In the midst of his degeneracy, there were those who always believed that he would return to the faith of the Gospel, and no doubt they often prayed for this. Some years ago he happily came home to his Father, and spent the remainder of his days in labouring to the utmost of his ability to undo the evil which he had formerly done. He now exalted Christ and the atonement, and a short time before he died on his farm in Kansas, U.S., he called some friends to his bedside, and assured them of his unshaken faith in Christ, and the peace of mind in which he contemplated his demise. Thus he died a trophy of grace.

IN THE FURNACE.

BY T. CLEWORTH.

IN the furnace of affliction
Sinks my spirit fill'd with grief.
Can these flames give benediction?
Lord, Thy love is my relief!

I can bear this outward burning
If Thy fire be l't within,
All my soul to true gold turning
By the outpurged love of sin.

In the furnace of affliction
Walk with me, oh, Son of God!
Frown not on my heart's defection
But apply Thy cleansing blood.

Great my griefs; but Christ is greater.
Lo! He brings the promised rest!
Folded in His spotless nature,
In the furnace I am blest!

Thornbury, 10th Nov., 1875.