

"I cannot do that, God was never so real to me before our loss as he has been since. I am obliged now to cast myself upon him as I never did in the days of our prosperity."

"Then let us kneel together," I said, "and thank him that he enables you to trust in him." I then came away thinking much upon what I had heard and seen. Here, thought I, is a living proof that the loss of temporal possessions may be the means of enriching the soul. It is a terrible thing to have almost everything you possess swept away by one sudden stroke. But if God, at such a time, specially visits the soul with his consoling grace, how rich is the compensation!

This is the immense advantage which the Christian has over the worldling. It is most grievous for a worldly man to lose his worldly possessions, for he has no other; but the Christian even in poverty and pain is rich in the consciousness of divine favor. He can look up to God and say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

God's word contains many precious promises for suffering saints—promises which have cheered thousands of weary hearts and enabled them to hold on their way amid the greatest losses and discouragements. It is indeed a happy thought that none can rob us of our spiritual possessions. Our life is hid with Christ in God. We are safe in him for ever. Here we may be rich or poor, honored or despised; but Jesus is always our Saviour, God is always our Father and our Friend.—M.L., in *Friendly Greetings*.

SWEET SPICES.

ICE breaks many a branch, and so I see a great many persons bowed down and crushed by their afflictions. But

now and then I meet one that sings in affliction, and then I thank God for my own sake as well as his. There is no such sweet singing as a song in the night. You recollect the story of the woman who, when her only child died, in rapture looked up, as with the face of an angel, and said: "I give you joy my darling." That single sentence has gone with me years and years down through my life, quickening and comforting them.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

ANGEL OF FAITH.

Angel of Faith, blest comforter from God,
The night is dark—dense shadows cloud my sight;
I do not, can not understand, and longing for the light,
Helpless I cling to thee, Angel of Faith, support and comfort me.

Angel of Faith, serenest thought of God,
Would I the more submissive be to know his leadings?
To know just why he sorely chasteneth me?
Nay! rather with thy sight would I see,
And trusting all, Angel of Faith abide with thee.

Angel of Faith, transforming power divine,
Fold close thy pinions 'round my heart alway,
That it may rise above the things of sense—
May drink where living waters play;
That it may soar on raptured wing, Angel of Faith—just soar and sing.
—*Louisa Rorison Skinner*.

Let one more attest.

I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime and all was for the best.

—*Browning*.

Men, like houses, are numbered by the street on which they face, and not by some alley to which their lives may extend.

Do not look forward to the changes and chances of this life in fear, rather look to them with full hope that, as they arise, God, whose you are, will deliver you out of them. He has kept you hitherto—do you but hold fast to this dear hand, and he will lead you safely through all things, and when you cannot stand he will bear you in his arms.—*Francis de Sales*.