At ease in Zion! Shall no sense of shame Arouse us from the self-indulgent dreaming? No pity for the world? No love to Him, Who braved life's sorrow and man's disesteeming; Us to God's light and life by his dark death redeeming?

## "IT'S SO DARK, FATHER, GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

I heard a good brother relate in our prayer-meeting a touching incident, which I have never seen in print. One dark and stormy night, a gentleman's little girl, who slep, in a small bed beside his own, became disturbed and restless in her sleep. The rumbling thunder and raging storm without alarmed her, and she began to cry. Her father spoke, and asked, "What is, it, daughter?" O, father, it's so dark here! Please give me your hand to hold." Putting his hand in both of hers and folding them across her breast, the little one was comforted, and soon fell asleep.

## THE PEACE OF GOD.

There is a peace the world can not bestow Nor take away; and they in'joy do go Who but possess it, for its charm is sure, And doth through all the ills of life endure,— It makes the sad rejoice, the weak feel strong, The troubled soul burst forth in joyous song, Which may be heard above the din of strife— An antidote for all the cares of life. Oh, peace of God I may I thy power enjoy, And in Thy praise my life shall find employ; Thou shalt me 'fend from every evil way— Make all the darkness turn fo brightest day— Till safe within the everlasting arms My soul shall rest secure from all alarms.

Toronto.

11-12/12

-J. Imric.