

make a furious lion of a little stinging insect, and yet, the insect may be our tormentor, and a cloud of such like pests may be the death of us.

Trials of this sort seldom obtain the sympathy they deserve. And when we think of God, we hesitate to speak to Him about these. That, however, is our infirmity. When He promises, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be,"—the promised grace is destined by him for these lesser, often most troublesome, and sometimes most dangerous ills of daily life.

How much some of Christ's own have to bear of such affliction. True, with rare exceptions they are provided for. "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." But so many of them are provided for, with what thrift, and shifts, and from hand to mouth. In the domestic trials of the Christian poor, the grandest heroisms appear that have ever been wrought on earth. The father toiling late and early, evening and morn; the mother washing, mending, buying things cheap and making them go far, tending her children in sickness and health; both walking together as heirs of the grace of life, leading their children to Jesus, bravely fighting their life-battle, trusting in the Lord, able to look up and to think that it is all right, and that God is good. These are the living sacrifices; and no martyr of all that "persecution chased up to heaven," shall receive a nobler crown from the Righteous Judge.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." That deliverance is complete when heaven is entered. There the voice of the taskmaster is not heard, nor strife of tongues; no wants are unsupplied; no separations from loved ones take place; sorrow and sighing have fled away. God wipes all tears of affliction from their eyes.

This world, which God hath made, is beautiful yet. Summer fields in green and gold are laden with good for man and beast; trees rejoice and clap their hands; waves sparkle in the sunshine on lake and river; young animals play; children laugh in gladsome mirth; and work is done; and worth appears, and kindness, and god-fearing, and Christ-loving; all this and much more of good report is to be found on earth through the manifold grace of God.

But there are evils here, too, and so many woe-stricken, that the world may be thought of as a lazaret-house, with wounded, and tormented, and dying, and despairing victims, not so far from us anywhere.

There is no avoiding sorrow from this source. No one is so callous and inhuman in his selfishness as entirely to disregard the anguish of a fellow-creature, least of all a Christian whose heart the Lord hath touched.

Have you never, in passing along the street, met some poor creature—may be a little pinched, shivering child; may be a hoary-headed man, lonely, left to stem the torrent, and so unfitted to breast the waves of ever-swelling misery; may be an abandoned woman, a temple of the Holy Ghost and so desecrated? Have you not wept in heart, and longed to help? and when you thought of ignorance, and penury, and vice having done their worst, was that less saddening?

On happier circles disaster sometimes falls, blasting fair prospects, blighting hearts, darkening the home that was so lightsome a few days before; and