

experienced the fulfilment of the promise, "the Lord will provide;" for I have been provided for beyond my expectations, and certain I am, far above my deserts.

And each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

And I hope, by his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

W. M.

AFFLICTION.

"We oftener turn to God in our grief than in our joy."

No observation more true than this was ever made. Prosperity makes man insensible to the obligations which bind him to God. It increases his love for the world. It causes him to be more eager in the pursuit of his illusions. It enfeebles the voice of conscience, and weakens the moral law. It invests the earth with glory, and prompts man to desire it for an eternal residence. In his eye it is a perfect paradise, yielding every sweet that the heart can wish, and gives an inexpressible joy. He wants no better Heaven.

Let adversity's hand touch him, and how the scene changes. Let sickness pale his cheek and distress his frame, and how do his opinions alter. Let misfortune deprive him of his dear treasures, and how soon does the enchanted land become a waste. What was once music, then is discord—what was once beloved, then is abhorred.

Finding by sorrowful experience that "all is vanity,—its pride mortified and its errors corrected, the spirit turns to objects worthy of its embrace. The long-neglected Bible is perused, meditation dwells upon holy subjects, faith takes its first view of eternity, and prayer breathes its first accents in the ear of Jehovah. The pathetic pleadings of religion are regarded, its extended arm is grasped and its proffered guidance accepted. An entire resignation of the world

takes place, the desires that before spent themselves on created things, their gratification in other sources, and the hope that the walls of the horizon bounded and earth laboured to meet, are fixed upon that land where the buds of promise expand into flowers, and the earnest longings of the soul that were here marked, are fully and eternally answered.

LONGING FOR GOD.—Of a small handful of outward things, I am ready to say, It is enough; but that which I long so passionately for, is a large heart full of God in Christ. Thou art my Sun; the best of creatures are but stars, deriving the lustre they have from Thee. Did not thy light make day in my heart, I should languish for all them in a perpetual night of dissatisfaction.—*Dr. Arrow-smith.*

Poetry.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

With grateful emotions we bring
Our tribute of prayer and of praise
To Jesus, our merciful King,
The fountain of life and of grace;
To Him that first gave us our breath,
And all the good things we enjoy,
That shields us from dangers and death,
And blessings unknown doth supply.

To save us from folly and crime,
To make us both useful and wise,
To fit us when summon'd from time,
In honour and glory to rise,
Instructors have kindly been given,
Who feel it their joy to impart
The news of salvation and heaven,
Of pardon and peace to each heart.

Bless'd Spirit of mercy and truth,
Thine influence sweetly bestow,
To lead in the days of our youth,
Our Maker and Saviour to know;
O teach us his laws to obey,
His worship and service to love;
Till angels shall bear us away,
To join in his worship above.

L. COLLINS.