

## Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

#### THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE higher Christian life! What does it mean?

Where lies the secret of its mystic power?  
Ye speak of Jesus and of life in Him,  
And bask in sunshine every passing hour.

The higher Christian life! Oh happy few,  
Who walk with Jesus free from care and sin,  
How many weary souls would share with you  
The rest of God, but cannot enter in.

The higher Christian life! May it be mine?  
The peace, the joy, the Sabbath and the soul!  
I long to know and feel the power divine,  
And seek in vain, like sailors, for the pole.

The higher Christian life! Is it a dream  
Of regions fair beyond the ice and snow?  
And do ye speak of things ye have not seen,  
Nor felt nor known in Jesus here below?

The higher Christian life! My doubting heart  
Still trembles Christward, like a magnet  
true;

And yet I know not by what holy art  
To cast out fear, and conquer sin like you.

The higher Christian life! I will not say  
Ye have not found it, and are self-deceived,  
The night to me may yet be turned to day,  
And things be mine which heart hath not  
conceived.

The higher Christian life! I know it well,  
Is not an heirloom passed from sire to son;  
Nor can a brother to a brother tell  
The secret of the victory he hath won.

The higher Christian life! Whate'er it be,  
It must be found in Christ, our first and last,  
And soon the day will break, the shadows flee,  
Within the veil my anchor safe is cast.

### "BY-AND-BY—THINK OF THAT!"

ON a cold, windy March day I stopped at an apple-stand, whose proprietor was a rough-looking Italian. I alluded to the severe weather, when with a cheerful smile and tone, he replied, "Yes, pritty cold; but by-and-by—tink of dat!" In other words, the time of warm skies, flowers and songs is near. The humble vendor little thought of the impression made by his few words, any more than we usually appreciate the responsibility which attends the power of speech. "By-and-by—think of that!" Yes, soul in trial, shivering in the frost of disappointment or winds of adversity, there is a sweet by-and-by; think of that, if faith in God your Saviour permits you to; for soon the eternal light and melody shall be yours. What soothing, animating power in those simple words, all along the path of Christian pilgrimage! Under every shadow, in every tearful experience, say to the troubled spirit, "By-and-by—think of that!"

### "TAKE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO ENTER INTO REST."

THERE was a poor man, meanly and shabbily dressed. A friend, loving, rich, and great, paid all his debts, bade him leave his poor house, and come into his own beautiful home, and live with him. "All mine is thine," he said; and he gave him rich clothing that he might adorn himself, and the key of his coffer, that he might never want for gold.

But it so happened that the man brought a little of his own money with him when he went to his great friend's