

The doctrine ought, then, never to be separated from the life, nor the life from the doctrine. A new phase of revival had appeared. Let care be taken that doctrine was not neglected. Formerly people had suppressed doctrine for the sake of union. Now they were re-united in proclaiming it as the bond of union. Might God maintain and bless them in this way?—*M. Baute.*

THE HIDING PLACE.

It is nature that teacheth a wise man in fear to hide himself, but *grace* and faith do teach him where. Fools care not where they hide their heads. But where shall a wise man hide himself when he feareth a plague coming? Where should a frightened child hide its head but in the bosom of his loving father? Where a Christian but under the shadow of the wings of Christ his Saviour? "Come, my people," saith God in the prophet, "enter into thy chamber, hide thyself." But because we are in danger, like chased birds, like doves that seek and cannot see the resting-places that are right before them; therefore, our Saviour giveth His disciples these encouragements beforehand, that fear might never so amaze them, but that always they might remember that whatsoever evils at any time did beset them, to him they should still repair for comfort, counsel and succor. For their assurance whereof His "peace He left unto them; not such a peace as the world offereth," by whom His name is never so much pretended as when deepest treachery is meant; but "peace which passeth all understanding;" peace that bringeth with it all happiness; peace that continueth forever and ever with them that have it.—*Hooker.*

THY WILL BE DONE!

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift;
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint—
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
Our weakness, or our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take, with solemn thankfulness,
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy, that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design.
And thank thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press—
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with heated scars,
Thy will be done!

Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.