

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
At his pierced feet to fall;  
Why forbid me? help me rather;  
Jesus is my ail in all.

Suffer me to run unto him;  
Gentle sisters come with me;  
Oh that all I love but knew him,  
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmate, gay and smiling,  
Bid me not forsake the cross;  
Hard to bear is your reviling;  
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,  
Father, mother, sister, friend—  
Jesus never will forbid me!  
Jesus love me to the end!

Gentle Sheperd, on thy shoulder  
Carry me, a sinful lamb;  
Give me faith, and make me bolder,  
Till with thee in heaven I am.

WAVES OF FIRE.

A traveller in the Sandwich Islands, while visiting the volcano near Hilo, witnessed a wonderful phenomenon. As he was sitting at lunch on a high bank overlooking the crater, with his face turned to avoid the intense heat, he was startled by a noise like the rushing together of bodies of water, and was obliged to run to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in the wildest commotion, wave dashing on wave. Great billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake, meeting in fierce conflict, receding and rushing together again with increased force, shooting into the air, perhaps a hundred feet, a vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally combed over, and fell in graceful spray back into the lake again. When the lake was restored to its usual order, it seemed to have fallen at least ten feet.

On reading the above, we could not help thinking how forcibly it illustrates the fearful Scripture expression, "the lake of fire," and taking up our Bible we read the following passage: But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8.)

Reader! are you a believer in Jesus Christ? If you are not, do you not read

your character and doom in this dreadful portion of God's holy Word, which cannot be "broken," but must be "fulfilled?"—*Herald of Mercy.*

THE STATIONER AT THE FAIR.

"A stationer, being at a fair, hung out his pictures of men famous in their kind—among which he had also the picture of Christ. Divers men bought according to their several fancies. The soldier buys his Cæsar, the lawyer his Justinian, the physician his Galen, the philosopher his Aristotle, the poet his Virgil, the orator his Cicero, and the divine his Augustine;—every man after the dictation of his own heart. The picture of Christ hung by still, of less price than the rest; a poor shopman that had no more money than would purchase that, bought it, saying, 'Now every one hath taken away his god, let me have mine.' Thus, whilst the covetous repair to their riches, like birds to their nests; the ambitious to their honours, like butterflies to a poppy; the strong to their holds; the learned to their arts; atheists to their sensual refuges, as dogs to their kennels; and politicians to their wit, as foxes to their holes; the devout soul will have no other sanctuary, fix upon no other object, but Christ Jesus, not pictured in their chamber, but planted in the inner chamber of the heart."—*Salter.*

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, in writing to his little daughter, said, "Search your head all over, and if you find two ears and only one tongue, be always more ready to hear and slow to speak; and when you speak, speak with diffidence and modesty. Always say little of characters, and let this little as much as possible be in the way of commendation. Gain some little addition every day to your mental stores."

The young reader may regard this advice as addressed to her, and may profit by it. It is a good plan to ask ourselves every night what good we have done during the day, and what we have learned. That is a lost day in which we have not done some good or learned something.