

most lambent flame, if only I may feel the omnipotent support of thine everlasting arms! O, if we could but realize how much he loves us, if we could but think how much he cares for us, and be led to cast all our cares upon him! How faithful should we find him! How deep would be the wells from which we should draw living water! How tranquilly should we resign ourselves and all we loved to him; and as our hearts reminded us that he doeth all things well, our lips would give forth the feeling, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

The refiner of silver has a very simple mode whereby to test the completeness of the process he performs. When he withdraws the silver from the fire, he judges of the perfection of the operation by the distinctness with which he can discern his own image reflected in the metal. If he sees it plainly mirrored there, he knows the process to be complete. It needs no word to apply the metaphor to those who have passed the furnace of affliction. You have doubtless done this for yourself. When Christ plucks his people from the fire, he looks for his own image in every face; and in proportion as that image may be traced, so may it be more or less emphatically said of that man, "it was good for him to be afflicted."

• "He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by
When, in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

"Thus in God's furnace are His people tried;
Thrice blessed they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide,
Who from the crucible come forth so pure
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul.

"Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But stamped with Heaven's broad signet there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
'Not for a moment—but eternity.'"—*Mursell's Lectures*.

FOR THE YOUNG.

MORNING GLORY.

"Morning Glory" was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and although already nearly ten years old, she was still the pet and baby of the house. She had a cheerful sunshiny face, and as many pleasant, winning ways, as any little girl that ever lived. Perhaps this