

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

It is no dream, Great Comforter,
But very truth to me,
That all earth's strengthless, fainting ones
May be made strong in Thee.

The years have taught me many things,
But none so sure as this:
That shelter, solace, joy and strength
Are always where God is.

So now, when hope and courage fail,
And only fear is strong,
My heart will sing, as in the past,
An unforgotten song.

God is my refuge and my strength,
I will not be afraid;
And though the night be wild and dark,
I meet it undismayed.

The strength to bear, or work, or wait,
Is Thine, O God, to give,
And who shall weak and strengthless be,
That learns in Thee to live?

HOW TO KNOW.

BY REV. WILLIAM HASLAM, M.A.

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Do you remember taking a walk with me last year at ———, near Keswick?" said a gentleman to me.

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"And do you remember the story you told me then?"

"Perfectly well," I answered.

"Do you, indeed; and did you mean it for me?"

"Yes," I said, "I did; but I was afraid that I had missed my mark, as you did not take it up."

"Oh, no," replied my friend, "all the time you were speaking I felt sure you were aiming at me, and I was pondering over to myself how it could apply."

"The story I told you, if I remember right, was about a man who took up his pen to defend me, at the time of my conversion, when I was being attacked in the newspapers. He wrote so clearly and intelligently upon the subject of the change which had passed upon me, that I applied at the editor's office for the name of my unknown defender.

Upon receiving it, I found that he was not only a near neighbor, but also an acquaintance of mine. From what I knew of his life and conversation I had never suspected that he was a converted man. A few days after this, as we were driving to the seaside, we met this same gentleman on the road, and asked if he would accompany us. He readily assented, and got into the carriage. While luncheon was preparing, I took him for a walk on the beach. We conversed upon a variety of subjects, and amongst others, of India, and in particular about Calcutta.

"Ah, yes," said my friend, "that is a fine city, the city of palaces! What a fine place is Chowringee, leading to the Government House and the Cathedral."

"Have you been there?" I asked.

"Oh, no," was his reply; "but I have read about it."

I thought to myself, this man has a wonderful power of realizing what he reads! In course of conversation, we went on to speak of conversion, the subject which was stirring the minds of so many persons at this time. "How long have you been converted?" I asked.

"Oh, I do not think I am converted," he replied, "but I can see that you are right, and the other fellows are all wrong."

"You disappoint me," I said, "for I certainly thought you must be a man of experience from the way you write."

"Yes," said my friend, to whom I was now speaking, "that is the story I refer to. How did you mean that for me?"

I replied "Because, I thought while you were speaking of the keeping power of Christ, that you were telling out what you had heard or read. It was as a minister only, and not as a witness."

After a little pause, my friend said, very thoughtfully, "If a man implicitly believes the keeping power of Christ, is not that enough?"

I answered, "The devil believes fully that Christ can keep His people, and put a hedge round them; but he does not believe in the keeping power of Christ as we believers should, who may be partakers of it."

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly, "but surely if I believe God's word, that is enough."

"That entirely depends," I replied, "upon how you believe—whether you give the word an intellectual assent, or whether you actually partake of that which the word describes. There is a difference between knowing a thing from man, and knowing the same thing from being taught of God."