

Yes, we need the chaff taken from about our souls, that the wheat may be gathered into the heavenly garner. Only through suffering can this be done. Yet we must "count it all joy" that the glorious harvest may be gathered in. The "tribulum" is doing its work in many of our souls. We may have to come through "much tribulation" before our robes are made white, but the dear Saviour has said: "Be of good comfort: I have overcome the world."

Let us, then, when we are in distress, lift up our hearts to God in the prayer: "In all time of our tribulation, Good Lord, deliver us!" And strength will come to enable us to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer. Sweetly from those who have patiently borne their sorrows comes the testimony to us: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole."—*The Silver Cross.*

THE ABIDING ONE.

(For the departing year.)

"God is the rock of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Ps. xliii. 26.

SOME hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well known the passers to and fro;
Some like a busy city's market place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life, and nearing now its close;

At first, the forms fantasies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—Ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked

Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step,
Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mocked
My listening ear. But, oh! there came one step,
So soft and slow, which said, "I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,
Amid this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved—
Love past my craving—love that died for me;
He took my hand, and, in its gentle strength,
I learnt the joy of leaning utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly—
(Trust oft betrayed, but now misplaced no more);

My Rock! my Rock! my wave-besieged Rock,
Safe in Thy clefts I rest for evermore.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts
Can ne'er be rocks; they are but potter's clay;
The Lord our God, He only is a Rock!

Who trusts in Him may trust in Him for aye.
Still do the countless footsteps come and go;
Still with a sigh the echoes die away;
But One abides, and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty, night and day.

—Anon—

REASONING POWER OF ANTS.

ONE morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly over the centre of the table, and, to try their ingenuity, the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to the hook with a cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch.

First the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away, and it was supposed that they had given up in despair. Within a surprisingly short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.—*Kind Words.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A CRY OF TRUST.

JESUS, sole refuge in distress,
Sure hope of every sin-sick soul,
For healing touch to Thee we come:
Lord, make us whole.

Tossed on the waves of this rough sea,
With hidden rocks and coming night,
Oh, Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Be Thou our light.

Soldiers upon Thy field we stand,
The foe is strong, we faint in fight;
Put forth for us Thy conquering arm,
Be Thou our might.

And when we meet our latest foe,
When Death and we hold mortal strife,
Oh, Stronger than the strong, prevail,
Be Thou our life.

—MINNIE RITCHIE MUIR.

LIGHT.

"THE path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Thomas Brookes, the old Puritan divine, says: "If you only have candle light, bless God for it, and He will give you starlight. When you have got starlight, praise God for it, and He will give you moonlight; rejoice in it, and He will give you sunlight. And when you have got sunlight, praise Him still more, and He will make the light of your sun as the light of seven days, for the Lord Himself shall be the light of your spirit."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE BEAUTY OF QUIET LIVES.

THERE are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth which have no name among men, whose work no pen ever records, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God. They make no noise in the world, but it needs no noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer, and life they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns or worlds! So Christ has many earthly servants who work so quietly that they are never known among men as workers whom He writes down among His noblest ministers. They do no great things; but they are blessings, oftentimes, perhaps, unconsciously, wherever they go.—*Exchange.*

CASTE IN RELIGION.

RUTTONJI NOWROJI gave a magnificent reply to a man who asked him to establish two missions; one for the higher classes, and the other for the lower. He says:

"I replied I would do so without hesitation if he, on his part, could prevail upon God to set two suns in the firmament; one for the higher, and the other for the lower classes. The reply had its desired effect upon the man. Turning to his neighbors he said, 'If God treats all the children of men alike, who am I that I should ask His servant to make a difference between man and man?' Both caste and idolatry are doomed, and must fall before the Gospel of Christ."

YOU DON'T PRAY.

A CHRISTIAN brother who had fallen into darkness and discouragement was staying at the same house with Dr. Finney one night. He was lamenting his condition, and Dr. Finney, after listening to his narrative, turned to him with his peculiar, earnest look, and, with a voice that sent a thrill through his soul, said: "You don't pray! that is what's the matter with you. Pray; pray four times as much as ever you did in your life, and you will come out."

He immediately went down to the parlor, and, taking a Bible, he made a serious business of it, stirring up his soul to God as did Daniel, and thus he spent the night. It was not in vain. As the morning dawned, he felt the light of the Sun of