

## A THOUGHT FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Christian was under manifold trials and afflictions; and, on one occasion, to a friend who was condoling with him, he replied to the following effect:—"I look *around*, and I see how many there are who are much more heavily afflicted than myself. I look *within*, and I see how much corruption there is in my heart—which needs to be mortified, and which provokes the rod. I look *downward*, and I see that hell which I have deserved, and from which grace alone has delivered me. I look *upward*, and I see that God whose hand overrules all events, and who doth all things wisely and well. I look *backward*, and I see from how many troubles he has delivered me, and how many sharp afflictions he has made to work together for my good. I look *forward*, and I see that 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' to which he is conducting me, and for which, by those afflictions, he is preparing me. And when I have looked in all these directions, I do not think much of my afflictions."

Let me also well consider such texts as these: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Heb. xii. 6. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."—Acts xiv. 22. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

"Lord, who hast suffered all for me,  
My peace and pardon to procure,  
The lighter cross I bear for thee,  
Help me with patience to endure.

Let me not angrily declare  
No pain was ever sharp like mine;  
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,  
But rather weep, remembering thine."

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## Poetry.

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## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Another year hath fled: renew,  
Lord, with our days Thy love!  
Our days are evil here and few;  
We look to live above:  
We will not grieve, though day by day  
We pass from earthly joys away;  
Our joy abides in Thee;  
Our joy abides in Thee!

Yet, when our sins we call to mind,  
We cannot fail to grieve;  
But Thou art pitiful and kind,  
And wilt our prayer receive:  
O Jesus, evermore the same,  
Our hope we rest upon Thy name;  
Our hope abides in Thee;  
Our hope abides in Thee!

For all the future, Lord, prepare  
Our souls with strength divine;  
Help us to cast on Thee our care,  
And on Thy servant shine:  
Life without Thee is dark and drear;  
Death is not death if Thou art near;  
Our life abides in Thee;  
Our life abides in Thee.

ARTHUR T. RUSSELL.