

been most marvellously guided in drawing a bow at a venture ; for every word and every action had been just what was wanted for her poor brother.

I tell you this because you are publishing both. Will you sometimes pray that God's especial blessing may go with them ? I should add that it was almost a miracle in another way, for I had such a cold that I doubted being able to sing at all ; and yet I believe I never sang clearer, and stronger, and better. How good God is !

Many readers will doubtless join me in thanking Mr. Parlane for these "side-lights on a saintly life."

They bring Frances Ridley Havergal nearer to us, and make her dearer than she has hitherto been.

As we read these letters they did not sound like "voices from the tomb," but like the loving utterances of a living friend. They made us feel how real is the "communion of the saints," and that death is but an incident which can only partially interrupt it.

After reading such letters, and coming into spiritual fellowship with such pure spirits, we think, not of the words in Revelation, "Blessed are the dead which die in

the Lord," but of the words of Jesus, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

These letters show how subservient all things are to the ruling love. Frances Ridley Havergal was a Christian first, and a business woman afterwards. She conquered and held for Christ the business department of her life—a department which some affirm cannot be Christianized. But she believed and proved that the heavenly can be so grafted into the earthly as to crown the whole life with heavenly fruit.

We leave these letters feeling thankful that we have been permitted to peruse them ; and feeling also that it is possible to yield literal obedience to the apostolic counsel, "Be ye filled with the Spirit ; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*The Aldersgate Magazine*.

"JESUS, THE SOUL'S REFUGE."

BY J. H. COLLINS.

Jesus, I am sorely tried,
And my heart is crushed with woe ;
Yet I will in Thee confide ;
Though I stagger 'neath the blow.
Thou art "all in all" to me,
Light in darkness, ease in pain,
Joy in sorrow comes from Thee,
Loss for Thee is richest gain.

Every other friend may fail,
Every other comfort fly,
But when fears my soul assail,
On Thy Truth I will rely.
Never shall I be dismayed,
Though afflictions press me sore,
Fears assail, and foes invade ;
Thou art mine for evermore.

Thou canst make my weakness strong,
Thou wilt shelter me from harm,
Thou dost shield my soul from wrong,
Therefore naught shall me alarm.
Clinging to Thee, I can sing
"Nothing can my peace molest,"
Sheltered safe beneath Thy wing,
I enjoy unfailing rest.

O what comfort from Thee springs !
What enduring bliss is mine !
Richest joy Thy presence brings
Sweetest fellowship divine !
Feasting with Thee every day,
By Thy bounty well supplied ;
Walking with Thee all the way,
I am safe when near Thy side.