

THE GARDEN WITHOUT AND THE GARDEN WITHIN.

His voice hushed the tempest to stillness,
The ocean was calm when He spake ;
My bark will be safe with its Pilot ;
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Though darkness may shroud all the future,
His presence the gloom will dispel,
The sea shall divide at His bidding ;
With Jesus to lead, "all is well."
And still as I go on my journey,
A path through the desert He'll make,
Though briars and thorns may obstruct me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

He knoweth the past and the present ;
The future my Lord can foresee,
Jehovah, who feedeth the ravens,
Will not be unmindful of me.
At night He will compass my pillow,
Nor leave me when morning doth break,
His arms, everlasting, protect me ;
"He knoweth the way that I take."

He knoweth, and when He hath tried me,
And fashioned me into His mould,
My spirit, made perfectly holy,
Shall shine in His presence as gold.
Then, then from these dull earthly visions,
In His likeness at last I shall wake,
To sing of His goodness for ever,
"Who knoweth the way that I take."

L. E.

The Garden without and the Garden within.

HAT a desolate, dreary look a piece of garden-ground wears in winter ; the earth is hard and cold, and if the garden has not been planted, nothing is to be seen but a few weeds. The spring sunshine will come, and the rains will fall on that ground, but still only weeds will flourish if the gardener does nothing to it. Just like such a piece of ground are our hearts by nature. God's mercy shines on us like the sun in spring.