

safe, sinners, through an enlightened conviction of guilt and danger, take refuge in the Saviour. From the tempest to that opened window these scared doves fly. When their righteousnesses not only are filthy rags in God's sight, but also seem such in their own, the penitents in disgust fling the foul garments off, and, according to the language of Scripture, "put on Christ." The Lord becomes their righteousness. They have gotten white clothing before they are called to stand round the throne. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." They are "accepted in the Beloved;" and the consciousness of this acceptance keeps their spirits cheerful in the varied trials of life.

Believers are "in the Lord" for life and growth and fruitfulness, as a branch is in the vine. But these are all figurative expressions; and some persons with tendencies and habits of mind deemed philosophical, discard them as in their own nature indefinite and incapable of verification. I confess the terms are figurative, but such must all terms be that deal with spirit and

its exercises. There was as little of philosophy as of religion in the resolution of the reasoner who determined to believe nothing that he did not see. Spiritual being and a spiritual state are, in the nature of the case, impalpable to sense. If we do not speak about them in borrowed language, we cannot speak about them at all. A soul may be pure or impure, may live or die, as really as a body. I may be in Christ living, or out of him dead, as truly as this green branch lives in the vine, and that withered branch has been severed. The best way of learning what spiritual union to Christ means, is to be spiritually united to Christ. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." While the prodigal was keeping swine, a ragged famished exile, he would have made great blunders if he had attempted to explain to his master or his neighbours the affection of his Father's heart, or the precise emotions of a reprobate son at the moment of his reconciliation; but when he lay on his father's beating breast, then, and then for the first time fully, he knew both himself and his father.

Poetry.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Since o'er thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh! what magnificence must glow,
My God! about thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls how bright!
If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord! one beam of THINE:
What then, the day where thou dost shine!
Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure,
That noon of living rays,
Or how may spirit so impure,
Upon the glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Muhlenberg.

'IF MOTHER WERE HERE.'

My life is so weary,
So full of sad pain;
Each day brings its shadows,
Its mists, and its rain,
There's no ray of sunshine
My pathway to clear;
But sorrow would vanish
If mother were here.
Each hope for me blooming
But blooms to decay.

Each joy that I treasure
Soon withers away;
My dreams, full of beauty,
In gloom disappear;
But soon all would brighten
If mother were here.

O lay my poor head
In her dear lap once more,
And feel her soft fingers
Stray lovingly o'er,
And catch her fond whispers
And glad words of cheer;
How soon grief would vanish
If mother were here!

How tender her tones were,
How loving and sweet,
As she told me of life;
And the trials I'd meet!
Yet little I cared then,
But little did fear,
For she was beside me;
My mother was here.

Now, flowers bloom above her,
And winds in the grass
Breathe low, solemn dirges,
As gently they pass;
And I'm left to mourn her
With many a tear.
O, earth were far brighter
If mother were here.

But O, when this life's
Restless moments are past,
And I go to abide
With the angels at last,
Among the rich joys
Which in heaven I'll share,
Is mother, dear mother,
Who waiteth me there.

—Anne E. Howe.