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"Thou art the Guide of my Youth."

On Thee, my Father and my God, My trusting soul expectant waits. For strength to tread the narrow road That leads to Salem's heavenly gates.

Oh turn to me a listening ear, Though oft my feet have gone astray: Still let me feel Thee ever near. To hold and guide me in Thy way.

Be Thou my Sun-Thy beams illume And bathe me in celestial light. To banish fear's perplexing gloom, And put the shades of doubt to flight.

Be Thou my Shield-from every snare Of Satan and the world defend, So shall I wage a glorious war, And rise a conqueror in the end.

Oh had I but an eagle's wings, I'd bear me joyful hence away, Far from the crowd of earthly things. To scenes where dwells unclouded day!

But peace ! ye murmuring thoughts, be still ! Nor lurk within my peaceful breast; Here, Lord, I wait to do Thy will, Till Thou shalt call me to Thy rest. -G.

"If Children, Then Heirs."

THE wandering sheep returneth. His feet no longer roam, Back to the heart that yearneth The prodigal comes home.

Comes home to what? complaining, And chiding for delay? Does heavenly love reclaiming Find out some smoother way?

Comes home to what? the welcome Warmer than words e'er gave. The love which makes a new life Bloom o'er the old life's grave.

Comes back to port the fair ship, Guided by pilot true, A son with more than heirship. Joint-heir with Jesus too!

The songs of time die, failing To tell a love so rare, Faith looks to Homeland, hailing New life to praise Him there.

ISA KAR.

God's Beam

I had been invited to spend a few days in the family of a Christian physician. "What a pleasant home you have, Doctor," I said to him one day soon after my arrival, "and your house has an appearance of solidity and strength particularly observable in a land like this, where many of the dwellings seem constructed as if to crumble into mould as soon as the occupants no longer need their protection."

He smiled significantly and answered, "This house should indeed be well built,