

difficult with respect to others, to point out the time when evil or good gained the ascendant. The surest reference is, to be always taking care to have scriptural comfort in God with respect to what we are at the present moment, and to commit all the past to Him who knoweth all things. Who can ever settle the question of conversion without this ; or even have his mind properly settled at all ?

"6. How may we most scripturally express ourselves upon our own state of grace ? All that we can possibly utter upon this subject is contained in one sentence of St. Paul : 'Nevertheless, I obtained mercy : ' or, 'The Lord hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light : ' or 'Though such and such was I ; yet I am washed, I am sanctified, I am justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.'

"Let any one but 'come to the light,' and his general character will always show itself : whereas, by making too nice distinctions about what are called degrees of grace, we are only encouraging hypocritical people to ape and cant.

"Besides, as there are many, on the one hand, who have a sort of emulative or imitative religious zeal which 'cometh of evil,' so, on the other hand, there are many really upright but diffident persons, who continue in hurtful suspense about their state of grace, because they cannot see in themselves just the very marks of it which others can *talk* of. But though a genuine singing bird, in its unfledged nonage, may be easily mistaken for another that will never be vocal, yet its growth gradually betrays its nature, and by and by it sings from instinct. Here then I take my stand. Every one is at liberty to speak with all the edification he can give to himself or to others respecting the condition of his soul : but we are not to overrate disclosures of this sort. Better is it to look after the *fruit*, at seasons when the tree may be expected to show its nature." ✧

POETRY.

Why is this stupendous Intelligence so retired and silent, while present in all the scenes of the earth, and in all the paths and abodes of men ? Why does He keep His glory invisible behind the shades and visions of the material world ?—*Foster.*

Where dost Thou dwell,
Unknown, unseen, yet knowing, seeing all ?
We find Thee not in hermit's lonely cell,
Or loftiest palace hall.

No more at eve,
Thy form is with us on the dusty road,
The dead sleep on, though loving hearts may grieve,—
The suffering bear their load.

Night closes round—
In the dim forest aisles no leaf is stirred,
So hushed as if heaven's distant music sound,
Might even here be heard.

Through all we see
Up to the azure roof with stars inwrought,
Through all earth's temple do we look for Thee ;
Alas ! we find Thee not.

Yet, Thou art near,
Father, forgive our weak and failing sight,—
Forgive, and make our darkness noonday clear,
With Thy celestial light.

Thy love hath given
Faith's telescope wherewith to gaze on Thee,
Aid us, that through it looking unto Heaven,
Thy glory we may see. ✧