

## THROUGH THE MIST.

Written after Climbing Over the Welsh Mountains.

All along the mountain pathway,  
Deep in shade the vales we passed lay  
Where the lakes and streams lay hidden  
from the glory of the sun ;  
But a gentle breath of heaven,  
And the clouds of mist were riven,  
And we saw the lakes like mirrors, and  
the crystal streamlets run,  
When the sunbeams broke their prison,  
Where their golden shafts were thrown.

Shone the vale like dream of brightness,  
Filled with beauty, sweet and lightness,  
Where the green of far off meadows star-  
red with blossoms met the sight,  
And the ripened grain was shaking,  
As if waves of gold were breaking  
On the land in richest plenty, from the sea  
of love and light ;  
When the happy morn was waking,  
After shadows of the night.

Then the heart of nature waking,  
Into thankful song was breaking,  
And the valleys all were vocal with the  
melody of song ;  
And the birds in rapture winging  
Thro' the fading mists were singing ;  
And the wind-harp deep and wondrous,  
with its joyous music rung,  
As if each sweet note were springing  
Love's sweet music to prolong.

Higher up the mists were drifting,  
Where the mountain peaks were lifting  
Their rock towers and domes to heaven,  
like some vast cathedral dim ;  
But upon their summits hoary,  
Flooded heaven's golden glory,  
While there faintly rose to heaven nature's  
sweet and solemn hymn,  
As the clouds broke that sailed o'er me,  
Round the mountains distant rim.

Then I thought the hour was nearing,  
When the misty valley fearing,  
I should have to walk in shadow and the  
darkness of the night ;  
Would the Saviour then be near me ?  
Would His rod and staff then cheer me ?  
And the mists all flee before Him, and the  
future glow with light ?  
And His loving heart endear me  
And put every doubt to flight ?

Would the gloom clouds break before  
me,  
And love's heights glow rich in glory ?

Would the depths of love's deep valleys  
glow in radiance divine ?

And the vales and heights be ringing,  
With the angel hosts in singing,  
Where the glory and the power of our  
God shall ever shine ?  
And my spirit upward winging  
Call such heavenly rapture mine ?

Ah ! I only wait and wonder,  
Till God part the clouds asunder ;  
For I have His promised guidance  
through the valley's dismal shade ;  
So by faith with cheerful bearing,  
His rich love and comfort sharing.  
Tho' the gloom and shade surround me, I  
shall never feel afraid,  
For He's ever for me caring,  
Helping when I need His aid.

Yes ! I know the clouds shall brighten,  
Then the valleys all shall lighten,  
And the angel bands shall greet me in the  
land of light and love ;  
And the towers of heaven glowing,  
Where life's crystal stream is flowing,  
In the city of God's glory, in the golden  
realms above ;  
And my heart in rapture glowing,  
Shall His love and goodness prove.

ARCHER.

—From the ECHO.

## HUMILITY.

The importance of humility, as a factor in the formation of the habit of mind, most favorable to spiritual progress, cannot be overestimated ; but it is one of those subtle and delicate virtues which can but be cultivated indirectly. It is before the vision of God's greatness that man learns to realize his own littleness. It is in the presence of perfect holiness that we cry naturally and involuntarily, "I am a sinful man, O Lord !" It is under the influence of that prerogative, royal and divine of mercy—the most powerfully restorative agent known in the medicine of the soul—that the grace of humility is quickened unto life. Under its sweet and subtle alchemy, the heart of stone is softened, and the remains of stubbornness and pride melt like frost beneath the summer