

"To-day, if ye hear my voice, harden not your hearts." He speaks to the soul of man. Obedience to the indwelling word begets eternal life. It works by the loving law of the spirit of life in Christ, and not by the law of death. The beauty that the soul receives by walking in the hidden path is seen by men. But if we fail to make a proper use of the opportunities of to-day, it leaves us weaker for the duties of to-morrow. If we fail to sow seeds of love and kindness here the soul is defrauded of its harvest in the hereafter. Our happiness comes from duty done.

Let us not forget to enter into the closet of our hearts and there pray. Here our truest life is lived. A little time in the sweet sense of God's Fatherhood! Let us awaken up to a sense of our accountability. What we sow that shall we reap. All outward forms and ceremonies avail nothing. Let us turn again to the true life. We always may be what we might have been.

QUIETNESS, AS A CANOPY, COVERS MY MIND.

Great God, thy name be blest,
Thy goodness be ador'd,
My soul has been distress'd,
But thou hast peace restored.

A thankful heart I feel,
In peace my mind is staid,
Balsamic ointments heal,
The wounds by sorrow made.

Though elements contend,
Though wind and waters rage,
I've an unshaken Friend
Who doth my grief assuage.

Though ill reports abound,
Suspicious and surmise,
I find, and oft have found,
In death true comfort lies.

That death I mean whereby
Self-love and will are slain,
For these the more they die,
The more the *Lamb* doth reign.

And well assur'd I am
True peace is only known,
Where He, the harmless Lamb,
Has made the heart his throne.

Then, then may tempests rage,
Cannon may roar in vain;
The Rock of every age,
The *Lamb*, the *Lamb* doth reign.

Though storms without arise,
Emblems of those within,
On Christ my soul relies,
The sacrifice for sin.

Though inward storms prevail,
Afflicting to endure,
I've help that cannot fail,
In Him that's ever sure.

Though outward war and strife,
Prevail from sea to sea,
I've peace in inward life,
And that suffice's me.

Though clamor rear its head,
And stalk from shore to shore,
My food is angel's bread,
What can I covet more?
4 mo. 22nd, 1782. —Written by Job Scott.

TAKING A WRONG VIEW.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth nor honor that makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoys little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.—Christian World.

A drop of water lay one day in a gutter, soiled, stained, polluted. Looking up into the blue of the sky it began to wish for purity, to long to be cleansed and made crystalline. Its sigh was heard, and it was quickly lifted up by the sun's gentle fingers—up, out of the foul gutter into the sweet air, then higher and higher; at length the gentle winds caught it and bore it away, and by and by it rested on a distant mountain top a flake of pure white beautiful snow. This is a parable of what the grace of God does for every sinful life that longs and cries for purity and holiness.—From "Making the Most of Life, by Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., in Christian at Work.