

the Lord's table, come with doubts that they cannot keep down—fears that thrust up, like bubbles from the depths, a deep sea—anxieties that they would crush, but cannot; and sometimes they say to themselves, "Well, I begin almost to doubt that I am a Christian at all." This is not only likely, but common. But what is to be your peace? whence your comfort? Not wrestling with these doubts, and difficulties, and perplexities, that rise from the swamps of the old Adam, who still clings to you and clasps you round. Your sense of peace, your encouragement, your joy, must be the blood that was shed for you, and not the grand things that have been done by you. Your right and title to come to the Lord's table, is not your virtues, nor your charities, nor your goodness, nor anything in you, nor anything done by you; but what Christ has suffered for you, or the blood upon the lintel and the door-posts of your heart. We shall never know what the safety, the peace, and the happiness, and the joy of a Christian are, till we learn never by introspective looks to pump out peace and happiness from our own empty hearts; but by looking outside to see what was done for us 1830 years ago; and then, justified by faith, we shall have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh! who would willingly give up so precious a truth, so suggestive a lesson, so blessed a Gospel, as the Gospel of the Passover, Christ our Passover, sacrificed for us!—*From "Moses right, Colenso wrong."*

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### "For my Thoughts are not your Thoughts."

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways," saith the Lord.—ISAIAH LV. 8.

I.

1

LOOKING landward from the offing,

Resting on the flowing tide,

Sits the goodly ship "Orion,"

White-robed as a beauteous bride;

She has braved the stormy tempests,

Lightly danced across the foam;

Joy be with the good "Orion,"

Once again we greet her home!

2

Hark! the sailors' gladsome chorus

Softly—slowly dies away—

"Gently blow, ye kindly breezes,

Waft us safely up the bay;

Home again from o'er the ocean,

Home again, though long away,

Friends and loved ones wait to greet us,

Waft us quickly up the bay."

3

Yet the sun goes down in darkness,

And the sea-bird's lonely cry

Mingles with the sweeping tempest,

Howling down the starless sky;

Morning dawns again in brightness,

O'er the heaving ocean wave,

But the billows mourn in sadness

O'er the good "Orion's" grave!

II.

1

Tottering through the storm and darkness.

Shivering in the blighting cold,

Onwards, down the dreary highway,

Moved a wanderer faint and old;

Thoughts of better days were beating.

Wildly, through his weary brain,

As he humbly begged for shelter

From the cold and drenching rain.

2

Bright lights from a lordly mansion

Glimmered through the waving trees,

Happy songs and softest music

Mingled with the passing breeze,

Youthful form and cheerful faces

Flitted through the mellow light.

Peals of laughter echoed downward

Through the sullen storms of night.

3

"May I enter?" cried the stranger,

"For the night is cold and drear,"

And a coarse voice gruffly answered,

"No,—you cannot enter here;

"Onward move through storm and darkness,"—

And he meekly bowed his head;

Morning dawned again in brightness,

But it saw the wanderer—dead.

III.

1

Moving down life's weary pathway,

Comes a Pilgrim, frail and hoar,

Death's dark shadows fall around him,

As he knocks at Mercy's door,

Crying with a wail of sorrow,

"Lord, can I still enter in,

Though my youth was passed in folly

And my age was spent in sin?"

2

Instantly ten thousand angels,

Shouting, strike their harps of gold,

"See the Prodigal returning,

Lo! the lost sheep seeks the fold;

Open wide the door of Mercy,

Bid the Wanderer welcome home,

Lead him to yon shining mansion,

Whence he never more can roam."

3

Though the ship and seamen perish

Close beside the waveless bay;

Whilst the heartless, selfish worldling

Spurns his fellow worm away;

Thou, oh! Jesus—King—Creator—

Still will hear the sinner's cry,

To repentance add forgiveness,

And receive the soul on high.

S. M. G.

WEST BRANCH E. RIVER, March, 1864.

### Communion Prayer.

OH, CHRIST! oh, God! who did thyself shrink down

To the low depth of our capacity,

Subdue thy greatness to our weak desire,

That we, with eyes washed clean with blissful tears,

May gaze upon thy Godhead and not die.

Oh, Christ! come down

And sup with us; our lean, befamished souls

Stretch out weak hands of faith for ghostly bread,

And parched lips for sweet memorial wine;

Oh! sup with us,

That from our relish of this happy feast

Our souls may reach a finer appetite

For good, and loathing of all gross delight.

HALIFAX, 1st May.

D. McR.