# God's Anvil.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers, God's breath upon the flame doth blow, And all my heart in anguish shivers And trembles at the flery glow. And yet I whisper: As God will! And in His hottest fire hold still!

He comes and lays my heart all heated On the hard anvil, minded so Into His own fair shape to beat it With His great hammer-blow on blow, And yet I whisper: As God will! And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it, The sparks fly off at every blow; He turns it o'er and o'er, and beats it, And lets it cool, and makes it glow. And yet I whisper: As God will! And in His mighty hand hold still.

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foreign parts, and causes great quarrels, as in Ceylon now. But you may say that in thus speaking I am not mending matters, because this was just one of our greatest offences in the eyes of our countryment, they was great sources of irritation. This was, I may call them, as off they were heather, and such intention was a great source of irritation. This was, I may call the instrument in the case of irritation. This was, I may call the case of irritation. This was, I may call the case of irritation. This was, I may call the case of irritation. This was, I may call the case of irritation. Thi

began to see that there was no reason why
the Church of Rome should not have
clergy for its people in Englands any more
than that the Protestant missionary bodies
of England should refrain from sending
their clergy and ministers to Africa or
New Zealand, which is sometimes a great
offence to the English Establishment in