

perhaps lost for ever. For, standing to our arms against what are but the phantoms of human ills, we are spoiled, without a struggle, of our confidence in the love the care, and the promises of God,—that solid pledge and substance of all that is valuable and dear to man!

It is directly from him that every form of temporal protection and supply is to be sought. The only serious danger that can approach a human being in the present world, is a heart separated from the Lord, by practical neglect of this high and unchangeable law. Let it be our supreme aim in the campaign of life, to

preserve an obedient, heart-felt trust in his word through Jesus Christ, and nothing that is necessary to human happiness can be wanting to our condition. It is therefore an example of the greatest weakness, as well as guilt, to permit ourselves to be seduced from this capital position, where all our precious wealth for soul and body is gathered together, to wage a long and exhausting war upon the dreary confines of life, for the possession of things that cannot be lost if *this* be preserved, nor preserved if *this* be lost.

## Poetry.

### TO A DAUGHTER.

Thou art going up life's way ;  
I am going down :  
The cross thou hast not lifted yet ;  
I am near my crown.  
Scarce hast thou tasted earthly joys ;  
I have drank, yet thirst :  
Nor grief nor sorrow stir thy heart ;  
Mine is nigh to burst.  
Friends are thronging round thy path ;  
Mine mostly are in heaven :  
Love yet is in the bud for thee ;  
Its fruit to me is given.  
There's light and beauty on thy brow ;  
Mine is dull and sear :  
Health, hope, and courage gird thee now ;  
I'm weary, weary here.  
Life opens fair and bright to thee,  
Like the sunny Spring ;  
Heaven seems brighter far to me,  
And earth is vanishing.  
Soon I shall stand where angels sing,  
Glad on yonder shore,  
And fold my spirit's tired wing,  
Resting evermore.  
There I will wait for thee, my child,  
Storing my heart's full love ;  
God guard and guide thee safely on,  
Joining our lives above.

### VALUE OF TIME.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.  
The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away :  
Oh make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.  
Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thine almighty power  
The aged and the young.  
One thing demands our care ;  
Oh, be it still pursued !  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.  
Let sinners seek His grace  
Whose wrath they cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of His cross,  
And find salvation there.

### THE HUMAN SOUL.

"What is the thing of greatest price  
The whole creation round,—  
That which was lost in paradise,  
That which in Christ is found ?  
The soul of man—Jehovah's breath,  
Which keeps two worlds at strife :  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.  
God, to redeem it, did not spare  
His well-beloved son ;  
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear  
The sins of all in one.  
And is the treasure borne below  
In earthly vessels frail ?  
Can none its utmost value know  
Till flesh and spirit fail ?  
Then let us gather round the Cross,  
This knowledge to obtain,  
Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
But everlasting gain."

### HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,  
Such as men give and take from day to day,  
Comes in the common walk of easy life  
Blown by the careless wind across our way.  
Bought in the market at the current price,  
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the  
It tells no tales of daring or of worth, [bow] ;  
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.  
Great truths are greatly won : not found by  
chance,  
Nor wasted on the breath of summer-dream ;  
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,  
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream  
Not in the general mart 'mid corn and wine ;  
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems ;  
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,  
Not in the blaze of regal diadems.  
But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,  
When the strong hand of God, put forth in  
might,  
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,  
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the  
light.  
Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours  
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,  
Truth springs like harvest from the well plough-  
ed field,  
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.