

GUARD ALL ROUND.

[A rhyme six hundred years old.]

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong.
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right,
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise;
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear.
Let no evil word come in,

That may cause thy soul to sin.
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue,
Guard, while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear and eye and tongue.

Guard, my child, thine heart,
From all sin depart:
Or, alas! these busy three,
Ear, eye and tongue, o'erthrow thee,
Guard, my child, thine heart;
From all sin depart.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A YOUNG GIRL WAS sweeping a room one day, when she went to the window-blind and hastily drew it down. "It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunshine which made the dust.

Now, many persons imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who had lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was all ready to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling. If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart, how would it look? It would show them sins enough to crush them. This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Don't let us put down the curtain and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves; and, better still, He will show us the true way of happiness.

As the fly that plays about the candle, doth often burn its wings at last; so the Christian, who parleys with temptations, is in danger of having the wings of his soul so shortened by the fiery darts of the devil, that he will not be able to rise again towards heaven, till God shall give him renewed affections.

As it is not putting on a gown that makes a scholar, but the inward habits of the mind: so it is not putting on an outward cloak of profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the heart.