

The Sabbaths of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth,
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

Read the Book.

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D. GENEVA.

It was early spring-time; all was calm. The silver moonlight streamed into a spacious hall, lately resounding with the voice of song and laughter; graceful forms had glided through the dance there, and sounds of deep melody had floated on the evening air. But the gay groups had separated; the silence of night had succeeded to the confused murmur of the festival; and thought awoke. The hearts of some among them said, "This is not happiness; we need something beyond this. The period of our life is as nothing in God's sight. There is a higher, an eternal happiness. Who will give it to us? who will show us the way to it?" And I seemed to hear a voice from heaven answering—"THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD! O sons and daughters of men! behold the guide to that better land—READ THEM."

It was summer; it was activity in city and field. The merchant was busy in his counting-house, the workman in his shop, the mother in her household, the soldier at his post, the labourer in his field.

There was a murmur, like the humming of insects in the heat of the day, but vast and deep—for it was the busy hum of men. And numbers among them said, with hollow eyes and mournful voice, "Alas! true happiness is not found in the whirl of business. Who will tell us where to seek it?" And again I seemed to hear a voice from heaven answering—"THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD, O children of men, will show you the path of happiness.—READ THEM."

It was a day in autumn. The wind had stripped the trees,—their dry leaves carpeted the earth; old men and women were reposing in the faint sunshine before their houses, while their children were at work; and each one thought to himself, "Soon my last sun will rise; soon will the sharp blast of death detach me from the tree of life, and lay me low like these leaves on the earth. Who will give me the assurance of immortality? Who will give me eternal life?" And again

I seemed to hear a voice from heaven answering—"Aged men, THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD can give it to you—READ THEM."

It was winter. Everything was dry, frozen, dead. It was the time when men, assembling, incite each other to crime; but it was the time also when God speaks powerfully to the soul. Conscience, that invisible witness which each of us bears within, seemed awakened in many. Men and women, young and old, in the country and in town mourned over their faults. One voice in a tone of terror exclaimed, "I have sinned! The death which now reigns over all nature dwells also in my soul! I do nothing but what is wrong! Who can endure the day of the Lord's coming? Who shall stand when he appeareth? My sins! my sins! who will deliver me from them? Who will save me?" And I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ will deliver thee! He has come to seek and to save that which was lost. READ THE WORD OF GOD, and thou wilt know thy Saviour, thou wilt possess salvation."

Swearing Alone

A gentleman once heard a labouring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place. 'I'll give you ten dollars,' said the gentleman, 'if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night and swear the same oaths you have just uttered here, when you are alone with God.'

'Agreed!' said the man; 'it is an easy way of earning ten dollars.'

'Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours.'

The time passed on; midnight came.—The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was as still as death. Then the gentleman's words, *alone with God*, came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.