

her affinities and her sympathies are all with that better world. Her dwelling is still here, and in external appearance she is much as she used to be; but the internal transformation has made her feel that this is not her home, and filled her with anticipations of the city and the kingdom to come, of which she has been made the heir. Her kindred according to the flesh are here; but she is now allied to Jehovah by the ties of blood, and this draws her soul upwards.

Cut off from a home and a heritage here, yet assured of both hereafter, she of necessity lives a life of anticipation. Giving credit to the message of grace, and resting on the blood of Him through whose cross that grace came down to her, she anticipates her acquittal at the judgment. Realizing her oneness with the risen and ascended Christ, she feels as if already seated with Him in heavenly places. Looking forward to the arrival of the King, she anticipates the Kingdom; in darkness she anticipates the light; in sorrow, she anticipates the joy; in the night, she anticipates the morning; in shame, she anticipates the glory. 'All are mine,' she says; 'whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are mine: for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.' In these anticipations she lives. They make up a large portion of her daily being. They cheer her onward in spite of the rough wastes she has to pass through. They comfort her; or when they do not quite succeed in this, they at least calm and soothe her. They do not turn midnight into noon, but they make it less oppressive, and take off 'the night side of nature.'

'I am not what I seem,' she says to herself; 'and this is joy. I am not the beggared outcast that the world takes me for. I am richer far than they. They have their riches now; but mine are coming when theirs are gone; they have their joys now, but mine are coming when theirs have ended in eternal weeping. I live in the future; my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is gone up to be where my treasure is. I shall soon be seen to be what I now seem not. My kingdom is at hand; my sun is about to rise; I shall soon see the King in his beauty; I shall soon be keeping festival, and the joy of my promised morning will make me forget that I ever wept.'

Thus she lives in the morning, ere the morning has come. She takes a wide sweep of vision, round and round, without a limit; for faith has no horizon; it looks beyond life, and earth, and the ages, into eternity.

Beyond the death-bed and beyond the grave, she sees resurrection. Beyond the broken hearts and severed bands of time, she realizes and clasps the eternal love-links; beyond the troubles of the hour, and beyond the storm that is to wreck the world, she casts her eye, and feels as if transported into the kingdom that cannot be moved, as if she had already taken up her abode in the New Salem, the city of peace and righteousness. Beyond the region of the falling leaf she passes on to the green pastures, and sits down under the branches of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Losing sight of the bitterness of absence from the beloved of her heart, she

enters the bridal-chamber, and tastes the bridal joy; keeping festival even in the desert, and enjoying the Sabbath rest amid the tumults of a stormy world.

SACRED POETRY.

From the German.

PRAYERS AT SEA.

O Lord, be this our vessel now
A worthy temple unto thee,
Though none may hear its bells but thou,
And this our little company.
Our church's roof, yon mighty dome,
Shall ring with hymns we learnt at home;
Our floor the boundless tossing wave,
Our field, our path, perchance our grave.

Where shall we aid and comfort find,
With toils and perils all around?
Command, O mighty God, the wind
To bear us whither we are bound.
Oh bring us to our home once more,
From weary wanderings safe to shore;
And those who follow us with prayer,
Keep thou in thy most tender care.

And as the needle, while we rove,
To our point still is true and just,
So let our hope and faith and love
Be given in one in whom we trust;
His word is mighty still to save,
He still can walk the stormiest wave,
And hold his followers with his hand,
For his are heaven and sea and land.

SABBATH HYMN.

I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day.

Rev. 1. 10.

Lord, remove the veil away,
Let us see thyself to-day!
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die.
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide.
With the Father and the Son
Let thy living church be one.

Oh! from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in thee!
May our cares and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath-peace,
That thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath-home above.

From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear!
'Tis the golden crowns on high,
'Tis the chorus of the sky.
Lord, thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.

Give my soul the spotless dress
Of thy perfect righteousness;
Then at length a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All thy ransomed ones among,
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.