

keen knife that our divine Gardener employs; it often severs heart-strings, but afterward come the peaceable fruits of righteousness from them who were exercised thereby. There is such a pitiable amount of base alloy in the form of pride and self-will and covetousness and sinful idolatries, even in the genuine Christian, that character requires a frequent "refining-pot," and often a very hot furnace. To all my readers who are wondering why God has put them into the furnace, my answer is that God *owns you* and me, and He has a sovereign right to do with us just as He pleases. If He keeps His silver over a fierce flame until He can see His own countenance reflected in the metal, then His loving purpose is gained. The smelting of the ore and the burning out of the dross, will soon be over. There will be no need of crucibles up in heaven; next to the glory of the King, will shine the glory of Christ-made characters.

Hold on, then, my toiling brother and my sorrow-stricken sister, through the dark tunnel. On the plate-glass of your lantern is cut as with a diamond "*Fear not!*" In the darkest places hold up the lantern; don't let Satan smash it. Turn the lantern round, and see how many promises flash from it. Look well to your footing, and strike up the one hundred and third Psalm; it is a glorious song in the night. Occasionally take the long look ahead, and you will discover at the farthrend of the gloomy passage is a bright light. It will grow larger as you draw nearer to it; by-and-by comes the exceeding and eternal sun-burst of heaven! Weeping can only last for the night; joy cometh in the morning.

"COME OUT, JOACHIM."

One day when Martin Luther was completely penniless, he was asked for money to aid an important Christian enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollected that he had a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Brandenburg, which he very much prized. He went immediately to a drawer, opened it, and said: "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful." Then he took out the medal and contributed it to the object solicited for. Have not some of our readers idle Joachims which they could send out to do good in missions at home and abroad?—*Home and Abroad.*

WORDS.

Words too lightly spoken
Come not back again,
And sweet buds are broken
By the softest rain.

Words may strike as arrows,
With too cruel smart;
He who heeds the sparrows
Heeds the wounded heart.

Words may be good angels,
Winged with love and light,
Bearing God's evangel
To the homes of light.

Words may be as devils,
Slaying where they fall,
Oh! the bitter evils
Coming at their call.

Guard the might thus given,
Sowing weeds or flowers,
Spreading hell or heaven
With these words of ours.

POPULARITY.

The only popularity worth aspiring after is a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families, and at the side of death beds. There is another, a high, and a far-sounding popularity, which is, indeed, a most worthless article, felt by all who have it most to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around the person of its unfortunate victim—a popularity which rifles homes of its sweets, and, by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt, and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shaft of malice, and envy, and detraction—a popularity which, with its head among storms, and its feet on the treacherous quicksands has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the howls of a driveling generation.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at an expense of a hardened and wounded heart.