

"And Enoch faced this morning of farewell brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears, save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him. Yet Enoch, as a brave God-fearing man, bow'd himself down, and in that mystery where God-in-man is one with man-in-God, pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes. Whatever came to him: and then he said: 'Annie, this voyage, by the grace of God, will bring fair weather yet to all of us. Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me. For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'"

He goes; but it fares ill with Annie: the sickly child dies: the others would have suffered, but Philip Ray steps in now, sends them to school, and acts the true friend. Ten years pass away; no word comes of Enoch: so Philip asks Annie to wed him. She puts him off for a year, then for another half year; then consents; and again she becomes a mother. And what has become of Enoch? He had suffered shipwreck when homeward bound: was cast on a lonely isle, and there for years,

"Had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which, being everywhere,
Lets none, who speak with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died for solitude."

At last he is taken off by a ship and brought to Old England. He reaches his native village: the old bowed lonely man goes down the street to his cottage,

"But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd through the drizzle), crept
Still downward, thinking 'dead, or dead to me'!"

Of course he soon hears the story, but he makes no sign. He yearns, however, to see her face again, and the faces of his boy and girl: and so one night he stole to the back of the house and saw

"His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful!"

And yet he did not cry aloud, but, stricken and staggering,

"Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.
And there he would have knelt but that his knees
Were feeble, so that, falling down, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd:
'Too hard to bear! Why did they take me thence?
O, God Almighty, blessed Saviour! Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her—never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children, too! Must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl,
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'"

He lived there unknown, working at various jobs to earn a living. In a year, he sickens and dies: but before dying, he tells his secret to his landlady that she may assure Annie of his death, and that Annie may know he loved her to the last.

"So passed the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him, the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

After all, would it not have shown a nobler self-sacrifice had he not revealed himself? Let those answer that, who are capable of as much.

Description of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"THERE appeared, in these our days, a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living amongst us, and, of the Gentiles, is accepted as a Prophet of Truth, but, by His own disciples, called the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; His hair is of the colour of a filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to His ears, but, from His ears downward, somewhat curled, more orient of colour, and waving about His shoulders. In the midst of His head, goeth a seam or partition of His hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; His forehead very plain and smooth; His face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with comely red; His nose and mouth so formed, as nothing can be reprehended; His beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of His head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst; of an innocent, mature look; His eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving, He is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; His hands and arms right delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."—*Publius Lentulus*.

Trust in God, and do the Right!

A PSALM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COURAGE, brothers! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night.
There's a star to guide the humble;—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"