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THE HEART OF GOD.

Take thine own way with me, dear Lord,
Thou canst not otherwise than bless ;
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I will not fear Thee, O my God !
The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Within the shadow of this love,
Loss doth transmute itself to gain ;
Faith veils earth's sorrows in its light,
And straightway lives above her pain.

We are not losers thus ; we share
The perfect gladness of the Son,
Not conquered—for, behold, we reign,
Conquered and Conqueror in one.

Thy wonderful, grand will, my God !
Triumphantly I make it mine ;
And faith shall breathe her glad Amen
To every dear command of Thine.

Beneath the splendor of Thy choice,
Thy perfect choice for me, I rest ;
Outside it now I dare not live,
Within it I must needs be blest.

Then may Thy perfect glorious will
Be evermore fulfilled in me ;
And make my life an answering chord
Of glad, responsive harmony.

Oh ! it is life indeed to live
Within this kingdom strangely sweet ;
How gladly do we enter in
And take our place before Thy feet.

We love this wondrous rule of Thine,
Because we now have reached Thy heart ;
And, venturing our all on Thee,
We see and know how good Thou art.

—*J. S. Pigott.*

AN ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

A District Convention of the Canada Holiness Association will be held in the town of Woodstock, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of October next.

The Convention will be held in the Temperance Hall.

Parties who design attending will please communicate with H. Dickenson, of that town, so that he may the more easily arrange for their billets.

All parties attending from a distance had better report at Bro. Dickenson's store, which is on the main business street, and easily found, when all needed additional information will be obtained.

We hope to meet a goodly number of the members and friends of the Association at this, the second Woodstock District Convention.

UNAFRAID.

Forth to the vast abyss
Fearless we fare,
Leaning our souls on this :
God guides us there.

Over the mystic line
Dauntless we speed,
Feeling with faith divine :
God knows our need.

Into the dim unknown,
All unafraid,
Step we—nor feel alone :
By God's hand stayed !

—*Susie M. Best.*