

IN PERFECT PEACE.

Like strains of music, soft and low,
 That break upon a troubled sleep,
 I hear the promise old and new,
 God will his faithful children keep
 "In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-strewn past,
 From unknown years that silent wait,
 Amid earth's wild regret there comes
 The promise with its precious freight,
 "In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
 The surge of life's unresting sea,
 Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
 Through hours of toil it floats to me,
 "In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
 The nameless fears that throng the soul,
 It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
 And evermore its echoes roll,
 "In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace." O loving Christ!
 When falls death's twilight gray and cold,
 And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
 Keep thou thy children as of old,
 "In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
 Beyond the blame and scorn of men,
 The heart that served thee here may know
 The rest that passeth human ken,
 "Thy perfect peace"

—Selected.

EDITORIAL.

DIGNITY AND CONSECRATION.

We believe that a fruitful source of weakness in discharging Christian duty, and a prevailing cause of inability to perform efficient work for the Master, are that Christians do not fully realize their exalted position, and are not thoroughly consecrated to the service of the Lord. While humility will always be a prominent characteristic of all true professors of the Christian faith, and while it is quite correct to affirm that the nearer the Christian