

There are words that run something
in this wise,

'Let England to herself be true,
And she shall never rue.'

Let the same be said of our Christianity, true to itself, it must prevail. There is a good time coming. There is an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains. Its fruit some day shall shake like Lebanon. It came, that handful, all from one grain of wheat which fell into the earth near Calvary, and died, that, reviving, it might bring forth much fruit. 'Mid thorns and thistles and noxious weeds, and even wild fruit-bearing brambles, that handful has continued to grow and spread. Interspersed throughout are scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, and purple tares, and widely spread abroad are goodly stalks bearing

naught but chaffy scales. Is it any wonder that those who survey the broad fields from mountain top to valley, looking only for bright flowers of poetry, or the unsubstantial fruit of wild nature, or the mere straw wherewith to make a pallet for the soul's rest,—is it any wonder that they should deem its waste places as valuable as those that produce heaven's harvest? But, let the field be ploughed by the deep sharp share of the hungering soul, and watered by the tears of them that are reproached with the taunt 'Where is your God?' shake out from all full ears the living kernel of Christianity, which is Christ in man, to fill the furrows full; and, when the harvest comes and the yellow fruit shakes like Lebanon, thither shall all tribes of the earth repair for food, saying, 'This is the hill of God!'



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

Trust no party, set or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God and do the right.

—Selected.