

no wandering hearts or silent lips. Every heart shall have its tribute of homage, every tongue its song of praise. They shall worship God day and night in his temple. A voice like the sound of many waters shall proclaim, "Fear God, and give glory to him, and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea and fountains of waters!" And the whole glorified host shall cry aloud responsibly, "All honor and praise and thanksgiving and power unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb!" That is the Sabbath that never ends. That is the worship of the King of kings. That house is no more a "house of prayer," but a house of praise. May you and I be there!

APELLES.

Who has not heard of the fame of the painter, who was so approved by Alexander the Great, that all other artists were forbidden to draw the monarch's portrait? Apelles! His name is a proverb for celebrity. More than twenty centuries have done honour to his pencil; and our own age unites in the tribute, though all the works of his genius have long since perished.

But where is the fame of the Apelles of the Bible? Who remembers *him*? Yet we have as much to remind us of him as of his Grecian namesake; that is, we have in either case, only the testimony of former days. We have the mental character of the one, and the spiritual character of the other. The painter was approved of Alexander; the believer was "approved in Christ." The prominent mark of the first was his skill—of the other, his faith.

Both were judged according to their works, by the masters to whom they respectively laboured to approve themselves. Alexander looked for accuracy of eye and hand—exactness of imitation—brilliance of invention. He found these in his Apelles, and accepted him. The painter was also a devoted subject to the king. He was loyal, submissive, watchful of his will, as the eyes of a servant to the hand of a master. The monarch favoured and rewarded him, as he witnessed these marks of his faithfulness.

The Christian Apelles had, in like manner, by his devotion and zeal, his patience and obedience, manifested true attachment

to his Lord. He was a proved, a true disciple. Paul was a witness to this, and therefore saluted him among the helpers in Christ Jesus, the beloved in the Lord, and those who laboured much in the Lord. He was seen to be one of those of whom the apostle says, that they who serve Christ in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are acceptable to God, and approved of men; one of these approved ones who are made manifest by their adherence to the truth when divisions and heresias abound; who are approved, not by commending themselves, but by having the marks of those whom the Lord commandeth; and who, by proving themselves in examining their faith, show by their holiness, that Christ is in them, and that they are not reprobates.

Let an impartial world decide who is the great Apelles, and of whom it is best to be approved.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

CHASTISEMENT.

I have been dumb, and held my peace,
Because the stroke was Thine:
When Thou dost bare Thy holy arm,
Omnipotent, divine,
Shall mortal man, corrupt within,
Complain that Thou dost visit sin?

Thou didst it, Lord. This sorrow came,
Obedient to Thy will:
Thy hands have made me; oh! in wrath
Remember me, my still
I will be silent at Thy awful throne;
Lord, Thou hast fashioned me: Thy will be done.

Thou didst it: Thou whose heart of love
Was wounded first for me;
Who passed through mortal life, and bore
Death's deepest agony:
How can I murmur or complain,
When Jesus suffered grief and pain?

Thou didst it; who art watching now
Each pang and heavy sigh:
Yes, I submit if only Thou
Wilt hold me, and stand nigh.
I will not struggle with the knife
That wounds me but to save my life.

Thou didst it, who art gone on high,
Where many mansions be,
There to prepare a glorious home
And deathless friends for me.
Shall I rebel against the love
That fits me for my home above?

Ah, no! e'en through this load of fears
My heart is springing up,
To thank Thee for the boundless grace
That overflows my cup.
But I am weak, and cannot always say
'Thy will be done!' Remember I am clay.

Put a new song within my lips,
And let my spirit sing;
I give Thee up my inmost heart,
Saviour, and Priest, and King.
Take to Thee there at least Thy power and reign,
Henceforth 'to live is Christ, to die is gain.