He Knows.

I KNOW not what may befall me,
God spreads a mist before mine eyes;
At every step in my onward path
He maketh new scenes te rise ;
And every joy he sends me
Comes with a sudden and strange surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy will clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as it grows near.

It may be the bitter future
Is less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I come to drink—
Or if Marah must be Marah
He will stand himself by the brink.

It may be he is keeping
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,—
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips would only tremble
The thanks they cannot speak.

Oh blessed, happy ignorance !
'Tis better not to know,
It keeps me so still in the tender arms
That will not let me go,—
It hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

And so I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light,
I'd rather walk with him by faith
Than go alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from the trials
The future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I force the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows."

How to Spoil the Work.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

A FEW receipts that have been worked from might be appropriately put into print for those who desire to use them. If the directions look bad, the work looks worse.

1. Put a bad motive to every action of the superintendent or earnest teacher. It works precisely as when a pastor's best labours are criticised instead of seconded.

2. Doubt the soundness of the conversions. Let it get around to a young soul, just in its first battle, that he is considered by some Christians as dishonest, or at least as not thoroughly converted, and you will be the best ally the devil has found.

3. Balk work just as work is mostly needed. It brings you into prominence.