

"THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."

HOLD it truth, the truest joy
That may on earth be had
Arises from the sweet employ
Of making others glad.

If there be selfishness in this,
It hoards no secret pelf,
But welcomes still to share its bliss
Another as itself.

Its dearest treasures it would give,
Nor stay to count the cost ;
If others on its bounty live,
Then nothing it has lost.

This love is lavished—never sold ;
Its honor knows no stain ;
There is no canker on its gold—
No mildew on its grain.

Be mine the happiness to know,
If rich, how blest is he,
Whom God Himself has honored so,
His almoner to be ;

But, if it be the Master's will,
That I should daily fare
Through narrow ways, a toiler still
For all I eat and wear,

Then, be it mine with grateful heart
Such blessings to receive
As I would willingly impart
Another to relieve.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

RISE ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the light have gone !
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour, God grant it may !
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise ! If the past detains you,
Her sunshines and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret ;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever ;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing ;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle !
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past !

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE gave a good and needed counsel when he said : "Be specially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought, it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man."

BISHOP JEWEL says of the Holy Bible :—
"Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus ? Where are their books, and what has become of their laws ? But that the Bible no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt ; that it should stand until this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner."

THE *Missionary Herald* relates the case of a poor Scotch woman who habitually gave a penny a day for missions. A visitor learning that she seldom enjoyed the luxury of meat on her table, gave her a sixpence to procure some. The poor woman took the sixpence, but afterwards thought within herself, "I have long done very well on porridge, so I'll give the sixpence to God." This fact came to the knowledge of a missionary secretary, who told it at a missionary breakfast. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host saying that he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God. He thereupon subscribed \$2,500, and others followed his example, till before they separated \$11,000 had been raised. "It is good always to be zealously affected in a good thing."

ROWLAND HILL is reported to have said :—
"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not ; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill ; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted my voice so high that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile ; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. *No one called me an enthusiast then ;* and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now ?"