

PRESSING FORWARD.—Each believer should be thirsting for God, for the living God, and longing to put his lip to the well-head of eternal life,—to follow the Saviour. Satisfied I am that many a believer lives in the cottage of doubt when he might live of faith. We are poor starving things when we might be fed ; we are weak when we might be mighty, feeble when we might be as the giants before God, and all because we will not hear the Master say, “ Rise up my love my fair one, and come away.” Now, brethren is the time with you after your season of trouble, to renew your dedication vow to God. Now beloved, you shall rise up from worldliness and come away—from sloth, from the love of this world, from unbelief. What enchants you to make you sit still where you are?—What delights you to make you as you now are? Come away ! There is a higher life ; there are higher and better things to live for, and better ways of seeking them. Aspire ! Let thy high ambition be unsatisfied with what thou hast already learned and known ; not as though thou hast already attained, either wert already perfect ; this one thing do thou—press forward to the things that are before.—*Spurgeon.*

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The sacred ministry is not a state of idleness or of pleasure, but a holy warfare, in which there are always toils and fatigues to be endured. Whoever is not resolved courageously to maintain the interests of Christ, and to labor continually to enlarge his kingdom, is not fit for his warfare.—*Quesnel.*

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## Poetry.

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### ONLY WAITING BY THE RIVER.

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We are watching by the river,  
We are waiting on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman ;  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side ;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them,  
When we too have crossed the tide.

Though the mist hangs o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar ;  
Yet we hear the song of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.

And that bright celestial city—  
We have caught such radiant gleams  
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

When we have passed the vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.

So we're watching by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman ;  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.