

under the government of divine grace, then, if the watch is still maintained, we shall be clothed upon with a meek and quiet spirit, patiently looking and quietly waiting for the crown of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the glory of thy Lord, and into thy Master's rest."

"Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light." Trust the infinite tenderness, receive the boundless compassion, be comforted, pardoned and at peace with God. Come unto Me, come to the life and spirit of Christ in your own souls. Be born into that life by a determination to do God's will, grow up in that life by daily obedience, daily trust, and daily prayer, and so come into the possession of pleasures and treasures that far exceed the perishing pleasures and treasures of earth. Then, "though our outward man is perishing, the inner man will be renewed day by day, while we look not on the things that are seen, but on the things that are not seen, for the things that are seen are for a time, but the things that are not seen are everlasting."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

BY MARY SIDNEY.

I have been deliberating a long while on what I had better say next to the readers of my column. I have grown to love my readers dearly, and to be more and more desirous to be of service to them. I frequently receive letters from different sections of the country filled with cheering words, and it warms my heart, and inspires my pen to renewed efforts to be of use to these kind friends, though their faces I have never seen. These letters have seldom been answered, no answer seeming to be required: but on the principle that Benjamin Franklin desired grace to be said over the whole barrel of meat to save the time that would be required to say it slice by slice as it came to the table, I now re-

turn thanks to all who have thus sent me lines of sympathy and approval. I sometimes wish they would tell me what matters and things they would like to hear my views upon, for it is often more difficult to choose a subject than to do the writing.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and just now I am so filled with the "least of fat things" I have recently been enjoying, that I find it almost impossible to think or write of anything else. I am wondering that there are so many people in the world who seem to forget there is a Power above the earth guiding and controlling, and from whose degrees they cannot escape if they would. I wonder they do not try to keep on the right side of this celestial ruler that they may gain the reward held in store for those who do. They are zealous enough in temporal affairs, and make great scrambling to curry favor with those clothed with a little brief earthly authority, that a chance for preferment and place may be obtained; while the infinitely higher and more important concerns are met by apathy and neglect. I wonder parents do not give more assiduous attention to their children in their early years, training them in those devotional services, and dependence upon the Creator, that will strengthen with their growth, and come to be the crown and preservation of riper age.

I have no sympathy, however, with those ironclad restrictions that destroy the natural cheerfulness and vivacity of childhood. This is not true religion. When the mind is at rest and full of confidence in the unseen Master, it cannot be other than serene and blithesome; and the gloomy cheerlessness that many professing Christians display is a stumbling block in the way of childhood. They want nothing that will make them so solemn and so dead to all life and mirth and social exhilaration, and flee away from such stern restraint into forbidden ways and places, where they may have untram-