

LIFE'S TRIALS.

"Submission," said my father, "is a very different thing from insensibility. It never was intended, Grace, that trials should be unfelt, for then their end would be unattained. 'No trial for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous;' and pain, sickness, poverty, are in themselves evils. Yet if we are 'walking in the way of God's commandments,' we need fear nothing that shall meet us, not even the passing pain, for with it God may give such views of the 'rest that remaineth,' that all intervening labour and weariness, shall seem but as a sweet preparation."

"One must have strong faith for that," said Mrs. Howard, with a half sigh.

"Yes, and strong love. Do you remember the account given of a lady, who, when she was about to submit to a dreadful operation, gave to one of the physicians the last letter which had come from her husband, asking him to hold it before her? And with her eyes fixed upon the open page and love-traced characters, she sat unmurmuring, unfainting, through the whole."

"So let a man keep eye and heart fixed upon the words of Christ, 'As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you,' and, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;' and they will gild even the deepest sorrow—how much more such trifles as beset us.—*Miss Wetherell.*

THE DOVE WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

"O mother! Mrs. C—— has lost her beautiful dove," said little H—— to his mother. "She was afraid it would fly away, and so had its wings clipped; a dog ran after it—it could not fly, so it was caught and killed."

Poor little dove! what a pity! Its gentle cooing has ceased, its soft plumage is spoiled in a moment, the beating of its heart is stilled, because it could not use its wings.

How very like this dove are children, in this world of sin and sorrow! wicked people trying to lead them into sin; Satan, like a roaring lion about their path, seeking to destroy. But have you no wings, little one, with which you may fly away and be safe? Yes, you may have; for faith and prayer are to the soul what wings are to the dove. Do tempters come around you, and say, Disobey your parents, or forget God's holy Sabbath? Are you just ready to yield? Oh! take the wings of faith and prayer, and go up to the throne of grace; ask help of your heavenly Father, and he will give it. Let not sin clip your wings, for then you will fall an easy prey; your garments will be soiled, and the song of joy in your heart be stilled. Or do you feel your heart begin to beat with anger, because some one has injured you? Wing your way to the cross of the meek and lowly Jesus, and learn of him to forgive and love. Are you sick, or poor, or sad, or weary? Is the brother or sister you loved taken from you? Has the father or mother, who folded you gently to the loving bosom, left you, and lain down in the grave? Use your wings, little lonely one; by prayer and faith fly up and nestle in the bosom of the Good Shepherd. When the hour of death comes—it comes to children as well as to others—clipped wings will not do *then*. Only *strong* faith in an unseen Saviour, and *servent* prayer, will bear the soul up, singing, to a heavenly home.

I remember looking, with much interest, when a little child, at a picture in the old "Primer" of John Rogers, the martyr, who, you all know, was burned at the stake, more than three hundred years ago. The "Primer," says he was not at all daunted. His own words, addressed to children, were:

Come, welcome death—the end of fears—
I am prepared to die;
These earthly flames will send my soul
Up to the Lord on high.

He had wings which the fire could not singe.

I used to wish I could know more about those children, whose little pale faces gazed so sad on this cruel scene, and whether they minded his good advice, to

"Lay up God's law within your hearts,
And print them in your thoughts."

I did not think I should ever see any of his descendants, but have since known many of them, full of faith and good works. But the one most interesting to me, R. W——, a sweet little girl, with a quiet look, and a calm, black eye. It was my delight to meet her, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the school. Always was she there. How intensely she listened to every word of Divine truth! How carefully she laid them up in her heart! How they shone out in her short life! for she died young. The same faith that sustained the martyr in the flames, sustained her in the dying-hour. And, when we took