

Be true to love,
 If rich or poor,
 It matters not,
 Don't give it o'er!
 Marriage without due reverence
 Is like a field without a fence.

Be kind to all
 Of low degree;
 Keep in thy breast
 Much Charity.

A poor man's blessing counteth more
 Than all the treasures misers store.

Go on in faith,
 Hold fast the right—
 And you shall have,
 'Gainst Age's nith,
 Riches laid up on Fortune's shelves,
 For God helps those who help themselves.

THE CRUCIBLE.

Now the crucible is breaking,
 Faith its perfect seal is taking,
 Like the gold in furnace tried;
 Through the test of sharp distresses,
 Those whom heaven most richly blesses,
 For its joys are purified.

Trial when it weighs severely
 Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
 On the heart of all his friends;
 In the frame His hands have moulded
 Is a future life unfolded
 Through the suffering which He sends,

Suffering gives our faith assurance,
 Makes us patient in endurance,
 Suffering! Who is worth thy pains?
 Here they call thee only torment—
 There they call thee a preferment,
 Which not every one attains.

Brethren! grace which thus assuages
 Suffering, is through diverse stages
 Reached by true disciples here—
 While they're pierced by sharpest anguish,
 While in many a death they languish,
 Watch through many a night of fear.

Though in health, with powers unwasted
 And with willing hearts we nasted
 To take up our Saviour's cross;
 If through trial our good Master
 Should refine these powers the faster,
 What good Christian counts it loss?

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
 Childlike tempers in us fashions,
 And our will to His subduces;
 Thus His hand so soft and healing,
 Each disordered power and feeling,
 By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
 That the soul be not distracted
 By the world's beguiling art;
 'Tis like some angelic warder
 Ever keeping sacred order
 In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
 To eternity's devotion,
 And awakes a fond desire
 For the land where psalms are ringing
 And with palms the martyrs singing
 Sweetly to the harper's quire.

In the depth of its distresses,
 Each true heart the closer presses
 To His heart with ardent love:
 Ever longing, ever crying,
 O conform me to Thy dying,
 That I live with Thee above!

Sighs and tears at last are over:
 Breaking through its fleshy cover,
 Soars the soul to light away—
 Who, while here below, can measure
 That deep sea of heavenly pleasure
 Spreading there so bright for aye?

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
 Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
 Till my latest hour I see.
 Then, my weary striving ended,
 May my spirit be attended
 By bright angels home to Thee.

(From the German of Hartmann.)

Trans. by Rev. J. D. BURNS.

LOVE NOT SENTIMENTALISM.

Some are in danger of becoming mere religious sentimentalists. They revel in the poetry of feeling; they are easily wrought into an effervescence of tenderness; they delight in a storm of emotional vehemency. All this they suppose to be Christian love. Yet it is a love that costs them nothing.— They feel much, but do little. They are ready for sympathy, but not for sacrifice. They try, in effect, to divorce benevolence from beneficence. They are the sensitive plants of the Church, and not fruit-bearing trees of righteousness. Butler remarks that "passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker; only practical habits are strengthened by repeated acts." Thus, this fine sensibility, cherished for its own sake, and having no outforce in deeds for the good of others, both weakens the soul and weakens itself; and the more "Man of Feeling" often has at last to say:—

"I cannot feel as once I felt,
 And yet I know not why;
 It is the greatest woe of life
 To feel all feeling die."

But, even if it could live with all its morning freshness to the last, it would in itself be worthless. There is no religiousness in mere feeling. "Abiding alone," it is but soft feminacy, or weak indulgence, luxury, not love. To let it pass for love is a mistake most pernicious to the man himself, and most dishonouring to Christ. He has not said, "By love *feel* for one another," merely; but "By love *serve* one another." Let us interpret his law by his life. Study the expressions of his love; for ours must speak the same language, and act in the same way.