

gloom, as well as rejoicings in the light of day. Yet nothing produces utter darkness but sin. It is the dark cloud which shuts out every ray of light, and produces the darkness which is, indeed, *felt*. Through true penitence this cloud may be removed; then, how precious the light! David was a man of strong feeling—a man of passion. His inward nature was as delicately strung as poets' are wont to be, and as the harp upon which he played. In his numbers he soared to heaven, and his own purified spirit revealed in its harmony. In such a spirit as his, sin would produce the most horrible discord. He knew it all and felt it all. The most sensitive natures, those which can soar the highest, can fall the lowest. They know the highest joy and the deepest sorrow. How oft, when sin had afflicted his heart, when deep waters came over his soul, did he sigh and pray for the light of that countenance which alone can give unalloyed pleasure.

David's psalms are his history as a saint—his heart-history; and those breathings from his inner nature meet with responses from the hearts of all saints. Who with him, has not felt himself in darkness, and prayed for the light of the Divine countenance to be lifted upon him? Be gone, unbelief; begone all spirit of disobedience of murmuring and fear—let the glorious light beam upon me; then under its rays I can live, and suffer, and fade, and die, and none shall take my joy from me. A. C.—N

—*Evangelist.*

WATCH.

BY HENRIETTA G. LEGGETT.

"Watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Watch in the morning of thy life,
In youth's opening prime,
While hope has twined a radiant wreath
Around that brow of thine;
For lo! amidst the festive scenes,
The Son of Man may come,
To blanch the cheek and chill the heart
And call the youthful home.

Watch when the noon-day's sun
Hath gained his place of might'
And over vast creations throws
His rays of dazzling light.
Though clothed in power and might,
Thy course may soon be run;
E'en while the form is wrapped in strength,
The Son of Man may come.

Watch when the evening shades
Hath deepened into gloom,
And when the sun's diverging rays
Point to the silent tomb;
And peaceful let thy last days be,
E'en as the setting sun,
And prayerfully hail the dread decree
That calls thee to thy home.

Watch ever, for the angel Death
May come with stealthy tread,
When flowers are fairest in thy path.
And blessings crown thy head.
Think not, because bright days are thine,
The spoiler's gone his way;
But though the bridegroom tarry long,
Oh, ever watch and pray.

Louisville, Kentucky.

A HOLY life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—*Melancthon.*

THE OLD MONK'S PICTURE.

An old Mexican monk in his cell painted an allegorical picture which may now be seen in the public library of one of our cities. It represents a beautiful young maiden, standing on a narrow island, with only room for her feet to rest upon, and all around her dashes and rages a lake of fire. The angry tongues of flame leap up and almost lave her feet, yet she smiles on all, unconscious of her danger. More dreadful still, upon each billow's crest rides a malignant fiend, and they have closed around the seemingly defenceless girl, and are winding their coils about her, one seeking to fasten chains to her limbs, and others tugging with all their fiendish strength to drag her into the burning pool. The muscles of every arm are knotted with the struggle, and the hate and malice of the pit is written on every brow. Yet serenely the maiden smiles, for she sees nothing of her danger. A golden cord of grace, descending from above, is twined amidst her sunny hair, but death stands overhead ready to cut the thread. A hand of help is reaching down to her which she must take or be lost in the abyss. A company of attendant angels, anxiously awaiting her decision, complete the picture.

This is no fancy sketch of the old monk's brain, but a true picture of the condition of every one out of Christ.—'They stand upon slippery places, and fiery billows roll beneath them.' Thousands of fiends are busily at work, to ensure the soul's ruin, and the offers of mercy must all be cut short by death. Grace is at hand reaching down from heaven offering us salvation, and faith is the hand reaching up to receive it. 'They that be for us, are more than they that be against us.' Oh, will we not make friends of these blessed attendant angels, by enlisting under the same great Captain. Who would stand for half an hour in such a position as this young girl is represented as standing. And yet if you have not accepted of salvation you are in an immeasurably worse one. Oh, hasten to take this proffered hand of help, or you must sink in those burning waves forever.

FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault finding on the part of its parent; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

THE SABBATH BREAKER SILENCED.—A pious, poor, old man of our Church at——in reasoning with a Sabbath-breaker said, "Suppose, now, I had seven shillings, and suppose I met a man, and gave him six shillings freely out of the seven; what would you say to that?" "Why, I should say you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful." "Well, but suppose he should