

THE UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES

# Church Miscellany.

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JANUARY, 1880.

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First Congregational Church,

KINGSTON, ONT.

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**MEETINGS :**

Sunday Public Services.....11 A.M. AND 7 P.M.  
Sunday School... ..2:30 P.M.  
Church Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....7:30 P.M.  
Bible Class, Monday.....7:30 P.M.  
District Prayer Meeting, Fortnightly, as Announced.  
Young People's Association, Fortnightly, as Announced.  
Ladies' Aid Society, Monthly, as Announced.

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The Church is the House of God and the services are free to all.  
The entire revenue is derived from voluntary offerings.

*"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."*

*"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."*

# Church Officers and Committee.

**PASTOR :**  
DR. SAMUEL N. JACKSON.

**DEACONS :**  
G. S. FENWICK, GEORGE ROBERTSON.  
J. F. McEWAN.

**SECRETARY** JOHN DRIVER. **TREASURER:** GEORGE S. FENWICK.

**GENERAL COMMITTEE:**  
The Pastor and Deacons, together with—  
J. H. McFARLANE, HUGH JACK,  
THOMAS HENDRY, THOS SAVAGE, Jr.  
WILLIAM D. HENDRY, JOHN DRIVER,  
JOHN BOYD.

**COLLECTORS:**  
J. H. McFARLANE..... *Weekly Offering.*  
W. D. HENDRY..... *Open Collection.*  
T. SAVAGE, Jr..... *Open Collection.*  
D. SPENCE..... *Sunday Collection.*  
E. MORHAM..... *Sunday Collection.*  
W. D. HENDRY..... *Sunday Collection.*  
W. RICHARDSON..... *Sunday Collection.*

**CHURCH STEWARD:**  
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

**ORGANIST :** JAMES SMITH. **CHORISTER:** THOMAS HENDRY.

**USHERS :** ROBERT HENDRY, WILLIAM NEISH,  
H. MILLER, L. B. SPENCER.

**AUDITORS:** ROBERT HENDRY, DAVID LOWNS.

**SEXTON :**  
E. SANFORD, No. 67 Sydenham Street.

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## CHURCH MISCELLANY.

If the New Year's Morning Prayer Meeting was an indication of what our meetings during the year are to be, then we may all rejoice; for its spirit was excellent and its influence deep and we trust abiding. Nothing can be more appropriate than to begin a New Year by unitedly waiting upon God, and committing our ways to him, who only can direct our paths. As a motto for the year upon which we have entered, what can be more appropriate than the promise of our Lord: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Shall we not all live in the realization of this promise; for then we will have light and joy, and abounding blessings, both as individuals and as a church, throughout the year.

The Week of Prayer, as observed in this city, in concert with the Church throughout the world, was more than usually interesting this year. The *seven* churches of Kingston, including St. John's Church at Portsmouth, representing as many denominations of the one church, held it in their respective places of worship, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. The attendance was invariably large and the interest fervent. The United Communion Service, held in the Queen Street Methodist Church on the following Monday evening, in which representatives, both clerical and lay, of all the Protestant Churches took part, was a fitting close of the weeks services. The collections made each evening in behalf of the poor of the city amounted to between fifty and sixty dollars.

The annual collection for the Congregational Provident Fund, which was the last Quarterly Collection for the past year, amounted to \$49.50.

The Bazaar held on the 3rd ultimo by the Ladies Association was successful in every way. The goods exposed for sale were many, varied and useful; showing diligence and wisdom on the part of the workers. Then the prices were marked low in all honesty and fairness, which, together with the interest felt by the congregation, resulted in the disposal of almost the entire stock. The following are the results of the sale at the various tables: Plain Work, \$70.92; Fancy Work, \$59.80; Lunch Table, \$27.16; Fruit Table, \$8.68; the Girls' Special Table, \$21.04, giving a total amount of \$187.40.

The city in common with Queen's College, and all denominations in unison with the Presbyterian Church, have suffered great loss in the death of Professor McKerras, which took place on the 10th inst. Here more than in any other place will he be missed, for he was a fellow citizen, well known, honoured and loved. He is not because God took him. The immense funeral cortege that bore his mortal remains to their last resting place, was a public attestation to a sense of his public worth. We do all we can for his stricken widow and fatherless children, by commending them to the Divine Comforter.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the Church and Congregation, was held on the 14th inst. At that meeting a committee was appointed to take into consideration the desirability of making other arrangements for the accommodation of the choir, than those at present, and to present a report and plans at the annual meeting.

Two prizes were promised the scholars of the Sunday School for the best answers to the prize questions announced by the committee on the Uniform Lessons. Miss Euphemia Monroe and Miss Gracey Mackay, are the successful competitors. It is to be regretted that a larger number of scholars did not compete, not only for the sake of the prizes, but for the benefits derived from searching the Scriptures.

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The visit of the Rev. George Muller, to this city last month was an occasion long to be remembered. Great expectations were aroused from his fame as a mighty man with God, who for many years, and in a wonderful way, has prevailed through lowliness, faith and prayer. But to see, to hear, and to know the man was more. We have seen in George Muller the power of divine grace, and a witness of God and his truth. To give even a brief resume of what he did and said in our midst is impossible, further than to state, that on Friday evening the 5th ult. he preached in Chalmers' Church from Philipians iv. 4: on the next evening in the Episcopal Methodist Church, from Exodus xvii. 1-7, and on the Sunday Morning in our own Church, from John xvi. 7. On the Sunday and Monday evenings following, he gave a recital of his life and work to immense audiences in the City Hall. Besides this on Saturday morning, he addressed the students at Queen's College and on Tuesday Morning the Pastors. The characteristics of his manner are, earnestness and simplicity; and of his matter a present message from God, to the audience addressed and an intense desire that it should be received by all.

Realizing the importance and appropriateness of the suggestion made in regard to order in divine service, the Pastor not long since preached a discourse of which the following is the barest outline. There was necessity in the apostolic age to speak of the conduct becoming the house of God, and that necessity continually exists. We should not fail to remember that the object is to *worship God*. While there may be the form without the spirit, spiritual worship will always assume becoming form, and the one has its influence on the other. 1. There should be preparation of heart in our homes for the hours of worship. A burden of domestic care, the excitement of hurry, and vain thoughts concerning the personal appearance greatly disqualify us for worship. God looks

upon the hearts of those who appear in his house. 2. We should be regularly in our own place of worship on the Lord's Day. There is the power of habit on ourselves and of influence on others. Those who wander from place to place both receive and do but little good. Their actions declare that they are not making the worship of God their chief object. 3. All should be punctually in their places at the hour of worship. God's Honour, our obligations to others and our own good call for this. The first part of the service is that exclusively devoted to acts of worship. All hindrances to this should be overcome. 4. A devotional spirit and demeanour should be assumed on entering the house of God. "Holiness becometh thy house, O God, forever" and all the time. 5. Every one should participate in the exercises of the hour. Praise, prayer, reception of the truth and the offering to God of our substance is for all, old and young. We should not go to Church to be ministered to but to worship the Eternal God; and this we cannot do by proxy or profession. 6. We should close the acts of worship and leave God's house in a becoming manner. In the presence of an earthly sovereign the audience stand until the royal personage passes out. It is not becoming to prepare to leave the presence of God before the benediction is pronounced, or even then to make for the doors at once. It is seemly to pause for a little in prayer, and with the interchange of Christian salutations to quietly pass out. 7. It is of great importance that we should reflect on and practice the truths of God's Word heard. This is to the soul what assimilation and exercise is to the body. We are not to be "hearers of the word only but doers of it likewise." As a gentleman was going out of the door of a church a boy asked, "Is the sermon done, sir?" The reply was, "No, it is preached, but the people have yet to do it."

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THE

# TRACT MAGAZINE.

## New Year's Gifts.



HICK and fast the presents were coming in that New Year's Eve; for New Year's Day would also be the wedding day of a daughter of our house, and many a choice and costly gift arrived for the bride-elect, among the usual tokens of new year remembrance from relatives and friends for us all, including toys and bon-bons and pretty cards for the little ones. Every ring at the door-bell sent the children of our party to the hall to see whether some fresh gift had arrived. Now it was a packing-case by the Parcels Delivery Company, now a piece of furniture brought by a shop van. Then a servant would leave a parcel and note; next with the postman's knock, would come a registered letter; or, with a sharp ring, a shop messenger with a package and the giver's card attached. There were pretty articles of jewelry, handsome books, household appointments, useful or ornamental, or both combined; and great was our excitement as

we spread them out to the best advantage, and many the exclamations of gratitude and admiration.

Yet, mingled with the gratitude and admiration were expressions of criticism, and now and then of disappointment.

"What a beautiful piece of work!" we exclaimed, as a large banner-screen, worked in white silk and garnet beads, was unfolded.

"Yes; but it's a pity it's not made up. It will cost a great deal to mount a screen of that size."

"Oh, here is Mrs. Arbuthnot's present!" said the bride-elect, as a deal box with a note was handed to her; "she told me about it. It is to be a tea-set; the very thing I want most." But her face fell a little as on the box being broken open there appeared a pair of china candlesticks; Mrs. Arbuthnot's note explained that she had met with nothing to please her in tea-sets. "I've no doubt," remarked Ruth, as she laid down the note, "something to please *me* would have been easily found."

The next present which came to hand was a massive silver bracelet from India. It was of exquisite workmanship, and very handsome; but, when tried on, was found to be defective in the clasp and much too large.

"These Indian presents are always unsatisfactory," a visitor remarked. "I had a shawl sent from Calcutta when I was married, and there were several pounds duty to pay at the Custom-house, and I've never once worn it, it's so heavy."

Presently there was carried in a table, beautifully inlaid.

"How lovely!" was the general outcry; then some one added, "If only you were going to set up a house at once, Ruth; you will hardly know where to store furniture the first few years."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the family, as a foreign letter was brought in; "that's Cousin Geoffrey; he must be sending you a bank-note, Ruth." Alas, no! to our disappointment, Cousin Geoffrey sent good wishes only, and said he had just been called upon to meet family expenses

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so large and unexpected that he must deny himself the pleasure of sending Ruth a wedding present, but he hoped it was a pleasure only postponed, etc., etc. Other examinations, discussions, and criticisms followed.

"Robert, what are you about?" one of us asked of our eldest brother, who for some minutes past had stood by, taking no part in our conversation, but gravely writing in a note-book. "Are you making a list of the presents?"

"No," he answered, smiling; "not of the presents, but of the imperfections you are finding in some of them. You have suggested a text, and given me all the headings for a sermon."

"Oh, tell us, Robert, what text?"

"'Every good and every perfect gift is from above,'" he answered, gravely. "You made me think how the gifts of God shine out in blessed contrast with some of Ruth's wedding presents, in many points in which you have found fault with these. Above all, that good and perfect gift, of which it was said to the woman of Samaria, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldest have asked of Him,' and in view of which St. Paul can only utter the adoring cry, 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!'"

"Tell us more of your sermon, Robert," said the bride-elect, thoughtfully; "we won't make any more slighting remarks on my presents; but give us our lesson on what we have said already."

"Well, dear," he answered, glancing at his note-book; "among your presents, some were complained of as incomplete; you will have to spend of your own upon them to fit them for use; but, in His dear Son, God has given us sinners a perfect gift; not only perfect as the Son of God, but 'made perfect,' as a Saviour of men, by human suffering; nothing can be added on our part to God's perfect work of salvation by Christ Jesus, without frustrating the grace of God. You remember the old hymn:

"Some call Him a Saviour in word,  
But mix their own works with His plan,  
And hope He His help will afford,  
When they have done all that they can.

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If asked what of Jesus I think,  
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,  
I say He's my meat and my drink,  
My life and my strength and my store.

My Shepherd, my Guardian, my Friend,  
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;  
My hope from beginning to end,  
My portion, my life, and my all.'

“ Then again, one of Ruth's presents was said to be cumbrous, unsuited to the conditions of her married life. But, in the Lord Jesus, we have a gift exactly suited to the needs and circumstances of every soul. Receiving Him, the poor is exalted, the rich is made low. Think how the learned Nicodemus, the ignorant multitudes, the high-born women, the loathsome lepers, the Roman officer, the dying thief, found their needs all met in Him. ‘Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.’

“ And we were disappointed because a certain packing-case did not contain the gift on which our bride had set her heart, beautiful and costly as was the substitute. She laid it aside with a sigh. But there is no disappointment about this precious gift of God. It is provided by Him ‘who knoweth the hearts of all men,’ by ‘a faithful Creator.’ Only as we learn to know Christ we are constrained to say, ‘The half was not told me!’ ‘for it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’

“ When that beautiful inlaid table was brought in, some one remarked: ‘Such presents are rather unsuitable for travellers.’ God's good and perfect gift, on the contrary, is the daily strength and rest and solace of His pilgrim people. ‘I am a stranger with Thee,’ sings the psalmist; and thus runs the promise to the Israel of God: ‘When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.’ ‘A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ ‘I am with you always,’ says the ascending Jesus, ‘even unto the end of the world.’

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“Some gift, I think it was a piece of delicate work, was said to be so perishable, it must always be covered, except for company ; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord ; and the more we make daily, hourly use of our God-given Saviour, the more His beauty will shine forth ; we shall be ever finding fresh cause to praise and trust Him.

“And in contrast with the disappointment caused by Cousin Geoffrey, whose gift had been so surely reckoned on, and who was prevented from sending it by other claims, how blessed to know that the unspeakable gift of God is freely provided for each and every one of us. Yes, and not only so, but for every one who appropriates it, others will be led to desire and obtain it ; for ‘the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.’ ‘By the righteousness of One the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.’

“And then,” added Robert, “I was thinking how one might carry on the parallel, and show how the freeness and fitness, and fulness and certainty of God’s giving, as set forth in that ‘unspeakable gift,’ attach to all His gifts, to those who are His children by faith in Christ Jesus ; to the gifts of which St. Paul says, ‘He that spared not His own Son, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?’ ‘When He ascended up on high, He received gifts for men.’ One might go on to speak of spiritual endowments, how ‘every man hath his proper gift of God,’ of God’s dealings with us in temporal things, how all are planned with Divine wisdom, fatherly bounty ; not, indeed, always as we should choose for ourselves, but always good and perfect ; however, I think the sermon would be too long, so I intend to close with a little personal appeal. Solomon says, ‘A man’s gift maketh room for him.’ ‘Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.’ We see the truth of this in earthly giving and receiving ; how grateful we feel to all the relations and friends to whose kindness, and thoughtfulness, and liberality we owe these presents. There is not a toy or sugar-plum

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on the children's table which has not called out some grateful feeling; and even concerning the few wedding gifts which have been criticised, we all appreciate the kindness of the givers; and Ruth would not for a moment think of leaving one of them unacknowledged. And it has struck me what a solemn, practical question it is to ask ourselves, 'How far has the gift of God, who gave up His own Son for us all, made room for Him in each of our hearts?' 'Are we friends to Him who has given us such a costly gift?' If not, it is certain we have not yet accepted it; and we are committing, every moment of our lives, an act of base ingratitude and wounding insult towards our heavenly Father; not to speak of the infinite loss we ourselves are suffering. 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.' Can we say, on our side, 'We who were enemies are reconciled to God by the death of His Son?'

"How strange it seems, yet we know how true, that far from God's gift making room for Him in our estranged hearts, He Himself must make room for His gift, and this He does by the further gift of His Holy Spirit, 'the promise of the Father;' whose blessed office it is to show us how poor we are without the Christ of God; how, receiving Him into our hearts by faith, we are 'made rich towards God.' How confidently we all, in our blindness and deadness of desire concerning the things of God, may plead the promise, 'your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.'"

Many a time since then, when disappointment in earthly things has made me sad, I have called to mind our brother Robert's sermon on the wedding gifts, and have realised the comfort of the Saviour's precious promise, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

## Chrissie Mellor's Blotting-case.

A STORY OF GOODNESS AND MERCY FOLLOWING THE OLD  
YEAR INTO THE NEW.



MOTHER, dear mother, *do* let me write to Uncle Chris. I'm sure he is not as hard as you think—*do*." The speaker was a bright young girl, whose fair rounded face and mirthful expression ill accorded with the plaintive tones in which she now besought her mother.

A sad, gentle smile, and half hesitating shake of the head, was Mrs. Mellor's silent reply.

"But, darling mother, you know I am his pet, and called after him; and besides, he'll get my letter on New Year's Day, before any cross old feelings have time to turn kind thoughts out of his heart—do let me."

But this time there was no hesitation in Mrs. Mellor's refusal.

"Chrissie, you know my opinion. We must not do evil that good may come. I have often warned you against doing anything on which you cannot ask God's blessing; and could you now—come, tell me as an honest girl—could you sit down and write to Uncle Chris, contrary to your father's wish, and then expect the Lord to prosper it?"

"But, mother, if uncle relents and sends help, then papa would be only too glad I wrote."

"That has nothing to do with it, my child; there are no *ifs* between right and wrong. For wise and just reasons he has forbidden my seeking my brother's assistance; and I am quite sure your doing so would grieve him. No, dear Chrissie, do not add disobedience to his other trials."

"Not for the world. Oh! mother—not for the world! I was only planning how I could help pay off poor Charlie's debts, that are weighing you down to the earth, and——"

Here Chrissie stopped short, for so bright and sweet a smile broke over her mother's face that, like a sudden flood

of sunshine after rain, it dissipated all thoughts of sorrow bending her spirit earthward.

"Ah, I see, you are reading my thoughts, Chrissie; the effects of trial would indeed be crushing, if they acted so contrary to God's fatherly intentions. When He permits trouble, it is to draw us heavenward in prayer and childlike trust—not to make us bow down like a bulrush. Doesn't my Chrissie know this?"

Yes, Chrissie knew it quite well; but, like many young Christians (and, for the matter of that, old Christians too), she thought to speed Providence a little by taking her father's pressing care into her own loving hands. She quite knew that to trust the Lord was the believer's grand privilege, but times and due seasons puzzled her. She preferred seeing the end of the Lord at once; the waiting for to-morrow tried her patience. Yes, Chrissie knew it, and knew it so well, that she could only answer her mother by affectionately kissing the dear hand that laid itself impressively on hers, to give force to the simple question.

"Mother, I have something to confess," she exclaimed, with a sudden effort, after a moment's silence.

"There is your stool, then," and Mrs. Mellor nodded towards a cushion at her feet, where her young daughter was wont to kneel before her when she had anything special to communicate that required a full look into her mother's face.

In a minute Chrissie was bending on it, then resting both arms on Mrs. Mellor's lap, she fixed her eyes intently towards her, as if prepared to unburden a whole load of conscience.

"Well, mother, it's just this; in case—mind only in case, you did not object, I have been making notes of a letter to Uncle Chris; telling him all about Charlie's wildness and the way papa is in; and I have finished off by asking him—will you be very angry, mother darling?—to lend me some money till I am of age; then, you know, I come in for my share of grannie's legacy, and then——"



"We will not have any more 'and thens,' love; they generally come to grief. You are quite sure you have not sent this or any other letter to your uncle, Chrissie?" Mrs. Mellor spoke searchingly.

"Oh, no, mother; I have not even made a fair copy of this; just see, here is the draft in my blotting-case. Oh, dear! it's stuck in so tight to the blotting paper, I can scarcely loosen it--such thin stuff! I wish I hadn't bought it."

This parenthesis was to the case, which contained a few leaves of that thin pinky paper whose absorbent power is such as to retain a legible, though reversed, copy of any secret committed to its charge. Reader, beware of such paper.

"Now listen, mother dear, and then I will tear the whole to bits in your presence."

This "false copy" was written on the insides of old envelopes; and as Chrissie read it piece by piece, she dropped the scraps into Mrs. Mellor's lap, until she came to the sixth (for, girl-like, it was a lengthy letter), when her mother took it from her hand, saying, as tears filled her eyes: "Dear, loving Chrissie! I must read this myself."

"Do, mammy, if you can pick it out," cried Chrissie, with the unreserved simplicity of whole-hearted affection; "but this is the piece that stuck to the blotter; so it is smudged all over."

However, Mrs. Mellor could read it—and so shall you, my reader, for you will hear of it again: "New Year's Day is God's time, dear uncle, for healing family sores; that is why I have chosen it to make this request. As you vowed you would never help papa again, he cannot ask you without making you break your vow; but you did not say you would never help Chrissie—did you? And if you will send me this sum—it need only be a loan—till I receive grannie's legacy, when——"

Mrs. Mellor was loth to destroy this little proof of her child's love, yet suffered Chrissie to tear it up with its

fellows ; and there the matter appeared to rest, as far as the latter was concerned—but not so with the mother. The trouble at her heart pressed closer than even Chrissie knew. On the one hand there was a “brother offended”—and does not Solomon tell us that such an one is harder to be won than “a strong city?”<sup>1</sup> whilst, on the other, there was a home care that would have been overwhelming, had the Holy Spirit not left on record that sweet promise of Divine grace and power : “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee ;”<sup>2</sup> which, together with the Saviour’s tender invitation, “Come unto Me,” formed at once her stronghold and comfort in the day of adversity.

This home care was one that cannot be gauged by the inexperienced. Only they who have smarted from “money losses” can know what money loss involves ; what difficulties, what retrenchments, what pinchings ; thank God if positive want be not added ! All, or any of these trials, Chrissie’s parents would have received with the cry : “It is the Lord : let Him do what seemeth Him good.”<sup>3</sup> But their present trial arose from nearer home, and was proportionately harder to meet with Christian fortitude ; though grace “sufficient” was accorded them from Him who “giveth more grace.”<sup>4</sup> The trial was a large pecuniary responsibility, which the thoughtlessness of their only son had, without any intimation, thrown upon them—large, at least, for persons of limited income.

Charlie was all sorrow and contrition ; but neither of these desirable qualities either atoned for the past delinquencies or assisted in the present emergencies. So, with New Year’s Day staring them full in the face, Mr. and Mrs. Mellor were approaching the time when payment was required, without any visible means of meeting it. There was this brother, “Uncle Chris ;” but Charlie was the cause of their unhappy estrangement, and the rash vow—that could not be surmounted.

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xviii. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Psa. lv. 22.

<sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. iii. 18.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Cor. xii. 9 ; James iv. 6.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Mellor fostered very severe thoughts and severe feelings in the case "Re Uncle Chris and his vow;" but his wife was as ready to forgive as she was slow to be angry with her brother; and as for the trouble itself, she simply, as it were, wrote it all down on the tablets of her heart and spread it daily before the Lord, with a prayer of child-like trust.

"To Jesus then your trouble bring,  
Nor murmur at your lot;  
While you are poor, and He is King,  
You cannot be forgot."

"But pay-day is so near!" the tempter would whisper. "But my God is nearer!" she would reply. "But debt is a bad thing!" "True; so bad that, when the poor debtor has nothing to pay, God frankly forgives him." "Oh, go your own wilful way, then," cries the foiled enemy; and arising peacefully from her knees, the tried mother goes her own way, which is simply to wait for help which she is confident will be sent in the best of all times—the Lord's time. And yet—oh, yet it certainly is very close to New Year's Day! And in due course New Year's Day dawned.

Dawned as cloudless as such a day should dawn, bright and sunny—but only in the sun. Where shadows lay it was cold and cheerless, and a very dreary reach of shadow lay along poor Chrissie's path on that first of January. She jumped out of bed and read her text, the first for the year, from the new almanack that she had nailed on the wall last night; but try as she might, she could not attain to what she called a "new yearish feeling;" and though she attempted to throw cheerfulness into her tone, as to her daily morning kisses were added the unusual "happy new year," the evident hesitation in her voice attracted her mother at once.

"Chrissie, love," she promptly said, to ward off any outburst of feeling, "as it is such a fine day, we have decided to walk over and meet Charlie, and bring him back with us—you will like that?"

"Bring him in safe custody, you see, Chrissie." This was from her father, who little thought the effect his remark, meant to be playful, would have on his young daughter.

"Custody! Oh, father, what a dreadful word!" And her long-pent feelings found vent in a flood of tears.

"Oh, Charles! you have frightened the poor child—on New Year's Day too; it's too bad."

"You foolish Chrissie!" laughed Mr. Mellor; "have you never heard of the sweet custody of love? That is the kind that is going to be my boy's escort to-day. We are going to meet him, as he is trembling to meet us. Won't you make one of the party? If there are any blows to be dealt in the form of hard words, I promise you shall have the dealing of them—I can't."

But Chrissie's joyful "You darling!" stopped any further threat or promise (which?) on Mr. Mellor's part; and as for the rest of breakfast-time, it was passed in such buoyancy of spirits that the great event of the day was forgotten; nor was it broached until the trio were part way over the broad moor which separated the next coaching town from their country residence, and then it was only hinted at by a few earnest words of faith and trust, whispered by Mrs. Mellor to her husband, in reply to a sudden pressure of her hand as it rested on his arm for assistance over the uneven ground. She understood all that this pressure meant to convey of fatherly love and apprehension blended in one strong feeling.

Meanwhile, where was Uncle Chris? Where we least expected to find him. Trudging resolutely towards his sister's house. Full of remorseful feelings, he had retired to bed, but not to rest; for a text learnt years ago at his mother's knee, without notice of its approach, suddenly sounded (it seemed audibly) in his ears: "If ye forgive not"—"Well, what then?" said he, pettishly.—"Then neither will your Father forgive you." "That's strong!" said Uncle Chris; "very strong. I must think upon it."

When the New Year dawned, he had so thought upon it that he had determined to act ; hence is it that we meet him to-day with his face resolutely turned towards Mr. Mellor's, whose house he reached only to find the family absent.

"I must rest, though, and write a line too," he said to the servant, who forthwith showed him into the parlour, and laid Chrissie's blotting-case before him, saying, "I think you will find all you require there, sir."

"And more than I want, too, it seems : I by no means want to read people's secrets," muttered Uncle Chris, as he tried to avert his eyes from the page of pinky blotting-paper which lay upturned before him, with that part of Chrissie's letter we have already read so distinctly legible that he had no choice but to read it, if even an irresistible attraction had not rooted his eyes to the girlish writing. In vain he tried to write a few common-place lines, to tell his sister he had called. Chrissie's blotting-paper, and nothing else, could he see or think of. At last, crushing his half-finished note into his pocket, he carefully closed the case, but not till he had as carefully torn out the page that witnessed against him. This he folded almost tenderly, and laid it in his purse, and then stole like a thief from the house, much to the servant's mystification, when she presently entered to ask if he would take some refreshment. But Chrissie never missed the page, though her first act on returning was to open her case to look for an envelope. She never knew that it had been abstracted until the evening, when a sealed letter was put into her hands, with the message, "Bearer waits for an answer."

"Oh, mother !—father ! It is from Uncle Chris ! May I open it ?"

Mrs. Mellor turned an anxious look towards her husband, who nodded to Chrissie.

"Of course you may, silly child."

Chrissie did so, as well and speedily as her trembling hands would let her, then turning back to the envelope, to

reassure herself that the writing was her uncle's, she exclaimed, turning very pale as she spoke :

"Why, whatever does it mean? Here is my letter to him on this blotting-paper, and—and, yes—and a cheque for the money I asked for! Oh, mother! what does it mean? I assure you I had no hand in it—indeed I had not." And for the second time on New Year's Day, Chrissie was like to burst out crying.

"I see it all, my child; and instead of blaming you, I can only say, as Joseph did, it was not you, but God.<sup>1</sup> The Lord has chosen this way to make peace in our family, and to relieve us of one of the sorest trials we have ever had. I see your father accepts this offer of reconciliation at dear Christopher's hands."

"I can do no otherwise, my dear, when I read this." And from a slip of paper which had fallen from the page of thickly-written blotting-paper, she read as follows :

"DEAR CHRISSIE,

"Yours to hand. God bless you for it. Accept the enclosed, and apply it as you please. Tell father I cannot be the forgiver, because I have need to be the forgiven; but I know that if we forgive not from our hearts (mind that), neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us. As for the vow—bad ones are best broken. I smashed mine at one o'clock this morning, when the New Year's bells chimed out.

"Your repentant,

"UNCLE CHRIS."

"Please, sir, the messenger can't wait; what answer shall he take back?" asked Susan.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mellor's best love to his master, and they will walk over to dine with him to-morrow, and Miss Chrissie and Mr. Charlie too—then we can—ahem!—what, Chrissie?"

"Bring the rest of the blotting-case?" she suggested.

"Ah, yes; the rest of the blotting-case," replied her

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xlv. 8.

father: "yes; but mind, *only the rest*. We will keep this one page: it may prove a helpful 'In memoriam.'"

"I thought that meant 'in memory of?'" asked Chrissie.

"So it does, silly child, so it does: keep it for that very purpose, of course."

"'Tis thus our gracious God provides  
Our comforts and our cares—  
His own unerring hand that guides,  
And gives to each our shares."

### The New Year.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—*Jas. iv. 14.*

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—*Psa. xc. 9.*



HE brevity of life and the rapid flight of time are subjects which have formed themes for writers in all ages.

The Patriarch Job, who lived so many years ago, in expressing his thoughts with regard to the shortness of life, made use of this exclamation, "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."<sup>1</sup> He also compares human life to "the wind" that passes by in a moment, and to "a cloud that vanishes away."

Since the days of Job many have tried to impress upon their fellow-men the importance of recognising that life at its longest is but short, and at its best uncertain. But, alas, with how little result. Men live now just as they have done since the creation of the world, for this life only, as though it were to last for ages, and there were no eternity to follow.

Year after year passes by, and they do not apparently realise the fact that life is drawing to a close, until at length the summons comes and finds them unprepared. How much wiser to have had constantly rising from their lips and hearts the prayer, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Job vii. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Psa. xc. 12.

Let us at the beginning of this, another year, dear readers, think for a little of our own lives, and endeavour to draw a lesson from the flight of time and the passing seasons, so that our future life may be more useful and holy than that which has passed, and that we ourselves may be more fitted for that eternity which has no seasons, and in which time is known no more.

Few of us can enter upon a new year without some serious thoughts.

We feel that with the departing year another epoch of our life, with all its joys and sorrows, its good and evil, passes away for ever, and that the birth of the new year is the opening of another period of time in which, if we live, we may have opportunities for improving ourselves and putting forth fresh exertions to achieve victories over evil, and to make progress in that which is good.

In a book I was reading lately I came to these remarks : " Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike track of human life ; at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting-point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad indeed ! And only to propose to be better is something ; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well positively ; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours ; he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday is better ; and he who is not better is worse."

Yes, it is true that we cannot remain stationary. We must be making progress in the right way or the wrong. Not only every year but every day that we live finds us nearer to that which is perfect and God-like or the reverse ; let us therefore from this time strive to be better and not worse each day of our lives.



We cannot make ourselves perfect, and no resolutions for amendment formed in our own strength can be of any avail; but if we seek the help which is promised to all who ask it, we may be enabled by God's grace to be better and holier Christians through the present year than we were through the last.

The rapid passing away of time should make us ever careful that we waste not even the shortest period.

If the end of the present year is to find us better and nobler than we now are, we must use well the moments and hours of which the year is made up. The mere hoping that such will be the case, without strenuous efforts to compass it, will only bring us disappointment, and we shall be prone to say with Dryden:

“When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
 Yet fooled by hope, men favour the deceit,  
 Live on, and think to-morrow will repay!  
 To-morrow's falsèr than the present day;  
 Lies more; and when it says we shall be blest  
 With some new joy, takes off what we possess.”

“Every day,” says Bishop Hall, “is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated.” This being the case, to be able to live a holy year, we must live each day in holiness.

But how is this to be accomplished? How are we, weak and erring mortals, to find grace to pass each day as we should? Only by unceasing prayer and constant watchfulness—prayer for strength to do the right, and watchfulness to enable us to discriminate between the right and wrong.

To the end that we may be able rightly thus to discriminate, a knowledge of God's laws is indispensable, and it behoves us carefully to study, and jealously to hoard up in our minds the words of Holy Writ, that they may prove a lamp to our feet and a light to our paths. Nothing so tends to the development of a strong and healthy Christian character as the frequent perusal of the Bible. Other books, however good and admirable, should never be allowed to

take the place of THE BOOK. They may be used as props and stays, but the Bible should be the centre column, the mainstay of the whole Christian building.

A habit of self-examination, too, is conducive to a holy life, for unless one examines himself, and finds out his own weak points, he is not so likely carefully to guard against particular temptations or besetting sins. I know that it is the fashion just now among persons of a certain class rather to look upon self-examination as a danger than as a preventive of evil. They urge that it is likely to produce a morbid state of mind, and to engender effeminacy rather than a robust tone and strong faith. "It is not the healthy man," say they, "who is constantly feeling his pulse and attending to his diet, but rather the weak and ailing."

To these I would answer, that if there is any analogy between the health of the body and that of the soul, they should remember that it is not always the most robust and apparently healthy man, the man who defies all weathers and all exertion, and boasts that he never was ill in his life, that lives the longest, or gets through the most work in his life-time. Such men are often cut off in their prime, and their less robust brother outlives them for years, and works quietly on, not, perhaps, with so much swing and noise, but with perseverance and continuance.

No, friends; let these say what they will about self-examination, I will give them two exhortations from Scripture, and leave them; the first is: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves;" and the second: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

But self-examination will be useless unless we are careful, when we find a weak point in our character, immediately to set about to remedy it; and this we can only do by seeking Divine help. It is useless for us to sit idly deploring our weaknesses, and wishing that we were stronger; while we do this, our weakness is increasing. As the sick man calls in the physician's aid to restore him to health, so

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

the soul, conscious of its guilt and weakness, must go to the Great Physician for strength and healing.

Have you, my readers, ever tried to live better lives, and failed in the attempt? Do not be discouraged, but rather let your past defeats spur you on to greater exertions in the future, and make you more careful to avoid those things that have proved stumbling-blocks in the past. Would you know why you have so utterly failed, why your good resolves have so quickly been forgotten, and how it is that you have made so little progress in the heavenly direction? Is it not because you have trusted too much in yourself and too little in your God?

If you would make good progress you must be constantly looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith. In Him you will find strength to overcome all your enemies, and in Him alone can you find a guide to point out to you the right road, and to lead you on to life everlasting.

Trusting in Christ, looking to Him for help in every time of need, working with a single eye to His glory, you need not fear but that you will receive an increase of grace, and be enabled to live a profitable and happy New Year.

G. H. S.

"A little Child shall lead them."



PLEASE take away that book," said a dying English-woman, who, a few hours before, had been received into the English Mission Home in Paris. The book was a Bible. "And do not pray for me," she added; "all that is of no use now." Her life had been full of sin and sorrow, and just before admission to the home, she had attempted to end it, but she must soon die, the doctor said, from the effects of starvation.

Presently the sound of children's singing was heard from a room close by; here were four little girls just rescued

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

from the fate of many English children in Paris ; they had been sold for models, a few pounds paid for three of them, and the fourth thrown into the bargain, as slightly deformed. The Christian lady who was ministering to the dying woman feared lest these little ones, brought from most degraded scenes, might have learned songs coarse and profane ; what was her surprise to hear the sweet words ring out :

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'Come unto Me, and rest.'"

That night the poor sufferer, waking from uneasy sleep, was heard to mutter, "What is it? How is it? What does that mean? Come unto Me, and rest?" Her loving attendant, in the simplest words, spoke to her of the love of Christ for sinners. "How does it go on?" she asked—"what He says about rest?"

"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."

"Have you ever come to Him?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, I have."

"And did He give you rest?"

"Yes."

"Then let me keep close to you ; perhaps I can come to Him with you, as you have come already."

And then her friend softly and slowly went on with the hymn :

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What a change there is in her!" said one who visited the sick woman next morning ; "and now she is asking for a Bible." A large print New Testament was given her, which contained also the Psalms ; to which she turned. "That is the prayer for me," she murmured, and with her eyes still on

the words, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" she passed peacefully away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where had those children, rescued from such wicked hands, learned the blessed words, which, when all other means were vain, had led the weary and worn and sad heart to home and rest in Jesus? "At a school," the little ones said, "in Field Lane, where they had been taught hymns and texts by some young men belonging to the Christian Association."

Little did these servants of Christ expect such fruit of their ministry of love in the Field Lane Ragged School. Well may this touching incident encourage us all in the morning to sow our seed; in the evening to withhold not our hand, knowing not whether shall prosper, this or that, but "knowing that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

### What the New Year's Bells said to Tom Miles.

**N**INE. TEN. ELEVEN. TWELVE. The last note tolled the departure of the old year, and then the brief silence was broken by the joyous clangour of bells proclaiming that the new year had come. The midnight air was full of the jubilant sounds, peals from all the churches crowding together and falling over each other like many children at play. Everywhere the clear voices came full of brightness and hope, and Tom Miles heard them as they unceremoniously forced their way into his room.

It was an attic in one of the dreariest parts of Shoreditch, and Tom was half sitting, half crouching on a seat which he had instinctively drawn near the grate, but no fire burned within the bars, and no object within the room gave a home-like aspect to the place. He had been sitting in the same position for nearly an hour, wrapped in the gloom

of his thoughts ; for on this New Year's Eve memory had been busy flinging brilliant pictures of the past on the dark screen of the present.

There was first a glimpse of a happy home and a New Year's gathering of all its scattered members, and he, a bright boy from school, was there ; and he could see the beaming faces of his parents, and hear the gleeful talk of all the brothers and sisters, and then almost feel the good-night kiss of his mother as, later in the evening, she knelt by his little bed and murmured the prayer, " God bless and keep my boy, and give him a happy New Year."

Again a New Year's Eve, not in his father's house, but in his own. The wife, so fair and dearly loved, sitting there, and little bright-faced children playing round, and great fun and wondering about the New Year's gifts that next morning would bring.

And then a picture with less colour and more shade. A New Year's Eve when the children were in bed, and this wife, with pale face, from which all the young brightness had gone, sitting alone, listening for the coming step of her husband, mending meanwhile the little garments that the children would need to make them decent on New Year's Day. No preparation of presents, no happy guessing at the little surprises which affection commissions the New Year to bring ; only a dull look of endurance that told of a cup very nearly full of sorrow. No wonder Tom Miles's lips were set as he looked. " Poor Hetty ! How well I remember coming home that night ! How she talked to me and coaxed me, and wanted me to promise that I wouldn't go to the club any more ; and all she got for her pains was hard words. I knew I called her selfish, poor Hetty ! what a lie it was ! That was three years ago——"

And Tom's thoughts rapidly sketched in the descending steps of the interval, and the precious treasures he had lost by the way. Love of home had gone, then character, business position, self-respect, happiness, all flung down in the mad pursuit of pleasure falsely so called.

Last of all, the home itself had gone. In a moment of desperation he had left his wife and children, unwilling to face the misery he had wrought; and they had never heard of him since; and all he knew of them was, that Hester's widowed mother had taken them into her little house, that they might all struggle together for daily bread. Since then Tom had been drawn into the whirlpool of London vagabondage, and had only preserved to himself the last shred of respectability in continuing still to hire his own wretched room, instead of herding with the lowest and vilest in the common lodging-house.

Into the very heart of this misery and degradation the voices of the bells came, piercing Tom's dull ear, and constraining him to listen, as again and again they repeated their cheery message—*Another chance! another chance!* And stealing in and mingling like a sweet undertone with their music, was the echo of his mother's prayer, "God bless and keep my boy, and give him a happy New Year."

That mother was in heaven, saved from the knowledge of her boy's disgrace; but has not every prayer a covenant blessing attached to it? and now He who is never at a loss for means of entrance to the human heart was finding His way into this fast-closed one by the voice of the bells.

Another chance! was it possible? Tom had just been saying to himself that his case was hopeless; coming down the ladder had been so easy, and now he was most surely at the bottom, and he had thought he must stay there to die; but, with the inspiration of a new hope, he saw that the ladder was still standing near, the true Jacob's ladder of Providence and grace, and as he had come down, so he might ascend again. Not in his own strength—how miserably had that failed! He groaned in the bitterness of his soul, as he thought how many chances he had lost through reliance on his own strength. But in that solemn hour, when the power of the Holy Spirit was softening his heart, and bringing back a child-like readiness for teaching, his memory recalled as vividly as though he had learned them

yesterday, words that he had not heard for years, words that his mother had taught him in the happy days of boyhood :

“ Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !”

And as his heart thrilled at the thought of a Saviour so long forsaken and forgotten, but still near in Divine compassion and grace, the bells once more chimed out—“Another chance ! another chance !”

Tom Miles took that chance, grasped it as a sinking man clutches at the rope that is the only link between him and life ; and as he cast himself at the Saviour's feet, with the publican's prayer for mercy and help, a true New Year's joy came into his soul, a consciousness that the life which, in its highest import and interests he had so trifled with and well-nigh wrecked, might be given afresh to him by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and that henceforth he might live by faith on the Son of God—a life worth the name, not a life of degradation and defeat, gravitating downward to death, but a life of conquest and elevation, tending step by step to “immortality.”

On that New Year's morning there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over this repenting sinner ; and the year was not many days old when Hester Miles's heart was well nigh “broke with the new joy, too sudden and too sweet,” of hearing of her husband, and that he had really turned round from a course of self-indulgence and self-ruin, that he had “put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts,” and “put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.”

Some readers of these lines may be entering the New Year with a spirit buffeted and well nigh despairing. Many purposes have been broken off, many hopes buried in the grave of the old year. And, saddest of all, some of you have “entered into temptation,” have been caught in its toils, and are writhing there in an agony of remorse. Listen,



## A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

all of you, to the voice of the bells. They tell that the New Year brings to each of you another chance. Another chance of giving up bad habits; another chance of cultivating good ones; another chance of making the home and the world happier; another chance of growing more Christ-like, and so more meet for the inheritance, when years shall not be "new" or "old," for there shall be time no longer. This New Year is God's gift to you; only ask Him, and He will give you also the Saviour's grace and the Holy Spirit's power to make it, in truth, a "happy" one.

M. C. F.

### A New Year's Petition.



PROBABLY most readers of the "Tract Magazine" are familiar with the sweet hymn commencing "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," etc. With very many of us it has been from childhood a cherished favourite.

But it may not be generally known that the three verses of which it consists are said to be slightly altered, and to form only a small part of the original composition, which contained, in the whole, ten verses.

I should add that it is not in my power to authenticate this statement, having met with it only recently in looking over the papers of a deceased friend, and no clue is given as to the source whence the information was obtained.<sup>1</sup> But those who are familiar with other hymns written by Miss Steele, will doubtless think the additional verses here given bear internal evidence of coming from the same pen.

The entire hymn reads thus :

“ When I survey life's varied scene,  
Amid the darkest hours,  
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

<sup>1</sup> It has, since the above was written, been satisfactorily authenticated.—ED. T. M.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

---

Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,  
From whence my comforts flow ;  
And let me in this desert land  
A glimpse of Canaan know.

Is health and ease my happy share ?  
Oh, may I bless my God !  
Thy kindness let my songs declare,  
And spread Thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these  
Are kindly dealt to me,  
Be all my hours of health and ease  
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.

In griefs and pains Thy sacred Word  
(Dear solace of my soul !)  
Celestial comforts can afford,  
And all their power control.

When present sufferings pain my heart,  
Or future terrors rise,  
And light and hope almost depart  
From these dejected eyes,

Thy powerful Word supports my hope,  
Sweet cordial of the mind,  
And bears my fainting spirit up,  
And bids me wait resigned.

*And, oh ! what'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :*

*Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.*

*Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end."*

E. B. S.

## “Thine Eyes shall see the King.”

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

A PROMISE FOR 1880.

LIFT up thy head, poor child of earth,  
Throw off each gloomy fear ;  
“Hope thou in God,” and thus enjoy  
A gladsome, bright new year.  
Think of the mercies of the past,  
In songs of gladness sing ;  
To thee I bring a promise sweet—  
“Thine eyes shall see the King !”

Though friends all fail thee, and forsake,  
Though fairest hopes be riven,  
Though care and sorrow mark each step,  
There’s rest for thee in heaven.  
And even here, the darkest clouds  
Shall purer sunshine bring,  
For, through the swiftly-falling tears,  
“Thine eyes shall see the King !”

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart,  
And live for Him alone ;  
Let others seek the world’s applause,  
Get thou the King’s “Well done !”  
So, doing right, for Jesus’ sake,  
Sweet peace to thee shalt bring ;  
In all the changes of this life  
“Thine eyes shall see the King !”

Earth’s glories fade, and sad decay  
Will mark each year of life ;  
There will be days of sunshine fair,  
With nights of pain and strife.  
Yet, surely as the winter’s chill  
Precedes the balmy spring,  
In light or darkness, ease or pain,  
“Thine eyes shall see the King.”

Then do the right, whate’er it cost—  
This for your motto take,  
Each day, when tempted and when tried,  
“For Christ, my Saviour’s sake.”

"WE KNOW IN PART."

So at the last thy "Welcome home!"  
The bells of heaven will ring;  
And, in His beauty, evermore  
"Thine eyes shall see the King."

E. B.

"We Know in Part."

"For we know in part. . . . But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."—1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10.

WE know in part; a little of the glory  
Is present with us now;  
The earnest of the resurrection triumph  
E'en here is on our brow.  
But never yet was soul so fair  
That all the radiance it could bear.

We know in part; the Father's full adoption  
Is ours by faith to-day;  
And Jesu's blood, for ever and for ever,  
Has washed our sins away.

We know in part, but what remains to know—  
Ah, this, nor mortal tongue nor pen can show.

We know in part our Saviour's deep compassion;  
We know in part His grace:  
A thousand ties our ransomed hearts acknowledge,  
Bending before His face.

But when we stand around the throne,  
Then shall we know as we are known.

We know in part; the Holy Spirit teacheth  
We are not orphans here;  
The gracious promises of God He bringeth,  
Our drooping hearts to cheer.

But darkly, "through a glass" we see,  
Till death unveils eternity.

O Trinity Divine! O Three in One!  
We lift our hearts in praise,  
For all the tender light that gilds  
The darkness of our days.

But, Lord, we praise Thee evermore,  
That Thou dost keep the best in store.

Y. E. T.

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