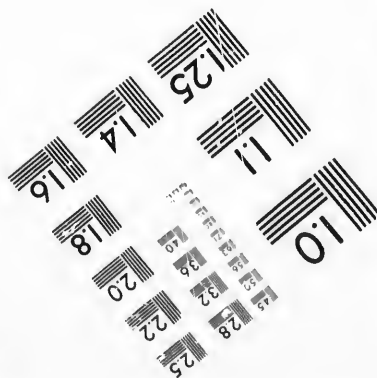
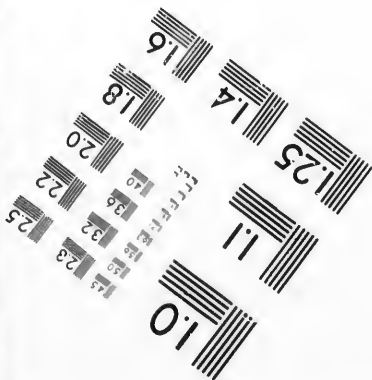
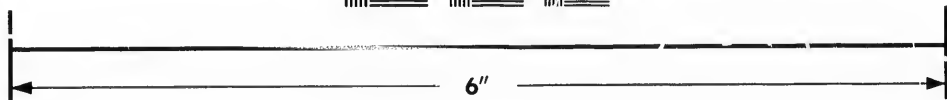
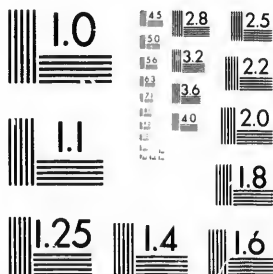


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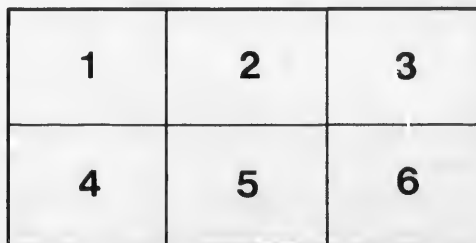
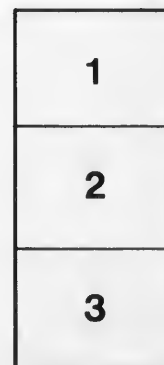
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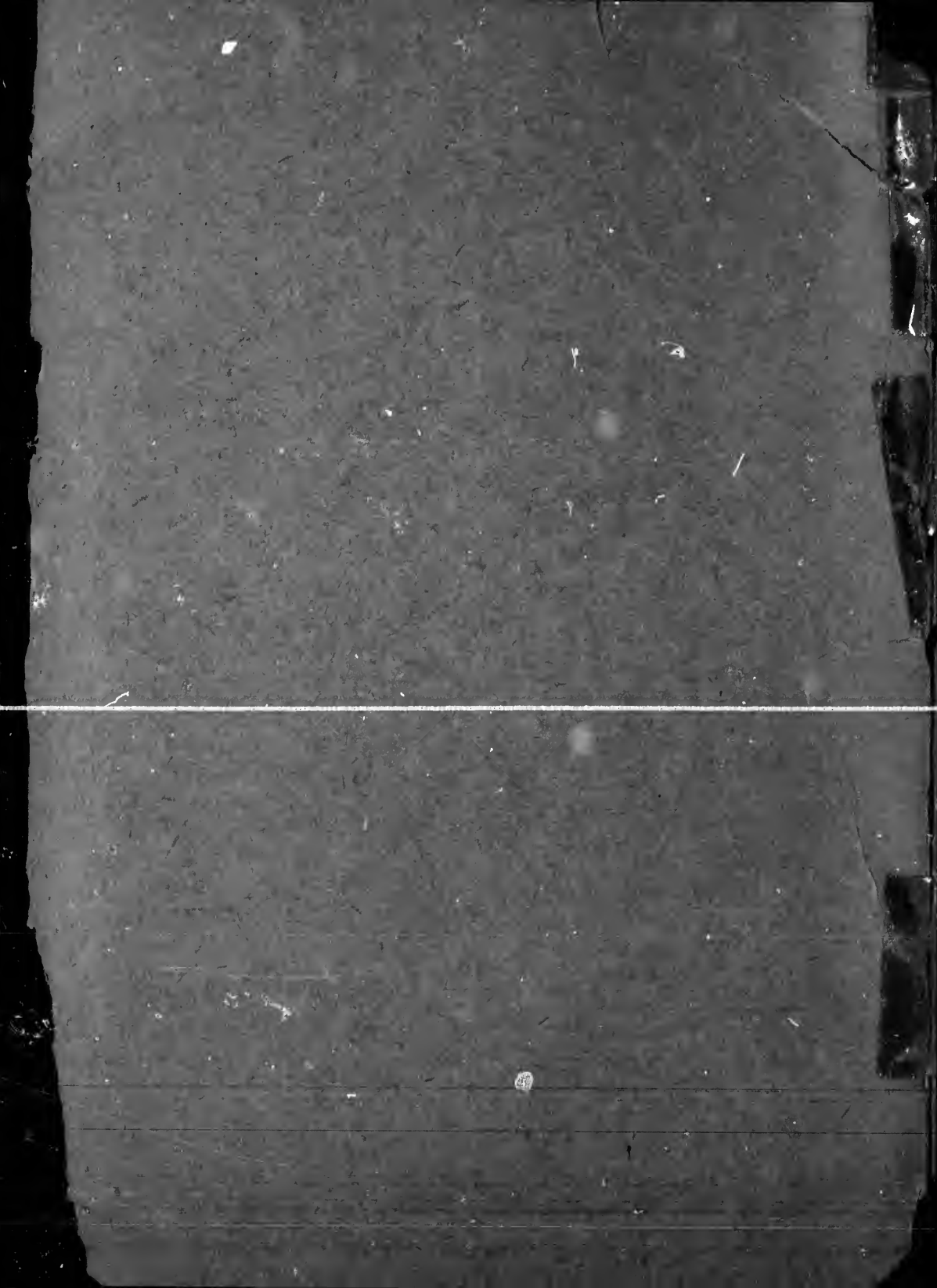
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“Thy Kingdom Come.”



EPISTLES AND POEMS

BY

E. BENTLEY, *Senr.*

P R E F A C E .

This little book is the harbinger of another and larger one of about 350 pages, which we hope to give to our fellow Christians as soon as the means shall be forthcoming. The profit on this will be chiefly devoted to defraying the expense of publishing the larger one, the Preface and Conclusion of which we insert here, so that the reader may know the reason why we write, and also have some idea of its contents. I may not live to see it published, but as David prepared with all his might for the house of God, which he was not allowed to build, and because it was not for man, but for the Lord ; I, too, have been preparing of such as I have to help on the kingdom of God in the earth.

As one has said, "I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed," but I can still use the pen, which may the Lord bless to the honor of His name and the comfort of His children, for Christ's sake. Amen.

E. BENTLEY, SENR

HOLINESS.

Many ask, How can we be holy in this world? are we not sinful by nature, and there is sin all around us. But we might ask, How can we DARE to be otherwise, since God has commanded it and brought it within our reach. He is not a hard Master, seeking to gather where He has not strawed; or like Pharaoh, who required bricks to be made without furnishing material. But says one, Don't we sin every day? don't you? Well, if I did I should be very unhappy, for the wrath of God would abide upon me; but even if I did, I am not the standard by which you are to measure. Christ is the measure, He is the pattern; we must not measure ourselves by any human pattern. To the law and to the testimony; whatever that says must be right.

But what sin is it from which we cannot be delivered, will you specify? We will pass by the outward or visible sins, for if you profess to be a disciple of Christ you will surely have dropped all these. We will speak of sin in the heart, which no eye but that of God can see. Have you to struggle against pride, envy, guile, lust, covetousness, evil thoughts? Yes, thoughts! For thought is the most subtle, and at the root of all action; we must sin in thought before we act sin. Jesus said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." Now, if we cannot be delivered from any or all of these, neither can your neighbor; and would you be willing your neighbor should exercise any of these upon you? No, indeed; you expect your neighbor to be right and to do right towards you and he has a right to expect the same of you; you must make no allowance for yourself.

Our Lord goes down to the root of the matter when He says in Matt. 5: 28, "Whosoever looketh to lust after her, hath committed adultery already in his heart." And the Apostle says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Verily what we do with or in the mind, or with the desire, that is the sin we commit, for "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," though he may not have opportunity to put it in practice. Therefore it is the thoughts of the heart that must be cleansed. Then there must be such a thing as purity of heart, or Jesus would not have said, "Blessed are the pure in heart," if there were no such state. But experience and observation tells me that no one will find this "Pearl of great price" till he sells all—that is, parts with everything else to obtain it; until the one consuming desire of heart is to have everything that divides his heart or affections with God, anything that usurps His place, driven out.

Can this be done? O yes, most certainly. My own experience, if I may use it to illustrate. When life itself was not dear to me in comparison of this blessing, and after a season of deep humiliation on account of spiritual leanness, and a felt want, which I knew was the want of Christ reigning in me by the Holy Ghost, I went alone with God, and laid on the altar of consecration (and we are told the "altar sanctifieth the gift")

myself and that which I held supremely dear, my husband and two little children, making no other stipulation than this, that as at His request I yielded my all to Him, He would give Himself to me and dwell and rule in me.

I desired no manifestation. I sought no evidence. I had only done God's bidding, which was my reasonable service, and I knew He would fulfil His part of the covenant. Then I went about my household duties with a feeling of satisfaction and in great peace. All the conflicting element between God and my soul had ceased. But the Lord, as is often the case, gave me more than I asked. While preparing the dinner the power of God fell upon me, so that I had to drop my work, close my eyes and worship the King. At the same time I seemed to be carried in the Spirit up in mid-air, and saw my Saviour sitting on a throne, and myself at His feet looking up into His face, while the glory that beamed from it penetrated and filled all my being, and I began to repeat lines that I had never heard before :

How sweet to commune with the King of the skies,
How sweet to sit down at the feet of my Love,
And drink in His beams till enraptured I rise,
And feast for a moment with Jesus above.

I then opened my eyes and found I was still on earth, and closed them again to shut out the sight, then another verse came :

'Tis but for a moment, for sadly too soon
Our thoughts are recalled to this region of night ;
But soon the dear Saviour we look for shall come,
And the day of Eternity burst on our sight.

But did I cease to grow when this point was reached? No indeed ; but grew more rapidly. My soul expanded under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Did I cease to learn? No ; my eyes and ears were opened. I beheld wondrous things in the Bible, and heard the voice of the Spirit speaking in my soul. Did temptation cease? O no ; but there was given me an armour, which I had to learn to use ; but the conflict was not now so much with flesh and blood, that is, not with my own nature as with spiritual foes, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. Some things that had been temptations to me before, did not affect me at all now ; but the fiery darts began to come, and I experienced after a while what the apostle speaks of, "After that ye were illuminated ye endured a great fight of affliction." I could now say with the poet :

"Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore ;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify Thy power.

"Thy power in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire ;
We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire."

An illustration also comes to us in this manner. Free grants of land were given out by the government years ago on purpose to get the country settled. The land was a free grant, but there was a condition on which it was granted, namely, that the person should go and live on it. Just so this great gift of salvation, consisting of pardon and purity, is for us to live on or in. But as the children of Israel, even when they reached the promised land, had to fight for it and rout the enemies; and as the farmer has to clear and cultivate his land, so we have to work and watch, fight and pray, though it is not now so much the fight with sin as the fight of faith. "For this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Was there ever but one Pentecost? We read of but one, for then the Holy Spirit came to abide and to continue the teaching of Jesus, who said "He shall not speak of himself, He shall glorify me, he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." So it is clear we have not done with Jesus Christ, as we have heard some say, because we are in the Spirit's dispensation. Christ said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Yet as thousands have received the Atonement through the one atoning sacrifice of Christ, so thousands of Christians have received their Pentecost since the Holy Ghost was ushered into the world to abide, though he certainly has been in the world ever since the creation, but in a different manner of operation.

There are some persons we have met who think they are not sinners because they pay every body their own and hurt no one, they are not immoral. These say they have no sin, and deceive themselves, "for if we say we have not sinned we make God a liar, and His word is not in us." For He says, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But our Lord came to put away sin by the sacrifice of His own body, and to destroy the works of the devil, and the Apostle says "My little children, these things write I unto you, THAT YE SIN NOT," yet leaves a way of escape "And 'If,' (we should note the If,) any man sin we have an Advocate." There are many things that some count sinful that are not so, and many things really sinful that are not looked upon as such. We need to learn the difference between Sin and Temptation. Many sincere Christians are sorely troubled on this point. Well that is one point on which the Holy Spirit when admitted into the heart to dwell and reign will clear up. I give an extract that expresses my own views and experience.

AUGUSTINE'S OUTLINE OF TEMPTATION.

"1. A thought. 2. An imagination. 3. A delight. 4. An assent. These are the four stages.

You can stop the process between the second and third stages, but this only with difficulty. The time to stop is between the first and second stages. The first stage comes, it is no sin, it is only temptation, (mark that) but if you let it go to the next stage, if you go to meet it and play with it for two seconds, the chances are one hundred to one that you are going over the precipice, the only thing to do is to project some other picture in its place."

We would say stop in time, project the picture of an offended God and an unhappy soul, which would surely be the outcome of yielding to temptation.

The Spirit of God is a swift witness and he warns in time if we listen

to his voice. He speaks and often warns simultaneously with, yea even before the temptation touches us sometimes.

At a two weeks service held in the Presbyterian Church at F—— a young minister came to assist, (there was great unity among the different Christian bodies there so it came to pass that many of our people attended) he put this test, "All who are not satisfied, stand up" Being seated at the front I could not tell how many rose, I kept my seat for I consciously realized that I was a child of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and had consecrated myself entirely to the Lord and had the assurance that the offering was accepted of him, and that the one absorbing desire of my heart was to please him in all things. How could I be dissatisfied. But I think the people did not respond as freely as he wished, so coming forward he said I am not satisfied, then the elder minister arose. It immediately occurred to me they must mean satisfied in some other sense, for as the finite can never grasp the Infinite so we may go on drinking in more of God daily as our spiritual powers expand.

I pondered over the word satisfied and my thoughts ran thus. A child at school (and that is where we are in this life) learns its lessons at home for the next day, and when he has succeeded in mastering them he feels satisfied, he repeats them at school and the teacher is satisfied too.

But there is more ahead, even so our heavenly Father gives us daily lessons and never gives us anything impracticable, he is too good and wise for that, but with every command will give all needful grace and strength, and then as Enoch walked with God, and before his translation had the witness that he pleased God even so may we, will not that give satisfaction though there is much more ahead both to receive and to learn.

The minister said he wanted to be filled with joy unspeakable, the thought came to me, What is unspeakable, cannot be described; it must be experienced.

It is not necessarily exuberant or ecstatic, it is as indescribable in its quietness, lying down deep in the heart enabling us to ENDURE when the blasts of persecution or the sorest of earthly troubles pass over us, for the joy of the Lord is our strength, even so Jesus, Who for the joy that was set before him ENDURED the cross, despised the shame and is now set down on the right hand of God.

Feeling, many stumble at the outset about feeling. I thank my God that before I was converted no one ever told me anything about feeling consequently I entered the fold without quibbling. simply taking God at His word and accepting the offered pardon through the blood of Christ, then peace like a tiny stream began to steal into my heart and joy soon followed abundantly, there was no lack of feeling then. Hid from the wise and prudent but revealed unto babes.

TITHES.

The painful fact that so many of our churches are in debt and difficulty leads us to ask How is it and Why is it? There are various reasons, but one reason certainly is the neglect of the tithe system by the people of God, for it was of His own people that the Lord required this, and Christians claim to be the children of Abraham, that is children of FAITH or the

spiritual Israel, if this be so should we not walk in his steps who gave tithes so freely? The Lord Himself made this regulation, therefore it must be right as He is too wise to err, and He made it for the benefit of man. He does not require our pittance for His own benefit, for the world and its fullness are His; by the mouth of the prophet He says, "If I were hungry I would not tell thee."

But our giving and his receiving forms a link between God and man, it is for our good, just as the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and it was to be a sign between man and his Maker, as the rainbow was for a sign that the world would no more be destroyed by water. But I will give the substance of "An Appeal" made to a church of which I was then a member, since as the Pastor said "It was so Scriptural" which is the best recommendation it could have, and may be helpful.

AN APPEAL.

Dear Companions in the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus.

My mind has been painfully exercised concerning the debt on our church and the difficulty of raising sufficient money to meet the expenses thereof, this led me to ask the Lord what we should do about it (as you know we are told, If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth "LIBERALLY" and upbraideth not and it "shall" be given). Immediately God's words to His ancient people presented itself. "Bring in all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now HEREWITH saith the Lord of Hosts if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Was not this a challenge as well as a promise? and will the Lord be less gracious to His people in this day? or does His cause require less to maintain it in the earth? Verily, no, for there are many more open doors now, and the command has been given "Go ye into all the world." This Scripture seemed so clear and positive and has proved so true in my own experience and that of many others, that I felt as if I could pledge myself for its fulfilment if we would only do our part, and was led to exclaim, "Who will trust God, who will believe and obey, and boldly step out on the promise."

Then I considered the circumstances of many of our people, some out of work, others making very little; but may not this state of things, in some measure, rise out of the neglect of God's appointed rule, in withholding the tenth, or tithe? He calls it robbing Him, and for this cause said, "Ye are cursed with a curse." Again, "Ye looked for much, and it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it; and ye earned wages to put it in bags with holes."

It is evident the Apostle applied Old Testament rules to New Testament times, saying, "It is written, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." It was allowed to help itself freely while laboring for them. And then he asks, "Doth God take care for oxen, or saith He it altogether for our sakes?" For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow on hope, and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope. In other words, they that labour for our spiritual welfare should share generously in our temporal things, seeing they give their life, time and strength to this work.

In these hard times some men may not make more than \$5 per week, and have to pay rent and keep a family. Can they do it? I own it looks difficult, but faith and experience says, God is able to make \$4.50 go farther with His blessing, than \$5 without it. Who will trust God? Who will give Him the tenth whether their income be much or little? Who will have faith enough in God to try Him? He Himself invites us to "prove him," and see if it is not profitable. Some one has said, "Free-will offerings and giving to God's cause won't count till we have paid our just debt." When we have paid our tenth, which we really "owe," then after that we can begin to do what is really giving. O, friends, let us rise up in our might as the heart of one man, and be determined we will not bring down upon ourselves or the Church of which we form a part, the curse of barrenness, or be compelled to use so many artificial ways of raising money. Then our socials would be socials indeed after our Lord's pattern, when we would have no anxiety about how much we were going to make out of them. We would then invite to our supper the poor, the aged and infirm who could not recompense us; but God Himself will recompense us at the resurrection of the just.

Now, if each of God's children would lay aside the tenth (or tithe) as the Apostle we believe refers to, would there not be meat in his house, that is, a plentiful supply for all needful service, and also keep our seats free? Let not the day come when people will have to pay for the seat they sit on to hear the gospel in our church. Let us not treat God meanly, for "He is the bountiful Donor of all we enjoy." In the days of Malachi they treated the Lord's offerings contemptuously and said, "Behold what a weariness is it, and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts;" but He marked it. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." I have been signally helped to make ends meet when I determinately avoided touching the tenth for my own use, though none knew of it but the Lord Himself. I give a clipping which I think is very good:—

"THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD WAITS ON THE GENEROSITY
OF GOD'S PEOPLE."

"The habit of storing or laying aside one tenth of our income is the secret of a happy, useful, and often steady-going Christian life. Of course it pays.

"A Christian Hindu who tried both keeping and neglecting it, once remarked, "It pays to mind it, for nine tenths with God's blessing goes much further than ten tenths without it." We hold our possessions as stewards from God. Mark Guy Pearse says:—"There is no stealing so mean or so bad as stealing from God."

"Then on the other hand the habit of giving elevates the character, enlarges the heart and invigorates spiritual life. 'It is a great help in getting away from self.'

"One of our members who some two years since adopted this plan met the Secretary the other day and said, 'Do you know anything that wants funds, I have given all my subscriptions and I still have money on hand to give away.' In another case whenever a special sum is needed or some purpose the secretary has only to telephoned and it is sent over."

"Other instances might be given showing the benefit to the giver of adopting this plan and sticking to it. If you are paid weekly and your salary is \$10, each pay day take out \$1 and put it in this separate box recognizing it as not your own. We should like to hear from any who decide to adopt this plan."—AMERICAN MONTHLY.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Do we as professing Christians value as we ought, and profit as we might, by the blessed Sabbath day? It is painful to think of how many make it a day of extra cooking, visiting and worldly conversation, or driving about on the Lord's day, which he said was to be kept holy, and as a day of rest, and set us the example by resting from all His work. "And blessed the seventh day and sanctified it," and made it a day of blessing to us, if we use it aright. And a great part of the blessing lies in the "rest," for by that both body and mind are refreshed, the mind for worship, the body for the work of the coming week.

When the children of Israel were journeying, the Lord gave them bread from heaven, a double supply on the sixth day, that they might rest on the Sabbath; and God took care that it did not stink or breed worms, as it would if they gathered a double quantity at any other time. Exod. 16: 23, 24.

Nehemiah in his day contended with the nobles of Judah and those that sold wares round about the city, saying, "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath." Neh. 13: 17, 18. "And God said, To the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths, and do the things that please Me, and take hold of My covenant, I will give them a name and a place better than of sons and of daughters."

But some say the Sabbath is to benefit the labouring class, and afford them some recreation. The God who made man, and after the fall appointed him to labour, knew best what he needed, and said, it was rest. As for pleasure taking, hear what the Lord saith by His servant Isaiah, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride on the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 58: 13, 14.

Is not the word of the Lord as good now as then, the Lord hath not forsaken the earth as some thought in Ezekiel's time. But the Lord said to him, "Son of man hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark every man in the chambers of his imagery, for they say the Lord seeth us not the Lord hath forsaken the earth," in the chambers of the imagery that is where the wickedness is concocted the schemes planned and prepared.

But who is there that can lawfully set aside God's laws on this subject or even put it to the vote whether they shall be kept or not. Ezekiel also says, "And he cried also in mine ears with a loud voice saying cause them that have charge over the city to draw near every man with his destroying

weapon in his hand, and one among them was clothed in linen with a writer's inkhorn by his side. And the Lord said unto him "Go through the midst of the city through the midst of Jerusalem and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof."

And to the others he said, "Go ye after him and smite, slay utterly, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark and begin at my sanctuary." Then they began at the ancient men that were before the house, Eze. 9: 1-6. And again in the 20 c. the Lord complains that they polluted His Sabbaths that He had given them to be a sign between Him and His people.

And would it not be well if store keepers out of respect for the Sabbath would put blinds on their windows and not advertise their goods or tempt people to look at these wares on the Sabbath?

And to those who like what is called a good Sunday dinner would it not be a pleasant change to give the wife or servant a rest on that day by a little self-denial. In many cases something quite as palatable could be provided. We have kept house for forty-five years and never was meat cooked but three times on the Sabbath and then it was partly for the sick, yet the family of nine children were never made uncomfortable by it but rather that was the day for some little dainty or a surprise if possible to make things cheery, and to the present day we never think of doing otherwise and we find a pleasure in it as all have more time and quietness to enjoy the Sabbath services.

At the time that voting for and against Sunday street cars was going on in Toronto, I was in the country; but I read of prayer meetings being held on the subject, and joined in them, though absent, and sent the following letter to my classmates. The late Mr. McDonnell was our leader, a true man of God:—

"My Dear Companions in travail,—This is a day of gladness and a good day of sending portions one to another, Esther 9: 22. I find these words come welling up through my heart again and again, and so it comes to pass that I send this my portion. This has indeed been a good day to my soul. Have been to the Sabbath school, and heard an excellent address by Mr. Jeffrey, a young man from another Sabbath school. Then we passed into the church, where 'I sat under His shadow with great delight,' and drank in the wine of the kingdom. God was in everything; but the climax was reached when at the close of the sermon the pastor announced that the street cars were not to run on Sabbath. I couldn't withhold the exclamation, Glory to God. I tremble with joy, or rejoice with trembling, and ask myself, is it true, is it true that we are delivered from so great a death?

"O, my dear friends, though I have been absent in person, yet I have been present in spirit, and sharing in the conflict that has been going on. Every day, and many times a day, my prayer has been going up again and again. I have breathed the mighty name of Jesus, to which every knee shall bow, and thought it would be very proper to have a day of fasting and prayer, like Esther and her maids, that God would turn aside this wicked device, which from the first promised to be a hard battle, and if God had not fought for us and inspired His people in the fight, doubtless

the day was lost. O, let us praise the Lord. Should we not have a day of public thanksgiving, and make some offering to the Lord; what shall it be? How many of us have loved ones so situated that they must either have given up their employment, or have been untrue to God. Truly it is no vain thing to wait upon God."

Let us praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

WORK FOR PROHIBITION.

Proverbs 3: 27, 28. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

Say not to thy neighbour, Go and come again and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee."

1st. Good is due to our fellow being whenever it is in our power, and to withhold it is sinful. Christ came into the world to do good to mankind, and left us an example that we should tread in his steps.

Surely it would be doing our fellow beings a great good to lessen the sources of temptation and do what we can to rid the earth of the curse of strong drink.

2ndly. To do it at the earliest opportunity Now, just now; don't say to our opportunities Go and come again, I will attend to it some other time, the present we have by us, the future may never be ours. To-day we have the power by us, let us use it for God and good.

Queen Esther came to the kingdom by the good providence of God, just in the niche of time. Mordecai said to her "How knowest thou whether thou hast come to the kingdom for such a time as this." How do we know but that we are getting liberty and opportunities, yes privileges for work that we may help to bring about a great deliverance in the earth.

Esther was humble and obedient, she did the bidding of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him, although she was Queen of the realm.

Let us be lowly, knowing that our help comes from the Lord. Let us trust in His almighty arm.

Esther worked as well as prayed. She got others to join her in her endeavours, and then went into the presence of the King uncalled, thus venturing her own life to save her people. She was in earnest.

We may ask, If she had not done her part, would the Jews have been saved? would she herself have escaped? and we may ask ourselves the question, Shall we escape if we fail to do our duty in the present crisis? or shall we suffer by seeing our loved ones fall victims to the cruel monster, Strong Drink?

Thousands of the flower of the human family are being sacrificed to this idol which men have set up in their hearts. Can it be possible that men and women are so blind, so dull of heart to understand, that they will allow brewers and distillers and vendors of the poison, to grow fat on the bread of hungry women and children; to adorn their families richly in the garments that weary toilers should wear, and half clad little ones should have.

When I see them riding in carriages, I say in my heart, You are the beggars; you are the paupers; you live on the bread of others; you fatten on their destruction. I see on the walls of their grand houses, not the pictures that hang there, but letters of flaming fire written by the finger of God, accusing them for the crimes that come from strong drink.

Is drunkenness on the increase in Toronto, notwithstanding all the efforts put forth? We hope not; but it is sad to see bloated, trembling, disfigured men and pale, shattered youths coming out of or hanging round the saloon corner, sometimes a drunken row, then the patrol wagon carrying them off, besides all the other vileness that springs from the liquor; but worse than all, to see women degrade themselves so as to fetch or carry, not to say drink, the vile stuff that spoils their very humanity and puts them lower than the brute, for they will then be cruel to their own offspring. O, God, the God of battles, guide us by the skilfulness of Thy hand.

When Haman sought the Jew's destruction
 Mordecai sought his niece the Queen,
 And bade her use her place and station,
 And go in and stand between.

Her people and the danger threatened,
 And fortified by prayer she went;
 O take courage God is for us
 Surely for this work were sent.

MY RAILWAY LESSON ON FAITH.

While standing at the station waiting for a friend I expected to meet, a freight train came gliding along and stood still in front of the station. There were forty or fifty cars attached to the engine. As I looked on, I received a lesson, and I know that our Lord, in the days of His flesh, taught the people by surrounding objects.

While I was admiring the ease and grace with which that long train was carried forward, this question was put to my heart: "How far would those cars go without the locomotive power, the steam engine?" I said, "not far," no, not if all the men in the place were put in the stead of it, I don't suppose they could draw it to its destination; but attached to the motive power how beautifully and with what ease it glides along over all manner of difficult and dangerous places, and lands its freight in safety at the end of the road. Even so, no human power is sufficient to carry us on in safety over the difficulties and dangers that beset us, and enable us to keep the highway of holiness. But let us be linked to God the great Motive Power, and we find it can be done, the difficulty vanishes.

Then it was said to me, "But if we get off the track, what then?" I said, "A wreck." And I saw if those cars became detached from the engine, and got no further, they would be a nuisance, they would be in the way. So Christians, if they do not progress, but stand still, they soon backslide and become a nuisance, a hindrance to others; and as the goods contained in the cars would spoil if left standing there, so the good the soul has received will perish and die out if not kept in use in the service of God, and the benefit of our fellow man.

I then walked to the end of the station where a number of passenger cars were standing, and as they were somewhat raised I could see the under-works which appeared to me very intricate and I fell to musing on the skill and ingenuity that is brought into action in the construction of those cars, then the thought, Where did the skill come from? From the great Master Mind of course, then what a wonderful being man is to partake so of the God-like.

Next came the thought, how many different persons have been employed on those cars, from the blacksmith, the carpenter, the painter, the glazier up to the upholsterer, and The Voice said to me, Yes and what faith is placed in these men that their work is safe and trustworthy. But how little "Faith in God."

With what confidence people walk into the cars, choose comfortable places for their loved ones, throw in their valuable luggage and TRUST all to the skill and management of the R. R. officials.

Some days later came the thought, O if we could gather up in our arms all the faith that we place in our fellow creatures in one great bundle and throw it all over on to God and say "All this and much more we owe to thee O Lord, for Thou only art worthy of all faith and love and honour, what rest it would bring to the soul.

Try it, dear friend, give God the confidence of your heart, speak to him freely, he understands you better than your best beloved, there is no danger that he will impugn your motives or put a wrong construction on what you do or say. Nay he is so True and Faithful that he will even tell you the truth about yourself. A highway shall be there.

TOBACCO.—AN INCIDENT.

In the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN some time ago, there was an article headed, "Our Opportunities," in which the writer blames us women folks, and perhaps not without reason, for not making more of the opportunities for doing good when they come in our way; and indeed they are more precious than gold, but we let them slip through our fingers as if they were of no consequence, and the stream of time rolls on and carries them away, and they are lost forever. That admonition was not altogether lost upon me. Her thoughts carried my thoughts back over more than thirty years of my past life, when my sons were little boys. O, how earnestly I desired for them true nobility of character, and labored to show them its beauty, its power for good, its safety for themselves, better than wealth, better even than that inestimable blessing, health; but always pointed them to God Himself as the only true source from which all that is pure and good must come, and He so willing, so desirous to impart the grace. Thank God, my labour, prayers and tears have not been all in vain.

"S. M. W." in "Our Opportunities" expresses regret that we do not make more use of them, which leads me to ask for a hearing. I have been grieved at what appears to me an increase in the use of tobacco. I don't think we used to see so many men and young boys smoking years ago, when cigarettes were not so common; and it is painful to see so many pale, puny boys, and yellow, sickly looking men as we meet with every day on the street; and what is worse, fathers and sons wending their way

together to a Methodist church on Sabbath morning, puffing away at cigars or pipe. I could hardly believe my eyes the first time I saw this.

Some years ago a brother whom I had never seen, but who was reported to be a good local preacher, was appointed to preach in our church. I went, expecting a treat, but he did not put in an appearance. When I did see him it was at the home of a friend, sitting with a pipe in his mouth. O, how that little stupid looking, useless thing wiped out at one stroke ever so much of the good opinion I had formed of that brother.

When very young I formed the resolution that I would never marry any man who used tobacco or intoxicating liquor, and I kept to it; nor one who was not a Christian. These three things I determined to have, or remain single; but I found them all.

A short time ago while standing with a friend near the corner of King and Yonge Sts. waiting for a street car, there came along three little boys pale, puny and pinched looking each smoking a cigarette, the oldest would not be more than ten, they stopped to admire the contents of a store window, this gave me an opportunity to speak to them, my heart was grieved for them, laying my hand on the shoulder of one I begged him not to smoke telling them how hurtful it was to their health. I thought they might resent my interference and be rude, but no, the little fellow dropped the cigarette at his side looking ashamed, then spoke out in a strong voice to one of his companions "I say, throw it away," he made no reply for a minute, then said with determination "Look here lady" and flung the filth away. I thanked the boys for obliging me so much, said a few words more and the car came along and I had to leave the lads, but I gathered inspiration from the incident and courage to try again which I continue to do, reminding them of the evil effects on their health and appearance.

Another day meeting a trio of boys the oldest probably about sixteen with the cigarette puffing away, being pressed for time I just said in passing "O don't smoke, its bad for you," and passed on but my thoughts followed them, and I turned to look after them just in time to see the cigarette flung away,

I'm not so sanguine as to believe these boys will smoke no more, but a seed thought may be sown that perhaps will lead them to consider their ways and stop.

In an article headed "Inferior Men" Dr. Seaver is quoted as saying "that the students of Yale College who indulge in tobacco smoking are inferior in physical vigour and mental ability to those who do not . . . It would seem therefore, that the brain power and the scholarship of the smokers of Yale are far inferior to those of the anti-smoker.

A question might be raised, Are these men inferior because they smoke? or do they smoke because they are inferior? Our answer would be, "Yes" to both questions. Dr. Seaver is physician of Yale College, and the professor of athletics."

POEMS.

Lines on a Sermon preached in St. Alban's Church, Parkdale, by the pastor, Rev. G. McCullough, Nov. 24, 1895.

THANKSGIVING.

If ever there was . . . in our lives a time
for thankfulness,
It is the present, when the Lord doth us
so greatly bless ;
For He hath sent a rich supply of food for
man and beast.
And joyfully we praised His name in our
thanksgiving feast.
Let all things that hath breath proclaim
His love and faithfulness,
Sun, moon and stars, earth, sea and sky.
His power and skill confess,
Nor less the power of music doth our
Maker's wisdom show,
Music is heaven-born ; His the skill in-
fused in man below.

For cunning workmen are His work ; He
giveth skill to make
The instruments that charm us with melody
so sweet.
Thanks for deliverance from the scourge
of epidemic's power,
Thanks for our sanitary laws, may they
prevail yet more.
Yea, thanks for sickness when it comes,
affliction works our weal.
This David knew, and owned it good, re-
straining him from ill.
Thanks for our Church and Sabbath school,
and all the means of grace,
They're like so many stepping stones to
help us gain our place.

And thanks for this fair Canada, the land
in which we dwell,
So rich in rivers, lakes, and mines, in
forest, hill and dell ;
For this Queen City where we hold our
Sabbath quiet dear.
Her institutions are so grand, affording
all a sphere,
For men and women to the front their
places come to all,
Because she educates them well, and well
rewards their skill.

What though some sordid souls, for gain,
proved recreant to their trust,
The nobler souls that hold the rein shall
tread them in the dust.

Thanks for the laws that govern us ; thanks
for our noble Queen ;
What woman e'er bore royalty with such
a gracious mien ?
What queen has ever blest her realm with
pattern half so good ?
What glory like the glory due her virtuous
womanhood ?
And yet in sympathy so warm, her peo-
ple's grief to share.
God bless her ; when her course is run, a
brighter crown she'll wear.
Thanks for the times in which we live ;
'tis not so long ago
Since steam power, steamboats and steel
pens were things they did not know.

In Wesley's days electric light was still a
thing unknown,
And tel. and phonography too, and
railroads had not grown,
But now they traverse o'er the land, from
east to west they flee
Those iron horses, and we now can talk
across the sea,
We should be grateful to the Lord, such
blessings who bestowed,
And meditate upon the works and wonders
He hath showed,
For gratitude in heaven lives when faith
has sight become,
And prayer in praise is lost yet still will
gratitude live on.

But gratit. . . of heart includes obedience,
loving true,
And lacking this right element the Lord
will it eschew,
If this be wanting, all our praise is flatter-
ing compliment,
An offering of an odour foul which God
will sure resent.
O let us come with loving hearts and
bring an offering meet
To be acceptable to Him, and lay it at
His feet ;
A loving heart is the best gift to offer to
our Lord,
From first to last we find this truth is
written in His word.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

MAY 24th, 1895.

'Tis the twenty-fourth of May,
Our gracious Queen's birthday,
Blest is her reign.
Victoria wise and good
In virtuous womanhood
Strong for the peoples' good,
God bless our Queen.

O, Lord, her life still spare,
Teach her to cast her care
On Thee her God.

O, lead her gently on,
Till all her duties done,
And life eternal won,
Through Jesu's blood.

It may be her last year
To spend among us here,
In widowhood.

The next year she may be
In glorious company,
And her Prince Consort see,
Albert the good.

And we should thankful be,
That such a queen as she
Reigned in our day.
What blessing hath she been,
Is not as yet half seen,
But future years will glean
Fruit of her sway.

Then take her to your heart,
And each one bear a part
Right loyally,
To lift her up in prayer,
That God may sooth her care,
And land her safely where
No grief she'll see.

SABBATH AND CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas morn and Sabbath too,
And my heart was glad because the two
Had come together for Christmas day
Seemed fitter for worship than for play.

The preacher's words that day were grand,
As beneath Christ's banner he took his
stand,
And showed us the evils of heathendom,
Then we prayed in our hearts Thy king-
dom come.

He showed so plain what the difference
made,
That my soul rejoiced and my heart was
glad,
And I longed that day as never before,
That the gospel might go to the heathen
shore.

TO REV'D J. C. DOBSON.

Your Christmas sermon so strong and clear,
Seemed helping to make up our Christmas
cheer,

It charmed me so, that while walking along
After meeting, there rose in my heart a new
song.

Then I questioned why thoughts that to
me were given,

Of God and good, of earth and heaven
Should come and go, or unheeded lie,
As nothing worth and be left to die.

No, I said, in God's name I will send
them forth,

They can do no harm if but little worth.

I was glad that Sabbath was Christmas day,
And that we had met to praise and pray,
And echo the song sung by angels bright.
To the shepherds who watched their flocks
by night,

And I wished that the world would hush
it's din,

And drink the heavenly music in.

But the charm of the sermon seemed to lie,
In that it exalted Christ so high.
May this still be your theme till life is past,
And continue while endless ages last.

What makes the difference you asked,
Twixt heathen lands and ours.
Why does not Christmas bring to them,
Some joyous happy hours.
Why are their women so cast down,
Why sad and dark their lives,
No proud and happy mothers there,
No lov'd and honoured wives.

Why do they cast their baby girls
Into the Ganges deep?
Or leave them all alone to die
Where poisonous reptiles creep?
It is because they know not Him,
Who stooped to human woe,
And took the children in His arms,
Because He lov'd them so.

And bade sad women lift their heads.
And go in peace, forgiven.
Through faith in Him who lived on earth,
Although the Lord of heaven,
Who healed the sick and called the dead,
Forth from the silent grave,
Who fed the hungry multitude,
And walked the stormy wave.

They know not that to us a child
Is born,—a Son is given;
Who has prepared for them and us,
A glorious home in heaven.

Upon whose shoulders broad and strong,
The government shall rest.
Of all the worlds, above, below
It well befits Him best.

Before whom angels veil their face,
And Holy, Holy cry;
But from whose presence spirits lost,
And trembling devils fly.
His name shall be called Wonderful,
And Counsellor, O joy,
To have a mighty friend above,
Who doth His powers employ.

To plead our cause in heaven's court,
And counsel us below,
And guide our faltering footsteps in
The way that we should go.
The increase of His government,
And peace shall never end;
But justice, truth and righteousness,
His kingdom shall attend.

And though dear brother you must go,
Another field to till,
Be sure that in our hearts we hold,
Your memory precious still.
And for dear sister Dobson too,
We ever shall retain,
The memory of your diligence,
To us it has been given.

Your earnest prayers your gentle words,
Have oftimes cheered our heart,
What joy t'will be to meet again,
Where friends no more shall part.
Not flattering words we offer you,
But loving gratitude.
We give our gracious Lord the praise,
O fall that's pure and good.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

When the mountains first were settled,
And the hills had been brought forth,
And the firmament like curtains
Had been hung around the earth.
When the heavens declared His glory,
And the fountains of the deep
Were strengthened, and a limit
Was given them to keep.

In a garden east of Eden,
Which the Lord had planted there,
With trees that all were good for food,
To look upon were fair.
There grew the tree of knowledge,
In the midst the tree of life,
And in that lovely garden
God placed Adam and his wife.

Of every tree therein save one,
They freely might partake;
That one a test of loyalty
The Lord saw fit to make.
And happy in their innocence,
While they obedient were;
They lived and loved, and talked with God
Without a fear or care.

Alas, for them; alas, for us,
They learned to disobey,
And lost their glorious innocence,
And lost the heavenly way.
O, dark, dark, dark and sad the hour,
When woman raised her hand,
And dared to touch the fatal tree,
And break God's high command.

Well might the angels stand aghast,
The morning stars be mute,
Each Seraph in astonishment
Lay down his golden lute;
And well might silence reign in heaven,
For who would undertake
To plead the cause of fallen man,
Or restitution make.

What consternation reigned around,
Creation felt the shock;
Through heaven and earth and hell re-
Jehovah's laws are broke. [sound,
And now they must be driven forth,
Lest in their fallen state,
They of the tree of life partake,
And thus prolong their fate.

O, woman, fair and beautiful,
Thou handiwork of God,
What ruin has thy fall produced
Through all the earth abroad.
What wondrous power for good or ill,
Is centred all in thee;
Where wilt thou cast thine influence?
On which side shall it be?

Wilt thou, so formed for happiness,
Devote thy powers to ill?
Or use the gifts God giveth thee,
The woes of life to heal?
We turn to thee, O mother Eve,
And in thy daughters see,
The channel through which God will bless
Thy vast posterity.

Thy Maker hath not cast thee off,
Although from Eden driven,
But sent through thee His blessed Son,
To lead us back to heaven.
And now we celebrate His birth,
And join the glad refrain,
Peace and good will to men on earth,
Glory to God again.

The Christmas tree a symbol is
 Of Christ the tree of life,
 Who came to bless the world with peace,
 And banish sin and strife.
 His hands are filled with gifts divine,
 The fruit of heavenly love,
 For God the Father sent the Son
 And Spirit from above.

The Son to tell the Father's love,
 The Spirit to inspire.
 And kindle in cold, stony hearts
 A flame of heavenly fire.
 O, let us yield ourselves to Him,
 That He may work His will
 In us, and then we joyfully
 His counsels shall fulfil.

Jesus the gift unspeakable;
 Of God the Father's love,
 The Holy Ghost the Comforter,
 And guide to heaven above.
 The written Word the letter is,
 That brings the joyful news;
 O sons of men, God speaks from high,
 His message don't refuse.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A LETTER TO MY CHILDREN.

It was Christmas Eve, I was tired and sad
 My husband and I were alone,
 He busy with books and I with my thoughts
 Of the children, now scattered and gone.

When sudden I heard just outside the door,
 The sound of some voices and sleigh,
 T'was some neighbours, they'd been to the
 village they said,
 And called as it was in their way.

To bring me a box that had been expressed,
 From the P. O.—a letter likewise,
 T'was so unexpected that you may be sure,
 To us t'was a pleasant surprise.

The books for that night were left to them-
 selves,
 My tiredness and sadness were gone,
 But my thoughts went after the children
 still,
 And formed themse'ves into this song.

THE LETTER.

Dear children, As I cannot send you cards
 this Xmas time,
 The difficulty I will mend by making my
 own rhyme,

Cards are not handy here to get so this is
 now my plan,
 As I cannot send you what I would, I'll
 send you what I can.
 So Willie, Samuel, Eliza Jane, and my
 dear daughter Lizzie,
 I can't write each a letter now for I am
 very busy,
 But I'll just send these lines for all till I
 can write a letter,
 To let you know how well we fare, and
 hope you fare still better.

Well, Christmas Eve as usual came, and
 with it came your present,
 Kindly proposed 'Liza Jane which made it
 still more pleasant,
 The groceries were very choice, one dollar
 twenty cents.
 The carriage cost, there's no invoice so I'll
 write you the contents.
 There's Tea, and Sugar, Sago, Soap, Corn,
 Currants, Raisins, Rice,
 Cheese, Mustard, Pickles and Fruit Cake,
 which we think very nice.
 We thank you for your thoughtful care it
 makes our hearts feel glad,
 It shows you've not forgotten us for that
 would make us sad.

And now I pray that he who gave you
 means and hearts to share them,
 May still increase your earthly stores as
 much as you can bear them.
 Then children let us jointly lift our hearts
 to Him who gave
 To man the first great Christmas Gift our
 ruined world to save,
 And while each others friendly gifts right
 lovingly we prize,
 Be not God's Gift Unspeakable less preci-
 ous in our eyes;
 But let us each remember this, we have it
 in our power,
 To offer unto God a gift and do it in this
 hour.

Our sinful hearts is all He asks, all we
 can call our own,
 But if we give them as they are to God
 through His dear Son.
 He freely will accept the gift if freely it is
 given;
 Then let us lay our treasure up and hearts
 with Him in heaven?
 Now children don't despair my muse or
 say I might do better,
 Or that I precious time abuse in writing
 this 'rhyme better,
 For He who fits my boy to run a Train,
 has fitted me
 To run my pen and write in rhyme as you
 herein may see. MOTHER.

ON THE DEATH OF HARRY
RUSSELL,

Our neighbor's child, who died from injuries received on Dec. 14, 1892, aged six years and five months, having been run over by a wagon on his way home from school. He only lived two hours after the accident. The person whose hired man caused it sent a wreath to lay on the coffin. Some friends got them waxed, and my offering in verse printed and framed, and presented to Mrs. R. at a prayer meeting held in her house on the occasion, and continued for the rest of the winter, and was a blessing to those who attended.

Your darling Harry is safe at rest
In the Shepherd's fold where the lambs
are blest ;

Short was his course and swiftly run,
Sharp was the conflict, but victory's won.

For God stooped down in his pity and love,
Transplanted your flower to bloom above,
Before it was stained by the breath of sin,
You will find it there when you enter in.

'Tis another link in the chain of gold
Let down from heaven ; O, then, take hold,
It will help your hearts from earth to rise,
When you think of your darling beyond
the skies.

You knelt beside him and asked, " Did
he know
That Jesus loved him ;" he answered " No,
But I know God loves me." O, blessed
faith,
As a little child the Scripture saith.

For he was too young to understand
The redeeming work that God had planned,
How He gave His Son, His love to show,
And Jesus died, for He loved us so.

'Twas the Father's love that Harry knew,
He had heard the record, believed it true,
Confessed his faith with his latest breath,
And in triumph rose above sin and death.

For he knew he was dying, and asked
you " Where
Shall I sleep to-night mother ? tell me,
where."

Sweet child, he knew not there is no night,
No need of sleep in that land of light.

But awake, for the spirit never tires,
Awake, amid the angelic choirs,
Singing the song of redeeming love,
That endless theme in the realms above.

No night, for in heaven 'tis always day,
No need of the moonbeams silvery ray,
For the glory of God doth give it light,
And the blood-washed walk in garments
white.

No more a child as when here below,
He knows as on earth we can never know ;
In one short week, as we here count time,
He has gained a height of knowledge sub-
lime

He would rise from that bed of cruel pain
To range with delight the heavenly plain,
With angel companions in glory bright,
He knows now, in heaven there is no
night.

O, father and mother, look up through
your tears,

O, sisters and brothers, disperse all your
fears,

Harry only has gone on a little before
He'll be waiting and watching for you at
the door.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. A.
NOBLE.

Oh, that beautiful clay, how calm it lay,
With the folded hands at rest,
In snow white robes and white kid gloves,
And the flowers, those flowers on her
breast.

She looked like a bride, calm, satisfied,
Life's tumult all hushed to rest ;
And stamped on her brow were the char-
acters " Now,
I'm perfectly, perfectly blest."

Yes, we all read it there as she lay on her
bier,

Ere they laid the frail casket away,
Till Jesus shall come to reclaim from the
tomb,

That beautiful, beautiful clay.

Then we'll meet her again in a land free
from pain,

And join in His praise evermore ;
There His mercies review, there our
friendship renew,
And never, no, never part more.

Then let us press on after those that are
gone,

And have gained their eternal reward ;
It will not be long till we join the glad
song
Of praise to our conquering Lord.

TO REV. C. W. M. GILBERT
AND WIFE.

ACROSTIC.

Chosen of God, and precious in His sight,
Holy and spotless may'st thou ever be,
And when the short career of life is o'er,
Reign with thy God through all eternity.
Love, holy love, united us on earth,
Ever to abide as one in Him,
Source, Author, Fountain of that hidden
Life,
Given to those whom He has saved from
sin.
In search of treasure, let us onward haste,
Love's boundless fulness lies at our com-
mand,
Bright beacons mark the pathway all along,
Eternal life shall crown us at the end.
Run for the prize, all good thy steps attend,
Thy "labour" can't be lost. Adieu, dear
friend.

DEAR SISTER,—

Hope to the end, the time is getting short,
Eveuing is far advanced, day draweth nigh,
Soon we shall drop this mortal coil to
earth,
Then try our skill to mount beyond the
sky.
Earth's toys enchant no more, no cap-
tives we ;
Robes washed in Jesus' blood made spot-
less white,
And crowns of joy already on, we wait
New tidings from our native land of light.
Nearer and nearer still the hour draws on,
[grace.
Glad nuptial hour to those prepared by
In wedding robes arrayed may you be found
Longing to enter in and take your place.
Bless with the power to live with God
below,
Enjoy it now, drink deep into His love,
Rush through the storms of life, despise
them all,
Thy Maker is thy Husband, and thy home
above.

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR
McLAUGHLIN.

Sleep little Arthur sleep,
The Lord thy dust shall keep,
Safe in the hollow of His mighty hand.
When the last trump shall break
Death's silence, thou shalt wake,
And in immortal beauty in His presence
stand.

Till then we say adieu ?
Years may be short and few,
E'er we shall overtake thee in the beauteous
land,
But while we tarry here,
Midst pain and grief and fear,
We're hast'ning on to meet again at His
right hand.

It may be thou art near,
Seeking our hearts to cheer;
While we in silent sorrow mourn for thee.
Yet mourn we not as those
Whose hope no radiance knows,
Our Father's leading on though the way
we cannot see.

So we follow trusting still,
For we cannot suffer ill.
While He is watching o'er us ever, night
and day,
We will love and praise Him here,
And cast away our fear,
For the land of happy unions is not very
far away.

TO MRS. FOSTER,

WHO IN A SHORT TIME BURIED HER
HUSBAND AND TWO CHILDREN.

Dear Sister weep not for the lov'd who are
gone.
For Jesus has garnered them safe in His
home, [and His own,
Which He went to prepare for His lov'd
That beautiful home.

The children have found out each other
e'er this,
And their father has welcomed them home
with a kiss, [bliss,
And angels rejoiced in their home-coming
In that beautiful home.

Look up through your tears for 'twill not
be long,
Till the journey of life with us all will be
done, [gone,
And we shall o'ertake the lov'd who are
To that beautiful home.

TO REV'D J. C. DOBSON, ON
LEAVING THE CIRCUIT.

We'll miss your soul inspiring song,
Your urgent calls to prayer,
Your interest in the various means,
For each have had your care.

The tender branches of the Vine,
You laboured hard to train,
Helping them Zion's heights to climb,
Beauty and strength to gain.

Three years of sowing, who can tell
What harvest there shall be;
But He who doeth all things well,
Will not unmindful be.

Your loving labour to reward
Your persevering care,
And when your work on earth is done,
His glory you shall share.

TO MRS. D. JOHNSTON,

On the death of her only child, a beautiful
little girl. The boys were her stepsons.
The thoughts came to one while laid aside
by sickness.

As I lay in my bed looking over the past,
And thinking of those gone before,
I remembered that still I have many dear
friends
Who are yet on this mortal shore.

I thought of you and your earthly lot,
And the work that the Father has given,
A work just fit for a woman's heart,
Two boys to train up for heaven.

Perhaps three was too much, so He took
the one
That needed the tenderest care,
And gave her in charge to the angel bands,
To wait on salvation's heir.

And left you free to devote your time
And skill to the stronger task,
Of training two men for the battle of life,
What nobler work could you ask?

It seems as if I had heard Him say,
This flower of such beautiful hue
Engrosses your heart and your thoughts
too much,
I will take it and keep it for you.

So God has taken your lovely flower
Before it was stained by sin,
And placed it above where safe from blight
'Twill bloom till you meet it again.

So address yourself to the work assigned,
And do it with free good will;
For the measure you meet, "upheaped,
pressed down,
O'erflowed," shall your bosom fill.

"Men shall give it," the Lord of life has
said,
And His words are ever true;
The boys will be men by and by if they
live,
And may fill the measure for you.

And what if your days on earth should be
few,
Would you not be glad to meet
The joy of your heart on the other side,
Waiting her mother to greet?

Or would you prefer to leave her here,
To toil and struggle with sin?
It might be to "miss the pearly gate,"
And perhaps never enter in.

Nay, rather, in meekness bow your head,
Saying, Father, Thy will be done,
I give my darling daughter to Thee,
Who for me gave Thine only Son.

*Some young people had gathered, in they
talked, they sang and played the organ,
but their trifling conversation showed
where they were, and gave rise to the*

SABBATH EVENING REVERIE.

The Sabbath hours to God belong,
From early dawn till latest night,
We may not use them as our own,
Or rob our Maker of His right.

'Tis not our pleasure we must seek,
Nor think our thoughts or speak our words,
The Sabbath we must holy keep,
Remembering it is the Lord's,

All idle talk and foolish jest,
As inconvenient lay aside,
For Christ declared that by our words
We'll be condemned or justified,

Your words reveal the inner man,
As from th' abundance of the heart,
They leaping forth declare your name;
And then we know thee who thou art,

Our God is good and wise and kind,
These are His precepts just and true,
If we obey them we shall find,
They'll do us good life's journey through.

'Tis not in wandering to and fro;
Or lightly singing Zion's songs,
God's day is kept, but in the rest
And quiet that to the day belongs,

Examine then how much of God,
Is in your thoughts or in your songs;
Or how much profit in the words,
That flow so freely from your tongues.

ACROSTIC TO MAGGIE BENSON.

To a young girl about fifteen, in whom I was interested. She was the child of drunken parents. I visited them often, and found them in a most deplorable state, especially on Sabbath days. The girl was of a meek countenance, but showed a hardness and stubbornness towards her mother that made me fear for her; but what could we expect from such a home? She was put in some place of restraint by the authorities, but ran away with two other girls; was retaken and sent to the Reformatory for two years and a half. I called there to see her, and was surprised at the change for the better in her appearance. Instead of the pale, listless face, she looked bright, rosy and clean, and had gained considerably in flesh. She seemed contented, and told me she had learned to knit, wash and iron since she came there. This girl had a brother older than herself serving a term in the Penitentiary. The mother showed me one of his letters, by which I judged he was penitent and forgiven, and meant to lead a new life when released. He came home, could get no work in Toronto, and left before I had opportunity to see him.

Dear **M**aggie, listen to a friend,
And let me you advise,
Give up all sinful foolishness,
Get wisdom and be w.se.
If thou art wise 'twill be thy gain in
time and time to come,
Eternity will make it plain when
thou with time hast done.
But if thou wilt to-day return,
Even "Now" the Scripture saith;
Now is God's own appointed time,
Seek Him in humble faith.
O, then, no longer slight His love,
but give your heart to Him,
Nor grieve your best and truest
Friend by living still in sin.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

We had gone to spend a while in the country, but I caught a cold that laid me up. I was very ill for a short time. The change came on a Sabbath morning, and tears of gratitude filled my eyes. My daughter seeing this asked if I were lonesome. This gave rise to the following lines:—

'Tis Sabbath morn; though prisoner I
Can see from the bed whereon I lie
White fleecy clouds go floating by,
On the beautiful blue of the summer sky,
And the yellow fields where the reaper has
been,
Side by side with fields of the richest
green,
And stately trees so tall they seem
To touch the sky, and all things mean
The praise of Him who made them.

You ask if I'm lonesome. No, my tears;
What you see are only gratitude's tears,
For God has taken away my fears,
And my pain, for my prayer has reached
His ears.

He who gave the blessed Sabbath day,
Doth always hear when the heart doth
pray;

O, my children, keep in the narrow way,
Till we meet in a land of cloudless day,
More beautiful far than this.

But I will not write to-day of aught
But the praise of Him who our souls hath
bought,
And out of the pit of sin hath brought
The wandering sheep whom the Shepherd
sought.
Of Him I'll write if I cannot sing,
For my thoughts fly up as on angel wing,
To the heavenly home of my God and
King,
And sweetness back to earth they bring,
to cheer my pilgrim way.

AS SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.

I walk a mile at least each day,
O'er rough ploughed field and fence;
With weary limbs and aching arms,
To bring the milk from thence.

But O my heart within me sings,
And the moments sweetly glide,
For the Master walketh with me,
And His love doth still abide.

And I lift my eyes to the clear blue sky,
 And think of the home above
 Where no sorrow ever darkens,
 The beautiful brow of Love.

And I think of the friends who are gone
 before,
 Who are waiting my soul to greet;
 As soon as I reach the shining shore,
 And walk up the golden street.

O the bliss they taste even here below,
 Who still in His love abide,
 But the rapture of 'Union' who can know?
 Till we meet on the other side.

At the time the above was written first,
 the only place I could get pasture for my
 cow was in a field at the back part of a
 neighbour's farm. It was too far to go
 before breakfast and by the time it was
 over and the children sent off to school,
 the sun was hot, and it was weary work;
 but O what happy days those were for Jesus
 walked and talked with me by the way.
 My Saviour came and walked with me,
 And sweet *Communion* here have we,
 Sure this is heaven's border land.

XMAS MESSAGES TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS,

Acrostic to Roby, Lilly, and Katy
 Monkman.

Dear
Roby begin without further delay,
O think not life's morning too soon,
But start out at once on the heavenly
You cannot begin it too soon. [way,
 Remember that Now is the time
 to begin,
 The longer you tarry, the more you
 will sin.

Little Lily there's a lilly
 In the valley low;
Love this lily, and to heaven
You shall surely go.
 Jesus is the Lilly of the Valley.

Katy give your heart to God,
 And watch with faithful care;
T'is all He asks. 'tis all you have,
You'll find it safest there.
 For He will keep your heart for
 you,
 While you to Him are firm and
 true.

WORDS AND TONES,

Be careful of your words, dear
 friends,
 They seem but little things,
 But O, they are so powerful,
 And fly with unseen wings.

As messengers of mercy sweet,
 With healing balm they come,
 Or bitter wounds and festering sores
 They leave behind when gone,

Be careful of your tones, dear friends,
 Tones even more than words
 May cheer the heart that's sorrowing,
 Or pierce like cruel swords.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE.

There once was a marriage in Cana
 we're told,
 And the mother of Jesus was there,
 And Jesus with His lov'd disciples
 was called, [share.
 In the hour of their gladness to

Was that not a beautiful wedding to
 see?
 Where Jesus Himself was a guest;
 What a happy young couple they
 surely must be,
 How much they were favoured
 and blest.

To think that the Lord of the glories
 above
 Should stoop to His creatures so
 low,
 To join in their festival, smile on
 their love,
 To a marriage in Cana should go.

Perhaps some will say, that was long,
 long ago,
 When Jesus lived here among men,
 And doubt if He'll so condescend to
 us now,
 Or speak as He spoke to them then.

O, glory to Jesus, He still is the same
And still is as graciously near,
We have but to whisper the thoughts
of our heart,
And we find Him attentive to hear.

If we seek first His kingdom and
righteousness here,
He has promised all else He will
add;
He bids His disciples to be of good
cheer,
When their hearts are inclined to
be sad.

If we walk with the Lord in His
kingdom below,
And are led by His Spirit of love,
'Tis the Father's good pleasure on
such to bestow
A kingdom in glory above.

There youth is immortal and beauty
divine,
And neither knows change or de-
cay;
There the saved of the Lord in
His glory shall shine,
With a beauty that fades not away.

TO MY LITTLE GRANDSON

Who with his parents had come to
visit us in the country the previous
summer, and was much delighted.

Dear little Franklin, grandmama's pet,
How I wish you were here but that
cannot be yet;
But when summer comes I hope you
will then
Come and see grandmama and the
chickens again.

You can climb on the fence, and look
over the fields,
And see the young colts kicking high
with their heels;
Watch the moo cows and sheep
going home to their bed,
Go and see Mrs. Norris and Willie
and Fred.

You can roll on the grass, or sit under
the trees,
And chase all the squirrels, but keep
clear of the bees,
And when I come home from the
meeting tho' late,
Run out with a welcome and open
the gate.

Turn over your letter and there you
will find,
A very nice verse that just comes to
my mind;
I wish you to learn it and then let me
know,
If you love the dear Saviour who
loves children so.

THE VERSE.

"Jesus Christ loves little children,
And He waits to do them good;
Should not children then love Jesus,
Yes indeed, they always should."
—Peep of Day.

IN MEMORY OF MRS.
HUMPHRIES,

Who died March 3rd, 1893. Our
neighbor at the time of her marriage.

Alas, alas, for our fondest hopes,
And what of our griefs and fears,
The wheel of time rolls round and
leaves
For our smiles and joys, but tears.

Her sun rose bright last winter's
morn,
When she hailed her bridal day;
Scarce a year has passed, a child is
born,
And they've laid her to rest away.

O, the stricken hearts that bleed to-
night,
Of the mother, the sister, the
friend;
O, the lonely man, whose sweet home
joys
Have so quickly come to an end.

But is this all of human life ?
 Shall we meet no more for aye ?
 Have we lost our lov'd ones for ever-
 more,
 When we said that last good bye ?

O, never. No, there's a home pre-
 pared
 For the followers of the Lord,
 And the gathering home will come
 by and bye,
 And our loved and lost be restored.

Then lift your weeping eyes, dear
 friends,
 Lay your trembling hands in His ;
 He will guide you safe life's journey
 through,
 To a fairer land than this.

Believe His word and trust His love,
 For the Lord doth nothing in vain ;
 The links that are broken here below
 He will fasten together again.

Yet weep awhile to ease your hearts,
 Jesus wept at the grave of His
 friend ;
 Then gird up your loins for the battle
 again,
 And press on to the journey's end.

One treasure is taken, another left,
 To grow up and fill the place ;
 The darling babe, 'twas her dying
 gift,
 May it gladden your after days.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Come on my friends my comrades
 dear,
 O wipe away the falling tear,
 And let your hearts be full of cheer,
 For that sweet day is drawing near.

When we shall pass beyond the sea,
 Where lov'd ones wait for you and me,
 Earth's stormy waves shall silent be,
 In that sweet land of liberty.

O, courage then to meet the ills
 Of daily life, the hand that fills
 Our bitterest cup, sweet dew distills,
 And naught but good for us He wills.

Here oft in bondage and in grief,
 We pine and sigh for some relief ;
 But O, the night of life is brief,
 And morning dawn will bring relief.

THE MAGIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

There's magic in the human voice !
 A power for good or ill,
 Its tones can bless or blast our hopes,
 Its accents cheer or chill.

Its tones with ruthless weight can fall
 And bruise a bleeding heart ;
 Or with angelic sweetness thrill,
 And bid our fears depart.

TO IZY MATHESON.

Dear Izy, you have asked that I
 would write some verse for you,
 But what the form that verse should
 take, till now I never knew ;
 For once you said decidedly, " Now,
 Mrs. Bentley, don't begin to teach,"
 So, then, my little friend, I won't, in
 manners make a breach.

Now, though my thoughts are slow
 and dull, I am so very tired,
 With hope of interesting you, my
 heart is now inspired :
 Come then and let us take a turn
 abroad, perhaps we'll see
 Some LESSON THAT WE BOTH MAY
 LEARN from flower, or field, or tree.

And first we'll go among the flowers,
 and try to tell their names ;
 With them I spent my youthful hours,
 I loved them more than games,
 I love them still the beauteous flowers,
 they show our Father's skill,
 And not a human being lives that
 could make one at his will.

Well, here they are, the Hollyhock
that grows up straight and tall,
Convolvulus and Scarlet bean we
train straight up the wall!
Sweet William, and the Columbine,
Orange and Tiger Lilly;
Three kinds of Roses here we see,
Tulips and Daffodilly.

Here's Rosamunda, Indian Pink,
Blue Rocket, China Astor,
With Mosses, Sunflower, Mullen Pink
and Pansies in a cluster;
But for the present I must close, or
I'll be like the parrots
Talking too much, fair weather blows
and I must sow my carrots.

I thought I'd better make a start
while I was in the humour,
When work is done, perhaps I'll take
an hour to write you some more;
But if I don't, be sure my dear that
I have in my heart
A place for you, and hope we'll meet
where friends no more shall part.

No more was written, 'twas not long
ere Izy went away,
To mingle with the bloodwashed
through in heaven's eternal day!
She wrote a letter to her friends in
which she told them all,
"She had found a 'friend in Jesus'
and was going at His call."

*I was much gratified when I happened
upon a short sketch of Tennyson's life,
and read of his faith in God and
thought for the lonely, and his hope
beyond. It struck a chord in my own
heart, and I found myself speaking of
him thus:*

Yes, Tennyson has crossed the bar,
And seen his Pilot face to face;
And now beyond the furthest star
Pursues his work with sweeter
grace.
For his poet soul shall enraptured be,
When the King of kings his eyes
shall see.

And later, the following:

And I, when I have crossed the
barrier
That separatee this world of ours
from theirs,
And seen my Pilot face to face above,
And mingled for awhile with hea-
ven's heirs,
Methinks I'll seek for Alfred Tenny-
son,
Among the ransomed hosts that
dwell on high,
And shake the poet's hand, and touch
his theme,
As kindred spirits mix their sym-
pathy.
For he had lov'd the things I too
have loved,
And poured in liquid fire his burn-
ing thought,
And worshipped the same God who
taught us both,
Filled with the spirit that I too
have caught.

TO MISS INA MATHEASON.

The season for the flowers is gone,
No humming birds are here;
But merry sleigh bells ring their song,
In music sweet and clear.

Nature has changed her carpet green,
For one of purest white,
And happy children with their sleighs
Now revel in delight.

I used to love the beauteous flowers,
When I was young and free?
I used to love the snowy showers,
They both had joys for me.

I love them still, Our Father's hand,
Still maketh all things fair?
The things that least we understand,
Are things most rich and rare.

But let us love Him most who made
This world of ours so fair?
Then when all earthly glories fade,
Heaven's glory we shall share.

A CHRISTMAS INVITATION
TO MY BROTHER AND
FAMILY.

Dear Brother and Sister, Girls, Grand-
ma and all,
Will you come Monday (New Year),
not just for a call?
Come early and stay for both dinner
and tea,
And you will oblige all the family and
me.
Please send us a card if you think
you can come,
And then we'll arrange that we all
be at home;
But if other engagements you have
on the way,
Tell us when to expect you, and
name your own day.

TO MRS. SHEEHAN,

ON THE DEATH OF HER BABY.

The beautiful babe has fled away
To the land of bliss and endless day;
From the Shepherd's fold he can
never stray,
Safe with the lambs shut in.

The tender Shepherd stooped from
above,
To fold your lamb in His arms of
love;
How great this blessing some day
you'll prove,
When you meet him again on high.

He was taken away from grief and
care,
And from sin that leads to dark
despair,
In his Saviour's glorious home to
share
The joy of the ransomed ones.

For he was redeemed by the precious
blood
Of the suffering Son of the living God,
Who bore our sins' tremendous load
In His body on the tree.

O, let us love Him, and trust Him too,
Who invites to His home both me
and you,
And follow Him close life's journey
through,
Till we meet in that home above.

We'll praise Him there Who shed
His blood
To bring us back to our Father God,
By the thorny path that on earth He
trod,
To save us from endless woe.

Even now He bids us welcome in
To His kingdom on earth, and be
cleansed from sin,
And ready prepared to enter in
To the home of the blest above.

Prayer relieves care and drives away
fear,
Then we tune our harps afresh, and
sing with good cheer.

ACROSTIC.

BENJAMIN AND ELIZABETH.

These were the names of a young
couple about to be married, for whom
our Pastor's wife requested me to
write some lines.

Blessed bond by God appointed,
Eden witnessed first the joy;
Nor Cana's guests were disappointed,
Jesus did His power employ;
And from water furnished wine,
Marking thus His power divine,
In this gracious act we see
New proof of His benevolence.

Ever watching tenderly,
Love and wedded life to bless,
Incense of gratitude we'll raise,
Zephyrs divine waft up our praise,
And at our Father's throne on high,
By day or night in joy or grief;
Each want display He will supply,
Thy need and grant thee kind relief,
However dark the hour may be,
Call on the Lord He'll answer thee.

CONSOLATION,

'Tis a beautiful thought that our
 loved ones may [way,
 Be near us at times on life's rugged
 Inspiring or prompting to that which
 is best; [their rest.
 Thus helping to bring us to share in

TO MISS FANNY MONKMAN,

XMAS 1884.

Fanny there's a lovely flower,
 'Tis called the Rose of Sharon,
 Once it grew on earthly soil
 But now it blooms in heaven,
 There is no rose so fair that grows
 As the fadeless Rose of Sharon.

THE HYMAS TRIAL—LAST DAY.

Human lives hang in the balance,
 Christians let us pray,
 Justice may be done the Hyams
 In our court to-day.

O, God forbid, if those two men
 Are innocent and good,
 That we should take away their lives,
 Be guilty of their blood.

To clear the guilty if we know
 The Lord doth not approve;
 And to condemn the innocent;
 Would sin against His love.

Blood has a voice that cries from
 earth,
 And God Himself hath said,
 That whosoever sheds man's blood,
 By man shall his be shed.

We do not ask that they be cleared,
 Or that they be condemned;
 We only ask that jurymen
 A righteous verdict send

"If they are guilty, then let none
 Attempt their steps to stay;
 But let them flee unto the pit,"
 So God's own word doth say.

In either case may God the Lord
 Be merciful to them,
 And save them by the precious blood
 Of Christ our Lord. Amen.

PREFACE AND CONCLUSION
 TO THE LARGE BOOK.

The vows of God are on me, I must
 tell
 To others how He doeth all things
 well,
 For He hath taught me on a certain
 line,
 And said, "To others you must be a
 sign,
 For all those things through which
 I've made you pass
 Contain some lesson suited to each
 class,
 The poor, the sick, the tempted and
 the tried;
 To show them all how richly I provide,
 And how I watch o'er all their
 interests here,
 That they may learn to trust Me
 without fear."

I cannot say as some before have
 said,
 That by my friends I was solicited
 To write. No; no one but my gra-
 cious Lord
 Inspired or helped me by a single
 word.
 With Him alone for Counsellor and
 Guide,
 At His command I have myself ap-
 plied
 Unto the work my hands have found
 to do.
 Had I been prompt, I'd long ago
 been through.
 But O, the task seemed so beyond
 my sphere.
 That I've delayed the work from
 year to year;
 And now ten years have nearly past
 and gone
 Since first in weakness was this work
 begun.

But as a building gains by each brick
laid,
So line by line this book, though long
delayed,
Draws to a close ; so doth my life's
short day.
Soon shall I drop my pen, lay books
away,
School will be out and I shall home-
ward hie,
To join my friends in the "Sweet by
and bye."
Nor will I count my life itself too
dear.
May I with joy but finish my career,
And leave a record of God's love
and power,
To cheer His children in the trying
hour.

E. B.

CONCLUSION.

And now within these lids I think
you'll find
The different stages run, and states
of mind
Through which I've passed, and if
inclined you'll see;
That what befel to others came to me.
And as the Scriptures shows that
prophets were
Men of like passions with ourselves,
then where
They've left a lesson let us take it up
Avoid their errors, yet inspired by
hope.
Let's follow those whose faith and
patience won
The PROMISES and now inherit them.
Also there's great similitude be-
tween
The things God showed them, and
the things I've seen,
In those far days the prophets of the
Lord
Were few and far between who heard
His word,
But in these latter days it was fore-
told:
The 'Spirit' should be 'poured' on
young and old,
Servants and 'handmaids' sons and
'daughters' too
Shall prophecy, O then believe it true,
Search for yourselves, and then ac-
cept the sign, [mine ?
You'll find the token in this book of

Like Abraham of old the Friend of
God,
With Him in paths before unknown
I've trod !
Like Moses too in the lone wilderness
God led me solitary, to impress
His lessons on my young and tender
heart,
He meant in future years I should
impart ;
For though like others I had daily
care,
I was alone with God, God every-
where,
He talked with me, He gave me
words to speak ?
I shrank and begged He would some
other seek,
I felt not fit His messages to bear,
I said, I cannot speak, nor would
they hear,
Then was His anger kindled, in the
strife
Like Moses too I nearly lost my life.
Like his successor, Joshua, I found
I had to fight for every foot of ground.
Though it was promised land, it must
be won.
Giants were there that must be over-
thrown.
As the four lepers who great spoil
had found,
Knew they should tell it to the rest
around,
And went to show the household of
the king ;
So to God's household I the tidings
bring,
Of good laid up for those who fear
the Lord,
And wonders wrought for those that
trust His word.
Then Esther came just in the niche of
time,
To fill a throne for purposes divine ;
So God has purposes in this our day
For humble workers who His voice
obey.
Like David I would often find a song,
New to myself and others, float along
Upon my heart, and as a harp that's
strung,
The power and goodness of the Lord
I've sung.

He promised, too, an house for me
He'd build,
And with His hand this promise hath
fulfilled.

As Solomon sought wisdom to control
His kingdom, I the kingdom of my
soul.

And as God gave him more than he
had asked,
So hath He dealt with me for years
that's past.

I asked but heavenly wisdom me to
guide.

He said, Because thou seekest naught
beside,
Long life I'll add, and My salvation
show.

Thou shalt be satisfied, My power
shalt know.

This promise, too, to me fulfilled has
been,

And three score years and ten I now
have seen.

It was in vision that Isaiah saw
The King, the Lord of hosts, and
filled with awe,

He felt himself undone, his lips un-
clean,

His woe discovered by the light he'd
seen.

Then flew the seraph a live coal to
bring,

And touched Isaiah's lips and purged
his sin;

So when God sought a messenger to
send,

He ready was, because his lips were
"cleansed."

Like Jeremiah, to whom God said go
And make the house of Israel to know
Their sin, my love, and how they've
strayed from me?

Bid them return and they shall wel-
come be,

Then too I said I am so vile and weak
And ignorant, O Lord I cannot speak,
If I attempt it they will say to me,
Who made thee ruler and a judge
to be.

And as Ezekiel was by visions taught;
So in the Spirit I too have been
brought

To see and hear, not for myself alone

But that God's will to others might
be shown,

And learned much more than pen or
tongue could tell.

Yet did not always use my knowledge
well,

But often failed just when a crisis
came.

Just when I should have spoken in
His name,

O wondrous mercy, that my life has
spared,

That did not banish me as I deserved.

But as for me this knowledge was
not given,

For wisdom mine, more than in any
living.

As Daniel saith, but that God might
be feared,

His power acknowledged and His
name revered

Wisdom and might are His, He
changeth times

And seasons, raiseth or abaseth kings.

Like Jonah I from work assigned me
fled,

Ah, then the weeds were wrapped
about my head,

And in a sea of sorrow deep, I lay
Thinking I never more should see
the day.

That I like Esau had my birthright
sold,

And lost a gift more precious far than
gold,

But the good Lord in mercy brought
me up, [hope]

Set me to work again and bade me

Visions and dreams and answered
prayers to-day,

Are not the "childish rattle" some
folks say,

But channels through which God
conveys to man,

Some little knowledge of His won-
drous plan.

From Genesis to Revelations we
All through the Scriptures find this
to be.

John, Paul and Peter, many others
too,

Were taught this way, its not a thing
that's new.

These are the paths through which
 I have been led,
 Sustained and guided, by Jehovah
 fed,
 Consider it, and if it be of God,
 Then follow in the paths the saints
 have trod ;
 And at the journey's end, when toils
 are o'er,
 We'll meet, I trust, upon the hea-
 venly shore.

O, come, my friends, accept the
 proffered hand
 That fain would help you to the
 better land.
 Might I accomplish this, I'd gladly
 own
 Myself well paid, and ask no other
 crown,
 Than to assist the souls for whom
 Christ shed
 His blood, and bowed His dying
 head.

VOICE AND TONE.

There's a magical power in the hu-
 man voice,
 We can use it for good or for ill,
 Whichever we choose to yield our-
 selves to ;
 There's a mighty power, too, in
 the " Will."

A snarl in the voice, like a snarl in
 the air,
 Sends a chill of discomfort wher-
 ever

It comes ; and bids us beware of a
 " storm,"
 And guard against coming " cold
 weather."

Its best at such times to put on a
 good fire,
 To make things feel cozy and
 warm ;
 And not suffer ourselves to get cold
 by the chill,
 Or be carried away by the storm.

O, then, let us shun the appearance
 of ill,
 And avoid the beginning of strife ;
 Or like waters let loose, all its banks
 will o'erflow,
 Sweeping comfort and peace from
 our life.

Let us constantly guard, then, the
 door of our lips,
 And the tones that we use to our
 own ;
 And not give our NEIGHBOURS and
 friends all the smiles,
 BUT KEEP OUR BEST MANNERS FOR
 HOME.

For that is the place they are needed
 the most,
 Because it's the place where we
 live ;
 And for that very reason we careful
 should be,
 Not to give what we would not
 receive.

