

God and Nature.

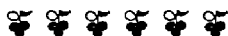
DELUGE and drought, famine and pestilence,
 Tempests by sea and earthquakes on the land—
 Such are the works of Nature, whose pretence
 Of smiling bounty and benevolence
 Dupes him alone who cannot understand

That man is not the master of the scene
 On which he plays a transitory part,
 And that his task is, and has ever been,
 Industrious in her field to glean,
 And mend her mischief with imperfect art.

The seer of old, who called upon the Lord
 To make his desolated soul rejoice,
 Found nothing while the wind on Carmel roared
 Or fiery torrents from the summit poured,
 But heard His bidding in the still small voice.

“Work out your own salvation,” so Paul said,
 “With fear and trembling,” as befits the host,
 Whose Lord may deign to visit his poor shed,
 And keep the body free from Nature’s tread
 To bide the coming of the Holy Ghost.

H. G. K.



The Missionary World.

“IT is said,” writes Dr. A. W. Robinson in *Co-operation with God*, “that in one of his Peninsular battles Wellington despatched an aide-de-camp to an officer in command of a small body of troops. The messenger was instructed to take him a watch, with the order to charge a particular battery of the enemy the instant the hand reached a specified minute. To obey seemed like rushing to certain destruction; but the order