

I press my hands upon my heart,—  
 'T is very cold!  
 And swiftly through the forest dart  
 With footsteps bold.  
 What shall I seek? Where shall I go?  
 Earth and ocean shudder with woe!  
 Their tale is untold!

Z.

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TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

A PARABLE OF PAUL.

ONE day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favorite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. "Strange tidings I hear of you," said the sleek Rabbi. "You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion? "I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," said the new convert, gently. "I shall set off to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity, and asked, "Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the Great and the Wise. You will fare hard and encounter peril. You will be impoverished; called hard names; persecuted; scourged, perhaps put to death." "None of these things move me," said Paul. "I have counted the cost. I value not life the half so much as keeping God's Law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk by God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old Law of sin and death, but a free man of God, made free by the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus." "Here," rejoined the Rabbi, "you have ease, and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death." "The voice of God says Go," exclaimed the Apostle, with firmness, "I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of Truth."

"Die then," roared the Rabbi, "like a Nazarene fool, and unbelieving Atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after

new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends, deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!"

Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth in the market-place, "Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the Lions. His next trouble will be his last." And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal cronies in the synagogue, "I knew it would come to this. How much better have kept to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably, to an easy old-age, at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him RABBI in the streets."

Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision and said, "Fear not, Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo, I am with thee to the end of the world." The tranquil old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded God will keep what I have committed to him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of Righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope is higher, than when first I believed."

Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the Mount of Transfiguration; "Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee am I well pleased."

P.

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WAVES.

WITH never-ending steps along the beach,  
 Evermore washed by the sad-swelling sea,  
 I wandered — Ocean waves what would ye reach?  
 Waves of my soul, what do ye seek for me?

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On the surface by the waves thou shalt be tossed from side to side;  
 Go down into the depths and with the current calmly glide.