

and the ransomed shall go to Zion in triumph. And should we, overpowered by fear, despair of the good promised to Jacob: then let us reflect that it is not a mortal who announced his will, but our God and Creator; with Him length of days produces no forgetfulness, lapse of years no abatement of strength; and surely He will sustain his people in their wanderings, and protect them against themselves, that they be not lost in the stream of time, which has swept away many and great nations. But to us, lo! a sun is rising in the dim distant East, and his rays shall spread over the face of the earth, and nations shall see the glory of God revealed, and all shall be refreshed by the blessing of truth, which shall be poured out over all flesh. From mountain to mountain the joyful message shall be sent, and in Zion shall be proclaimed "Thy God reigneth," and from every corner of the earth shall come forth the children of Jacob, they even who, through the sinning of their fathers, have been lost among the gentiles, and they shall bow down before the Lord on the holy mountain in Jerusalem; not one shall be wanting of the priests of the Most High; for before us shall go the Lord, and though this happen far down in the ages of futurity, we need not fear the fulfilment, for our rearward is the God of Israel, who lives for eternity, and to whose name be ascribed glory, now and for ever. Amer.

Elul 6th, August 28th, 5606.

ENOCH.

And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.—GENESIS v. 24.

OH! words of holy import! sink ye deep
 Within my spirit; never more to sleep!
 But lead me to the path his steps have trod,—
 My soul pursue him in his walk with God.
 Thus let me wander, till the road I sought
 (So beautiful by every hallowed thought,
 By every fancied dream of holy love)
 Would tempt all other feet that way to rove!

I see him first in youthful vigour stand,
 When Fancy calls him to her golden land,

When dreams of loveliness so haunt his mind
 That earth seems cold—her children all unkind ;
 'Tis then he speaks—no other form is near ;
 He listens—yet no human voice I hear ;
 He smiles—and joy is beaming in his eye ;
 He “ walks with God,” his commune is on high.

I see him next in manhood ; and I trace
 A firmer piety, maturer grace,
 As upwards on the mountain's brow he treads
 With step secure ; for 'tis his God who leads ;
 And, trusting to his Maker's guiding hand,
 It matters not to him where'er he stand :
 Not solitary he, while One so near
 To his most secret wishes bends an ear.
 He looks around, and words with musings blend,
 “ These works are Thine, my Father and my Friend !
 Ah ! let me gaze on every hillock green,
 And feel Thy presence near me, Thou unseen :
 Let me descend the valley ; every blade
 Of verdant grass by Thine own fingers made,
 And every flow'ret sparkling in the dew
 Radiant beneath Thy hand, divine they grew.”
 Thus on he walks ; no step so free, so calm,
 As his who leans upon a heavenly arm.

Again, I see him stand amid the storm ;
 Harmless it beats against his unmoved form :
 Erect in sudden stillness ; as some rock
 Braving the thunderbolt's terrific shock ;
 But not with pride he stands now void of fear,
 He listens to the voice of Heaven so near ;
 And nearer now it comes—'tis still the same,
 Tho' thunder is its breath, tho' lightning's flame
 Cleaves the dull air, how oft in varied tone
 He utters it, the only Blessed One ;
 He smiles,—all nature waits upon that smile !
 'Twas only sunshine hidden for a while.

Once more I looked—the man of God was gone !
 Yet still the path he trod before me shone :

'Twas a long path of rugged steep and plain,
 O'ershadowed here and there by mist and rain ;
 But thro' it ran one long and trackless light,
 Which seemed to grow beneath my dazzling sight,
 Mingling within the light he worshipped ; so
 He followed God ; and thus did Enoch go :
 His days were ended, yet death dared not come,
 " He walked with God," and God did take him home.

R. E. S.

FEMALE SCRIPTURAL CHARACTERS.

No. V.

BY MRS. R. HYNEMAN.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

What do I gaze on ? nothing : look again.
 Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain.—CHILDE HAROLD.

THROUGH the long lapse of ages, and the dim
 And indistinct, and faintly-pencilled past,
 What forms approach me ? surely not of earth ;
 And yet they seem earth-born, but oh, how fair !
 A heavenly halo rests upon that brow,
 And in those dove-like eyes there gleams a fire
 Unknown to earth, so passionless, so pure,
 That bird-like voice comes on the whispering gale,
 Like some sweet melody we've heard in dreams :
 " Nay, urge me not, my mother, nor entreat
 Thy daughter to return from following thee ;
 For whither thou dost wend thy weary steps
 There will I follow ; where thou lay'st thy head
 Shall mine repose ; thy people shall be mine ;
 And He, the God whom thou dost truly love,
 Shall be my only God ; where thou diest
 I too will die, and there will I be buried.
 I *cannot* leave thee, mother ; in my heart
 There springs a well of such deep tenderness,
 A fountain, gushing with such earnest love,
 Earnest, untiring love for thee, as springs