

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LARGER GOD.

BY THOS. E. WINECOFF, D.D.

Your paltry schemes of doubt-cursed men,
 Your little God to creeds trimmed down,
 Your limits set by tongue and pen,
 Your heaven but an elfin town—

A larger God than these I own.
 My God who once the star-fields sowed,
 Hath surely since no lesser grown,
 Nor heaven walled with priestling's code.

I've seen Rainier's eternal snows
 Alight with awful altar-fires
 No man-made altar ever knows,
 Nor glint the tallest churchly spires.

I've seen his garments brush the dew,
 And heard the thunder's pedal swell
 His praise, in anthems grand and true,
 Your little creeds can never spell.

With fire the hymnist never knew
 I've seen him touch the outcast's lip,
 And men that human creeds had damned
 He gave the wine of God to sip.

With doubting, damning rule and line
 You wall his larger presence out;
 Unbounded God hail I as mine—
 And leave your creeds his heart to doubt.

THE SCHOLAR'S HUMBLE DWELLING.¹

BY LIU YU HSI.

[Liu Yu Hsi, otherwise Liu Meng Te, belonged to the city of Peng. After obtaining his degree, he was given an honorary title that may be rendered as "doctor of literature." On the accession of Shun Tsung, he received an

¹ Translated by James Black.