

SYMPATHY.

You do not know how slight an expression of sympathy is a source of strength and relief. Go to your friend in his trouble, even if you can say nothing; write to him, if you can only tell him that you share his suffering. Ingenious attempts to explain to him that he is probably exaggerating the greatness of the calamity that has fallen upon him, and overlooking considerations that might lessen his distress, will probably produce resentment. He will feel that he knows more about it than you do, and that you are presumptuous, impertinent, sacriligious, in your attempts to measure the exact limits of his grief. What he wants is not your ingenious philosophy, but just a touch of your heart. Some people have what may be called the gift of sympathy, and a charming gift it is. Easily, naturally, without effort, they respond to all the changing circumstances and moods of those about them. They have tears for the sorrows of their friends, and a flood of sunlight for their joys.—*Christian Advocate*.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

Has it ever been a part of your work to cleanse and polish a lamp chimney? If so, then you can scarcely have failed to notice how easily deceived one is as to when the work is thorough and complete. We look at the glass, and it seems quite bright and clear, with not a blur or blemish. But wait till evening comes, and the bright flame is lighted within. Ah, how many a blur before unseen, how many a blemish unnoticed, how much less clear and stainless than it appeared in the ordinary daylight!

And is it not just so with the heart? We brighten it hastily, as it were, with the usual daily devotions and imperfect self-examination, and glancing at it think it does well enough. But when something suddenly touches a match to the wick of conscience within, and there flames up the clear, steady light of God's pure law, how many a blur, and spot uncleansed, how many a stain stands forth revealed, obscuring the perfect holiness which should shine forth in those who are as lights in the world.

Then, if we would know when our work is pure and perfect, let us light that flame

within oftener, and be not satisfied with the polish which is only in outward appearance.—*Young Churchman*.

AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

Dr. Francis Wayland said:—"When a man becomes a member of Christ's society, by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, he has apprehension by faith of the sacrifice which Christ has made for his redemption. The incarnate Son of God gave himself up without any reservation for him, and bore his sins in his own body on the tree. What can he do to testify his gratitude for love such as this? Instinctively, he surrenders himself, all that he has, for time and for eternity, to his Redeemer. He yields himself up to Christ, that he may be wholly formed in his likeness. His ambition henceforth is to obey every command of Christ, and in his humble manner do as Christ did and live as Christ lived. The object for which Christ lived and died and rose again is the object for which he lives. He has become a member of that body of which Christ is the head, and the vitality which animates the head animates the remotest extremity. Christ dwells in his heart by faith, a soul within his soul, inciting him to copy the example which he set before us when he was manifest in the flesh. Such is the mould into which the believer is cast."

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

A correspondent at a distance tells this sad story: "There is now living in this county an octogenarian who relates the following circumstance: 'She was called to attend the last illness of her son, who died within two miles of her. He had been a prosperous man in worldly matters—married the daughter of a prominent judge, and had accumulated considerable means. He had, however, never been concerned much about religious matters. He was racked and tormented with pain and realized that the end was nigh. 'Mother,' he said, 'you taught me how to live and get on in the world, but you did not teach me how to die; now I am lost.' 'Oh! how it wrung my heart,' she would add with bitter tears. They buried him with no ground for hope, so far as I know."