

sight. For one instant more the lofty spire poised and trembled, and then fell with a crash that crushed every timber in it, and made the ground tremble! I went to it, and there I found the poor dove, lying between her two little white children—all three dead!

Alas! poor dove! You were willing to die for and with your children, but you could not save them!

But oh! when Jesus Christ died for men, *he* saved them! He came up out of the grave, and will bring all his people out of death, and make them alive forever. He did not die in vain, like the poor dove.—*S. S. Times.*

WEeping ON THE STEPS.

There once stood in one of the most beautiful New England towns, a large brick meeting house, occupying a commanding position, and observed for its loneliness by every one who passed that way. But the doors were locked, the bell in the tower was silent, and from the pulpit came no sound of salvation. The Sabbath day dawned, but those doors were not opened, the bell was not rung, the pulpit was not occupied. All around were beautiful residences and a happy community; but from year to year that place of worship was abandoned by God and unoccupied by man.

It seems that divisions had arisen in the church, the members had been alienated from each other, and God had withdrawn his presence. No souls were converted, no spiritual life enjoyed. Time rolled on, and still the deserted meeting house in fair proportions stood, the monument of derision and spiritual declension.

But there was one man who loved God and the church. Every Sabbath morning on his way to another sanctuary, he would stop and look at the closed doors of the house in which he once met with his family to worship the God of his fathers. Often he would be seen sitting on the steps, his Bible in his hand, and drops of sacred grief flowing down his cheeks. When urged to unite with some other church, and give up the old one, he refused. Nothing could induce him to stop praying that those doors might be opened, and those walls again echo the sound of salvation. He prayed while others fainted; he wept while others turned away; he believed while others in despair gave up all as lost. Sabbath after Sabbath that poor man was seen weeping on the steps of that closed sanctuary, and to all who asked why he wept he told the sad story, and his confidence that God would come and open those doors and again visit his people.

Eight years he wept. For eight years he sat upon the steps and wept! For eight years his faith faltered not! Then God came. While all the other churches in that town were cold and formal, a few persons were converted in an adjoining city, and came back to their own homes with the love of Christ burning in their souls. They saw the old man weeping on the steps, they looked at the closed doors, and said, "The God of heaven, he will prosper us, therefore his servants will arise and build." They unlocked the doors, swept the aisles, called a pastor; and now it is one of the most flourishing churches in the State, led by a devoted, educated, and popular minister, in worship within those walls so long silent and deserted. The man who sat on the steps and wept has beheld the redemption of his people, and heaven has echoed with joy over the conversion of hundreds of souls.

How ought cases like this to strengthen our faith, and encourage our hearts! The Christian is often compelled to weep bitter tears over the desolations of Zion. But those tears do not often flow in vain. Heaven is moved to mercy by the sorrows of the believer over the lost state of man, and a glorious change comes. God never forgets a weeping, praying saint. He never disappoints the hopes of those who pray for the welfare of His Kingdom.

Do these lines reach any one weeping over the desolations of Zion? Is your heart moved as you see the walls broken down, and Jerusalem in ruins? If so, God will not forget to be gracious; He will come; the desolation will pass away, and the waste places shall blossom as the rose.—*American Messenger.*