

lift the load of sorrow from the suffering one. If the path of duty is lost to the tear-blinded eyes, if the wanderer is bewildered amid the shadows of the way, how oft has all been made plain by the soul communion with Jesus. How many instances in the Bible which show that the one who prevails in prayer, is the one who is alone with God when he prays. Moses is by himself beside the burning bush in the wilderness. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with God for Sodom. Joshua is alone when the Lord comes to him as an armed man. It is when alone under the fig tree in prayer that Jesus sees Nathaneal. All religious biography, our own closest communion and success with God show what Christ means when He says "And thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Oh! ye who are "weak and heavy burdened" ye who are sick and wounded in life's great battles, ye who with bleeding feet are journeying up life's rocky steep seek for the holy privilege of communion with God's blessed spirit and He will bear the burden for you. CHRISTIAN.

Mr. Moody in one of his addresses before the Bible Institute, on repentance, spoke of the fact that on the grave-stone of a man who died in 1781 there are these words:

"I have sinned;
I have repented;
I have trusted;
I have loved;
I rest;
I shall rise;
I shall live."

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done:
And, counting, find
One self-denying act; one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act so small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

THE WRECK.

How awful to behold a wreck,
When seas tumultuous roll;
When billows rage with fearful might,
Most inconceivable!

With terror I have seen it so—
The stately vessel tost
Upon the rocks, with fury driven,
And wrecked, and torn, and lost!

But I have seen a wreck more sad:
A vessel statelier far—
A noble life, and early wrecked
Of all that heart holds dear.

One deviation from the course
Of rectitude and right
Led on to that tremendous loss—
That sad, that fearful sight!

One yielding to temptation's power
Made repetition sure,
Till, like the bark by storms destroyed,
It sank to rise no more!

Fair life, with all its vista grand,
And all its power for good,
All sacrificed at pleasure's shrine—
Engulphed in passion's food!

"Oh, awful wreck! untimely death!
Sad victim, how forlorn!
'Twere better far than such a loss
Thou never had been born!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

and makes a remarkable showing in favor of a Protestantism. Among the seventy thousand inhabitants it maintains exclusive sway. And what is the result? No theatre is maintained. No police are necessary. No prison exists. Neither is there any thing for a justice of the peace to do. Where can Romanism, Paganism, or infidelity exhibit such moral fruitage? A cold climate may limit the growth of population, but what Iceland lacks in the quantity it makes up in the sterling quality of its people. — *Phil. Pres.*

I have read somewhere the legend of one who, day-dreaming in his chair, beheld a vision, which stood before him and beckoned him to follow her to fortune. He waited sluggishly, heeded not her call nor her beckoning, until at last she grew dim and disappeared. Just as the vision faded he sprang to his feet and cried out, "Tell me who thou art!" and received an answer, "I am Opportunity; once neglected, I never return."