

The Ascension.

here. They'll beat me pretty near to death if I go back, and I won't be no trouble to you. I don't want nothing to eat, and I can sleep anywhere. Many's the time as I've slept on a door-step. I culy wants to have a game with David again on them rocks."

"But this aint a thing to be settled up in a hurry," said Job. "What'll your folks say?"

"There's no one as cares," the boy said, rubbing his eyes with his ragged sleeve; "they don't care whether I'm alive or dead. They'd be gladder if I was dead, and they've said so often."

By this time David had made his appearance, and pulled Tom into the house. There was no doubt, from the expression of his face, that he thought it a very happy chance that had brought Tom back, though he was not given to expressing his feelings readily in words.

Job got the breakfast and the three sat down to it again as they had done the morning before; and, in spite of Tom's saying, "that he did not want nothing to eat," he did full justice to his meal, as he had tasted little enough since the morning before. Job was more than usually silent and seemed sunk in thought, and directly after the meal, he went out to a favourite seat of his on a flat rock and pondered the matter over with his two friends, his pipe and the sea. At last his determination was taken; and, with a shout to David to go to school, and to Tom to stay till he saw him again, he set his face towards Scarmouth, and set off steadily in that direction.

(To be continued.)

The Ascension.

BY THE VERY REV. A. P. STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, His coming feet;
Never shall we thank Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore,
Never in that look, or voice,
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left;
On this earth, of Him bereft;

We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend or foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of Heavens the same
As on earth He went and came;
In the many mansions there,
Peace for us He will prepare,
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain;
Wait, until He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind,
There our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.