

and cover me up. There—thank you, old boy. I'm afraid," he added after a pause, "that my life ain't been right—I'm afraid I shan't find anythin' but rocks when I get over there. No Golden Gate," he mused, wearily, as his eyes closed, "only rocks—rocks."

And I wept beside him and lived an age in the hours of that night. And when the sun came and threw his beams over the lonely mountains, my comrade had gone. He had "crossed the divide."—*Scel.*

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, lean bard,
And let me feel the pressing of thy care;
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it,
Poised it in my own hand and made its
weight
Precisely that which I saw best for thee.

And when I placed it on thy shrinking
form,
I said, I shall be near, and while she leans on
me,
This burden shall be mine, not hers.

So shall I keep within my circling arms,
The child of my own love;
Here lay it down, nor fear to weary Him
Who made, upholds, and guards the universe.

Yet closer come, thou art not near enough,
Thy care, thyself, lay both on me,
That I may feel my child reposing on my
breast,
Thou lovest me, I doubt it not,
Then loving one lean heard.—*Scel.*

PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST.

The prayer which helps us to keep in the love of God is not the petulant and passionate utterance of our own wishes, but is the yielding of our desires to the impulses divinely breathed upon us. As Michael Angelo says, "The prayers we make will then be sweet indeed if Thou the Spirit give by which we pray." Our own desires may be hot and vehement, but the desires that run parallel with the divine will, and are breathed into us by God's own Spirit, are the desires which, in their meek submissiveness, are omnipotent with Him whose omnipotence is perfected in our weakness. Such prayer is the true help for the builder.

His right attitude is on his knees. When men go out to weed some great field they often kneel at their task. And it is only when kneeling that we can cleanse the soil of our own hearts of the quick-growing and poisonous weeds that are there. My prayer breaks the bonds of many a temptation that holds me. My prayer is the test for many a masked evil that seeks to seduce me. My prayer will be like a drop of poison on a scorpion—it will kill the sin on the instant. We shall conquer as we go into battle as the Puritans did with the old psalm upon their lips: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." If we would build a holy character on a holy faith it must be done with the help of prayer in the Holy Ghost.—*Dr. Maclaren.*

GIVING WHILE IN DEBT.

Soon after I was converted I was plunged into debt by becoming surety for another, and obliged to pay. I found myself owing over \$1,000 more than I possessed. I was also in bad health for twelve years. The question of giving soon came up for decision. The minister and other church expenses, the missionary cause, temperance and other reform causes, the poor, the unfortunate, all these must be sustained by money. I was in debt deeply, my time belonged to my creditors. Could I justly use any of my earnings for benevolent causes? The Lord helped me to soon decide that His claim on me and my earnings was first and creditors next. So I gave to all causes which I considered to be the Lord's, and the Lord worked wonderfully for me, and aided me to pay all my debts and to regain my health. Remember the Lord is first and all things in Him.—*Se'lected.*

GRASSHOPPER Christians are on the jump in revival times, but hide away the rest of the year. When they get "the power" on them, to see them shout, and exhort, and sing, and pray, one would think that they were taking heaven by storm; but when the excitement dies out they cease to hop about, and make no further stir until the next year's religious fervor puts renewed animation into them.—*Presbyterian.*

THE Pharisees' righteousness consisted in the not doing evil; Christ superadded that we must do good.—*St. Clement.*