

So I go on not knowing! I would not if I might!
I would rather walk with God in the dark than
go alone in the light!
I'd rather walk with Him by faith, than walk
alone by sight!

My heart shrinks back from trials which the
future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear
Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back, with the whis-
pered words, *He Knows.*

NOT ENOUGH OF CHRIST IN THE SERMON.

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the special benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was well known to be of an infidel turn of mind.

The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and he enquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child?"

"Why, she said he came down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood she added, "Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister would not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but patient prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with

brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. When he came to relate his Christian experience, he gave this incident, and closed the narration by saying, "Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who has so loved me."

The minister, on returning from this meeting, took his sermon and read it over carefully, and said to his family and to himself: "There is not enough of Jesus Christ in this discourse." — *Christian Treasury.*

THE LORDS SUPPER.

How simple, how impressive, was the way
In which the Master Jesus, summing up
The Paschal service, made the bread and cup
Show forth the dawning of a better day.
That bread and wine will ever more convey
To those who sit with him in humble faith
The memory of His sacrificial death,
The glory of His table far away.
Let not the craft of any priest obscure
The ordinance which Christ hath made so plain;
The presence of the risen Lord was sure
When they beheld him breaking bread again:
Not His own body, which had seen the grave,
But simple bread and wine was what He gave.

Acknowledgments.

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