

happy; full of vigour, faith, power, and liberty. Where the prayer-meetings are cold, formal, and lacking in fervour and liberty, depend upon it the closet could tell a tale of indifference and negligence in respect to prayer, of which the more public barrenness is only the painful indication and the sad result.

THE SUPPER OF OUR LORD.

. . . I believe that the bread remains simply and absolutely bread, and the wine, wine—that physically there is no change whatever in the elements. To seek for material and physical things in such a precious institution of the Lord is, to my mind, a poor and miserable manner of regarding it. I have a charming portrait of my mother, which reminds me of her just as she was. If I am told of the canvas or the colouring, I should feel that those who spoke thus knew nothing about it. That would not be my mother. That which is precious in it to me is my mother herself; and they turn my attention from her to the means employed to recall her to me; and the reason is, that they have no idea what my mother is to me. The portrait has no value except as far as it is a good representation of her who is not there. I say, it is my mother. I could not throw it aside as a mere piece of canvas; I discern my mother in it. I cherish this portrait; I carry it with me; but if I stop