

in a church, let us be content, as the apostles were, with some "upper room," and from thence work our way to the circles beyond. Earnestness will make itself felt in the end, and while it is true that no power on earth can galvanise a dead church, it is equally true that no power on earth can bury a living one. It cannot be hid long; it will be heard of and known, and its light will burst forth as the morning, and its righteousness as the noon day — *Evangelical Witness.*

The Home Department.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Two angel sisters, Life and Death,
A solemn watch were keeping
O'er a cradle-bed where a little child
Smiled in its peaceful sleeping.

"This child," said Life, "if left with me,
Shall dwell in pleasant places,
Shall rest in silken tents of ease,
And walk through green oases.

"I'll give her cheek the rose's hue,
Her brow the lily's whiteness,
With songs her lip shall overflow,
Her life be crowned with brightness."

Said Death, "The child, if given to me,
Shall never hear the story
Of aching, breaking human hearts,
And earth's departing glory—

"Shall walk among the crowned souls,
In raiment white and shining,
Forever and forever more,
In the love of God abiding."

The baby opened wide her eyes,
As if into her dreaming
Their words had found a way, and left
Their deep, eternal meaning;

Then smiling, reached her arms to Death,
And on his bosom lying,
Was borne away, and never knew
Nor dreamed that this was dying.—*S. S. Times.*

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight;
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom;
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again.