

table—and in connection read carefully and devoutly chapters 14, 15, 16 and 17, called "the Holy of Holies in the history of Christ." They constitute the revelation of His inmost heart. The coming tragedy is felt by the disciples vaguely, but Jesus sees it clearly, and this lesson gives some reasons and grounds of comfort. To comfort the troubled, the discouraged and the suffering is a prominent aspect of God's work through His word in the Old Testament and the New, Isa 40 : 1; 2 Cor. 1 : 3, 4; and here Jesus is doing the work in the Father's name.

1. COMFORT THROUGH BELIEVING IN JESUS.

With strength to uphold, wisdom to direct, promises to sustain. *vs.* 11, 12, 20, 23.

2. COMFORT THROUGH THE PROMISE AND HOPE OF HEAVEN. *v.* 2.

"MANSIONS" mean a place of settled abode—hence stability; contrasted with the pilgrim's tent—hence "HOME"—Heaven, a place prepared for hearts and minds, who are prepared for the place, by the Divine Spirit. Christ says, "Our separation is not to be eternal." "I will come again."

3. COMFORT IN CHRIST AS THE WAY TO THE FATHER.

Paraphrased by Thomas à Kempis, "Without the Way we cannot go; without the Truth we cannot know; without the Life we cannot live. Jesus is the Way to be followed—the Truth to be believed—and the Life to be hoped for." Jesus, in His teaching and works, spirit and character, is a revelation of the Father. *vs.* 7, 8, 9.

4. COMFORT IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

Jesus laid the foundations of the kingdom of God. Foundations are generally invisible work. We shall build thereon. The progress of the Gospel through Christ will be marked—hence greater works. *v.* 12.

5. COMFORT IN PREVAILING PRAYER.

To be presented in Christ's name. *vs.* 13, 14; chap. 15 : 7.

[FOR OUR MISSION.]

An Open Air Meeting Incident.

BY R. HALL.

AN incident occurred at an open air meeting we were holding the other morning. While I was speaking on Isaiah 53 : 5-6, and while we were singing, I could hear an old woman standing close by me responding every now and again. Her heart seemed filled with joy and peace. At the close of the meeting I turned to her and took her by the hand, saying,

"Mother, I am glad to hear you praising the Lord so heartily."

"Why shouldn't I," she said, "when I had a dear boy just gone to be with Jesus three days ago, and I'm going there too!"

The joy in this dear old saint's heart was genuine; and I thought, what a lesson to us, so ready to find fault when the Lord tries us: instead of—like this old woman, seeing nothing but God's love.

[FOR OUR MISSION.]

"My Old Home."*

BY KATIE.

I returned to the home of my boyhood,
The old familiar town,
And passed again through the well known streets
I had often wandered down—
The fresh and sweet green hedges,
The leafy stately trees,
The birds still sang as in bygone days
To the tune of the summer breeze—
Up through the roa : to the farmyard gates,
Right on to the cottage door—
My childhood's home I had parted from
Full fifty years before.
From room to room I wandered,
While memory, from her store,
Deep things of the past unfolded,
In the way I had travelled o'er :
I thought of the many dear ones
Who trod life's path with me,
Who now are wearing victors' crowns,
By the side of the crystal sea.
In fancy I saw my father again,
As he sat in the old arm-chair,
While we gathered around dear mother,
At the hour of evening prayer;
And all that has come and gone since then
Was sent by Jehovah's hand :
He holds the thread of the tangled web,
And will guide to the glory land ;
Then sweetly down o'er the maze of thought,
Came a voice like music true—
"As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you."
Ah yes! though long years may pass away,
And our earthly homes may change,
There is for us a city fair
Far above sorrow's range ;
And though we miss our loved ones here,
They are safe beyond the sky,
Watching beside the pearly gates,
Till the meeting day on high ;
'Tis but a narrow veil between
That bright land and our own ;
We in the Master's vineyard work—
They serve before the Throne ;
And so through all the time to come
I'll trust my Saviour—Friend,
Who hitherto hath led me safe—
Will keep me till the end.

An Original Letter of Introduction.

A FEW days ago the publisher was handed the following letter of introduction, which for brevity and point—surpasses any we have ever read :

DEAR MR. BRIGGS :

You and Mr. ———, the bearer, are to spend ETERNITY together. I write this that you may begin in TIME. Like good children—"Love one another."

Affectionately watching for the morning, E. D.

* Written on the occasion of a recent visit paid by our friend, Mr. W. GOODERHAM, of Toronto, to the home of his childhood, in England.