

I murmured—He said sweetly,  
"Think of My cross for thee."

Nobody knows but Jesus  
Whose voice to me doth say,  
It's just what Thou most needed,  
It is the Master's way.  
Nobody knows but Jesus  
How I in Him confide,  
For present time and future,  
I know He will provide.

Nobody knows but Jesus  
The time I spend in prayer  
To God for my dear children,  
That they His grace may share.  
Nobody knows but Jesus  
How much their ransom cost ;  
Their souls in His safe keeping,  
I know can ne'er be lost.

Nobody knows but Jesus  
How much it gave me pain  
To think of all the losses  
That now to me are gain.  
I gained God's gracious pardon,  
Was brought to know Christ's love;  
I gained by loosing sin and self,  
I gained a home above.

Nobody knows but Jesus,  
I tell it o'er and o'er ;  
I praise Him here in weakness,  
In heaven I'll praise Him more.  
Nobody knows but Jesus,  
How I love to sing His praise,  
Not only in the sunshine,  
But in the darkest days.

Nobody knows but Jesus  
How sometimes I'm depressed,  
But glad to know He's coming,  
Then I shall enter rest.  
Nobody knows but Jesus  
How much I love His name,  
How sweet, and oh, how precious,  
For me to spread His fame.

Up in the Father's mansion  
I hear a sweet refrain,  
Redeemed ones are ascribing  
Their victory to His name.  
Soon I shall join them yonder,  
And in their praises share,  
Yea, cast my crown before Him,  
And sing the loudest there.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Plainfield, N. J.

"OF SIN, BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE  
NOT ON ME." John 16 ; 9.

In these days of enlightenment, and progress in christian civilization, as it is called, there is one thing very manifest, and most lamentable, and that is, THE LACK OF CONSCIENCE AS TO WHAT SIN IS. The man of respectable standing among his neighbors and acquaintances, if he is willing to admit that he is a sinner ; yet to himself it is a matter of no consequence ; it gives him no anxious thought, he intends to do about right and that is the measure of his responsibility. To him sin is not a reality but a religious sentiment ; all well enough for religious people, but as to himself he has got no religion, and does not care to bother his head about such matters. He goes to church occasionally, and he finds the same people there that he meets in the billiard room, at the card table, the horse race, the dance, and the theatre. Yes, and they, the religious, often get up very fine entertainments, with plays and songs as good as a theatre ; and he thinks if they can enjoy what he enjoys so much, and they are all right, he has no reason to be anxious about the future. Surely he enjoys good company, and has a good time here, and expects to hereafter. Why not ?

And now, my dear reader, let me ask you in all sincerity, is this your position ? does this fit your case ? is this your standard ? Are you running the venture of eternity in so careless a way as this ? How dare you ? Oh how can you be so indifferent, when the interests of your soul for eternity may hang upon a moment of time ?

"A heaven or hell, and these alone,  
Beyond the present life are known,  
There is no middle state."

No future probation. Indeed you are not on probation now. This is a most solemn fact. Probation as to this pres-