

he found it. And a long and painful search he had for it; and after he had recovered it, many sad but vain repentings, and self-accusations, did he suffer on account of his sin. Sooner or later, indeed, must all such self-indulgence be similarly atoned for, as far as remorse can do so. The blood of Jesus may cleanse the soul from its sins; but the remembrance of them may plant a thorn in the dying pillow, or weigh the soul down in the waters of the river of death, as Christian's sins did in his case, so that its faith shall well nigh fail. Beware then, *all*,—but beware especially *you*, whose hills of difficulty are so rugged and toilsome, lest you either turn aside to avoid them, or convert the arbour of rest into a bed of indolence and ease. The greater your difficulties the more grace you may have to meet them; for “they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,” and in His strength you “shall mount up with wings as eagles: shall run and not be weary; and shall walk and not faint.”

Poetry.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

A dewdrop falling on the ocean wave,
 Exclaimed in fear—“I perish in this grave;”
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
 Until again, “I perish quite,” it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
 O unbelieving! So it came to gleam,
 Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.

TRENCH.

Family Reading.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

J—S— was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. The crime had been deliberately planned, the circumstances were aggravating, and the proof was clear. The jury returned their verdict unanimously, and the judge in pronouncing sentence warned the prisoner that he had no ground whatever for expecting mercy. The criminal was then led to a stone cell, and chained to an iron bar in the floor, there to drag out the numbered days between the sentence and the time appointed for its execution.

In spite of all that had passed, the infatuated man built himself up in the expectation of pardon. Sleeping and waking, he continued to occupy his time dreaming of the pity that his case would move in the heart of the Queen, and of the merciful message that she would send to him. From wishing it he slid into believing it like an article of faith. The truth is he could not endure to think that he was on the very brink of eternity, and therefore he hoped wildly against