

apron, and sat upon it as he was wont to do when disposed to have a talk with his visitors.

"What is it that is constantly growing harder? Which of you can tell me?"

"Some kinds of wood grow harder as they grow older."

"That is not what I meant. I spoke of a hardening process carried on by men and women and children. They don't make wood grow hard."

"Heart," said one of the boys, pretty sure that he had hit Mr. Gale's meaning.

"Yes, what is meant by hardening the heart?"

No one of the boys answering, he put the question to me. I replied, "Making it harder," and thought I had given a pretty good answer, and all the other boys seemed to think so. Mr Gale was silent for a moment, as if he were thinking of my answer, and then said, "What is meant by making the heart harder? I then saw that my answer was no answer at all.

"Think a moment what is meant by a hard heart. What do you mean when you call a man a hard-hearted man? Think of some one whom you regard as a hard-hearted person, and see what it is that causes you so to regard him."

"I can tell," said one of the boys; "a hard-hearted person is one who hasn't any feeling."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Gale, turning to me.

"No, sir," said I, "a hard-hearted person is one who has very little kind feeling—who has very little pity for any body."

"You are about right," said Mr. Gale. "Are hard-hearted men good men or bad men?"

"Bad men," we all answer together.

"How do they regard sin?"

"They don't mind it. They are not afraid to sin."

"What is the effect of sinning on the heart?"

"To make it harder."

"What is every sinner doing every day? You all know that it is your duty to repent. What is the great difficulty in the way of repentance?"

"Hardness of heart."

"Yes, that is one great difficulty. If you were obliged to cross a stream that was growing wider and deeper every hour, what would you do."

"I would cross as soon I as could."

"Of course you would, if you acted wisely. You would not wait for the difficulty to increase. So if you are wise you will not wait for the difficulties in the way of repentance to increase."

O CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.


 CITY of the jasper wall,
 And of the pearly gate!
 For thee, amid the storms of life,
 Our weary spirits wait.
 We long to walk the streets of gold
 No mortal feet have trod;
 We long to worship at the shrine,
 The temple of our God!
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where fulleth neither shade nor blight!
 Of every land the brightest, best,
 When shall we there find peace and rest!

O city where they need no light
 Of sun, or moon, or star,
 Could we with eye of faith but see
 How bright thy mansions are:
 How soon our doubts would flee away,
 How strong our trust would grow,
 Until our hearts should lean no more
 On trifles here below.
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
 Of every land the brightest, best,
 When shall we there find peace and rest!

O city where the shining gates
 Shut out all grief and sin,
 Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
 The holy peace to win.
 Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
 Nor seek to lay it down,
 Until our father brings us home
 And gives the promised crown.
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
 Of every land the brightest, best,
 Soon shall we there find peace and rest.