

DISTRESS OF SOUL.

BY REV. WILLIAM T. BERGER.

Lord Jesus, lead me. I would leave
The sins and cares that burn my soul;
Distressing thoughts my spirit grieve
The world distracts and sorrows roll
Like conflicts o'er my weary way,
Jesus, it seems so dark to-day!

My trembling feet have often tried
To tread the way thy feet have gone,
But they have failed, a human guide
Has led my steps thro' paths unknown.
Be near me now when all is night,
Jesus, I see no breaking light!

The way seems long and lies between
This dreary earth and gates of gold:
I know if I may only lean
Upon some arm to lift and hold
My tottering steps, I soon shall gain
My home, though days are dark with rain.

Lord Jesus, lead me. Take my hand
Leave me not here to find my rest,
For who can lead in this strange land?
I would be home upon thy breast.
Be thou near me while yet I stay,
Jesus, it seems so dark to-day!

THE UNFAILING HAND.

A traveller following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was arrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon and pass round the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said: "That hand never lost a man." He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as His guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unfailing hand. Who that has ever trusted Him has been disappointed? He stretches out His hand for our help and deliverance. He hold us by His right hand in the midst of danger. And He has said: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." "That hand never lost a man;" blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its almighty grasp."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

PIOUS PROFANITY.

Young Christians, learning to pray in public, are apt to fall into the habit of repeating the name of God so frequently and in such quick succession as not only sounds ridiculous, but is in violation of the commandment that forbids the taking of God's name in vain. In that short but most comprehensive prayer which the Saviour gave us as a model, he uses the name of the Father but once. To have used it oftener would have been using it in vain. Such careless and unnecessary use of the name is not only profane, but, if done mostly to fill up, would be letting it down to the level of a sort of wadding or packing material to fill in the vacant space where ideas or words run short. Thus to use the name of God as a substitute for words to make up the volume of a prayer, or to give time to think up something else to say, is tantamount to turning it into a sort of verbose crutch or wooden leg on which to keep along in lingual lameness until the tongue can move on again in its wonted way, and is irreverent, as well as inadequate and ugly. Some good and well educated young ministers of the Gospel sometimes err in this particular without knowing it, and their friends feel a delicacy in calling their attention to the fact. And to avoid this error it is necessary to be careful as to how we use God's name in either prayer or singing; and from a want of this reverent care, there is seemingly much pious profanity in prayer-meetings and aesthetic church choirs.—*Uncle John, in St. Louis Presbyterian*.

FOR HIS SAKE.

Anything done for Christ is great, and it will be sure to bring a great reward. The greatness of him to whom the service is given makes the service great. Sir Walter Raleigh cast his cloak into the muddy street for Queen Elizabeth to step upon. The act, which done for another, would have been thought trifling or ridiculous, was commemorated in history and romance as great and honourable in him, because it was done for his sovereign. So the smallest gift you bestow the humblest work you do, the feeblest talent you employ in the service of Christ is made excellent and glorious by the infinite greatness and glory of Him whom you serve. Because you cannot do a great thing do not sit down idle and do nothing. Because you cannot startle the world with your benefactions, do not fail to give anything.