

SORROW.

sower knows not which shall prosper? And in the day when God's jewels are numbered up, it will doubtless be seen that many a stray word, many a forgotten tract, has been the means of leading some soul, or souls, to Jesus. And this small service is in the power of every Christian. We all may render it, if we will. It only needs the constant prayerful looking for opportunities, combined with the faithful improvement of those opportunities, in order that many more, like Harry Baynham, may be rescued from the paths of sin and shame, to bless the world.

E. R. P.

Sorrow.

A PART, alone 'mid blinding tears,
In the full bitterness of woe,
This great intensity of grief
No other heart can ever know.

Vainly I stretch out trembling hands,
In hope to grasp some friendly aid;
Vainly I call for help to lift
This heavy burden on me laid.

No ear can hear, no eye can see,
No heart my secret sorrow share;
The anguish of this bitter cup
In loneliness my soul must bear.

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'Tis always so: the sharpest pain,
The deepest suffering of one's life,
And all the burning tears that flow—
The anguish, loneliness, and strife—

Must all be borne alone, untold,
Too deep for sympathy of speech;
Only *one* heart can understand,
Only *one* love the misery reach.

'Tis Thou, my Saviour, who dost know—
Through sorrow's valley Thou hast trod;
The sorest grief that man could know
Was Thine, to bring man back to God.