

dear woman has cheered and blessed my life. Jest see that face, parson! It's old and it's wrinkled; but she's always young and beautiful to me. Now, then parson, the man who has sech a wife as that—well, there ain't no use talkin', for words can't tell the story. She's gone uphill and downhill with me since I was twenty-three year old, and we've had to travel over some ruther rugged ground. Does any one say that my lovin' Marthy is a duty? Nonsense! I won't listen to it. Is it my duty—most intolerable word!—to sacrifice my comfort for her when she's sick, and spend whole nights watchin' at her side and prayin' that she will get well? Duty,

parson? I can't help it. It's my greatest pleasure, and I couldn't drag myself away at such a time. It ain't no hardship to go hungry or to get tired for her sake, if I can only see the light returnin' to them eyes, and the smile comin' back after days of sufferin'.

"To my mind, religion is jest like the sunshine that ripens the corn. A man can find all he wants in religion, and he can't find it nowhere else.

"But see! Marthy is callin' us, and the dinner is ready. We haven't much to offer, but if your appetite is whetted by this keen air we'll enjoy what there is. Parson, will you ask a blessin'?"

CHEER AND THE RESPONSE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

CHEER.

"Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Why so cast down, when thou knowest Me near thee?

*Is not My presence sufficient to cheer thee?
Strength in thy weakness, and Comfort for sadness,—*

*Power is in Me to turn mourning to gladness:
Rise, drooping heart, for, by night and by day,*

Lo! I am with thee, am with thee alway.

Patience endure them, these griefs and restrictions,

*I am afflicted in all thy afflictions;
Surely thou art not unwilling to bear them,
Since I am here, and do lovingly share them?*

Patient! O patient! through darkness and day

Close by thy side I will fail not to stay.

Look onward! look up! here are joys set before thee!

Light is beyond the dark clouds that hang o'er thee!

Let hope with thy patience be sweetly combining

To drive from thy soul every thought of repining:

Soon shall around thee shine heaven's bright day—

And thou shalt be with Me, be with Me for aye.

RESPONSE.

I will, I will be patient, Lord,

So Thou but grant Thine aid;

How can I murmur while I feel

Thine arms beneath me laid?

How can I fret when Thou art nigh

To bid repinings cease,

And whisper to my troubled soul

Thy sweet, sweet words of peace?

Shall I not e'en with thankfulness

Endure this sad unrest,

Since Thou dost let me lean my head

Upon Thy gentle breast;

And since I never should have known,

But for these days of pain,

How tender and how strong Thou art,

To comfort and sustain?

I will, I will be patient, Lord,

Yea, even joy to bear

The weary hours, on earth below,

Which Thou with me wilt share—

Till the blest time when, folded in

Thine arms of might and love,

With Thee my happy soul shall rise

To the glad world above.