



JESUS WEPT.

SORROW.

TN almost every home you will find a bruised and aching heart. The trouble with those who mourn is, that in too many cases, they try to bear their sorrows alone. That may be done; but it will drive color from the cheek, sprightliness from the eye, furrow up the brow and prematurely whiten the locks. It will cast the shadow of age across the very noon of life. No heart is strong enough to long bear alone the mighty strain of some heavy grief. And what folly to do so, when the great Healer is at the door, and, with pitying eye, looks in and wants to be asked to bind up the wounded spirit. That is part of His mission in the world. "He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted." Do you remember how He comforted the weeping sisters of Bethany? Have you never read how He made that poor, sorrow-stricken widow's heart rejoice as she was one day following her only boy to the tomb? Aye, you have often. Well then, know thou that Jehovah is the same "yesterday" to-day and forever." Earth has no sorrow which He cannot heal.—*Selected.*

THE PRECIOUS PROMISES.

THE promises often lose their sweetness because we have been eating the grapes of Sodom. Our taste is at fault. The promises are sweet and rich as ever.

REMEMBER THE EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS,

*Held every Sunday afternoon,
AT 3 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.*

COME!

AS AN OX TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Prov. vii., 22.

THERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture-field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after a while the men and boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars into a doorway, where he is fastened up, and, with a well-aimed stroke, the axe fells him, and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture-field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been drawn on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment; but after a while influences, with darker hue, and swarthier arm, close in upon him, and he finds that, instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

OUR Lord Jesus has left "to every man his work;" He has something for every young man to do for Him. One evening a lamplighter was going his round. He was not alone, for a little boy ran along by his side, whose great desire it evidently was to have a share in the work. For some time nothing was given him to do, though he made repeated requests. At length, on reaching the foot of a lamp-post, the man put his lantern into the boy's hand, and bade him run up the ladder. Eagerly did the little fellow climb the steps, light the lamp and slip down again, and then with a pleased face he looked up at the light; and thus, after that, they went along the street, the man carrying the ladder, the boy lighting the lamps. The lamplighter's work must have been over sooner than usual that evening, and with less fatigue.—*Word and Work.*

—Dear young Christian, there is work for you in the great harvest-field of this City. There are many dark corners. Will you not join with us in our work of holding forth the word of life—of preaching Jesus "the true Light?"