

I beg of you whose robes of radiant whiteness
 Have been kept without a stain :—
 Of you, who stung to death my serpent Pleasure,
 Found its healing angel pain ;
 Whether holy or forgiven you may be,
 Pray for me.

I beg of you, calm souls whose wondering pity
 Looks at paths you never trod ;
 I beg of you who suffer, for all suffering
 Must be very near to God ;
 And my need is even greater than you see ;
 Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children, for He loves you,
 And He loves your prayers the best ;
 Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
 That the weary may find rest,
 That a bird caught in a net may be set free ;
 Pray for me.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
 For an alms this very day.
 I am standing on your doorsteps as a beggar
 Who will not be turned away,
 And the charity you give my soul shall be ;
 Pray for me.

“Above all, pray to the Most High.” If we carry out this direction according to its rightful intent, we may rest assured that our prayers and intercessions, poor, and broken, and unworthy though they may be, yet purified and made worthy by the all-prevailing merits of the Lord Jesus, shall find an honored place in that multitudinous concourse of supplications and of praises that rises day and night before the throne of God, like the sound of many waters.

THE MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH IN PERGAMOS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS ADAMS, M.A., D.C.L., Principal of Bishop's College,
 Lennoxville, P.Q.

Revelation ii, 12-17 inclusive.

12. And to the angel of the church in Pergamos (or Pergamum) write : These things saith the Lord, who hath the sharp sword with two edges.