

vinced me by her artless simplicity, that I ought to love one who has so loved me."

FOUR GREAT BLESSINGS.

By separating the chaff from the wheat, we have these *four* great blessings left :—

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT.

"The strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian; the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church, which itself is walking in new life, and drawing life from Him who hath overcome death. Before such arguments, ancient Rome herself, the mightiest empire of the world, and the most hostile to Christianity could not stand. Let us live in like manner, and then, though hell should have a short-lived triumph, eventually must be fulfilled what St. Augustine says, "Love is the fulfilling of the truth."—*Professor Christlieb.*

1st. Christians have learned to love one another and work together for one common object — the salvation of souls.

2d. A great quickening of the divine life in the souls of believers. We have learned to pray more, to watch more closely, to work more earnestly for God.

3d. Many souls have been converted of whom there is no doubt. Their works bear witness that they are born of God,

4th. Vast numbers have heard the word, who, although they have not yet found the Lord, may be led to think, to believe, to praise God for His Salvation.

FOR THE AGED.

The following hymn, before unpublished, was composed by the late Charlotte Elliott, (author of "Just as I am.") during a night of great suffering, in her eightieth year. She gave it, the night after she wrote it, to a relative, who has found the hymn to prove a comfort to so many aged Christians, that she desired its publication in the *Sunday at Home*:

Is life's evening long and dreary?
Gone the treasures once possessed?
Is thy spirit faint and weary?
Dost thou long to be at rest?
On this sweet promise fix thy sight:
"At evening time it shall be light."

"Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,
Even in this vale of tears;
Soon shall pass the night of sadness;
Grief will fly when morn appears:
Still to faith's strong illumined sight,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Look not on the ills around thee,
Earth grows darker every hour;
Let not crime's increase confound thee,
Limited is Satan's power.
Look on to regions pure and bright:
"At evening time it shall be light."