

mirror of humanity, are adorned with his light. made partakers of his spirit, changed as from glory to glory into the same resplendent image.—THOLUCK.

WRITTEN SERMONS.—The antipathy of the Scottish people to reading sermons is well known. At Kircudbright, at an "inaguration," an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, woman," was the reply, "the poor man is blin'." To which the first made answer. "I'm glad to hear it—I wish they wer a' blin'."

## Poetry.

### FOLLOW THOU ME.

Restore to me the freshness of my youth,  
 And give me back my soul's keen edge again,  
 What time has blunted! O my early truth—  
 Shall I not you regain?  
 Ah, mine has been a wasted life at best;  
 All unreality and long unrest;  
 Yes, I have lived in vain!

But now no more in vain;—my soul awake,  
 Shake off the snare, untwist the fastening chain  
 Arise, go forth, the selfish slumber break,  
 Thy idle dreams restrain!  
 Still half thy life before thee lies untrod,  
 Live for the endless living, live for God!—  
 I must not live in vain!

My God, the way is rough and sad the night,  
 And my soul faints and breathes this weeping strain:  
 And the world hates me with its bitterest spite—  
 For I have left its train,  
 With thee and with thy saints to cast my lot;  
 Ah, my dear Lord—let me not be forgot,  
 Let me not live in vain!

Can we not part in silence, since forever?  
 This world and I! From scorn and taunt refrain?  
 Must it still hate and wound? still stir the fever,  
 Of this poor throbbing brain?  
 Ah, yes, it must be so, my God, my God,  
 'Tis the true discipline, the needed rod,  
 Else I should live in vain!

The foe is strong—his venom'd rage I dread,  
 Yet, O my God, do thou his wrath restrain;  
 Shield me in battle, soothe my aching head  
 In the sharp hour of pain;  
 But more than this, O, give me toiling faith,  
 Large-hearted love and zeal unto the death!  
 Let me not live in vain!

Restore to me the freshness of my youth,  
 And give me back my soul's keen edge again;  
 Ah, let my spring return! bright hope and truth  
 Shall I not you regain?  
 No wasted life, my God, shall mine now be,  
 Hours, days, and years filled up with toil for thee,  
 I shall not live in vain.

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