

God has not left him without opportunities, but said his apostle, "I can do all things of serving. But we are weak and sinful; through Christ which strengtheneth me." what a comfort then that grace will be! This strength is promised to all who seek given as well as opportunity! "Without it out of the fulness that is in Christ me," said our Lord, "ye can do nothing;" Jesus.

THE LAST SUNSET.

"Let me look once more on what my Divine Father has diffused even here, as a faint intimation of what he has somewhere else. I am pleased with this as a distant outskirts, as it were, of the Paradise towards which I am going."—JONS FOSTER.



LOSE not the casement, love;
Nay, raise the curtain,—I would look once more
On the bright stream and autumn-tinted grove,
Our own blue lake and its dark mountain shore;

All we so long have known,
And loved with that deep passion of the heart,
Which cannot be a thing of earth alone,
Which must of our immortal life be part.

Yes, I would gaze again
At the old sunset hour, on earth and sky,
Though doubting not its image will remain,
One of the memories which can never die.

How brightly lingers still
That golden glory in the radiant west!
How its reflection glows, on wood and hill,
The rushing river, and the lake's calm breast!

I go to scenes more fair,
More glorious,—yet to these affection clings;
First tokens here of what awaits us there,
Time's passing types of everlasting things.

I thank thee, O my God,
My Father! for the goodness which has given
So much to beautify our brief abode,
Our pilgrim path as thy redeemed to heaven.

And now thy voice I hear;—
Thou callest, I obey,—well pleased I come,
Leaving the outer courts, so fair, so dear,
For higher joys within the Father's home!