

His gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place from whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension he bends over our broken bones, and ere he has done with them he makes them all rejoice and sing glory to his name. Come then, ye troubled ones, and rely upon your Saviour's healing power. Give yourselves up to his care, confide in his skill, rest in his love. What joy you shall have if you will do this at once! What joy shall I have in knowing that you do so! Above all, what joy will fill the heart of Jesus, the beloved Physician, as he sees you healed by his stripes!

Poetry.

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away—these sweet swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

 silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
 Or an arrow's flying gleam;
as soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

—*National Repository.*