

Tell to the world how blest are they  
Who share in a revival day.

What enmity we felt within,  
Torture and strife—the fruit of sin,—  
Ere our proud hearts stooped to obey,  
And welcome this revival day.

Daughters of Zion! sons of God!  
Rise with melodious songs abroad;  
And chant aloud Jehovah's praise,  
Who gives us these revival days.

Oh! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—  
One God in Whom we all may trust—  
Take not the Heavenly Dove away,  
Nor shorten this revival day.

ANON.

Middleville, 6th Nov., 1875.

*For the Canadian Independent.*

### HIDE A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

Some time ago I knew two brothers. With the elder I had often happy converse as we walked, talking of the good way in the past, of work, and of prospects. The other did not seem so lively a Christian, but joined in when we had a "sing," and came up in company to our little prayer and conference circle.

A few days ago P., who was also of our circle of friends in that distant city, said, in a conversation about a debauchee, "Do you remember those two brothers? Well, the younger was a slave to drink." I started. I recalled something of a worn look about the features, but had never heard a word of complaint from anyone, nor the faintest reproachful look on the elder brother's face. "Yes," said P., "only three knew besides the two, one of these three was the younger's chum during the elder's long journey to a distance, and a strong faithful friend he was. The other two of us who knew were very intimate friends. But it was sad. The elder brother had a terrible time. The younger seemed to have lost all power. He seemed to try honestly to avoid the evil but in vain." My thoughts turned to the elder. He was of feeble body, naturally so, and, also, through sickness. And because of this

invalid state, he was often obliged to lay all work aside for days. Fancy how this trial must have wearied him! But I never saw any signs from him that his brother brought such trouble to him. By no words, by no looks, did he ever bring to me such a suspicion. Surely his love covered a multitude of sins.

For that love of his would be a treasure, an honoured thing in the eyes of the weaker one, to stir him on to fight more and more earnestly that he might requite that love.

Then this covering love saved the brother from the feeling of disgrace which would have discouraged and weakened him.

Then, again, it prevented us who did not know from giving up brotherly intercourse. Alas! such giving up does take place, and how evil it is. We were prevented, too, from wearing looks that might have discouraged. And more, one friend, who did know, seems almost to have lost heart to hope, because he knew all. We who did not know could keep on our brotherly counsellings.

Moreover, that elder brother rises up in my mind now as having love, as fulfilling Christ's law, as showing me Christ in a man now, and leads me on. Go thou and do likewise.—ADAGE.

The example of the poor widow spoken of in the Gospel record, whose contribution of two mites Jesus declared to be more than all the gifts of the rich, for that "all they did cast in of their abundance, while she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living," has been followed in every age by many children of poverty, in whose hearts the love of God and of humanity was mightier than the consciousness of earthly need. How like the widow whom Jesus commended was that poor coloured woman who brought a contribution of ten cents to the missionary cause, and, on being asked if she could afford it, replied: "Yes, to-day I can. Yesterday I thought I mus' keep it to get medicine; but I done miss my chill." How true it is that some of the sweetest flowers blossom very near to the ground!