

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry;  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To say but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once Thine own.

Yes; for, as if Thou wouldst be God.  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouch'd by sympathy.

Jesus! my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee:  
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.

And is it not enough—enough—  
This holy sympathy?  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep  
But I may bring to Thee.

A HERO,

Mr. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, relates in one of his speeches the following thrilling incident:—

“John Maynard was well-known in the city of Lake district as a God-fearing honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time the steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, “Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is.” Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, “Captain the ship is on fire!” Then, ‘Fire! fire! fire! fire! on shipboard!’ All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, ‘How far are we from Buffalo?’ ‘Seven miles.’ ‘How long before we reach it?’ ‘Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam.’ ‘Is there any danger?’ ‘Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!’ Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst

forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, ‘John Maynard?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘Are you at the helm?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘How does she head?’ ‘South-east by-east, sir.’ ‘Head her south-east and run her on shore.’ ‘Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, ‘John Maynard!’ The response came feebly, ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?’ ‘By God’s help I will!’ The old man’s hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took flight to his God.

No Repentance, No Peace.

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Pauls in London? At mid-day, in the roar of the business, when carriages, and carts and waggons, and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear that great clock strike unless they live very near it. But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men has gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London, then, at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of the clock may be heard for miles around.—Twelve!—one!—two!—three!—four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man. That clock is just like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce like a sword. The time must come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart: and if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh no! write it down in the tablets of your heart, without repentance no peace!—*J. C. Ryle.*