

THE MOURNER'S FRIEND.

Jesus knows the place is empty,
 Jesus sees the vacant chair,
 Jesus knows how sore the absence
 Of the face that once was there.
 All my loss He fully measures,
 All my sorrow He can feel;
 Go and spread thy griefs before Him,
 He can soothe and He can heal.

Once on earth a man of sorrows,
 Day by day He bore our load;
 Loss, unkindness, and desertion
 Strewn with thorns His toilsome road.
 Yet he felt for others' trials,
 Sweetly dried the mourner's tear;
 To the weary, heavy laden,
 Whispered words of heavenly cheer.

Jesus is the same for ever,
 Though exalted far on high;
 Still His loving ear is open
 To the lonely mourner's cry.
 By His Spirit He is present
 Still where death and sorrow come,
 Present in the darkened chamber,
 Present in the shadowed home.

But amidst the tears and shadows
 Jesus standeth here with thee,
 And His voice in tenderest accents
 Whispers, "Rest thy heart in Me."

—Sel.

OUR PROSPECTS.

WHAT scenes await the unborn child as he enters this world! At first he is unable to appreciate the smallest portion of them, though they are all before him and around him. But as mind and body mature, the prospects before that child seem to widen more and more. But the widening is on the part of the child, not the prospects.

To an inquiring mind there can be no end to his expanding views. Should one who is possessed of such a mind live to extreme old age and be a diligent student all his days, there must be still vast unexplored fields beyond him. No one has yet lived long or studied hard enough to know all that might be known with reference to material things. No one is likely to live long enough. If Sir Isaac Newton could say, as the end of life drew near, "To myself I seem to have been as a little child playing upon the seashore while the immense ocean of truth lay beyond me," there is little prospect of any mortal reaching the utmost limit of human knowledge. There will ever be room for farther progress. The more one knows the more will he see to be known till he, too, feels that the "immense ocean of truth is yet beyond him."

A SECOND BIRTH.

But there is a second birth, which introduces the subject of it into a new and spiritual world as the first does into the material world. Those thus born are at first mere "babes in Christ." They have need of milk rather than of meat. We knew the man whose early views, as he hopefully passed from death unto life, harmonized with these words of the prophet: "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." He felt himself in a new world, the material things of which were praising God. But in general the views of the young convert of the new world into which he has entered are very limited.

It was not as a "babe in Christ" that the Psalmist said to the Lord, "All thy works shall praise thee." And it is not as such "babes," that the people of God view the works of nature in that light. Grace must first have a growth, and the expansion of views which it contemplates will ultimately reach far beyond the things of time. We can conceive of no limits, even in this life, to the spiritual prospects that open up before the child of God. This is the path that "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

But glorious as are the prospects that unfold before him while he lives, they are but the beginnings of those that open up before him in the world to come.

A THIRD BIRTH.

We believe in a third birth. At his death the saint is born into glory. And of the things which God has prepared for his children in their future state of being "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." They are far beyond finite conception. There is no end to them, as there is none to eternity. As we have evidence that we love God may we be assured that all will be well. No more sorrow, no more trial, no more want, no more death.

The Psalmist could say while yet amidst the struggles of this life, "My cup runneth over" but much more can those who have reached the mansions prepared for them.

Those pleasures forevermore, unmixed, pure! What a contrast with the best things of time, so mixed, the bitter with the sweet, the bad with the good, the painful with the pleasant, the dark with the light! As we meditate upon the things that await the righteous in another world, we wonder not that a dear man of God exclaimed "I had rather be a redeemed sinner than to be Gabriel before the throne." Gabriel can never enter into the spirit of the song of redeeming love as the redeemed can.—*Dr. Taylor in Presbyterian Banner.*

ADAM'S FIRST NIGHT.

The coming on of the first night of earth's history must have been a strange experience to Adam. As he saw the sun sinking and the cool shades gathering, a foreboding of disaster may well have crept into his mind. But night revealed far more than the day; for as the sun disappeared there flashed forth worlds to Adam's sight, of which he had had no conception before. The moon, the stars, the planets twinkled and beamed upon him from afar. His knowledge of the universe widened. And so it will be, no doubt, with the night of death. We shun and dread it; it seems to be the blotting out of all that is fair and beautiful among the things that we have known. But death, we may easily believe, will be a great opening of our eyes, closing them to the little sights of this poor fading world, we shall gain a vision of far better and brighter worlds that lie beyond. Let us think of God's reserve of bounty, God never gives at once all he has to give. He even has yet good things in reserve. He waits for the occasion. He never depletes his store, or leaves a man to think it can be useless to apply to him further. "O, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee!"—*Sel.*

My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth.—*Newton.*