

"Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss;
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dross.
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher,
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone,
Around that altar who bowed.
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind, like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in an endless song,
The wondrous story repeat;
And a form more fair is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So now in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward in the joy of the Lord,
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

THE JUDGE AND THE POOR AFRICAN WOMAN.

IN one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," the Ohio, there dwelt, and for aught I know, dwells now, a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is now, doubtless, queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its

way to India, or Africa perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, oh how joyously, at the feast of the Bridegroom in the palace of the King! but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bed-ridden.

During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last one day as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom?"

The judge loved to do good; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bed-ridden, some kind hand supplied the place of her's. Everything was in order swept and garnished neat as a pin. "Not so desolate after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the