

They bound her as a chain
From which she could not part.

An outcast from her name—
The scorn and slight of men—
The years of sin and shame
Came back upon her then !

They stood in dread array—
Those seared and blighted years,
Before her on that day—
Seen through her gushing tears !

She had no voice to speak—
No tongue to tell her grief ;
That heavy heart must break,
If He give no relief !

But He had touch'd the rock,
And bade the waters flow ;
And forth the torrent broke
Up from the depths below !

And o'er His blessed feet
The long dried fountain ran—
It was an offering sweet,
Her eyes could not restrain !

'T was rapture then to weep—
To pour them out like rain,
And from the troubled sleep
Of sin to wake again :

To waken calm and find
The darkness roll'd away,
That on her set its seal,
And hid the struggling day !

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“AS A LITTLE CHILD.”

It was Friday evening of little Frank's first week at boarding-school. He was very young to be away from home—only seven years' old—but his mother's feeble health, and the company of two older brothers, induced his parents to send him. The school was situated four miles from his father's house, and he had the promise of going home on Friday after school to remain till Monday morning, so that the separation from mother and little sisters did not look very long.

The days had passed very pleasantly to him. He had entered with great zest into his school duties, as well as in-

to the sports of his play-fellows—and his happy, joyous disposition made him a favourite with both teachers and pupils. But now the time had come for going home. He had gathered various little treasures to carry to his little sisters, and was eager to tell his mother the wonderful experiences of his first week away from her. But just before school closed there came up a heavy thunder-shower—or rather a series of showers—which at last settled down to a quiet, steady rain for the night.

When the lights were brought in, I found our little Frank at the window, straining his eyes to discover the expected carriage through the gathering darkness.

“Well, my little boy,” I said to him, “can you not be willing to stay with us one more night ? It is so rainy I think your mother will not send for you till morning.”

“Oh, yes, she will,” he replied, looking up brightly into my face. “She said she would send to-night ; and my mother *always* does as she says.”

“But,” said I, “she did not expect it would rain so hard ; I know she intended to send if it were pleasant.”

“She did not say if it was pleasant ; she said she would send,” he persisted.

Almost before he had done speaking we heard the horses trotting up the avenue ; and as he ran to get ready, he called back to me :

“I knew they'd come, for mother said so.”—*Congregationalist*.

CAPITAL AND INCOME.

I mean, spiritual capital and spiritual income. I look out of my window during a shower, and there is quite a brook running past the house, upon the side of the road ; in an hour the brook has all disappeared, for the shower is over. A minister conducts the services on the Sabbath, and seems rich in spiritual thought, emotion and life ; observe him after meeting, or much of the time during the week, and he is as dry, spiritually, as the channel that was filled to overflowing by the shower. A person attends the prayer meeting and seems rich indeed in all that constitutes spiritual life and experience ; the day