

glory, to provide glory for us. Even as paradise was provided for Adam before he was made, so we have a heavenly paradise provided for us; we had a place in heaven before we were born. What a comfort is this at the hour of death, and at the death of our friends, that they are gone to Christ and to glory! We were shut out of the first paradise by the first Adam; our comfort is, that now the heavenly paradise in Christ is open. 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise,' saith Christ to the penitent thief. There was an angel to keep paradise when Adam was shut out; but there is none to keep us out of heaven; nay, the angels are ready to convey our souls to heaven, as they did Lazarus; and as they accompanied Christ in His ascension to heaven, so they do the souls of His children." ✕

POETRY.

THE SUPPLIANT.

All night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till standing by his side, at morn,
The Tempter said, in bitter scorn,
'Oh, peace! what profit do you gair
From empty words and babblings vain?
'Come, Lord—Oh come!' you cry alway;
You pour your heart out night and day;
Yet still no murmur of reply,
No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'

Then sank the stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust;
No strength retained it now to pray,
While Faith and Hope had fled away;
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the Tempter's art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,
'Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer, that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?'

'I am cast out, I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace.
'Come, Lord—Oh come!' I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never, until now, have won
The answer, "Here am I, my son."

'Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each "Come Lord!" an "Here am I."
Thy love, thy longing are not thine—
Reflections of a love divine;
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart:
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows,
But love's sweet part and costly pain
A treasure to his friends remain." —TRENCH.