



A TWILIGHT VISION.

BY ELIZABETH E. FLAGG.

At the sunset's door of jasper,
 Lo! I see an Angel stand;
 Shines a star upon his forehead,
 Gleams a palm-branch in his hand,
 And he smiles as smile the Blessed,
 Safe within the summer land!

He "was made a little lower,"
 So the sweet old Scripture saith,—
 He, the wondrous Babe of Bethlehem
 He the Man of Nazareth;
 He whose lightest touch was healing,
 He who burst the bands of death.

Lower, that his love might reach us
 Through all depths of shame and sin;
 Lower, that his grace might fill us,
 As the sunshine entering in;
 Stooping, to his heart he bound us
 With the ties of human kin.

Walk we sunbright heights of Beulah,
 Looking toward the hills of God;
 Tread we deep in darkling shadows,
 Fainting 'neath our heavy load,
 One—the Traveller to Emmaus—
 Overtakes us on the road.

And when fall life's sunset shadows,
 And beyond the dim death-tide
 Pass we to the golden city,
 Gleaming on the other side,
 Not by Angel with the palm branch,
 Not by Seraph starry-eyed,

Shall our hands be gently taken,
 But a Voice will speak within
 From the unimagined splendour,
 Greeting us as kith and kin;
 And the Christ, our Elder Brother,
 He it is will lead us in.

—Zion's Herald.

READING THE BIBLE.

"GRANNY, I think the bible is the hardest book to understand that I ever undertook to read."
 "Do you, my dear?" her aged friend replied. "Perhaps, if you think a moment, you can tell the reason why it is so difficult to understand."
 "Oh, of course I do understand a good deal of it. The stories are easy enough; and I know the meaning of the commandments, and a good many things it says we may or may not do. I wish I could read it to-day for the first time, and see how it would seem to me. It would be more like other books then; or it would do me more good; or something."
 "You mean probably that the words are so familiar that they leave but little impression. You want to be startled by the freshness of something new."
 "Yes, granny, that is just what I want. I wish I could make it seem that the bible is something to me in particular."
 "What things *seem* is of little account; what things *are* is of the greatest importance. The bible is God's message to the world, to each individual in the world; therefore it is in particular to you, to yourself, as though there were no other to receive and profit by its holy declarations and promises and warnings."
 "I don't realize anything about that, granny. I wish I did."
 "Fanny Morris is a few years older than you are, Mary; she can just remember the year when her father was a soldier in the North West. I remember distinctly how lonely the Morris household was, and how they talked about father, and how they wrote to to him, and looked for his letters as the most precious