

happy homes can never do the whole of their duty to their suffering fellow-men by merely giving their money and then folding their hands. They must reproduce, in their own person, the life of Christ on earth, who went about doing good, who sat at meat with publicans and who allowed sinful women to wash his feet with their tears and to wipe them with the hair of their head. It is the reception of the life of Christ into our own souls, by personal contact with Him, and then the communication of that life to others by personal contact with them.

"I GO AWAY, AND COME AGAIN UNTO YOU."

ἡ Ἀναλήψις.

On that ever hallow'd morning,
Ere the smiling tinge of dawning
Rippled o'er the lips of day,
Hasty rising from their slumber,
Poor in homes, and few in number,
Quickly starting on their way,
At the trysting place they found Him;
Gathered one by one around Him,
Eager each His smile to see,
Each rewarded lovingly.

Faces round Him now assembled
With a trouble undissembled—
For they fear the day's event—
Eager watch His every action;
And with loving satisfaction
Every anxious ear is lent
To each sentence: as they follow
Closely with him down the hollow,
Up the sudden steep ascent,
Flowers on either side besprent.

David's City left behind them,
Every footstep doth remind them
Of that awful night of grief;
And the mem'ry now doth shame them,
How in danger fears o'ercame them
As in flight they sought relief.
But He lifts their blushing faces,
While the mountain path He traces,
All the way with words of love,
To the summit as they move.

Olives' eastern slope descending,
Soon their journey finds its ending
On the shoulder of the mount.
Landscape's beauty all unheeding,
On His liquid utt'rance feeding,—
Drinking as from crystal fount
Every syllable,—they waited,
Yearning—trembling—breath-abated—
Spell-bound; none could nearer press
As He rais'd His hand to bless