

your companion by choice, was it even your monitor by duty? Too often day dawned and night darkened upon you—you rose and you rested—you had time for work, time for exercise, time for society—but no time for the Bible; no time to give to the study of that record of Revelation which yet you profess to receive as your rule, to trust as your guide of, look upon as your hope.

In the London Exhibition there was once a beautiful painting, representing a mother on her knees in her desolate chamber, beside the body of her little child. Her face rose to just such a height that she looked across the edge of the coffin straight towards an open window, through which the western sun was streaming rays of lustrous twilight, kindling the whole sky with supernatural silver, purple, violet and gold. Her eyes were arrested with the wonderful sunset; and the legend underneath the picture was what perhaps she might have been repeating to herself, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. The sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Selfishness cannot flourish where magnanimity reigns. The man of large soul sees far beyond his own little orbit; his heart thrills in sympathy with joys and sorrows that touch not his own life. Like the astronomer, who sees our earth to be but a speck in the great universe, he sees himself to be but a speck in the great humanity that lives and throbs all around him. Instead of fixing an intense and microscopic gaze upon himself, with his little round of interests, his large heart swells with sympathy for

others, and his hand hastens to do the good. Generosity, however liberal, may be self-conscious, but the essence of magnanimity is to forget the claims of self in the yearning for others, to pass by the less in the search for the greater.—*Public Ledger.*

The best of the world, its best pleasures, its best honors, its best wealth, all long to the Christian.

Luther, who translated the whole Bible, said, "I have shaken every tree, and found fruit on each one."

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

Write your name by kindness, love, mercy in the hearts of thousands; come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten.

Reflect upon your present blessings, which every man has many; not only past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—*Charles Dickens.*

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