

Now, this little boy, instead of being troubled by a valley, was troubled by a mountain. The mother prayed with that little boy. Then she said, "Eddie, you must take your eyes off your mother. You must have your eyes upon Jesus. He will help you." The mother again prayed with him, and tried to get his little mind off from the dark mountain. All at once he said, "Mother, hark ! don't you hear them all ?" "Hear who, Eddie ?" "Don't you see the angels just on the other side of the mountain ? They are calling for me. Take me, mother, and carry me over the mountain." The mother said again, "Why, my boy, I cannot go with you ; but Christ will be with you. He will take you safe over the mountains if you trust him." Again the mother prayed for her little boy, for she could not bear to have him die in that state of mind, so troubled about the mountain. At length he closed his eyes, and he prayed, "Lord Jesus be with me, and take me over the mountains." Then he opened his little eyes, and said, "Good-bye, mamma : Jesus is coming to carry me over the mountains ;" and the little sufferer was gone. Sinner, Christ has come to-night to carry you over the mountains. He will carry you safe. He will carry you over the mountains of unbelief, if you will only let Him. Oh ! may God help you this night to press into His kingdom.

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### GROWING OLD.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's last business is begun in earnest ; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling ; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first grey hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind, that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westing, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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### STARS.

How oft we note that, as the evening shadows

First gently steal into the sunset sky,

Some starshine forth, if we but gaze intently,

Where erst we could but vacant space descry.

Then, as the twilight deepens into darkness

More and more brightly gleam those points of light,

Till as with thick-set gems, is studded over

The ebon, arching-palace roof of night.

E'en thus, when we peruse the Sacred Volume,

Again and yet again some precious thought

Our souls may pass unheeded, not receiving

The peace with which it is so richly fraught.

Until at length the words so long familiar

Shine with a light wene'er perceived before ;

And ever from thenceforth we gladly hail them

As part of our own special-promise store.

And as the night of trial gathers round us,

More of these precious promises we mark,

Till every page becomes a radiant cluster

Of stars that shine most brightly in the dark.

ISETTE TERESA TORE.