

were almost closed with weariness. With a bursting heart and gushing tears Helen went up to her mother, and laid her arm round her neck.

"Mother, mother, darling," she whispered tenderly, "you must go and rest; you are ill and faint, and should not be up;" and unable to resist, the weary mother allowed herself to be supported to bed, and there lay in a heavy stupor, utterly helpless. She lingered nearly a week, while Helen nursed her with untiring devotion and care. Several visits the good clergyman and his wife made to the little cottage; and once, when the end was very near, little Amy was taken to the bed of death, and received the dying woman's last blessing.

* * * * *

The shades of evening fell softly, and the gentle rays of the setting sun cast long shadows across the silent chamber, where one loving watcher sat: she held the chilly hand in a tight clasp, and noted every change in the dying face. She waited deathly still, while the sable-winged messenger softly entered and stole the happy soul away! Then, kneeling a long time beside the open window, in the stillness of the warm July evening, she raised her wounded heart to God, and found the comfort she sought.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

LETTICE.

THE LOVE OF JESUS, AND WHAT HE DID FOR ME.

How great the love of Christ must be,
To do so many things for me;
For me He left His heavenly home,
And to this sinful earth did come;
For me, although the Son of God,
He took upon Him Flesh and Blood;
For me was born a little child,
Of Mary, maiden undefil'd;
For me, when snow lay on the earth,
He in a cattle-shed had birth;
For me He in a manger lay,
Upon a bed of coarsest hay;
For me He into Egypt fled;
For me a wanderer's life He led;
For me He slept 'neath rock and bower;
For me o'ercame the tempter's power;
For me among the poor He dwelt;
For me the pangs of hunger felt;
For me He griefs and scoffings bore;
For me was worn with sufferings sore;
For me His final meal was made;
For me by Judas was betray'd;
For me bequeath'd His Flesh and Blood,
My soul's support, my heavenly Food;
For me a night of agony
He spent in dark Gethsemane;

For me great drops of blood He sweat,
Was taken before the judgment-seat;
For me of blasphemy accus'd;
For me was mock'd and much abus'd;
For me by all His friends forsaken;
For me away to die was taken;
For me the heavy Cross He bore;
For me the crown of thorns He wore;
For me He to the tree was nail'd;
For me the thief upon Him rail'd;
For me was pierc'd His precious side;
For me He bow'd His head and died;
For me His body lay at rest;
For me His soul dyed with the blest;
For me from death He rose again,
And did on earth sometime remain;
For me He did to heaven ascend;
For me the Comforter did send;
For me He sits at God's right hand,
Surrounded by the angelic band.
May He God's sole begotten Son,
Who for mankind so much hath done,
And for me so much suffering bore,
Help me to love Him more and more. Amen.

B. F. V.