

turns from it with face averted. Its beginnings we partly know; but who knows its end? God pity those who know something of the darkness of its meaning, and the bitter agony that the struggle with it costs! But still more, God pity those who know nothing of either!

OVERCOMING EVIL.

"When I was a small boy," says the poet Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighbourhood by the name of Jim Dick. A number of my playfellows and myself were one evening collected together at our sports, and began to torment the poor black by calling him 'nigger,' 'snowball,' 'blackamoor,' and other degrading names. The poor fellow appeared very much grieved at our conduct, and soon left us.

"Not long after we made an appointment to go skating in the neighbourhood; but on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'Oh, yes, Robert, you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them I found Jim sitting by the fire, in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I returned his skates and was much obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes said to me, 'Robert, don't ever call me "Blackamoor" again,' and immediately left the room. The words melted my heart. I burst into tears, and resolved from that time never again to abuse a poor black."

AT EASE IN ZION.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

At-ease in Zion! What are souls to him?

He rests on roses, while the world is dying:

Millions are passing on to their long doom,

The nations in profoundest darkness lying,

For love, and help, and healing vainly to us crying.

At ease in Zion! Can a soul redeemed,

That should, while here, be solemn vigil keeping,

Sit idly on its couch of luxury,

When the world lies in saddest slumber sleeping,

In pleasure's deepest draught its senses madly steeping?

At ease in Zion! Where is, then, the cross,

The Master's cross, all pain and shame defying?

Where is the true disciple's cross and cup,

The daily conflict and the daily dying,

The fearless front of faith, the noble self-denying?