

That the angels do rejoice over even one sinner that repenteth is undoubtedly true. And these swift-winged messengers, as they convey the tidings, may be pictured casting their crowns at the foot of the throne of Him who liveth for ever and ever. But surely there is more implied in the text than this. The writer can never forget the admirable exegesis of this passage which he listened to years ago from a Canadian pulpit by one unknown to fame but who has few equals as an expositor of the Scriptures. After having said all that needs to be said about the "angelic joy," there still remains to be considered the grandest thought of all.

The very first word in the text is the key to its interpretation. LIKEWISE. *Like as the Shepherd*, in the context, rejoices over his lost sheep. *Like as the woman* rejoices when she finds her lost coin. *Like as the father* rejoices over the return of his prodigal son. In each of these cases there was undoubtedly joy among the neighbours, and friends, and servants. But was their joy to be compared to the joy of the Shepherd, the woman, the father? Mark the words of the text:—"In the presence of the Angels." They witness the joy. They also rejoice: but it is preeminently JEHOVAH Himself who rejoices in the presence of the Angels. Wonderful thought! That God Himself should say:—Rejoice with ME over my stray sheep, my erring child! In this sublime sense there is joy in the presence of the Angels. But they only share it in a sympathetic sense with Him.

Abide with Me.

THE author of this hymn—one of the finest in our language, and that has found its way into all lands — was the Rev. H. F. Lyte, of Brixham, in South Devon, where he lived an almost unknown life. But these words of his, set to his own music, breathing the spirit of resignation from beneath the cloud, have afforded comfort and consolation to many a tried and suffering one. Mr. Lyte was an eminently pious and benevolent man. A faithful minister, who toiled on amidst much difficulty and discouragement, and often combating

with bodily weakness. Several times he had tried the climate of Italy with temporary benefit. In the autumn of 1847 he found it necessary once more to go abroad in search of health. He was then very feeble but, before he went, he wished to preach once more to his beloved people. And a very touching sermon he preached. It was on the communion Sabbath. This was his last appeal, and for the last time he dispensed the sacred tokens of Christ's body and blood to his sorrowing flock. Then, exhausted with the effort, he retired, with his soul in sweet repose on that Christ whom he had preached with his dying breath; and as the shades of the evening gathered around, he handed to a near and dear relative these undying verses:—

Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helps fail, and comfort's flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebb'd out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescend, O, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
To us for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Ereine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
[shadow's] flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

This was his last hymn upon earth: He sailed for Nice, and there his spirit entered into rest, and he fell 'asleep in Jesus.' As life was ebbing to its close, he pointed upwards, and murmured softly, 'Peace!' 'Joy!' while his face brightened as he passed away, to be 'forever with the Lord.'—From the "Christian Week."