

"There is one thing however," added Mr. Bright, "I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Many a decent speaker has spoken well for a time, but cannot, while speaking, hit upon a few good sentences with which to stop, and at last makes a mess of it and leaves an unfavorable impression."

A PATRIARCH.—A Gentleman residing in Texas, in a letter renewing his subscription to the *Christian Intelligencer* for another year says; "This may perhaps be the last year in which I shall send the amount of my subscription, for I am now in the eighty-ninth year of my age, but so long as I can read, I cannot consent to part with your excellent paper." Such expressions of regard received from the ripe experience of saintly age are grateful indeed.

Some persons are always behind-hand. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed! That's rather uncommon." "O, no, common enough—two hands like other people—and a little behind hand."

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"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,  
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,  
And from the night  
Lead up to light  
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;  
Quickly and straight  
Lead to heaven's gate  
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;  
Then, safe and blest.  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt  
And fear and danger compass me about;  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
Thy child!