

# A HELP FOR THE COMMON DAYS.

## I.

### THE SWEET ODOUR OF PRAYER.

"When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among the majestic is standing  
Sandolphon, the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars."

LONGFELLOW.

**T**RUE prayer is fragrant to God. This was taught in the Old Testament in one of those emblem-lessons which, when read in the light of the gospel, mean so much. The golden incense-altar was the altar of prayer, just as the altar of burnt-offering was the altar of atonement and consecration. So every believing, loving heart is now a golden altar from which rise up to God sweet odors, bathing his very throne in fragrance.

In Saint John's Apocalyptic visions we find again