

"And leave poor old Trafford to do all the work?" said Mr. Hunter.

"Oh, he would be delighted," said his wife, in her energy almost letting out the fact that Mr. Trafford had been conspiring with her to entice him from business for a time.

Never was there a better wife, never a more tender sympathising companion, than was Mrs. Frank Hunter; yet her husband felt as she spoke that not even she could understand nor help him. So he endeavoured to shake off all outward show of the sorrow that lay at his heart, that she might not know there was any suffering of his which she had not the privilege of sharing.

While Mrs. Hunter was at the sea-side, he was in the habit of remaining longer at the office, to enable him, he said, to accompany her elsewhere after her return, if not to spend the close of the time with her, Mr. Trafford unwillingly consenting to his lonely labours. He was there alone one evening, not busy with his pen, but sunk in meditation. He was roused by the announcement of a gentleman, and one entered whose shabby exterior would have made his right to the title questionable, had not his air and manner proclaimed him one without doubt.

"You were kind enough to say, Mr. Hunter, some time back," he began, "that you thought you could procure me a small loan on safe and moderate terms. I am in great need of such help now; it would seriously benefit me, that is, my son—it is for him I wish to borrow, but I will be security for the loan." And he proceeded to state the nature of the security he could offer, adding such particulars of the case, its need, its cause, and the impossibility of his paying more than a moderate interest, as to concern Mr. Hunter much in his story.

"I wish," said he, "very much that I could accommodate you. I hoped to incline my partner to do it, but it appears to be not convenient just now. I think," he continued, "any one with a heart hearing what you have related, would assist you if he could."

"All have not hearts," said the stranger, somewhat sadly. "I have told you more than I should care to divulge to many, because I feel you have one; but not even to my oldest, kindest, dearest friend could I tell the things of deepest interest in it."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Hunter, quickly; "there are untellable points in most stories; we can go in company a good way in them, but as we get nearer to the centre, they are for us alone—they have no utterable sound for any human ear;" and he sighed as he spoke.

"Any human ear," repeated the stranger, slowly; "You are right; no utterable sound for any merely human ear: that reminds me of a remark I once heard, that of all the titles graciously assumed by the Lord Christ not one has more significance than 'the Son of man.' Had He been called 'a Son of man,' it would have been wholly insufficient for His church's need. He was pre-eminently the Son of man. In Him centred all the perfections of humanity. He was perfect in all our sufferings, that He might be perfect in sympathy. There are sorrows which you

cannot share with your friend, who is as your own soul; no, nor with the wife of your bosom; sorrows in which the soul, by itself, knoweth, and must know, its own bitterness; for the friend or the wife, the parent or the child, is ignorant of the matter, never felt it, and you know that there are no words in which you could express it to them.

But He who is the Son of man is well versed in it; pities you before you complain to Him, and bears it for you, and with you so soon as ever you lay it on Him. There is no shade of sorrow, no kind nor degree of it, that He did not suffer, that He might be able to sympathise in all the wants of all His people. But I ask your pardon, sir; I am preaching a sermon to you, and perhaps you are better able to do it to me."

"No, I am not; and I thank you for it," said Mr. Hunter, whose heart had caught gratefully at the doctrine so happily presented; "would you oblige me by calling to-morrow evening? I will see if my partner will alter his mind; if not, it may be that I shall find other means of assisting you." And with a cordial "good evening," they parted.

Mr. Hunter sat down to his Bible when alone. He had never before realised the perfect humanity of His Saviour. "The Son of man," so expounded, brought it before him, and the grief nursed so long in silence he laid unreservedly that night before Him whose ever-ready ear was bent to hear. And the load passed from his heart, and the shadow from his brow from that time, as the truth dawned more brightly on him that he had not a High Priest who could not be touched with the feeling of his infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as he was, yet without sin. His peace increased; he carried to "the Son of man" those joys and sorrows in which He only could sympathise, and, doing so in faith, brought away fresh peace, while He left his cares behind him.

Now you will not expect, dear reader, to be told what was the secret trouble which Mr. Hunter could not tell to any human ear. But have not you also similar troubles? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. It may be that you mourn the loss of some beloved friend, whose worth and whose affection none else knew. It may be that your heart is bowed down with godly sorrow for some sin for which you are penitent, or some evil habit against which you are praying and striving. It may be that sometimes you have misgivings as to your own readiness for death and for judgment. Many cares and troubles there are which, by being told to others, can be removed or lightened. But there are others, the telling of which would only distress your dearest friend, without his being able to help or benefit you.

It is not so with Christ, the Friend of sinners, the ever-present Saviour. There is no care which may not be cast upon Him. There is no trouble which may not be told to Him. There is no sorrow with which He cannot sympathise, no suffering which He cannot alleviate. And His own gracious word of promise and invitation is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Go to Him, and tell Him all, and you will obtain