

for nothing? Why, man, the nettle in the corner of the church-yard hath its uses, and the spider on the wall serves her Maker; and thou, a man in the image of God, a blood-bought man, a man who is in the path and track to heaven, a man regenerated, twice created,—art thou made for nothing at all but to buy and to sell, to eat and to drink, to wake and to sleep, to laugh and to weep, to live to thyself? Small is that man who holds himself within his ribs; little is that man's soul who lives within himself; ay, so little that he shall never be fit to be a compeer with the angels, and never fit to stand before Jehovah's throne.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

## Poetry.

### THE WEARY HEART.

My heart is weary of its inner life,  
 So dark, so cold, so hardened, so unclean :  
 So powerless for the Christian's constant strife,  
 Shrinking so cowardly from each rough scene.  
 So full of doubt, and dread, and murmuring,  
 So empty of the beautiful and good ;  
 Full of complaints at every painful thing,  
 And, 'mid its blessings, such ingratitude !

My heart is weary of its constant sin,  
 Fresh spots accumulate, each passing hour ;  
 My spirit sickens at a glance within,  
 Where evil has such undisputed power.  
 Thoughts, wishes, feelings, have the same deep stain  
 Darkly it gathers all around my life :  
 Sinning, repenting, sinning then again ;—  
 Shall I ne'er rest from all this sin and strife ?

My heart is weary of its constant toil,  
 Labouring ever amid many fears ;  
 Sowing upon a wild and fruitless soil,  
 And reaping nothing but more grief and tears :  
 Striving for phantoms that elude my grasp,  
 Lured by the ignis-fatuus astray ;  
 Apples of Sodom in my tightened clasp—  
 Joys that, if bright, are brief, and fade away.

My heart is weary even of its love,  
 Pouring its deep tide forth in bitter pain :  
 Throwing its tendrils earthward, not above ;  
 Spending its rich intensity in vain ;  
 Leaning on frail, frail reeds that weakly bend,  
 E'en while the "Rock of Ages" is close by ;  
 Yearning for love, while the all-loving Friend,  
 With more than human tenderness, is nigh.

My heart is weary : Jesus ! Thou art rest  
 To those who sigh in agony for Thee.  
 Oh, take me to Thy kind and sheltering breast,  
 And calm and happy will my spirit be !  
 Melt, bless, and purify my restless heart,  
 By keeping me for ever near Thy side ;  
 'Tis heaven to be, dear Saviour, where Thou art ;  
 Oh, let my weary heart with Thee abide !