


MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

u, give me the dear old Bible,
I read at my mother's knee,
In the far-away days of childhood,
When my heart was blithe and free.

No costly and gilded volume
Could I ever love so well;
Ceaseless charms have the stories golden
Which the dim old pages tell.

That darling and precious mother
Has passed to the Better Land,
And oh, how I prize this treasure,
Received from her loving hand.

If ever you would befriend me,
In moments of mental strife,
Read low from my mother's Bible
Some wonderful words of life.

Let its teachings, grand and sacred,
In my heart be hidden deep,
That to bear them to God's afflicted
I may run with willing feet.

When a burden of guilt oppresses,
And my faith and hope are dim,
Oh, read of "the blood" that "cleanseth"
From any and every sin.

In seasons of sadness and trial,
If weary and faint I should be;
Tell, then, of the strength that is treasured
In Jesus, my Surety, for me.

Of the "Arms Everlasting" remind me,
Outstretched to support and to stay,
Of Jehovah, eternal, my Refuge,
Of the strength to equal my day.

When I come to the swelling of Jordan,
Oh, read me of Him who said,
To His storm-tossed ones on the billows,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Yes, read from the dear old Bible,
Let me hear its counsels sweet,
'Till, in lowliest adoration,
I bow at its Author's feet.



AFTER MANY DAYS.



AFTER many days." Yes, the word of God holds true, and we have only to wait patiently for its accomplishment. "After many days." "The husbandman hath long patience." He knows the need of it, but he also knows he shall not be utterly disappointed. Even though all the seed sown do not spring up to reward the effort, there yet will be an abundant and glorious, harvest.

We are too often like children expecting to see the flowers as soon as we have sown the seed, forgetting that we must wait God's time—wait for the "early and the latter rain," the blessed sunshine and refreshing showers. If we look around we see on every hand proofs that the work is going on, that the seed sown is bearing fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold." True, the "many days" may outrun the limit of our "life's little day," and the finding not be till time is no longer; but if we are not permitted to see it in the case of seed sown by ourselves, what joyful surprises may await us in heaven, when we find there those over whom we have mourned on earth because their hearts seemed so careless that we feared the good seed must be lost in that unpromising soil.

"After many days." One instance may encourage some fainting worker to persevere in sowing the seed, though the hand be weary, and the heart sick with disappointment at the apparent want of result.

An invalid lady was once staying in a little village very lovely in its natural beauty, but where the enemy had had plenty of opportunity of sowing tares. Though her stay was uncertain, and probably but for a few summer months, she yet determined to use the time given her, and to speak of Jesus to her poor neighbours.

They made her very welcome, as her sweet smile and gentle tones won a way to their hearts. Many a sick bed did she cheer; the weakness of her own frame drawing out her sympathy, specially in the cases of those who were suffering, and the love of God shed abroad in her heart impelling her to tell of the sympathising High Priest, the gracious Saviour, who "Himself bare our infirmities and carried our sorrows."

Not much fruit did she see, but she was content to wait upon God for a blessing; and many, we are assured, will rise up and call her blessed for the kind words of counsel and encouragement that fell from her lips; and many will have to thank her for speaking to them of their precious souls, and to thank God for using her as an instrument in His hand of winning them to Jesus.

It occurred to her that some children might be gathered into a little class for instruction in her own home, and she gave her heart prayerfully to the work. Many years afterwards, to her great joy, in quite an unexpected place and way, she found some of the