

impious judges condemned Him unto death. Slowly, and strongly guarded, He ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavenly cross bent Him to the earth. But Faith leaned upon His arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in His Blood, mounted the skies.—*Exchange.*

DAY OF DOOM.

The inevitable day
When a voice to me shall say :
“ Thou must rise and come away,

“ All thine other journeys past,
“ Gird thee, and make ready fast
“ For thy longest and thy last.”

Day deep hidden from our sight,
In impenetrable night.
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant ? Art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come not seen before,
When thou'rt standing at the door,
Saying, “ Light and life are o'er ? ”

Or with such a gradual pace
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap ? 'round my bed
Prayer be made and tear be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?