

sion was past. Her face was calm and serene as in health.

"Lydia, love!" whispered her mother. She did not reply. "Lydia!" she said again. Neither did she now answer. "Lydia!" she whispered once more. Her lips moved a little. She did not speak.

Her mother repeated in the sublime language in which it was originally written, that beautiful verse:—

"But though I should even walk  
Through the shadowy vale of death,  
I will advance and fear not,  
For thou art with me;  
Thy rod and thy staff  
Are my support for ever."

She finished. Lydia pronounced, emphatically, the Hebrew word *hen*,—yes!

Her spirit was fluttering upon the wing, ready to launch on its bright and emboldened flight above the bars of its prison-house. Falling upon his knees by the bed-side, her brother whispered softly in her ear:—

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit."

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit," she said after him, faintly and brokenly—her voice was faltering in death. It was her last effort. Directly afterwards she ceased to breathe.

## THE MIND OF JESUS.

### COMPASSION.

"*I have compassion on the multitude.*"—  
Mark, viii.

What a pattern to His people, the tender compassion of Jesus! He found the world He came to save, a moral Bethesda. The wail of suffering humanity was every where borne to His ear. It was His delight to walk its porches, to pity, relieve, comfort, save! The faintest cry of misery arrested His footsteps—stirred a ripple in this fountain of Infinite Love. Was it a leper,—that dreaded name which entailed a life-long exile from friendly looks and kindly words? There was *One*, at least, who had tones and deeds of tenderness for the outcast, "*Jesus*, being moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and touched him." Was it some blind beggars on the Jericho highway, groping in darkness, pleading for help? "*Jesus* stood still, and had compassion on them, and touched their eyes!" Was it the speechless pleadings of a widow's tears at the gate

of Nain, when she followed her earthly pride and prop to the grave? "When the *Lords* saw her, He had compassion on her, and said, Weep not!" Even when He rebukes, the bow of compassion is seen in the cloud, or rather, that cloud, as it passes, dissolves in a rain-shower of mercy. He pronounces Jerusalem "*desolate*," but the doom is uttered amid a flood of anguished sorrow!

Reader! do the compassionate words and deeds of a tender Saviour find any feeble echo and transcript in yours? As you traverse in thought the wastes of human wretchedness, does the spectacle give rise, not to the mere emotional feeling which weeps itself away in sentimental tears, but to an earnest desire to *do something* to mitigate the sufferings of woe-worn humanity? How vast and world-wide the claims of your compassion!—now near, now at a distance—the unmet and unanswered cry of perishing millions abroad—the heathendom which lies unsuccored at your own door—the public charity languishing—the mission staff dwarfed and crippled from lack of needful funds—a suffering district—a starving family—a poor neighbor—a helpless orphan—it may be, some crowded hovel, where misery and vice run riot—or some lonely sick chamber, where the dim lamp has been wasting for dreary nights—or some desolate home which death has entered, where "*Joseph* is not, and *Simeon* is not," and where some sobbing heart, under the tattered garb of poverty, mourns, unsolaced and unpitied, its, "*loved and lost.*" Are there none such within your reach, to whom a trifling pittance would be as an angel of mercy? How it would hallow and enhance all you possess, were you to seek to live as almoner of Jehovah's bounties! If He has given you of this world's substance, remember it is bestowed, not to be greedily hoarded or lavishly squandered. Property and wealth are talents to be traded on and laid out for the good of others—sacred trusts, not selfishly to be *enjoyed*, but generously to be *employed*.

"The poor are the representatives of Jesus, their wants He considers as His own," and He will recompense accordingly. The feeblest expression of Christian pity and love, though it be but the widow's mite, or the cup of cold water, or the kindly look and word when there is neither mite nor cup to give, yet, if done in *His* name, it is entered in the