

Editor's Portfolio.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

"And they laid Him in a sepulchre that was hewn out of a rock." Mark xv. 46.

Deep, deep within thy caves, O earth,
Lies untold wealth of many a mine,
Where glittering ore of priceless worth,
And precious rubies shine;
But more than gold and rubies bright,
Hast Thou within Thy heart to-night,—
Yea, were Thy every stone a gem,
And diamonds formed the ocean's hem,
And all Thy rocks were shining ore,
And every sea an emerald store,
'Twere nought—for more than gems and gold
Thy rock-hewn sepulchre doth hold.

Thou hast, O earth, the treasured dust
Of those who've loved and blessed the world;
Who warred with wrong and tyrant lust,
And bold the flag of Truth unfurled;
Compared to His their glory dies,
Who cold within Thy bosom lies.
Thou hast the dust of kings who've reigned,
And nations freed, or nations chained;
Whose nod has bade the world attend,
While peoples trembled to offend;—
But Thou dost guard a noble heir
In Thy Judean sepulchre.

O rubies bright, and mines of gold,
Ye are but dust, ye are but dust;
'Tis all ye are, when all is told,—
Though grass ye are to human lust,
The grave keeps for to-night my wealth,
My life and strength, my hope and health.
O earthly thrones, and crowns and fame,
Ye shadows are, and jets of flame,—
The meteor's glare, and are not mine,—
'Tis Christ, 'tis Christ, that man divine,
Who in His guarded sepulchre
Though dead to-night is nobler;
He is my fame, my King, my crown,
My glory, and my high renown.

Move gently o'er thy course, O earth,
In mourning for thy noblest dead;
Give not to-night the tempest birth,
Bid ocean rest upon his bed.
Ye heavens who heard His dying cry,
Give sorrowing earth your sympathy;

Sweep not your harps, but weep your tears,
Ye golden orbs and silver spheres;
And mourn my soul in harmony,
And prone in dust and ashes lie,
With tears, yet glad, for Thou art free,
The Lord of death hath died for thee;
And, dying, conquered all thy foes,
And taketh now a while's repose;
And, spite of rocks and armed men,
As conqueror, shall come forth again. * * * *

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

I.

For a physician, a man of wealth and influence, but godless and sceptical; has never lived much under religious influences. That he may be led to experience the power of Divine grace, and be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. "Thou hast asked a hard thing, nevertheless" (2 Kings ii. 10); "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. xviii. 14).

A correspondent has sent us the above. We recommend it to those who know the power of prayer.

II.

For the present Conference—

1. That it may be a time of great spiritual quickening and power.
2. That Divine wisdom may be given to guide in the important deliberations of the Session.
3. That the providence of God may direct in the stationing of the Ministers, so that the coming year may be marked by a widespread and continuous revival of the work of God.

WRINKLES.

When the conversation of a religious professor has no savor of Christ in his family, in social circles, on journeys, or in the world, it is a wrinkle, its piety is shrivelled.

When he constantly neglects the spiritual converse of a select few,—once refreshing and precious,—and contents himself with the general ordinances of the church, it is a wrinkle.

When cares are permitted to overlay the peace of faith, and deprive him of happy communion with God, it is a wrinkle.

When he suffers a growing conformity to the desires and vain enjoyments of the world in his