

We are treading all along nearer the verge than we think. May we be fully prepared that, when, soon or late, our feet step over the brink, all will be well.

Z.

Of what use is a grain of wheat? It cannot sustain life. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit

The death of the natural will alone can bring that growth of fruit which our Heavenly Father requires of us.

The grain of wheat so small of itself as to be considered worthless falls into the ground, given up to the forces of nature it begins to expand; a tiny threadlike root shoots downward into the soil, a bright green blade shoots upward, watered by the dews of heaven, bathed by its sunlight, it continues to increase in size, meantime the tiny root is spreading out, obtaining a firmer hold of mother earth, later if we examine closely we find a number of little plants starting out, bye and bye, each of these sends up a strong stalk which in time produces a number of golden grains, and the husbandman as he views the abundant harvest rejoices that he was led to yield that tiny seed to the soil.

Now, I would not wish any readers to think that when once put forth the tiny blade grew unceasingly, chill winds and cold rains fell upon it and impeded its growth for a season, but the sustenance drawn from the soil strengthened it, so that, when the clouds rolled by it was unable to again put forth its leaves with new vigor, which however, was so slow that the watchful husbandman was enabled to tell how or when it grew, he only knew by looking back to where it started from that it was gradually attaining perfection.

Behold the growth of the Christian life.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of week.—Long-fellow.

GOD'S BLESSING.

In a thronged and busy school-room,
On a clear, calm, summer day,
With their cards upon the table,
Sat some merry boys at play.
To those young, imperfect visions,
Life was opening bright and fair,
Here a mother's love was written,
Here a father's earnest prayer.

When the cards were all divided
And they joined another game,
Youthful passions, strong already
Were enkindled to a flame.
Now and then a peal of laughter
Made those aged walks resound,
Now and then, coarse, vulgar language
From their lips expression found.

With a word and smile of welcome
Each one met the hoary sage,
And the aged pilgrim kindly
Thanked them for "respect to age,"
"Uncle," cried the youthful gamblers,
As he laid aside his cane,
"Uncle, we are just commencing,
Join us in our merry game."

"Certainly," replied the stranger,
"But, permit me first to say,
From a deep regard to duty,
Ere I join your merry play.
Let us leave this dusty school-room,
And upon yon bright, green sod,
Let us, precious children, kneeling,
Ask a blessing from our God."

Blessing ! burst in smothered accents
From that gay, unthinking throng ;
Strange indeed, to ask a blessing
On a play we know is wrong.
We can kneel before our parents,
At the bedside humbly bow,
And entreat our God to bless us,
But we cannot do it now.

"Never ! never ;" said the good man,
And his never gaze returned,
"Have I aided in performing
What a gracious Father spurned ;
If I could not, humbly kneeling,
Ask protection from my God,
Then I knew that it was evil
And I left that path untrod,"