

his substance to the Lord. No man ever doubted his word or his piety. He was indeed a living epistle—a steady light-bearer in the world. In him we have a beautiful example of what religion can do in giving patience and resignation in suffering; a holy confidence always, and in the absence of pain a delightful cheerfulness in the social circle. As he neared the border-land of the other world he appeared to be thoroughly possessed of

Paul's spirit when he said, "he had a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." This is God's own estimate of His loyal children. We shall meet him again in the glory-land!

"Oh why should we in anguish weep?
He is not lost—but gone before."

B.

Home and School.

LORD, THOU KNOWEST ALL THINGS.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored and sins to be confessed;

We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet; Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,

Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,

Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longing for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness

By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this Thou knowest, Lord!

Thou knowest, not alone, as God all knowing;

As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:

On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,

O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,

And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,

And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;

On everlasting strength our weakness staying,

Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;

Then rising and refreshed, we leave Thy Throne,

And follow on to know as we are known.
Amen.

—The Hymnary.

TILL SEVEN TIMES.

O little heart of man, to take
Such scanty measure in!

Seemeth it mighty to forgive
Thus oft thy brother's sin?