

It may be many a year of trial
Is yet appointed unto thee,
Before thy spirit leaves its prison,
And soareth upward, glad and free.

It may be that the Master needeth
Thee for some work of faith and love,
Down here awhile, before He taketh
Thee to the bosom of His love.

Lord, give me, from Thy grace and fulness,
A spirit wholly one with Thine ;
My joy to do Thy sacred bidding,
Let Thy sweet will be ever mine.

Ready to go if Thou dost call me,
Willing to stay if Thou dost will ;
Ready to move in active service,
Content to suffer and be still.

Oh, teach me every needed lesson,
Subjection, patience, faith and love ;
And take me in Thine own good season,
To the bright home prepared above.

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

The Via Dolorosa, or "Way of Pain," is the name of the road by which our Lord is supposed to have travelled from Gethsemane to Jerusalem on the night of His betrayal. It is particularly gloomy in appearance, suiting well the title it has received. It is still supposed by some foolish people that especial blessing will rest upon them if they tread where the Redeemer of mankind once trod. I do not say that in the scenes where He lived and died, thoughts of Him may not come forcibly into the mind ; but I do say, when one becomes familiar with those scenes they cease to affect the heart in which He does not dwell. Let me tell you of a way of pain in which there is especial blessing.

I knew a little girl who lay for nearly two years and a half in one position, with a disease which was eating her young life away. She was fair to look upon : I never saw a sweeter face, or looked into more untroubled blue eyes

than met mine as twice every week I took my seat beside her bed. She was in humble life, and yet not poor, though an inmate of a hospital, and life might have been attractive and precious to her. She was in the Via Dolorosa, "the way of pain," but she knew and loved the Saviour, and remembering what He had borne for her made her own sufferings seem light.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed a visitor.— She overheard it.

"I am not poor," she said, tears gathering in her eyes. "God has made me His child. Oh, sir, don't think I am to be pitied. If I could tell you half His goodness to my soul you would envy me."

Envy her in the way of pain? Ay, dear child, for Jesus was beside her there and upheld her by His mighty love, so that her heart was not afraid.

Two years and a half in the way of pain! Think of it. Yet no one heard a murmur or expression of impatience escape her lips. I stood beside her at the close.

"Is it dark, Ellen?" I asked.

"No," she murmured, with a sweet wonder. "Jesus is here. I am happy."

She lay as if contemplating some beautiful vision unseen by those around her. An expression of intense joy was on her face. I bent down.

"What is it?" I questioned.

"Himself," she said in a hushed whisper.

In another moment she was forever with the Lord.

In our hospitals and homes there are many in "the way of pain." To them life is a burden and not a joy, for "wearisome days and nights are appointed unto them." In the morning they say, "Would it were evening!"—and in the evening, "Would it were