

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
 How good to them for sin that mourn !
 To them that seek Thee, O how kind !
 But what art Thou to them that find !

No tongue of mortal can express,
 No pen can write the blessedness ;
 He only who hath proved it knows
 What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

God grant, my dear brethren, that you and I may day by day feel more of this love, and be more conformed to His image. May He grant unto each of us the spirit of prayer and supplication, without which we cannot hope to attain our object or to grow in grace. Though "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," yet we are privileged to say, with holy confidence, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." "The sword of the spirit" is "the word of God:" let us "search the Scriptures," making them our constant study, the subject of our meditation by day and by night ; for only by this means can "the man of God be made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." May we so believe and so love and so labour that we may have a part in the fulfilment of that cheering promise: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."