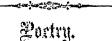
receive little—food only, and "that in a measure"—often the bread and water of affliction. Yet at the last He pays, pays them into their hearts, we may remember a soul yet without strength, the sacrifices of an imperfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the alter; we may remember such times or we mao forget them, but their results are with us. Some of the good seed sown in tears is now shedding a heavenly fragrance within our lives, and some of it will blossom, perhaps bear fruit, over our graves.



EVENING PRAYER

I come to Thee to night, In my lone closet where no eyes can see, And dare to craye an interview with Thee, Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine, On the still branches of the shadowy trees, While all sweet sounds of the evening breezo Steal through the slumbering ying.

Thou gav'st the calm repose That rests on all---the air, the birds, the flowers.

The human spirit in its weary hours, Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer; The silent praise of the glorious sky, The earth's orisons profound and high, To heaven their blessings bear.

With them my soul would bend In humble reverence at Thy holy throne, Trusting the merits of the Son alone, Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the
knee

To aught of earth, in weak idolalry, I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been An unforgiving thought, or word, or look, Though deep the malico which I scarce could brook.

Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be Pure as the drops of eve's unsulfied dew; And as the stars whose nightly course is crue, So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone Would I these blessings of Thy love implore, But for each peuitent the wide world o'er, Whom Thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends, Whose stoadfast kindness o'ermy painful years, Ilas watched to southe afflictions, grief, and tears.

My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path declino
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be thou their solace, joy, and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I east with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity.
For my Redeemer's sake.

BOCHIM, THE PLACE OF WEEPING.

Through Cochim's valley all must tread.--Some bitter, burning tears Must ev'ry hoaven-bound pilgrim shed, Before his home ameers:

Before he sees his Father's face In realms of endless day; Before in Jesu's fond embrace, All tears are wiped away.

Dark deeds of sin, wrought long ago, In wild and thoughtless youth, Whilst yet we wandered to and fro, Strangers to God and truth---

These oft, like ghosts, will leave the tomb, In stillness of the night, Oppress the heart with deepest gloom, The trembling soul affright:

Many the dreary, sleepless nights, Many the tears and prayers, Before these grim and ghastly sprites, Are driven from their lairs!

Beside some little grassy mound, With clinging wild flow'rs drest, Oft will some kneeling form be found, By 'whelming grief opprest:

Some must, like kingly David weep, Above a sickly child; Some must, like faithful Rizpah keep Death-watch on a mountain wild.

Some o'er their own deep-scated woes, The flowing tears must shed; Whilst others, Christ-like, weep o'er those Whose day of grace is fled.

The secret, gnawing wee-These wring the grieving soul within,
And make the sad drops flow:

These drive us to the "sinuer's Friend," These lift our thoughts above; In Him our dark foreboding end, There grief is !* t in love.