

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, pays them into their hands also. We may remember long seasons of faint, yet honest endeavour; the prayers of a soul yet without strength, the sacrifices of an imperfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the altar; we may remember such times or we may 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.

## Poetry.

### EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night,  
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,  
And dare to crave 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 breeze  
Steal through the slumbering vine.

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 idolatry,  
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been  
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,  
Though deep the malice 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 ev'c's unsullied dew;

And as the stars whose nightly course is true,  
So would I be to Thee.

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

And for my heart's best friends,  
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years,  
Has watched to soothe afflictions, grief, and tears,  
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline  
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 cast with humble faith on Thee,  
And cleanse its depths from each impurity.  
For my Redeemer's sake.

### BOCHIM, THE PLAGE OF WEEPING.

Through Bochim's valley all must tread—  
Some bitter, burning tears  
Must ev'ry heaven-bound pilgrim shed,  
Before his home appears:

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 oppress:

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

The easily besetting sin—  
The secret, gnawing woe—  
These wring the grieving soul within,  
And make the sad drops flow:

These drive us to the “sinner's Friend,”  
These lift our thoughts above;  
In Him our dark foreboding end,  
There grief is !e t in love.