

had been there before her, and carried that little Sabbath-school girl, from beholding the Lamb on earth, to his bosom in the sanctuary above.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

BITTER MEMORIES.

"I FORGET a great many things which happened in the year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear dead mother."

"Oh," said another little girl, bursting into tears on hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak *kind* to Amy."

The last time they were together she spoke *cross* to her, and the thought of that last cross word now lay heavy on her heart.

Ah, my reader, speak kindly—*always* kindly, to father, mother, brother, sister, playmate. It may be your *last time* to speak to them.—*Child's Paper.*

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"WHEN I hear my mother pray like that, I know we are going to get through one more dark place, any way. I tell you, boy, she has prayed us through the narrowest spots you ever saw."

This was little Charlie's confidence in his mother's prayers. Poor Charlie had a drunken father, but was blessed with a praying mother—so truly prayerful that the demon Drunkenness, and his compeers, Poverty, Crime, and wretchedness, were driven out of the house and Jesus came to reside there, with whom, as always, came a company of angels.

Prayer! blessed prayer! Heavenly Father, teach us all how to pray.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

FAME AND USEFULNESS.

A MAN capable of achieving distinction in any one department of the great field, may deliberately forego the inviting possibility in order to attain a larger usefulness. He may sacrifice ambition at the shrine of Piety; and prefer, to the approbation of admiring minds, the gratitude of saved souls. In all professions, and even in the humblest walks of life, there are men of consummate temper, and it is our belief that they abound in the ministry of the gospel. Many a vision of earthly glory has gleamed, with happy but a transient splendour, along the path of the young minister of Christ, and

has then faded away in his closet before "the glory that excelleth." He has listened, amid the ardours of his youth, to siren voices calling him to the fair realms of fame, but these have been stilled by the notes of higher music falling upon a more inward sense—by "a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and by the voice of harpers harping with their harps." All honours to those who, by "denying," do thus transcend themselves; and who, taking their stand at the cross, feel that life for them *can* have but one business—to explain its significance, and carry with them its conquering force wherever they go. The more honour let us give them that they claim none for themselves, as, with lowly mind and amid incessant toils, they esteem it far better to be "faithful" than to be great.

Our departed friend was often heard to say that he possessed no high scholarship, and no acute intellectual power. His own estimate of his attainments in such respects was much too humble; yet, in truth, it must be granted that in these exterior gifts and qualities he was in no way distinguished from some of his fellow-labourers; but by the singleness of a spiritual aim, by the strain of an onward endeavour, by the glow of a burning purpose, by the pathos of a loving heart, he broke down all impediments, and heard voices of gratitude and new songs of salvation around him for fifty years. This is perhaps the grand lesson of his life—that God will crown with his blessing every earnest and sincere endeavour to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth, and saints into a deeper experience of his love—that a man must and will be successful if he does what he can. There needs no fresh endowments, no better opportunities, no circumstances of more auspicious aspect—there needs but the living consecration of the man, and "old things will soon pass away, and all things become new—the wilderness will soon bloom like Eden, and the desert be as the garden of the Lord." All things are now ready. See you not a dying world around you? and hear you not the falling rains of grace as "seasons of refreshing" come from the everlasting Presence? The whisperings of life are all around. The field are whitening to the harvest. The glory of the latter day is coming on. And yonder! on the fair heights of immortality, our friends, glorified, yet lingering, look back ere they enter into the eternal rest, to see if we are equal to the days on which we have fallen—willing for the work we have to do.—*Rev.*

Alexander Raleigh, in Sermon on Death of J. A. James.

LOST BLOSSOMS.

As I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the wintry wood,
I remember how green in the spring-time
The grove in its loveliness stood;

And how the anemones glistened,
Drooping, snow-like, all over the ground;
While the little white violets listened,
To the spring-brooklet's musical sound.

I remember how trustful the other
Blue violets opened their eyes;
Looking up, like a child to its mother,
To the blue of the smiling skies.

I remember I pressed to my bosom,
My boy, in the bright woodland green,
And thought him the loveliest blossom
The Spring-angels ever had seen.

As I look through the gate of the arbor,
Out into the forest lorn,
I can see that the leaves are all withered—
I can see that the flowers are gone.

I do not know why they are bidden
Away from our vision to go;
I do not know why they are hidden,
— This, only, I surely can know,—

That when the long winter is ended,
And the dark earth grows warm in the sun,
The Lord will give back to its bosom,
Each lost little blossoming one.

I do not know where they have borne him,
My blossom! so fair and so pure;
I do not know why I must mourn him;
Oh this, *only this*, am I sure,—

That when the long winter is ended
And the spring time of Heaven begun;
The Lord will fold back to my bosom,
My lost little blossoming one!

KIND WORDS.

BY E. S. E.

The dews of evening fall softly upon the parched earth, yet each little drop revivifies and refreshes. The tender plant, looking so weary, bowed as if with grief, raises its delicate cup to catch each little pearl. Invigorated, it stands erect, and anon could bear with wind or shower. Kind words! How sweetly they fall upon the