

for the people have met together "to render thanks for the great benefits received at God's hand, to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most Holy Word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul." Now one would think that if all this were only done sincerely, a great deal would be accomplished. Why even Gurney, the Quaker, said he derived the greatest benefit from an attendance on the week meetings, (silent.) And Archbishop Leighton says, in his Charge to the Clergy, 1662, "Whatsoever ministers do, they should beware of returning to their long expositions, besides the sermon, at one and the same meeting; which, beside the tediousness and other inconvenience, is apt to foment in people's minds the foolish prejudice and proud disdain they have taken against the Scriptures read without a superadded discourse; in which conceit, for all their zeal against popery, they seem to be too much of the Romish opinion, as accounting the Holy Scriptures in themselves as so obscure that it is some way dangerous, or at least altogether unprofitable, to intrust the common people either with reading or hearing any part of them at any time, unless they be backed with continual expositions." Truly, if those who object to "only prayers" would only make the experiment of entering more fully into their spirit, every objection would be silenced by their beauty.

Dr. Johnston said the reason why he attended week-day prayers was, that so few being present, his presence was more serviceable than on other occasions of worship; but for this reason-of the doctor's, most persons stay away.

THE TRANSIENT.

Perishing splendors pass away,
 Vanish, ye glories that decay,
 Onward I haste and cannot stay;
 Mine is the rest to come.
 Not for me are the joys that fleet,
 Not for me is the music sweet,
 Mine be the tears at Jesus' feet,
 Mine the eternal home.

Not for me are the glittering gems,
 Not for me are the diadems,
 No delights can I find in them,
 Since my Lord was crowned with thorn:
 Mine be the tears that pilgrims know,
 Mine be their portion of toil and woe,
 Mine be the way that my Lord did go,
 And the cross that He hath borne.

Not for me is the trump of fame,
 Brawling abroad my worthless name,
 Telling the story ever the same,
 Of pride and vanity:
 Mine be the toil, the sighs, the tears,
 Mine be the weary, wasting years,
 Mine be the hope when Christ appears,
 That I shall His glory see.

H. L. H.