

titudes that famish, and clothing to the destitute of the nations, and though I give my substance to heal the sick or open the eyes of the blind, and have not prayer' my benevolence availeth nothing.

Prayer shrives the soul. It supports the weary. It comforts the lonely. It empowers the vanquished. It robes the mourning with garments of praise, and awakens to joy the broken-hearted. It is hope to the despairing, promise to the discouraged, and a sure guide to the perplexed. It is the path of safety to those who are lost, and a light to those whose ways are covered with darkness.

The generations of men pass as a vapor, but prayer abides. Kingdoms have their day, but prayer survives the wreck. Even the treasures of hope turn to dross, but prayer remains as the true riches.

Prayer began with the beauty of childhood, and through the years to manhood has never grown old or faded with decay. Here along life's way the shadows play, but prayer illumines the darkness. Here our vision is holden, but prayer lifts the veil. Here our pilgrimage is lonely, but prayer is companionship. Here we are often undone, but prayer is our abiding inheritance.

And now abideth faith that seeth, love that knoweth, hope that rejoiceth, and prayer that quickeneth, and the root and off-spring of these is prayer.

---H. E. Warren.