

Sunday Reading.

Contributions for this page are solicited from all persons desiring to write on subjects strictly moral or religious in their tendency and free from sectarianism.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,

Will be published on this page.

I'LL MEET THEE THERE, DEAR MITTIE.

Written for the Troy Times.

Loved one! though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near,
And softly as I feel the light
That trembles through each falling tear,
As in some temple's holy shade,
Though mute the hymn and hushed the prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there;
A breath of incense, left alone,
When many a censer swung around,
Which thrilled the wanderer like to one
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul from worlds of bliss,
Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me;
Hath caught the prayer I breathe in this
That I at last might dwell with thee.
I hear a murmur from the seas
That thrills me like the spirit's sighs;
I hear a voice in every breeze
That makes to mine its low replies—
A voice all low and sweet like thine;
If gives an answer to thy prayer,
And brings my soul from Heaven a sign
That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
Round which a tender halo plays,
Still touched with that expressive grace
That made thee lovely all thy days;
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed,
A beauty like the light of even,
Whose soft expression never fled
Even when its soul had flown to heaven;
I'll know thee by the starry crown
That glitters in thy raven hair
Oh! by these blessed signs alone
I'll now thee there, I'll know thee there.

For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere
The sweetest of youth and beauty met,
That swam in love and softness here,
Must swim in love and softness yet;
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams
Down from the gates of paradise—
Were bright and radiant like the moon,
Yet soft and dewy as the eye,
Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
Too young for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze
Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow
For all my spirit hears and sees
Recalls thee to my memory now;
For every hour we breathe apart
Will but increase, if that can be,
The love that fills this lonely heart
Already filled so full of thee.
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep
And many a sin must be forgiven,
Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep,
And you and I shall meet in Heaven.

W. S.

True Knowledge.

The knowledge of Christ is a flower that never fades. Carry it in your bosom, and it will fill your life with fragrance. It is a light that cheers the darkest night; the longer it burns the brighter it grows, and fierce winds only make it shine more

clearly. It turns a hovel into a palace, makes a rough road smooth, is easily carried, and costs nothing. The knowledge of Christ is a purse full of gold. It will pay your way in all the strange places of life, and bring you comforts more choice than any found in king's houses. It will open gates closed to the wise of this world, and unlike earthly treasures, the more you spend the more you have. It is a well whose crystal steam makes all around beautiful and pure, refreshes the weary passer-by, never knows the drought of summer, and from life's morning to its latest eve flows steadily, carrying joy and song throughout its course. It is a sunbeam from paradise, a smile from the face of God, the song-books of saints, the Bible of New Jerusalem, the key of heaven's treasury, and the passport into the presence of the King. It makes rainbows on storm-clouds, transforms tears into pearls, and thorns into apple-trees, and causes the desert to blossom as a rose. It makes the heart larger than a kingdom, richer than a bank, brighter than a palace, and happier than a grove in which a thousand birds are singing. Get this knowledge above all things, increase it, teach it, live it and prize it above rubies, for it is your happiness, your glory, and your life.—
The Rev. Macpherson.

The trouble is, this is such a hard and sorrowful world that half of us don't get time to sit down and think—think who we are, what we are here for, and whither bound. That was a wise man—the pious man of fortune, whose only son was irreligious— who called his boy to his bedside and said: "My son, I will settle my entire estate upon you on condition that you promise me one thing. When I am gone, I want you to sit down in a private room for half an hour every day and think. Take no book or paper to distract you, but just close your eyes and think." The young man promised. At first he could think only the strange request. He wondered why it was made. But he solved the riddle and became a converted man.

If we could only take more time to think; think of what is within us and without; of the battles we have to fight and the weapons we have to fight them with—what a different world we should have.

If a government should go to war and rely entirely upon one branch of the military service defeat would be certain. What chance should an army composed of infantry only have against another which makes an attack with infantry, cavalry and artillery? Just as much chance, dear brother, as you have against your enemy, the world, if you employ one or two of the three weapons which God has given you—that is, physical power, intellectual power, and spiritual power.—
Raleigh Advocate.

CONDESCEND TO MEN OF LOW ESTATE.

"The spirit of the gospel is to take care of the bottommost classes of society. Christ washed the feet of his disciples. This act of wonderful condescension symbolizes the mission of the gospel—to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the ears of the deaf, to heal the sick, to raise the fallen, to enlighten and purify the uncombed millions. The gospel teaches that the great and strong, the wise and wealthy, should lay themselves out in blessing the feeble and little dependent ones. As the sun traveling in his greatness goes forth on the mission of illuminating and fructifying the little satellites and planets, so ought the high and lofty ones spend their strength in doing good to the poor, the halt and the blind. The lofty God, who inhabiteth eternity, stoops down to bless the humble and contrite ones. As the great river turns the mill-wheel and waters a continent without money and without price, so the great stream of salvation flows freely and spontaneously to bless the world, and it is our business, as Christians, to help this salvation to flow on until the whole world is blessed by it."

The first joy the Christian feels is the knowledge of sins forgiven. A little girl knelt to pray, but a memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room:

"Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her words, "I have come to tell you something that I did that was wrong to-day. I want to ask you to forgive me."

"My dearchild," was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me; I forgive you freely without."

He dried away her tears and sent her back rejoicing.

As she knelt once more for her Heavenly Father's blessing the readiness of her earthly father to forgive her was to her a type of the divine forgiveness. She realized that "God pardons like a father who kisses the offenses into everlasting forgetfulness."—
Christian Advocate.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

Where? In these United States. These are to be found in every city, town, village and on every road side. They are drinking saloons; in no sense beneficial to the country, but in every sense a positive and continuous detriment. Their existence cannot be justified by any argument based upon justice, necessity or mercy. They impede the progress of civilization, education and religion, and obstruct all material and moral advancement. No early training or social habits can be justifiably quoted as a reason why these hindrances to everything that tends to elevate and bless humanity should be permitted to exist. No human statute should throw around their iniquitous traffic its brazen paladium and thus protect them from the sweep of a Christian indignation. Surely it is time, and also the imperative duty of all friends of humanity, to unite and to demand of our legislators all over our land a suppression of these saloons, and to say to them in the language of God's own Word, "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of my people."—Pulpit Treasury.

Never strike a child on the head and it may be well to add, never strike a man on the head either. If you want to strike something on the head, strike a nail.—
Harpers Bazar.

Editors Times:

What was the most prominent characteristic of the Syro-Phoenician woman's faith?

This question in your last issue might be answered in various ways. I think, however, that as she seems to have had unshaken faith from mere hearsay, this circumstance might be considered, at least, a very characteristic faith, especially as the Gentiles hated and despised everything that had its origin among the Jews. But see Mark VII: 25, for a full account of the matter.

X.