

Our author concludes :

"The New Testament will now have an interest for us, not as a picture of Jesus, not as a wonder-book, not as a divine revelation, but as the unveiling of the heart, the grief, the struggles and the hopes of the people in whose breasts the new religion was created. The Gospel is not in the book, but in the life of the people.

"The Christ of the New Testament shows us the first Christians more than he shows us himself. In him, as in a looking-glass, we see a crowd of fishermen, tanners, dockers, dyers, slaves, tax-gatherers, and tear-stained women who had fled from the shame of the harlot's house . . . and Christianity has had to stay here until the world has learned that the poor are members of the human family. . . . It raised them to a feeling of self-respect, and it brought them nearer to each other in fraternal sympathy. It gave value to the soul, not the body; to the spiritual element, not the civic. The poor Christian proudly claimed relationship with God, but did not ask for political freedom and suffrage. The Gospel stamped 'the least of these my brethren' as a thing of living and abiding value in the constitution of the world. Christianity, as such, could do no more. But it was a great work to accomplish."

CONSOLATION.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Once at a funeral I heard, surprised,
 The Minister, in tender, reverent tones
 Which touched all hearts, say: Friends, let us rejoice!
 Let us rejoice that death has lost its sting!
 That one beloved is freed from care and pain,
 Hath gained eternal peace, and joy, and love,
 That e'en the grave is bright with victory!
 And then a breath of that celestial peace
 Seemed to descend and touch the audience
 With an ineffable and holy calm.
 Over and o'er again I have recalled
 The consolation of that place and hour,
 As I do now for thee, though thou hast lost
 Thy best beloved of those most near and dear.
 For she at last has triumphed over pain,
 And grief, and weariness, and suffering,
 And hath become, for so the Scriptures teach,
 One of God's ministers to those who still
 Have duties to perform which keep them here.
 Still softly speaking to thy thought and heart,
 She bids thee lift thine eyes and see the glow
 Of the eternal life upon the hills.
 She waits thee there, and thy remaining days
 Shall not be darker for her absence here,
 But brighter for her smile from paradise.

Be thus consoled, and though to-day be dark,
 To-morrow will be filled with heavenly light.

CHARLES C. BONNEY,