

nga ra katon nga tokonga ake katon o nga whakaaro a tona ngakau." Korehi vi. 3. Otira ua oti te whakatika, ka whiwhi tatou ki te Wairua Tapu, ko Ia anake te kaha ana ki te whakawhai hua i a tatou ki nga mahi pai, ko nga hua ana mo nga tohu o to tatou whakapono, a puta ana te karoria mo Tona Ingoa.

E. H. C.

PAI TONU KI A AU.

—:O:—

TE mea e noho tatari ana i te Teihana o P. ka hoatu tetahi pukapuka whakapuka i te rongo pai ki te kaumatua kai-whakahaere o te teihana. Maaria atu ana e ia ki tona kainga, kororotia ana, whakapono tonu ana ia ki te kupu o te Atua e mau ana i roto, a, kua ora ia. Kihai i roa, ka pa he raru nui ki a ia, a haere ana ia ki tetahi hohipere i Ranana, kotahi ana te whakaaro o nga rata mona i a ia i reira. e, me mahi ki a ia tetahi mea marama nui, ki te kahore, e kore rawa ia e ora, a, tera ano pea ia e mate ano i te mahinga o taua mea. I pewhea atu ra ia? (Ko ana kupu nei) "Ki atu ana ahau, e hiahia ana ahau kia whai meneti hei whakaaronga maku; kutaahi ahau ka titiro ki runanga ki a te Ariki, ka mea atu ahau ki a Ia, e te Ariki, pai tonu ki a au, kei a koe ano te whakaaro moku, mo te haere atu, mo te uoho tonu ano ranei; otira, mehemea e pai ana koe, e hiahia ana ahau kia roaroa iti atu ano ahau ki koei, he whakaaro ake noku ki taku wahine ki aku tamariki, kua kotahi nei o ratou tekau." Ku tuna inoi poto tenei; otira, whakaraunga ana ano e te Ariki. I tona hokinga atu ki tona kainga ake, ka kite ahau i a ia, ka mea mai "pai ana taku puta mai i tata nahi o nga rata, a ko tenei he kopa kahukore ahau, otira, pui tonu." I tenei wa, e whakamahia ana ia ki te whare hanga taonga i Whinitana.

E hoa kai-korero, e pai tonu ana ano ranei ki a koe? Mehemea ka tu mai te mate ki ton aroaro i naianei, kua marama ranei te ara atu mou, ki tera no hore rawa nei he hokinga mai i reira? Mehemea kahore ano kia oti te taka, tera pea ia ta mate taka mon

he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John v. 9, 11, 12).

A. P.

COMFORT IN THE DARK HOUR.

—:O:—

"THERE never was such affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital; "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and then, in a still more impatient tone, resumed her complaint: "Nobody knows what I pass through; nobody ever suffered more pain."

"Once," was again whispered from the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul! but—"

"Oh, not myself; not me!" exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered, not to herself, but to another. She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds, and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if by pain, yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear grey eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with Him who is "full of grace and truth." "Oh, not myself; not me!" she repeated.

There was a short pause; and then the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly, broke the midnight silence of the place:

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand: and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head. . . . And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha. . . they gave Him vinegar to drink mingled