

October.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy
breast.

Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too
brief
The happy season thou hast been our
guest;

Whither away?

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?

The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy
wing.

The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight?
Ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the
Spring?

Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath
Screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go
forth
And wanton far from them who love thee
best?

Whither away?

—Edmund Clarence Stedman, in Vick's
Family Magazine.

The Young Heir.

"Tantara—tantara!" We almost
seem to hear the horn which "pro-
claims it a hunting morning." The
beautiful picture graphically displays a
stirring scene. The hunting party has
just left the beautiful park seen in the
background, and all are bent on royal
sport. Perhaps this is the first time the
proud parents have taken their hand-
some boy to the "meet,"—but he looks
quite at home on his big horse, and a
thorough little gentleman in the way he
lifts his hat in salute to the group of
man and dogs. This picture is so finely
drawn that the interest in the principal
figures is divided with admiration for the
rich natural surroundings of the stately
ancestral home of this brave "Young
Heir," who looks so full of life
and hope.

H. A. B.



"Abide With Us."

"Daily working at Thy side,
Nightly resting at Thy feet,
Let my soul be satisfied
With Thy presence close and sweet."

In a London mission school a teacher
once asked, "Where does Jesus live?"
A small boy answered promptly, "Some
of His friends have come to live in our
alley, and I think He lives with them."

Would anybody dream of saying such a
thing of us? Is there any sign in our
homes of His abiding presence? If not,
then let us open the doors wide and in-
vite Him in, for He says: "Behold, I
stand at the door, and knock: if any
man hear My voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him, and will sup
with him, and he with Me."

We should think it a great honor if
King Edward knocked at our door and
offered to sit down and have supper with
us; what, then, should be our feelings
when the King of kings waits for ad-
mission to our home? But that is not
all. He is not only willing to be our
Guest for a time, but He is prepared to
"abide" with us, to become one of the
family, to "live with us," as the child
thought He lived in the poor London
alley. Did you ever think of our Lord's
wonderful condescension, when He said:
"If a man love Me, he will keep My
words: and My Father will love him,
and WE will come unto him, and make
OUR abode with him." (I have put those
wonderful pronouns in capitals so that
we may not miss the grandeur of the
promise.)

Perhaps we may think that the mem-
bers of that family circle in Nazareth
were favored above all others, because
Jesus lived with them. We gain a great
deal of good from constant association
with His "friends," even now—although
His visible presence has not been amongst
us for many centuries. If the influence
of the disciples is powerful for good,

what might we not gain from living
with the Master? And that is exactly
what we may do. But He will not stay
in any home unless at least one member
of the family welcomes Him. He is al-
ways ready to help and counsel those
who, like Mary of Bethany, take time
from their work or pleasure to converse
with Him. What would be the use of
living with people who only addressed
Him hurriedly and carelessly for five
minutes or so, morning and evening, and,
then, never gave Him another thought all
the rest of the day? We who, like the
family at Nazareth, may have the won-
derful privilege of living with Jesus—of
speaking to Him at any moment, sure of
His careful attention to anything we
say—too often forget that He is in the
house, yes, even now in the rooms with
us. But if we do live always in the
sunshine of His felt presence, how bright
the hours are!

"The busy fingers fly; the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they
hold:
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
While through each labor, like a thread
of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of
Thee."

But, as I said before, He will not abide
in a house where no welcome is extended
to Him. Being God, He is everywhere
present; but surely something more is
meant by the promise to make His
"abode" with those who love and obey
Him. The two disciples who walked
with their risen Lord to Emmaus found
that He was going further, but they were
unwilling to part with the mysterious
Stranger who had caused their hearts to
burn within them, so they "constrained"
Him, saying, "Abide with us!" and
their urgent invitation was willingly ac-
cepted. Do we care enough about His
presence to "constrain" Him to abide
with us?

In the fifth chapter of the Song of
Solomon we read of one who was slow in
opening the door to her beloved, because
she did not care enough about him to

take a little trouble, and when at last
the door was opened, it was too late,
for she says: "I opened to my beloved;
but my beloved had withdrawn himself,
and was gone. . . . I sought him,
but I could not find him; I called him,
but he gave me no answer. The watch-
men that went about the city found me,
they smote me, they wounded me."

Oh, let us not delay in opening the
door, lest our Heavenly Guest, finding
His knocking unheeded, withdraws Him-
self, and we also have to seek long and
painfully before we find Him.

Don't say you have no time. Did you
ever hear of a woman who had no time
to remember her "beloved"? Why, if
she really loves him, the thought of him
will brighten all her work like sunshine,
filling every moment with gladness. If
we can truly say of Christ: "My Be-
loved is mine, and I am His," no day
can be monotonous, no life can be com-
monplace, for any moment we may look
up into His face and meet His answering
smile.

"There are hours when work is press-
ing—

Just little homely work,
That must be done, that we must do,
That it were shame to shirk,
And in those hours full often
To crown the petty cares,
Has fallen upon the house a gleam
Of God's heaven unawares."

A THOUGHT FOR THE COMING
WEEK.

The greatest Life ever lived on earth
was almost entirely spent in the quiet,
uneventful seclusion of a little village
home—no one, therefore, need think that
his life is cramped because it is cut off
from the bustle and din of the city.

Who would not have considered it a
glorious privilege to have lived in that
quiet home in Nazareth, to have been
near of kin to the King, who has ruled
with absolute sway over the bodies and
souls of millions? And that privilege
may be ours, if we will, for He has not
only promised to live with those who
love and obey Him, but has also de-
clared: "Whosoever shall do the will of
God, the same is My brother, and sister
and mother."

"I hold His Hand as on we walk,
And He still holdeth mine;
It is a human Hand I hold;
It is a Hand divine."

HOPE.

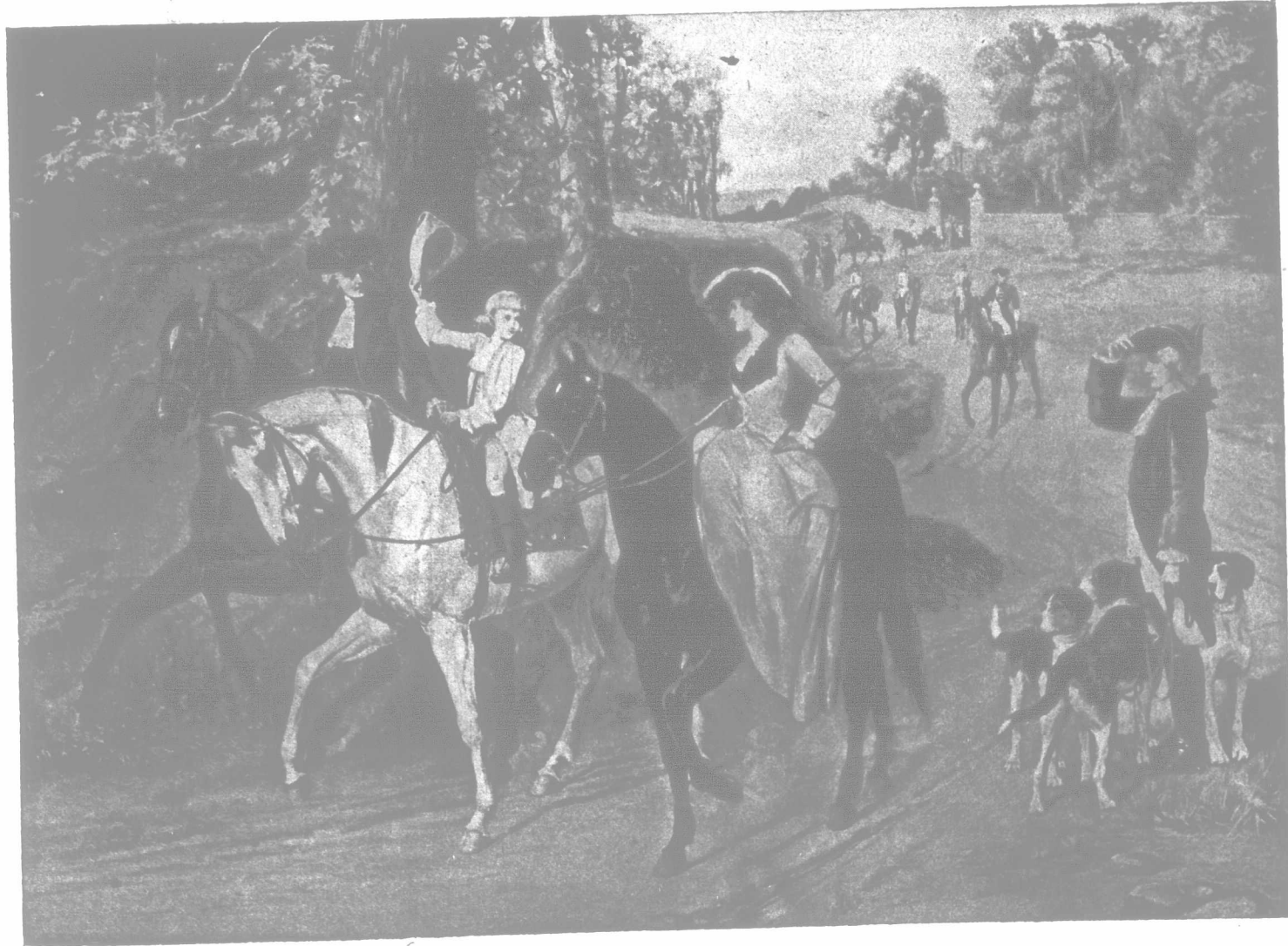
Child and Mother.

By Eugene Field.

O mother-my-love, if you'll give me your
hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out
yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet posy-garden out
there,
Where moonlight and starlight are
streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling
the air
With the fragrance and music of
dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to
undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to
caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew
stream,
And sing you asleep when you're
weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful
dream
But you and your own little dearie,

And when I am tired I'll nestle my
head
In the bosom that's soothed me so
often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in
my stead
A song which our dreaming shall
soften.
So, mother-my-love, let me take your
dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll
wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful
land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out
yonder.



The Young Heir.