rejoice in (lod your Baviour. And foar not for the inture. The Lord, when ho healed the cripple, said riso up and walk. Whon ho sets us on our feet he is ulile to keep us from falling. Tho atrong arm that lifts us up can keep us up. He savae us from the curse of our sina, and he delivera un from their power.

Behikvi un the Lond Jrava Ceriat and thod shalt bi Bafyd.

## Are You Watching 9

hY L. A. morrien.
"Watch therefore; for jo kuow not what bour your Loni doch come."-Matt. xxiv. 42

Aky you watching, in the morning, Brother, watching for his coming? When the sunlight gilde the mountains?
When the birde ther matinas ama? When the work day world around you Toil and habour is resuming, Are you diligently wasching
For the coming of the King ?
For it may be at the morning Thou slont hear his trumpet calling-
When tho dow is oll the mendows And the morning prayer unsnidAnd the first ghad glimpye of dawning (All thy purposes nypalling)
say enlighten the to julgnent,
By the king's stroug henchmeu led.
Are you watching at the noontime,
Brother, watching for bis coming :
Whea the busy sous of comenerce-
Cumbered with their aims and carea-
May be hurdened-brain and hody-
All thrir gatius and losses summing, -
Never heedug calls of duty,
Watiag not for aims or prayorn:
But in may ho at the nonotino With the throbbing pulse of labourIo tho ferer of endeavoar To ascomplish all its need,-
Thou shate hear the charion mesango Calling thee, and not thy neighbour ;
Thous shate find a sudden julgment
For each thought, and worl, and deed.
Aro you watching in the twilight,
When the werkfal day is over?
When from dimly falling aladowa
Glimmers out the evenith star, And the ianing elond-land loscs All the hues the sumset wove her? Are you whehing, brother, watchug For his messuge from afar?
For it may bo in twilight
Ho shall call for theo to ncet him, -
Wheg tho scusual syren's music
May be woong thee to rest, When the ciry's dark doings, eading, Seal elay fitto for thee to greet him,-
When 1 is voice, thy conscielice aiding,
H.th thy sin-carned doom 'gesest.

Oh, be wathitul: ready : wating ! Thatgh his roming seem to tarry: By:amplhy, his judgment-truapets Will make hill and valley ring, -
And all who lear the buriens
He hath taid on theen to carry,
With a tristful heart, will welcome
The corning of the king.

## LYING OR STEALING.

A uitises givl asked her mother, "Which is the worst, mamma-to tell a lie or to steal 9 "
The mother replied that both were so bad that she could not tell which was worse.
"Well," said the little one, "I havo been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've enten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But"-and there was a look of awe in lier little face-" a lio is forever."

## PILGRIM STREET:

## A STORY OF NANCHESTERLIFE.



## ohapter XVIII.

## pail apprakancera

As soon as the revelry and drunkenness of Whitweek wore over, LIaslam paid his threatened visit to the school on Ardwick Green, and demundedin a civil but resolute manuer-lo see his son. He knew that he had the power to withdraw him from the school, as he was not there, like many of the boys, under an order from tho magistrates; but it was not his wish to provoko 'Tom to fulfil his threats, or to call upon himsolf the anpleawant notice of Banner and the police.

To the master of the school he preeonted himself in tho character of a decent mechanic, who had long sinco-under prison discipline-repented of his former evil course, and wan anxious to live honestly and laboriously for the future. Towards little Phil, IInslam was so gentlo and affectionato that ho easily won the child's simple heart, and Phil clung for:lly to him whon it war time for him to leave.

It appeared quite a reasonable thing to the master that Inaslam should wish his boy to spend his holidays at his own home, instend of in Pilgrim Street; and Banner himself, when he heard it spoken of could not raise any sufficient objection, though is vague misgiving occasionally crossed his mind that Hnslam was not quite what he should be.

I do not know whether to call Phil's visita home a pain or a pleasure to Toin. It was very pleasant to seo little Tom often again, and liston to all the stories he had to tell about his school, and soe what rapid progress he was making in his reading and writing, for he had whot far abead of Tom, and now could teach him many things of which he was ig. norant. But there was a deep pain lurking behind the pleasure, for his father was gaining great influence over the child by indulging and flattering him; rod by-ind-by little Phil bugan to show a good share of self-conceit and cosstinacy. More than -this, it was soon plain theit he likod to taste the intaxicating liquors in which Inslam indulged, and he listened with boyish interest to Maslan's boasts and vaunts about his former life, which had been full of adventure and narrow escapes from the just punishment of his criaueg.

Com wats seldom at home all the time of Phil's visits, for his work kept him out till a late hour in the eveniag; but he could see, sorrowiully, the change that was creeping over his young brother, and more than once, in tho keen agony and dread of his spirit, he prayed to the ILeavenly Father to take little Phil away out of the world into the safety and purity of heavon.

It was one evening that Phil was spending with his Father and Tom, and it 20 happened that he waw reading aloud a chapter in the Bible to show them how well he could do it, when there came a loud knock at the door; and whon Tom hastened to open it, there atood Mrr. Worthington and Nat Pendlebury, accompanied by a atrange gentleman. The sceue before these three visitors wore a good and pleasing aspect. There sat Haslaru, with little Phil standing at his knee; and before them, on a amall table, lay an open Bible; and though the room was squalid and dirty, Mrs. Worthington romembered imınediately that there was no woman belongiag to it to keep it clean and comfortable.
Tom anw an expreasion of fear and hatred como over his father's face, an he rose slowly from hin chair, at if nourcely knowing what to do or may, but
the gentloman who accompanied Mrs. Worthingt appronched hiun with an outatretched hand.
"Shake hands with me," said he, in a frienj tone. "I have heard good news of you, Haslay nid I aul come to say, Lat bygonee be bygona You have not forgotten Mr. Roas, have you ?"
"The chaplain at the jail, airi $\mathrm{Oh}_{\mathrm{h}}$ mol" * swered IFaslam.
"I baw him yesterday," continued the gentlemu "He dined with my wife and me at Knutsfor He said nothing but.good of you, Iraslam ; and? were both heartily gind to hear it. We broug Pondlebury with us to find out your lorgings, af he says the same of you. Are you in any regul work yet, my man?"
"No, sir," replied Haslam, humbly. Ever thing goes against me. There's not many mastr 'ud take a ticket-of-leave man, and I wouldn't: into any master's service without telling first."
"Quite right, my good fellow," said Mr. W, thington; "there's nothing like being staingt forward and open. I know all about you, Hasle: and I say, Let there bo no old grudge between but let bygones bo bygones. You have a fine litu lad there, and Mrs. Worthington has taken a gre fancy for him. We will see to him getting on life. Banner speaks well of Tom, too. But : must find it hard to get a living by doing odd joi You nted rogular work and wages to keep comfortable."
"Ayo, air," answered Haslam, "for Ton's ear: inge are amall, but we can make then sety Wo're content with little to eat, and the rent is much. I can't ask the lady to sit down in a p place liko this. I waw a respectable man once, a and well-to-do."
"Well, well," snid Mr. Worthington, "it maj so again, Haslain. I'll tell you our orrand br to-night. There's a vacancy for a carpenter in a mill, with constant employment. It is the sort work you were once accustomed to. Do you this you could undertake the place now 9 "
"Could $I q^{\prime}$ said Hasham, with a strange gles in his eyes; "aye, could I! And a hund thanks to you sir, for offering to try me aguin the old mill, where I worked when I was a k . You'll never forget it-you'll never forget daj moa kinduess. It was a kindness of you senci me to jail. It'll be nine years ago this ne assizos, and I'vo nover forgotten it. I shounever have been the man I am but for you a Mr. Mope."
"And the good chaplain," added Mrs. Worf ington. "But wo are to forget the bad old tim IIaslam, and only remember these better da. Phil, there, is getting a good scholar-ono of best boys in the school at Ardwick, so the mass. tells ma."
"Aye, ma'um," answered Haslam; " he's leat ing. well, is Phil ; but I feel it hard to be pait from one of my boys, and somo of the lads at , school are very bad company for him. He's be telling me things about them that make me casy; and I've found many faults in Pbil's m which are a sore grief to me. I'd take him ba if I could nfford it, and train the little lad my Thero's nobody can feel like a father, though p but a poor sort of father, I know. Why, mal most of tho boys thero are sent by order of magistrates! It's a kind of jail for wicked bof and any little Phil isu't a bad child, though it's that mays so, and $I$ don't like him to keep of pauy with thell. They can't have a master aing with them, and if it wouldn't offend you, I'd to take him out. Sometime I think I ouf whother or no."

