

Eventide Rest in Christ.

MRS. E. CRAFT COBURN.

DEAR Lord, the parting light descends;
My tired feet
Are dusty with the travel of the day,
And thro' with heat
Of sun-parched roads: it is not meet
That I should enter in with thee to stay
So stained to sit among thy friends.

"Come in, my child, I know the road
Thy feet have pressed;
Come, in a table I have spread for thee,
Thou art my guest,
And thou shalt lean upon my breast,
For thou hast patient borne my cross for me!
I know it was a heavy load."

"I bore no cross for thee, O Lord;
I turn aside
In shame to meet the day so worthless spent,
And trembling hide
My face with guilt's sad crimson dyed.
To one weak soul thy timid aid was lent;
'Twas just a whisper from my word.

"A silent prayer, but now afar
I see him come;
And thou' through by-ways, through the shades
darks stark
He get will roam,
To-morrow brings my lost one home;
And child, along the way so drear and dark,
Thy words have been his guiding star."

No more the weariness of toil,
My glad heart rings
With hallelu, sweeter than the wondrous song
That Jubal sings,
And rest from love's contentment springs;
I leave the day to him, the good, the wrong,
Nor from the morrow's task recoil.

O, rest in God, O labour crowned!
My life is thine,
And thou can't make the homeliest deed
A thing divine.
Work, Lord in me thine own design,
For thine ideal e'en my dreams exceed,
And in thy will may mine be found.

TWO MONTHS.

"I WAS once," said a judge, "in the waiting-room of a great physician, with other patients, waiting my turn. One of them—a stout, genial, middle-aged man—began to talk to me. 'It is ridiculous my coming here,' he said; 'a mere trifle, which will wear off of itself. But my wife would have me come—you know how women are. It is nothing but a peculiar feeling at the tip of my tongue—a kind of numbness.'

"At that moment he was summoned to the physician's office. The conference was a long one. At last the door opened. The man came out. He was pale. His large face was covered with drops of sweat, as if he had received a mortal blow. He stopped, and turned to the physician, saying hoarsely:

"Doctor, you're sure! There is nothing to be done—no operation—no—"

"I know of nothing," said the physician, gently. "No cure has yet been discovered for your disease."

"And—how long?"
"There was a moment's silence."
"Not more than two months. Sit down. Let me bring you some water."
"No, no." He hurried, staggering

to the door, muttering, 'I have not time. I have so much to do. Only two months!'

"I heard afterwards that he died within the appointed time. But I have often thought of the mad haste with which he would work in these two months, to finish all that he had to do in the world, to show his friends the best side of his nature, to speak kind words, to help all that needed help, to prove to wife and children how he loved them, and to come nearer to his God. 'Sixty short days'—How fast they would go! How he must have counted the hours—the minutes!"

And yet, is it different with us! The time left to us may not be two months—or two days. And what are we doing in them!

THE TOAD'S SUPPER.

Do you not think this was a clever toad!

"A young man in New Hampshire has a brood of chickens which have the run of a portion of the yard, the old hen being shut up. The chickens are fed with moistened meal in saucers; and when the dough gets a little sour it attracts flies, which swarm about it in great numbers.

"An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to a saucer, climbs in, and rolls over and over until he is covered with meal, having done which he awaits developments and the coming of his prey.

"The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarm around the scheming toad, and whenever one passes within two inches or so of his nose, his tongue darts out and the fly disappears; and this plan works so well that the toad has taken it up as a regular business."
—*Christian Union.*

TWO YOUNG MEN.

"I HEARD a story about two young men who went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning blushes, if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. When they got up one said to the other, 'I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you.' 'Well,' said the other, and I was afraid of you.' So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, and how many times have you done the same thing!—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are his."
—*D. L. Moody.*

THREE HUNDRED MONKEYS TO BREAKFAST.

AN INDIAN STORY.

AN Englishman, who lived for many years in India, gives the following account of the way in which his wife was welcomed to her new home by a party of three hundred monkeys:

I was married in India, and engaged for our home a house fourteen miles or so from any other dwelling of white men. On the morning of our arrival my wife went to change her travelling dress, while the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big trees that overshadowed the house, and up from the trees that grew in the hollow behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

They came up singly and in couples, and in families, and took their place without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. When everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," said I.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not very grandly dressed. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine then her surprise.

In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast-table; and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible. Only their eyes kept blinking, and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily, at which the monkeys looked all the graver, my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" asked she.

"Try them," I said.

She then picked up a biscuit, and threw it among the company.

Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air as one, and just for one instant there was a riot that beat anything I have seen. The next instant every monkey was sitting in his place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked, and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another. But at length we had given away all that we had to give, and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day.—*Selected.*

Beautiful Hands.

My mother's were my hands.

They are good let me speak;
They have left my golden hands
Saying they are true and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow,
But to me they are just as sweet
As when they were long ago,
They guided my baby feet.

They have all an I wrinkled grown;
But to me they are just as fat
As when they clasped my own,
And fold'd I them first in prayer.

They have toiled through eight patient years,
While no one praised their deeds;
They have wiped that bitter tear,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that mourn,
And I inspired the hearts that quailed.

The naked they have clad,
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch and sad,
They have laid away their dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old;
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of God,
That awaits their touch above.

—*Kind Words Teacher.*

YOUNG MAN YOU WILL DO.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing-up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honour to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence, won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Selected.*

"SAMBO, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seen 'em kill mice."