

The Sabbath.

LED HOME.

BY MARGARET VANDERBILT

Caroline Newman, 1886.

By many different roads the weary
feet
Of God's true followers find their home
at last.
How glad must be their welcome : how
complete
Their journey to Him, Who through
their past
Hast led them, as a guide through des-
erts vast

True Soldier of the Cross, whose brave
heart burned
With love for Him, thy leader and thy
Might,
Thou, to whom all true hearts of sol-
diers turned,
Through differing creeds, and differing
codes of right,
Hast found thy home, led by the kindly
Light

THE MASTER'S PRESENCE.

Lo ! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my
day,
I hear thy garments sweep, thy seam-
less dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far
away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and
bless.

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 !

—Susan Coolidge.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The Father of Lights is the father of every weakest little baby
of a good thought in us, as well as of the highest devotion of
martyrdom.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

Make thou my spirit pure and clear

As are the frosty skies,

Or this first snowdrop of the year

That in my bosom lies.—*Tennyson.*

Who can weigh circumstances, passions, temptations, that go
to our good and evil account, save One, before whose awful wis-
dom we kneel, and at whose mercy we ask absolution?—
Thackeray.

A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,

That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought outright,

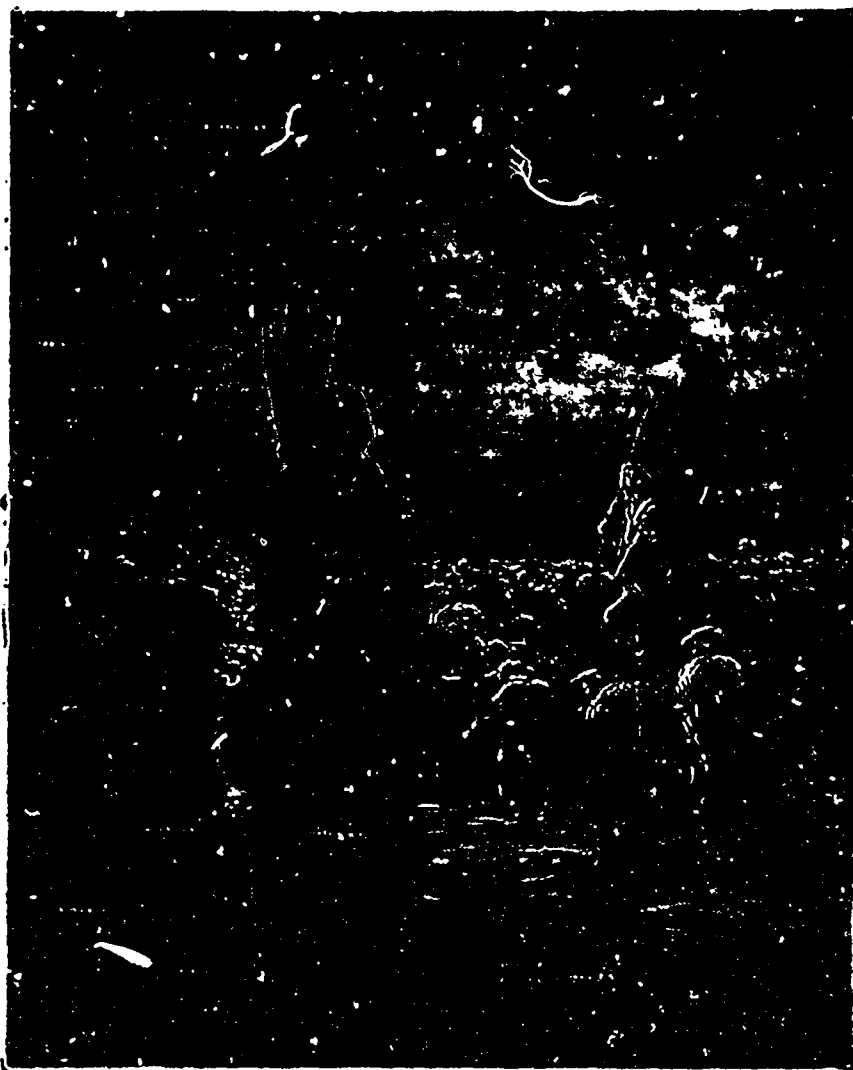
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

—*George Eliot.*

Men may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things.

—*Tennyson.*



REBECCA AT THE WELL. (From the Engraving by Gustave Doré.)

The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely has been robbed
and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages
yours when bleeding.—*Thackeray.*

The road to the next duty is the only straight one.—*Geo.
MacDonald.*

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our
tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*George Eliot.*

How do you grow good ?

"God is always trying to make me good, and I try not to hin-
der him."—*Geo. MacDonald*

All common things, each day's events,

That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents,

Are rounds by which we may ascend.

Countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I
have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part, and to trust
in to-day as in to-morrow.—*Thackeray.*

For she's one o' them things as looks the brightest on a
rainy day, and loves you best when you're most in need on't.—
George Eliot.

Bethink thee of something thou oughtest to do, and go and do
it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparation of a
meal, or a visit to a friend.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

