

"YE DID IT NOT TO ME."

MATE, 25 : 45.

I sat and gazed upon my sultry home ;
All pleasant things were there—
Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing
sounds
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
The sunbeam glanced and quivered
Through the many colored pane,
And the marble floor at the open door
Mirrored it back again.
The flowers blushed in beauty,
The birds sang forth their glee ;
I looked and listened, and I thanked my
Father
That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been
here,
In days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world He made—
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God,
Despised and poor !
I thought of him when first his infant form
Needed a resting-place, and there was none ;
The King of heaven was waiting to be
housed—
Earth's dwellings had no room !
I thought of him upon the mountain-side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon his lone-
liness ;
For Jesus had no home.

I thought 'nd thought, until my gushing
heart
Gronned forth its longings :
"Oh ! had I been there,
What tender ministry, what fostering care,
Wouldst thou have known,
Thou blessed One !
What kindly words,
What thoughts and deeds of love !"

The hot tears gathered fast ;
I laid me down and wept,
Was it a breeze that stole into the room,
So like a voice !
That came quite close—close to my burning
brow—
And whispered, "Why not now !"
It came again ; I brushed the tears away,
And, as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard Him say,
"But why not now !"

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,
And close behind that door a broken stair,
And then a low, dark room.
The room is bare ;
But in a corner lies
A worn-out form upon a hard straw bed,
No pillow underneath his aching head ;
A face grown wan with suffering, and a
hand
Scarcely strong enough to reach the small dry
crust
That lies upon the chair,
Go in—for I am there !
I have been waiting wearily in that cold
room,
Waiting long lonely hours,
Waiting for thee to come.

"There's a low quiet corner in a green
churchyard
Where deep, sad shadows lie,
And sound of passing feet goes seldom by ;
I want thee there.
In that still place, beside a new-made grave,
A woman has been weeping all day long.
None marked her where she sat,
And now 'tis getting late,
And stars are coming out—
Beautiful stars ! my stars
That used to gaze on me at Olivet.
The chill night dews are creeping through
her frame,
She dares not venture back from whence she
came :
She needs a home !
I call for thee, and waited,
But thou didst not come.
I want thy pitying tears, that fell just now
Upon the jewelled slab, to fall upon her
cheek ;
For tears can speak.
Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,
And leave me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,
Where to and fro, all through the busy day,
The sorrowing and the poor
Have found their way,
And now for very weariness
His eyes are closed—
Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked lov-
ingly

On many a ghastly spectacle of woe,
Looked into depths where loathsome
miseries lie,
And never wept mere idle sympathy.
The heavy hand has fallen by his side,
The strong, brave hand
That waited my command,
And then did deadly battle with the foe ;
That never flinched from any task
To which I called ;
Be the way smooth or rough,
My bidding was enough.
Go in and look ;
For tears have dropped upon the open
book !
That heart is burdened,
Burdened for my sake :
Thou, in thy thoughtless ease, wilt let it
break !
'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,
I called two willing servants to my feet ;
I took them by the hand, and said to each,
"I shed my blood for thee ;
Lovest thou me ?
And then I gave him work,
Large work within my fold.
He had no earthly store
Wherewith to feed my poor ;
It mattered not, I'd given me thy gold.
Where is it now ? Look at that pallid
brow
Sunken in its weary sleep ;
The furrows are too deep ;
They tell the tale of many an anxious
grief—
Not his but mine !
Whence comes the wasting of that haggard
cheek ?
The guilt is thine.
He gave me all his time and strength and
health ;
I took it, and then asked thee for thy
wealth—
Thy given wealth—asked that it might be
free,
Held in thine open hand for him and me.
Then came the years of conflict and of
toil,
The days of labor and the nights of prayer ;
Souls perishing in sin,
Few hands to fetch them in ;
The hungry to be fed,
The naked to be clothed,
The outcast and the poor
Gathering about my door.
I wanted money, and I wanted bread,
I wanted all that willing hands could do ;
I wanted the quick ear and ready eye,
Aye, and the deep true soul of sympathy ;
I wanted help, and then I called for thee—
I called and waited, and then called again !
Oh ! could it be that I should call in vain ?
I called and waited,
And thou didst not come !"

I tried to hold my breath, and hear Him
speak ;
But 'twas as though my throbbing heart
must break ;
I could not lift my head,
I could not sigh ;
The crimson shame had burned into my
cheek ;
I had no tears ; the very fount was dry.
Oh, it was long, I cannot tell how long,
That strange, cold stillness !
But I felt that he was waiting there,
Waiting for me to speak ;
I knelt upon the floor, and breathed his
name,
Then, struggling, one by one the faint
wordscame :

"Jesus, I thought I loved thee :
I remember well
That day when thou didst hold
My trembling fingers in thy pierced
hand,
And take me for thine own.
And I did love thee—"
This poor heart beat true ;
It was no fabled echo when the voice
That spoke thee mine
Responded, I am thine !
But, O my Master ! can I dare to tell,
Thy faithless child has loved thy gifts too
well !
I looked on all things beautiful and
rare—
Looked on earth's flowers,
And thought them very fair.
I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,
And hoped it was thy will
That I might turn away from common men
And love thee still.

"I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life ;

I did not like the turmoil and the strife
To come too near ;
And thou wast in the thickest battle-tide
When thou didst call thy servant to thy
side ;
But I was too far off,
And so I did not hear.

"My Lord ! I will come nearer. I will
take my seat
Close to thy feet.
I will come down where the gray shadows
lie,
And there I'll listen—listen every day
To hear thy voice !
It may be I must take a lower place,
But let me have the shining of thy face,
It may be I must seek a humbler home ;
Let it be one where thou wilt often come ;
Its door shall be upon the latch for thee,
And for the needy ones who claim
An interest in thy name ;
And I will stand, and watch, and wait, to
greet
The first faint echoes of thy coming feet."
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED
HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LORD A STRONG HELPER.

On the Lord's day, Mr. Plaisted filled the
pulpit, and the students were expected to
attend church, unless especially excused.
Frank Belden and Quince Broekton sat
side by side. Frank's handsome countenance
was taking on a fuller beauty ; the dark,
expressive eyes had lost the look of perpetu-
al excitement ; the lemon of strong drink
was losing in the struggle ; while Quince's
face showed the light of a new hope. His
mother's God was his God ; he could now
comprehend what had seemed to him an
injustice. He had mistaken the meaning.
There was no favoritism with God ; Jesus
Christ came into the world to save the lost.
And who so lost as the drunkard and the
drunkard's child ? Ah, yes ! but the wil-
lingness of God reached even to those
whom his words : "Come now, and let us
reason together, saith the Lord ; though
your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white
as snow ; though they be red like crimson,
they shall be as wool."

Mr. Plaisted was an earnest man, preach-
ing the truth in simplicity. There was no
special revival ; but many of the students
gave themselves to the Saviour ; prayer-
meetings were organized ; and here the
youth witnessed for Christ and proclaimed
their desire to spend and be spent for his
service.

Upon one occasion, Mr. Plaisted, in read-
ing a psalm, paused at the verse, "Behold,
O God, our shield, and look upon the face
of thine anointed."

"David said this," he remarked. It was
a familiar form of speech ; every one under-
stood it. It was the custom with warriors
to have their shields covered with embossed
figures of their gods. With these shields
they defended themselves in the day of
battle, and the intervention of the hallowed
symbol, on which their eyes rested, between
them and the weapons of the enemy, nerved
their own arms in the thickest of the con-
flict. "Behold, O God, our shield !" is the
believer's cry. Jesus is the Anointed One.
Are you secure in him, my friend ? Is he
your shield ? In the hour of danger, when
tempted to go astray, do you cry to the
Father to look upon His face who suffered
in your stead, paying all the debt ? Do you
ask Him to save you and to keep you from
sinning against Him—from sinning against
your own soul ?

"The Bible tells us plainly that this life
is a warfare ; experience confirms it. The
world is a great battle-field. In our own
hearts there is a constant struggle ; the
forces of right and wrong are striving for
the mastery. In this warfare there is no
discharge. Choose we must, and choose we
will. Have you declared, my dear friends,
Are you halting between two opinions ?
Delays are dangerous ; while you are hal-
ting, evil may prove victorious."

"But on Christ ! Is it possible there is
one here out of Christ ? To what shall we
liken such a soul ? To the bird who builds
in the branches where the winds sweep her
gently. But the tree is no safeguard ; the
lightning scathes it, or the woodman's axe

may lay it low, or the evil inclinations of a
depraved nature may rob the nest of its
treasure. It is not, and cannot by any means
become, a place of security.

"In Christ," on the other hand, is like
the bird who builds in the recesses of the
rock. Seething waters may roar around
it ; tempests may dash the ships against the
jutting base of the cliff ; but up in the niches
of the beetling rock the bird-mother, with
her little ones, sits and sings in safety.
Isiah says, "He shall dwell on high ; his
place of defence shall be the munitions of
rocks."

"Consider this, young man ! Trust in
the Lord for ever, for in the Lord is ever-
lasting strength. Make him your shield,
and the darts of the enemy will fall power-
less. And, victory—certain victory—will
be yours."

Frank and Quince walked home together.
"I like to think of Christ as a shield, a
defence, a refuge," observed Frank. "I used
to feel that I had an inherited appetite for
strong drink, and that it was useless to res-
ist. I wore myself out with effort, and
then I gave up, feeling that it was not in my
power to conquer. I hated it, but I must
be ruled by it. Now, this is where Christ
comes in as a shield, is it not ? I no longer
think of my appetite, but I look to my
Shield. I look to Christ to help me. I say
to him that he must ; my hope is in him ;
I have no other. And, Quince, he has helped
me ; fully believe that he will help me also
in days to come."

"I trust so, Frank. But if life is a war-
fare, then a constant watch is needful," was
the reply.

"I believe he will keep me ; I have asked
him, and Quince, I want Hatham to ask
him. You remember how you came after
me ? I want to help Hatham as you have
helped me."

"Hatham is nearly always at Brinley's
now ; I dislike to think of your putting
yourself into the lion's den. Still, if you
consider that you can do him any good,
it probably would be well to try," was the
reply.

Quince remembered well how unwilling
Mr. Seago was at first to allow him to run
any risk when he proposed that Frank should
be allowed to return to school. But what a
happy thing it was that he had finally
consented ! It was a great risk, but God had
given a great blessing to him for whom that
risk had been incurred. Might he not bless
the effort which Frank now wished to make
for Hatham ?

Frank did not make an immediate an-
swer. Hatham was a young man of rare
fascination of manner. He was already a
hard drinker, and was rarely to be found
at any other place than in Brinley's sal-
oon.

The next remark had reference to the
weekly reunion at Mrs. Seago's.

"If she would invite Hatham !" said
Frank, with pleading tenderness. "Do you
think she would, Quince ?"

"You can ask her ; you can tell her how
greatly you desire to see him reform. You
know how very anxious she is to do any-
thing that will really help a young man.
These weekly meetings were begun and are
kept up for that very purpose."

In the subdued light half of the street
some one passed them ; it was Hatham. His
step was rapid and his hat was pushed low
over his eyes ; he was on his way to Brinley's
in passing he raised his head for a moment,
and, as if moved by a sudden impulse, put
out a detaining hand, in order to stop Frank ;
then, seeing Quince, he hesitated, but at
length made bold to say,

"If you care for me, Frank—if you ever
cared for me—let me see you in the morn-
ing."

He did not ask for any promise, but, with
this earnest plea uttered in an almost de-
spairing tone, he passed rapidly onward,
leaving the friends to consider and decide
on what should now be done. Their sym-
pathy was still more deeply stirred, and
they resolved to use every means which
God might put in their power for his sal-
vation, and trust him to add his own bless-
ing and thus make their efforts success-
ful.

CHAPTER XXII.

HATHAM'S EVENING AT MR. SEAGO'S.

HATHAM was a young man who had the
misfortune to have had riches showered upon
him from the cradle. The only son of his par-
ents, he had inherited the family estate.
Then his grandmother died and left him her

own ample fortune
was taken away, at
left him a considera-
large property. A
that to be known a
an enviable possi-
about it that
peculiar turn of
something degrad-
himself for a livel-
do it : there was
was sent to Chelm
the desire to stand
not by right of se-
position demanded
him by the rules o-
no break, no distu-
over to the hotel
school went on wit
was several years
but the two had b-
Hatham did not
ford ; he came and
his manner was w-
as when he was a
was a strange fac-
almost impercept-
a dangerous exper-
Frank to put his
fluence.

From whatever
was a changed y-
weeks ; there was
him that was exc-
students. He ca-
seemed particula-
former acquaint-
observe all the st-
went so far as to :
books to study ;
up, he said. The
under surveillance
ing hand. Possi-
acting from an
would be wrong t-
him. It was th-
invitation was e-
Seago to attend c-
looked at it, tur-
and accepted it.

When H-ham
Belden was then
Mr. Plaisted, he
was music and co-
admired the flow-
tures, and felt s-
and his family.
that accommodat-
the most timid.
Gerty was oblig-
willing efforts to
always seasonabl-
sparkling.

Later in the e-
on a low seat b-
The latter had b-
of himself.

"I am persua-
mistaken idea of
exclusive control o-
life an object. I-
his intellect is dul-
ceptions are dul-
him for what h-
is. He has no a-
loses heart."

While Hatham
tion had been gr-
another mistak-
men like Hatham
and no distinct-
left to float do-
side, she recalls
that had drifted
with him—first
ence upon oth-
Belden. The in-
him to one of
ready glad that

Quince was i-
vation with h-
eyes were upon
"If I envy
said, turning a-
Mrs. Seago.

"Quince is a
make a good, b-
but there is no
returned Mrs.

"That is just
that I envy—d-
him on. It is
I did not have i-
it now."

The voice in
Mrs. Seago fell
without exact
take.