

Will You Be There?

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of grief and tears,
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay
No night, but one unending day.
Oh, say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright, eternal shore,
That bitter curse is known no more;
Oh, say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No heavy head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river ever flow;
Oh, say, will you be there?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child—
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain,
Of glory to the Lamb once slain;
Oh, say, will you be there?

Who shall be there? The lowly here,
All those who serve the Lord with fear,
The world's proud mockery dare;
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Reject the narrow way to tread—
These, these shall all be there.

Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that His love they share;
Who, gazing on the crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died"—
These, these shall all be there.

Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust;
Who did that place prepare;
Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come,
I am the way, I'll lead you home;
With Me you shall be there."

Why he Came Home so Late that Night.

"MAGGIE, put the tea on and set the table; he will be here soon," said a glad-looking woman as she put the last stitches into a garment.

"Yes mother, and I'm going to make him a buttered toast; he likes it so much with his tea," and the girl looked glad too, for she was thinking how good it seemed to have father come home sober from his work.

"Just think, mother, it is nearly six weeks since he touched a drop. It is almost too good to be true."

"The results prove it, my dear. How different our life is already," replied her mother.

"The best of all is, mother, I shall not need to wear my old dress to school next term," said Maggie, casting loving glances at the dress her mother was making. "No one will call me—her voice trembled—a drunkard's daughter. The boys too will have new clothes. Poor fellows! they suffered all last winter terribly with the cold."

"Poor children! how much you all have suffered. I trust we leave behind forever those dark days. We will try to help those who suffer, we know how to pity them. There is Mr. Foster, he spends nearly every day at Brown's. To think a town will license the sale of intoxicating beverages where such men are."

"Mother, why do they? Bell told me the other day that 'things grow worse and worse, and unless her father changed his course they should have to apply to the town for help.'"

"I suppose the town would rather support just such wretched families than have a law of prohibition enforced and carried out to save the fathers to care for their own families. Maggie God grant, and I say it reverently, that we shall never go back to those terrible days! We will try and find some way to help Bell and her mother."

The clock struck six. The mother folded her work and the boys rushed in from their play.

"Mother, we're so hungry, when will supper be ready?"

"Just as soon as father comes."
"Goody, goody, he don't get drunk now," said little Charlie.

"Hurry, hurry for new overcoats and boots this winter! We shan't freeze, Charlie," cried Harry.

Such a tussle as they had for the next few moments, then they rushed to the door to see if father was in sight.

"Guess our clock is slow," said Maggie. "The toast will get cold before he comes."

"Never mind, he won't scold, for I'll tell him how hard you tried to keep it hot, that will please him."

Thus the impatient family waited and watched.

"Seems as though he'll never come," said little Charlie.

"Of course he will," said Harry. "What's to keep him now, he doesn't drink?"

The clock ticked on and still he came not. The mother looked anxiously out of the window. She thought of Brown's. She was very sure that he wouldn't stop there. Only that morning he said, "I never felt so strong." She would have faith in him. The clock struck seven. She started back. Maggie's face grew strangely white. By and by the girl rushed to the door then down the pathway. He was nowhere in sight. She leaned over the gate. Did she believe that he would break his pledge? Who among all his acquaintances would urge him to drink? Oh it must not be!

Her mother met her at the door. "Maggie, he has stopped at Brown's!" "Mother, I'd rather die than have that happen."

A silence fell over the little group; that silence which is so helpless yet expectant. It came at last, that unsteady step along the walk. The mother thought of her boys. "Go to bed, you will be safer there; and Maggie too. There is no telling what he may do."

"No mother, I'll stay with you."
The gate opened and swung back on its hinges, the pathway gave back its dull sound, the door opened and closed and he came in.

Maggie felt as though all the bright hopes of her life had been snatched away, it looked like one deep sea of despair. Last night her father was a gentleman, to-night a fiend. Why did he not wish any supper? The rum had taken away his appetite. Why did he throw toast, dish and all to the fiend? Because the demon that was in him was a terrible one. Why did he speak such cruel words and threaten to take the life of his wife and children? Because his life blood was poisoned by the enemy alcohol and his brain crazed.

Late that night mother and daughter wept in each other's arms.

"Mother, this would never have happened if the voters of our town had given us true prohibition. Why don't they let the poor women and girls vote? We would save ourselves. Mother! mother! why should we suffer so much when there might be a law that would free us?"—*May L. Moreland, in Union Signal.*

"I'll see you later," said a persistent and threatening collector to a delinquent debtor. "Not if I see you first," was the reply.

Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbour bar,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery.
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

Those Clever Greeks.

If you turn a book upside down and look at the letters, every s will seem much smaller at the bottom than at the top, although, when the book is properly held, both halves appear the same size to the eye.

The upper part of the type that prints the letter s is made smaller than the lower half to correct the fault of the eye, which always slightly exaggerates the former. When the letter is turned over this same trick of the sight makes the difference seem greater than it really is; and, of course, were it of the same width all the way, it would still look uneven.

In greater matters, the false report of the eye is greater. If a tapering monument, like that on Bunker Hill or like the Obelisk in Central Park, were made with perfectly straight sides, it would look to us—for, you see, we really cannot trust our own eyes—as if it were hollowed in a little; or, as we should say in more scientific language, its sides would appear concave.

Those clever Greeks, who did so many marvellous things in art, thought all this out, and made their architecture upon principles so subtle and so comprehensive that we have never been able to improve on them since. They found that their beautiful Doric columns, if made with straight sides, had the concave effect of which I have spoken; and so with the most delicate art in the world, they made the pillar swell a little at the middle, and then it appeared exactly right.

This swelling of the column at its middle was called *entasis*. Of course it had to be calculated with the greatest nicety, and was actually so very slight that it can only be detected by delicate measurements; but it added greatly to the beauty of the columns and to their effectiveness.

Then the lines which were to look horizontal had to receive attention. If you look at a long, perfectly level line, as the edge of a roof, for instance, it has the appearance of sagging toward the middle. The Greek architect corrected this fault by making his lines rise a little. The front of the Parthenon, at Athens, is one hundred and one feet three and a half inches long and, in this, the rise from the horizontal is about two and one-eighth inches. In other words, there is a curvature upward that makes it a little more than two inches higher in the centre than at the ends, and the effect of this swelling upward is to make the lines appear perfectly level.

Indeed this same Parthenon—the most beautiful building in the world—when delicately and carefully measured was found to be everywhere made a little incorrect, so that it may appear right, which is certainly what may be called an architectural paradox. The graceful columns, which seem to stand so straight, are made to lean inward a little, since, if they were perfectly true and plumb, they would have the effect of leaning outward. The pillars at the corners slant inward more than the others, and everywhere the corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled, and lines are curved in order that they shall appear straight to the eye.—*Arlo Bates, in St. Nicholas for October.*

THE State of Maine has been greatly enriched by prohibition. General Neal Dow told us last August that a week before he met a gentleman who, forty years before, had left Maine for the West, and who had returned for a time, and he said he did not know Maine. When he left many houses had broken windows and old clothes in them, fences were broken down, and farms and other places in a state of neglect and dilapidation, and the people dressed in rags. Poverty appeared everywhere! Now the people were well off. They had good houses, which they owned. They were well clothed, and lived well, and had money to lend to the western people. They now saved \$24,000,000 yearly—which they before spent on the liquor traffic, \$12,000,000 directly as the expenses brought on the people as the result of the traffic—and all that, though Maine is naturally a poor State, and has but a small population. Now, similar saving would represent a much larger sum to Ontario.

The Hyena's Prey.

A HYENA found a trumpeter, who had been drinking, lying upon the ground near Cape Town, sleeping off the effects of his excess, and mistook him for a dead body.

This is not surprising, for such creatures know nothing of intoxication; they eat and drink only till they are satisfied, not till they become senseless.

The hyena seized the unconscious man, and began to drag him off toward Table Mountain.

Fortunately the motion quickly brought the drunkard to a sense of his position, and grasping his trumpet, he blew such a horrible blare that the terrified beast instantly let go, and made off at full speed.

Profane Language.

It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

A NEPHEW of the late King Cetewayo has been studying in Stockholm during the last six years, and is now returning to his native country as a missionary.