

Like the willows by the waters
 Will the scattered grain be found.
 Work while the daylight lasteth,
 Ere the shades of night come on ;
 Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
 And the laborer's work is done.

Work ! in the wild waste place,
 Though none thy love may own,
 God guides the down of the thistle
 The wandering wind hath sown.
 Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
 Or call thy labor vain ?
 The word that for him thou bearest
 Shall return to him again.
 On ; with thine heart in Heaven,
 Thy strength in thy Master's might,
 Till the wild waste places blossom,
 In the warmth of a Savior's light.

Watch not the clouds above thee ;
 Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
 God may the seed-time give thee,
 But another's hand may reap.
 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
 The seed burst from its tomb ;
 Thou knowest not which may perish,
 Or what be spared to bloom.
 Room on the narrowest ridges
 The ripened grain will find,
 That the Lord of the harvest coming,
 In the harvest sheaves may bind.

—Church Missionary Gleaner.

Family Reading.

WHERE DOES THIS ROAD LEAD TO?

A stranger was once walking a public road, when he came to a place where two roads met. Seeing an old man seated under a tree near by, he went to him and pointing toward the roads asked—

“ Friend, can you tell me where those two roads lead to ? ”

“ That narrow road to the right leads to the church, sir,” the old man replied, “ and the broad one to the left leads to the jail.”

A wide difference truly, yet not nearly so wide as the difference between the only two roads by which immortal men can travel to eternity : “ *Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to DESTRUCTION !* ” *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth UNTO LIFE !* ” O awful divergence ! *DESTRUCTION, HELL, DAMNATION* at the end of one road ; *life, HEAVEN, SALVATION* at the end of the other.

Years are milestones on these roads to eternity. Eighty milestones mark the extreme limits of both. Yet few, very few, reach the *fiftieth* stone without finding their terminus to the road. Dear reader, how far are you from the end of the road you have chosen ? Perhaps you are on your *last mile* ! Wouldn't it be well to look to its *end* ? Which road you are in ? THE BROAD ROAD ? Is it possible ? Can you, who were nursed in a Christian home, be in the *broad road* ? It is too