

## The Sabbath.

LED HOME.

BY MARGARET VANDERBILT  
Cardinal Newman, 1890.

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 loyalty to Him, Who through  
their past  
Has 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,  
Though 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.

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.  
Browne.

Oh, that we could think of God as we do of a friend, as one who  
unfeignedly loves us, even more than we do ourselves.

I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a  
sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.

The grating file is not more necessary to the polish of metals,  
than are trials for the brightening of grace in the Christian's soul.

The spirit which prompts the giving of money, time, and life  
itself, for the betterment of the ignorant and the oppressed,



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.

receives its impulse from Him who was not willing that an, should  
perish.

He who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing  
of the spiritual meanings and uses of life; nothing of the calm,  
strong patience with which ills may be endured; of the gentle,  
tender comfort which the Father's love can minister; of the blessed  
rest to be realized in His forgiving love, His tender fatherhood, of  
the deep, peaceful sense of the Infinite One ever near, a refuge and  
a strength.

The soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never can get  
its true joy and power. Only the soul that, with an overwhelming  
impulse and a perfect trust, gives itself up forever to the life of  
other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-  
surrender has to give.