



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 4.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN!"

(Unpublished poem by the late Benjamin Gough.)

"Meet me in heaven!" the dying mother said,
Grasping her husband's hand; "and our dear
child

Train up for God the heavenward path to tread,
A Christian undefiled.

"Stretched on the couch of death, God gives
me peace,

Through Jesu's blood accepted and forgiven;
Sorrow melts into joy, and love's increase
Brightens my hope of heaven."

"Meet me in heaven!" so breathes the faltering
tongue

Of such as die in Christ, while praise and
prayer,
Mingled with benediction and sweet song,
Their happiness declare.

The gloomy valley flames with light divine,
And angel-wings are hovering o'er the bed
Of those that conquer death—while glories
shine
A halo round their head.

Who conquers death must conquer self and sin,
Clad in God's armor, counting gain but loss;
The faithful soldier shall the victory win
Who bravely bears the cross!

Strong in the strength of Christ, a palsied arm
Shall smite like Samson's, and the foe subdued;
Death had no sting for Stephen, with the charm
Of heaven full in his view.

Who would not die to live the deathless life?

Even though he passed the martyr's fiery
gate—

Face the last struggle and the mortal strife
— With heart and soul elate?

Who would not wave the palm, and wear the
crown,

And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb?
Courage! nor fear they death, or Satan's frown,
Who trust in Jesu's name!

Death is the gate of life—to die is gain;
Not swifter flash the lightnings o'er the wire
Than the freed spirit, spurning toil and pain,
Joins the celestial choir.

From earth to heaven—from conflict to sweet
rest—

Absent from us, but present with the Lord,
Among the angels—mingling with the blest—
They reach their high reward.

"Meet me in heaven!" ten thousand voices cry,
Just as the spirit wings its upward flight;
"We will! we will!" in tremulous reply,
Ten thousand tongues unite.

Begin thy heavenward pilgrimage to-day,
Up! follow Christ, while time and grace are
given;

With thy face Zionward—away, away,
To meet thy friends in heaven.
— Family Friend.

BEHIND the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel;
behind the mill, the wheat-field; on the
wheat-field falls the sunlight; above the sun
is God.—J. S. Russell.

WORK FOR GIRLS.

BY GRACE H. DODGE.

How often do the fortunate girls who live
in happy, sheltered homes think of those
other girls whose lives are so different—the
girls who have to work from an early age to
support themselves; who are shut up day
after day, year after year, in factory or
shop; who live crowded in small boarding-
house rooms, or who at night have to help
in the housework of a poor home; who are
surrounded with every form of temptation,
and have no one to shelter and guard them
from evil? These girls need and long for
love and sympathy! And it is only by re-
cognizing and acknowledging their best
traits that their love and friendship can be
secured. The girls are busy all day, there-
fore the evening is the best time to influence
and reach them.

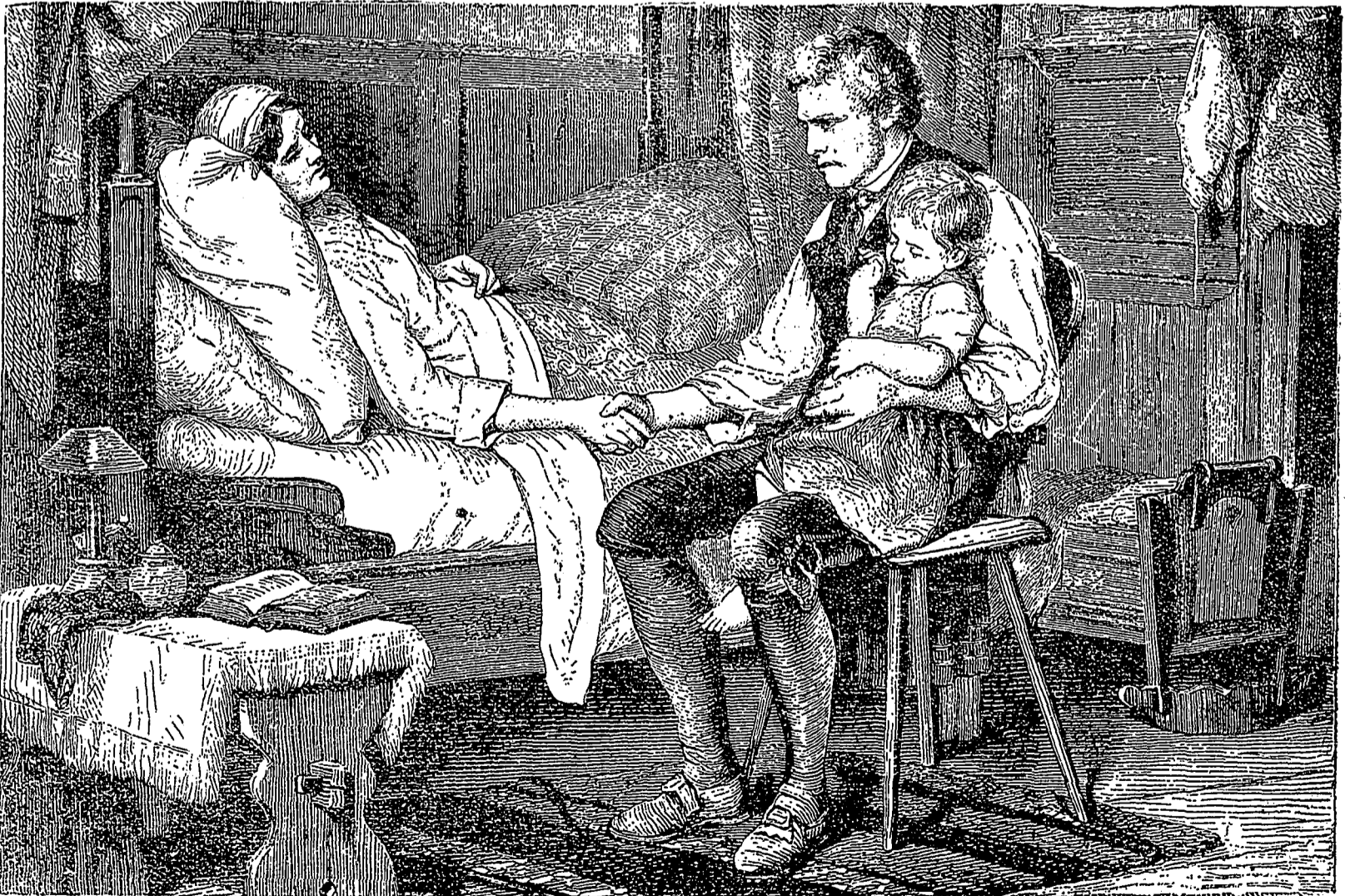
Evenings should thus be given for the
purpose of helping the working girls. But
what can a young girl do in the evenings, for
these other girls? There are Young Wo-
men's Christian Associations, and Girls'
Friendly Societies, and through these you
can exert upon many your cheerful influ-
ence. There may be a quiet school-room,
or part of a chapel, which you can use in
the evening. Here gather around you a
few girls, whom you have invited through

the lady missionary, or in the Sunday-
school. Try to make the hour and a half
pleasant for them by playing games, reading
aloud, singing, etc. Get older friends to
help you interest and influence the girls.
Little by little you will gain their friend-
ship, and the small beginning will grow into
great things.

Perhaps this plan does not seem practical;
if not, is there not in your own home a base-
ment or back room where you can invite,
on certain evenings, some of the hard driven
girls or boys? A half-dozen may gather at
first, but you can do great things for these
few; and as you gain confidence, and learn
how to manage, the gathering will grow.

From these few suggestions, it is certainly
seen that young girls can find many oppor-
tunities of devoting themselves to others,
not only in their own families, but also for
those suffering, unlearned, and neglected
ones who need help, cheer, and sympathy.
Will not every girl and young woman try
to do something, as God means that she
should do—trying to learn that the only
way to follow Christ is to serve Christ?

ONE DOING lights the way to the next.
All the little paths and aisles toward the
light of the Great Love open into each other.
—A. D. Whitney.



"MEET ME IN HEAVEN!" THE DYING MOTHER SAID.

M. P. 15887
GALLION QUE
AUBERT