

THE STARLESS CROWN.

(By the author of "The Pilgrim Maidon.")

Wearied and worn with earthly cares I yielded to repose,  
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:  
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's  
solemn gloom,  
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled the  
room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,  
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!"—then through the air we  
sped.  
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed;  
And light, celestial, calm and pure, across our pathway  
streamed.

My soul was hushed in ecstasy!—we passed the farthest  
star,  
And distant sounds of melody stole on us from afar.  
More swiftly still we journeyed on through pathless fields  
of light,  
When suddenly a change was wrought—and I was clothed  
in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold:  
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets  
of purest gold.  
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night:  
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its  
light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets; sweet music filled  
the air:  
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every  
clime, were there:  
And some whom I had loved on earth stood with them  
round the throne:  
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang; "the glory His  
alone."

But farrer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;  
And as I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love and  
grace.  
But how shall sinful mortal dare to touch so sweet a string.  
Or trembling human tongue essay His glorious charms to  
sing?

No tribute of immortal souls unto my Lord I brought:  
Salvation for myself had been the highest boon I sought.  
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last  
Had reached the goal of all my hopes,—that earth at  
length was past.

But oh, how solemnly He asked, "Where is the diadem  
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a  
gem?  
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is  
thine;  
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown  
should shine?"

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every  
brow;  
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now!  
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy  
deed;  
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace  
to lead."

"It was not meet for thee to tread the way of life alone;  
But that the clear and shining light, which round thy foot-  
steps shone,  
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of  
rest;  
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been  
blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake:  
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I  
feared to break:  
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering  
light,  
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful  
might.

I rose, and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,  
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;  
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,  
And help some weary soul to reach his home of rest above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be—  
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"  
And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,  
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars  
shall shine."

And oftentimes, with glowing heart, I lift my longing eyes,  
To see the shining angel band hold out the radiant prize.  
But if, through Jesus' grace, at last I win the starry crown,  
My joy will be—before His feet to lay its brightness down.

PRAYING FOR WHAT WE DON'T EXPECT.

I happened once to be staying with a gentle-  
man—a long way from here—a very religious  
kind of man he was: and in the morning he  
began the day with a long family prayer, that we  
might be kept from sin, and might have a  
Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also  
in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the  
love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the  
Holy Ghost given to us. A beautiful prayer  
it was, and I thought, what a good, kind man  
you must be. But about an hour after, I  
happened to be coming along the farm and I  
heard him hallooing and scolding and going  
on finding fault with everybody and every-  
thing. And when I came into the house with  
him he began again. Nothing was right, and  
he was exceedingly impatient and quick tem-  
pered.

"Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this  
way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in  
these times be good for but to worry and vex  
one, with their idle, slovenly ways."

I didn't say nothin' for a minute or two, and  
then I says, "You must be very much dis-  
appointed, sir."

"How so, Daniel? Disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a

very valuable present this morning, sir, and I  
see it hasn't come."

"Present, Daniel!"—and he scratched his  
head, as much as to say, "Whatever can the  
man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you speaking of it,  
sir," I said quite coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present?  
Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've  
never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about  
it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was  
here, for I should dearly love to see it."

He was getting angry with me, now, so I  
thought I would explain.

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed  
for a Christ-like spirit and the mind that was  
in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in  
your heart."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" and he  
spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised  
if your prayer was to be answered? If you  
were to find a nice, gentle, loving kind of a  
spirit coming down upon you, all patient and  
forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you  
come to be frightened like; and you'd come  
in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon as  
you must be a-going to die, because you felt  
so heavenly-minded?"

He didn't like it very much, but I delivered  
my testimony, and learnt a lesson for myself  
too.

REV. M. G. PEARSE.

I came not to call the  
righteous but sinners to re-  
pentance.

THE GRACE OF GLADNESS.

One spring of gladness, is wholesome, noble  
work. No man is glad when living to him-  
self. Man is made for the life of communion;  
the perfect form of human life was the life  
which found its blessedness in giving itself to  
mankind. There is much physical gladness  
in the glow of a healthy body. That glow is  
the fruit of energetic action. Thus sluggards,  
laggards, know nothing of the physical joy of  
life. Work for God, work for man, work that  
is twice blessed, which blesseth him that gives  
and him that takes, is the correspondent con-  
dition of a vigorous glow of health in the  
spiritual sphere. The old monks were glad  
because their lives were fruitful. I speak of  
their best day; later they became the laziest  
and dreariest men in Christendom. But when  
the institution was young, they had work on  
hand in which they believed the world would  
rejoice. They believed themselves the saviors  
of society; that by their toil, their tears, their  
prayers, they were helping it beyond the power  
of kings and captains to help it; that their  
uplifted hands kept heaven's gates open; that  
their constant prayer was a heaven's ladder,  
by which angels of God descended upon the  
world.

Let loose the wings of your loving ministry;  
star your soul to some work which shall scatter  
blessings. If you would taste joy, fresh and  
pure from its fountain, do good; be ready to  
communicate. It is this which makes the soul  
instinct with vigor, aglow with health, and  
radiant with joy. Man is a crippled, half-  
developed being, until his unselfish ministry is  
drawn forth. When he has tasted the joy of  
doing good, he is like the lame after Peter's  
touch; he goes into the great temple of life,  
walking, and leaping, and praising God. Try  
it. If life is sad, make it glad by service—  
service that strains your power, and which a  
higher power only can make you strong enough  
to render. But here we touch the deep peren-  
nial fountain of gladness—the joy of the Holy  
Ghost. The joy of a man who believes that  
God is with him, is exuberant, irrepressible.  
The delight of doing the will of God, to those  
who have tasted it, masters all other joy. "My  
meat and my drink is to do the will of Him  
that sent me, and to finish His work."

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