

THE QUIET HOUR.

Coming.

"At even, or at midnight, or at cockcrow, or in the morning."

"It may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
And watch the sinking sun;  
While the long, bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
With thoughts of Me;  
While you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
May come the sound of My feet:  
Therefore I tell you, Watch  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar,  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,  
For it may be through the gloaming  
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
Along the sand;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house,  
When the fires burn low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed:  
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.

"It may be at the cockcrow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn  
Of the golden sun,  
Which draweth nigh:  
When the mists are in the valleys, shading  
The rivers chill,  
And My morning star is fading, fading  
Over the hill:  
Behold I say unto you, Watch!  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home;  
In the chill before the dawning,  
Between the night and morning,  
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,  
When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
Over the little lawn;  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
Along the shore,  
And the little birds are singing sweetly  
About the door:  
With the long day's work before you,  
You rise up with the sun,  
And the neighbors come in to talk a little  
Of all that must be done:  
But remember that I may be the next  
To come in at the door,  
To call you from all your busy work  
For evermore;  
As you work your heart must watch,  
For the door is on the latch  
In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
I will come."

As He passed down my cottage garden  
By the path that leads to the sea,  
Till He came to the turn of the little road  
Where the birch and laburnum tree  
Lean over and arch the way:  
There I saw Him a moment stay,  
And turn once more to me  
As I wept at the cottage door,  
And lift up His hands in blessing—  
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,  
Leaning against the wall,  
Not heeding the fair, white roses,  
Though I crushed them and let them fall:  
Only looking down the pathway  
And looking towards the sea,  
And wondering and wondering  
When He would come back for me—  
Till I was aware of an angel  
Who was going swiftly by,  
With the gladness of one who goeth  
In the light of God Most High.  
He passed the end of the cottage  
Towards the garden gate—  
(I suppose he was come down  
At the setting of the sun,  
To comfort some one in the village  
Whose dwelling was desolate)—  
And he paused before the door  
Beside my place,  
And the likeness of a smile  
Was on his face:  
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given  
To watch for the coming of His feet  
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven:  
The work and watching will be very sweet  
Even in an earthly home,  
And in such an hour as you think not  
He will come."

So I am watching quietly  
Every day:  
Whenever the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say—  
"Surely it is the shining of His face,"  
And look into the gates of His high place,  
Beyond the sea,  
For I know He is coming shortly  
To summon me,  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
If He is come;  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home—  
"Only a few more shadows,  
And he will come."

What will happen to-day I know not, but I hope.  
The ignorance of coming happiness constitutes its  
charm. This is so true, that God has made a my-  
stery of Paradise. Those who would know all, know  
not how to be happy.—Mlle. Eugenie De Guerin.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

Without doing a gross injustice to ourselves and family, we cannot wholly ignore the claims of social life. Fitting associates go a long way towards equipping our growing sons and daughters to do battle with the world, into which they must go sooner or later. It should never be a woman's excuse that she is too busy to enjoy social life or cultivate friends, for it is simply an acknowledgment that she prefers the monotonous routine of domestic drudgery to bright and happy hours with her friends. Indeed, parents are hardly free agents in this matter, for they owe it to their children to make a social standing for them which shall lead to friendship, pleasure and profit. No mother should wholly ignore her social duties, nor allow herself to be bound so entirely to her domestic obligations as to become dull, listless and indifferent; but she can be bright, well dressed and refined, and it will cost her nothing either to be these, and still mingle with her fellow creatures, as it was intended she should do; for to live without an interchange of ideas with others tends to make us narrow, cranky, and self-opinionated. A little planning and a little setting aside of the household routine will secure the necessary leisure; and what a delight to plan and prepare for our friends; what pleasant anticipations to indulge in, and how it lightens the hearts of all the family at the prospect of giving others this pleasure; then what bright memories it leaves, renews your faith in humanity, and convinces you there is pleasure to be had outside of your own family circle. Above all, do not copy other people's festive gatherings; be original, for something novel either in decorations or amusement goes far towards the success of it. Mothers should observe a good appearance regarding their apparel, for children are very sensitive to appearances in those they love, and they present their friends to "mother" with pride at her neat and handsome dress, and the family finances need not be seriously embarrassed either. Keep within your means, and provide just what you feel you can afford. A gracious manner, bright and cheerful surroundings, and a special interest in every and all your guests will leave a pleasant reflection in the minds of all, which will last longer than lavish expenditure. MINNIE MAY.

Self-Sacrifice—A Talk with Mothers.

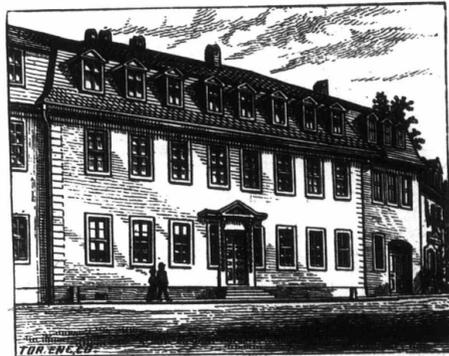
BY A. M. C.

Self-sacrifice has been extolled by orator, preacher and writer till it verily seems they would have us believe that the continuous laying of our rights, our privileges and enjoyments at the feet of others, was the noblest action on earth. True, self-sacrifice is the manifestation of a generous, obliging spirit; but it may be carried too far. There is, as Arnold says, "A borderland dim 'twixt vice and virtue"—a limit, beyond which generosity becomes prodigality; justice is frozen into severity; economy degrades into stinginess, and self-sacrifice passes into blind indulgence. This is peculiarly the case with mothers. For instance, one woman of my acquaintance had five daughters, three of which were grown up. The mother allowed those girls to idle their time in the parlor, playing, singing, reading novels, riding around the country with men, visiting through the village, while she cooked, washed, sewed and scrubbed for a family of ten. Some of these girls have gone to homes of their own, without knowing the first thing about housekeeping. Did not that gentle, patient mother do her family a palpable injury?

Another country couple slaved and pinched to leave a grand farm, provided with good buildings, stock and implements to their son. They succeeded, though the effort cut years from their lives. The son was an ignorant, lazy fellow, who allowed the farm to slip through his fingers. He was granted abundance of pocket-money, left to choose his own companions, permitted to attend every place of amusement, allowed to spend his leisure hours and also his cash in the tavern, while his parents toiled and saved at home. That son-to-day is almost penniless—a common laborer. It was the old, old story of throwing away with a shovel what the parents gathered with a rake. The same reckless indulgence is bearing like fruit with one of my rich neighbors here. But how often do the sons of the poor make such failures of life? There are countless parents who dress shabbily themselves that the young folks may wear luxurious clothes; who stay at home from places of amusement that the children may attend; who frequently deny themselves of dainty food that the youngsters may have a double share. Yes, unwise self-sacrificing fosters laziness, selfishness, greed. There are so many people whose motto is, "Grab all you can, and hold fast all you get," that it is cheering to meet with one of a different spirit. But be careful, lest when you give an inch someone takes a span. Self-sacrifice is a praiseworthy virtue—an imperative duty, so long as it is necessary to the well-being of others; but when it retards the physical, mental or moral development of the recipient, it should be withdrawn.

Weimar.

The small but interesting town of Weimar, in Germany, stands in a pleasant valley on the left bank of the Ilm. The town itself is irregularly built, but is chiefly of interest from its historical associations. The town church, dating from the year 1400, has an altar piece by Cranach, and contains a number of memorable tombs, among which are those of the brilliant soldier, Bernard of Weimar, and of Herder, the philosopher and critic. The ducal palace is a handsome building, some of the apartments of which are decorated by frescoes illustrating the works of Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland. The public library contains busts of these men of genius, and a number of relics, as the gown worn by Luther when a monk, and Gustavus Adolphus's leather belt pierced by the bullet that caused his death at Lutzen.



GOETHE'S HOUSE.

The first view of Weimar is very pretty, and one is prepared for a repetition of something of the feeling one experiences on first visiting Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place and home of Shakespeare. But this is not realized. Weimar is a very cultivated and beautiful town. A great many people seem to have settled here who live in a quiet way upon their income. But it is not permeated with Goethe as Stratford is with Shakespeare. Goethe's house is cut up into little bits for money-making purposes. Each person is charged a mark (twenty-five cents) on entering, and then the by-no-means large house is divided and one man shows one half and another the other, in order to make two fees instead of one. The house itself is exceedingly interesting from its plainness, its simple furnishings, its lovely shaded and flower-laden garden, and the work shop, which exhibits so marvellously the many-sidedness of Goethe's interests and genius in its scientific (chemical) apparatus, its books, manuscripts and plans. It stands in a near street to the house of Schiller.

In 1849 the great pianist, Franz Liszt, settled at Weimar, and, giving up his career as virtuoso, accepted the post of conductor at the Court Theatre. Here many works were produced that were unable to obtain a hearing elsewhere, and Weimar became the Mecca to which flocked musicians from all quarters of the globe. Poets and philosophers, as well as musicians, found inspiration in the genial sunshine of this noble man's presence. Liszt's influence upon music has been very great, not so much through his compositions as through his personality. There is probably not a great, or even mediocre pianist living, who has not studied with Liszt. He never received a cent for lessons. His instructions were given through the determination to inspire musicians with high aims and devotion to this most beautiful and elevating of all the arts.



LISZT'S HOUSE.

Some idea of his wonderful playing may be gathered from a newspaper account of his first appearance at the age of twelve:—"He is a true artist; and what an artist he is! And only twelve. They do not lead him to the piano; he flies to it. His eyes are bright and vivacious, gleaming with playfulness and joy. His little arms can scarcely stretch to both ends of the keyboard; his little feet can scarcely touch the pedals. It is impossible to comprehend how ten little fingers, which cannot span an octave, are able to multiply themselves in so varied a manner, and bring forth such difficult chords, and so skillfully moderate or accelerate all the masses of harmony. He is the first pianist in Europe, and Moscheles himself would not feel offended at this affirmation. He executes an exceedingly difficult piece of music with such precision, assurance, calmness, with such bold elegance, and feeling, that he drives to despair the most skillful artists, who have studied and practised the piano all their lives."