

## "Come and See."

WHEN Jesus went forth from the Jordan,  
Anointed a priest and a king,  
To lift up a world that had fallen,  
It back to allegiance bring;  
No gorgeous display of the purple,  
No crown decked with diamonds and gold,  
No sound of its trumpet and shoutings  
Were there for the world to behold.

This kingdom comes not with the splendour  
Attended with beauties of art,  
But brings with it joy and contentment;  
A kingdom set up in the heart.  
No language of earth can describe it,  
But subjects all people may be,  
To know its full grandeur and glory,  
This message to all, "Come and see."

These words were the words of the Master,  
The words of the fishers of men—  
They called up the blind and the lepers,  
And sent them rejoicing and clean.  
Transmitted from them through the ages,  
Dispelling from nations the gloom,  
Inspiring great deeds in the living,  
And chasing despair from the tomb.

Though skeptics may still be disputing,  
Refusing this message to heed;  
And science so-called may be sneering,  
While building a different creed;  
This message still rings forth in gladness,  
Proclaimed by the tried and the true,  
And millions are thronging the kingdom  
And finding the old story new.

In China the mists of thick darkness  
Are surely beginning to flee—  
The signals of day-dawn appearing  
And many are coming to see.  
The fair sunny isles of the ocean,  
Illumined by the light from above,  
Resound with the praises of Jesus,  
And hatred is changing to love.

Then speed the glad tidings, ye heralds,  
The banner of Jesus uphold,  
Go forth in the strength of your Master,  
Win trophies that cannot be told;  
Win crowns for your kingdom in glory,  
Win souls to the King's highway,  
Win over all nations to Jesus,  
Bring in the millennial day.

## The Stone Chair.

ON Thanksgiving morning six young men stood in quiet conversation on the corner of Clark and Washington streets, in the great and busy city of Chicago. "I propose to walk out to Graceland, the beautiful city of the dead." Thus spoke the leader of the company, and all agreeing they journeyed forth. There are many beautiful monuments in that quiet city; and many a noted one from among the learned and the wealthy, from bank and store, from pulpit and bar, from church and state, has been borne there to rest, but the visit of these six young men at this time to this land of sacred dust is not for the purpose of seeing the great and grand monuments, or visiting the graves of the rich. They have reached the beautiful entrance of Graceland, and passing under the imposing archway through which a stream of sorrow flows day by day and hour by hour, they turn to the right, and following the principal drive for more than a block, they reach an elevation where they stop to rest and meditate. And for these young men there is no more appropriate spot on this earth to meditate than just here.

Reader, though you are not interested, yet perhaps you would like to see and know something of this spot. Then draw near, see the place, and hear the words of these young men. It is a small three-cornered lot forming an almost perfect equilateral triangle, with three oak trees, one standing near each of the angles. Near the centre of the lot is a single grave, that all through the summer months resembled a bed of the richest flowers; but to-day the flowers are gone, and two well-wrapped rose bushes are all

that remain of the summer beauties. When the foliage is full upon the trees, this grave is covered with their mellow shadow all the day. At the head of the grave is a plain, low headstone of Italian marble. On the south end of the stone are these letters, "Sec. W. F. M. S.;" on the top of the stone the letters "S. E. F.," and just beneath these, in large letters, "Dear mamma." On the front of this stone are these words, "Resting in the everlasting arms." Near the head of the grave and immediately under one of the trees, is a rustic chair, cut out of solid stone, that extends its mute invitation to every weary, sorrowing pilgrim to stop and rest.

Reader, do you ask whose dust lies here? Let these young men answer. The leader of the company says: "Here lies the dust of a holy woman who found me two years ago a stranger in the great city of Chicago—a stranger to all the people, but what was much more, a stranger to God. This lady invited me into her Bible-class, and though my garments were threadbare, she invited me to her home. She talked to me of Jesus and the better life; she pointed out to me the way up to a noble manhood, and by her leading I was constrained to give my heart to God, and this day Jesus is mine, and I am His." "And I," said a second of these young men, "well remember the day when I landed in Chicago, a perfect stranger, direct from England. On my first Sabbath in the city I was invited by a young man whose acquaintance I had made to visit this lady's Bible-class. I had no sooner entered the church than she had me by the hand, inquired of me whence I came, where I lived, and invited me to become a member of her class. Her sweet womanliness, her face of sunshine, and the music of her voice, charmed me into obedience to her wishes. I was constrained first to give my name to the class; afterward I gave my heart to God, and my name to the church. Praise God for such a friend." A third young man speaks, and says: "I came to Chicago from Toronto, Canada. I, too, was homeless and friendless. I heard of this lady and her work for young men who were strangers in the city. I went to her class, and the first Sabbath took a back seat, and strove to hide myself; but the eyes of this lady missed no young man who appeared to be alone or friendless. At the close of the lesson she came to me, and as if I were her own son, she sat down beside me and questioned me concerning my temporal and spiritual condition. I told her I had once been a Christian and a member of the church, but that I had wandered far away into sin. She looked me in the face and said, while the big tears stood in her eyes: 'Jesus is anxiously hunting and calling for His wandering sheep; let me lead you back into the fold.' Yes, and she did lead me back into the fold, and this day I am one of the Great Shepherd's flock." "I will tell you how it was with me," said a fourth. "I came from my Iowa home, and found myself in Chicago, without friends, without money, and without work. After tramping from early one morning until four o'clock in the afternoon without finding work, and without anything to eat, I called at this lady's home and asked for something to eat. She gave me a little work to do, and while I was doing the work she ordered a dinner

prepared for me. After she had found me good work with fair pay, she invited me into her class and her home, and afterward she led me to Christ and the church."

"And I," said the fifth young man, "have more reason to thank God for this lady than you all. Two years ago I was a poor drunkard. This lady found me at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and asked me to call at her home. She prayed with me, and entreated me for Jesus' sake, for my dear mother's sake, and for my own sake, to reform. She induced me to sign the pledge; placed her hands upon my head and offered, O! such a prayer for me. Thus and there new strength came into my life, and from that day to this, by the grace of God, I have been able to live a sober life. Boys, I tell you this dear woman was a mother to me." The sixth young man spoke and said, "Under God, all I am to-day, or hope to be in the days to come, I owe to this noble woman. No wonder they have cut the name 'Dear mamma' on the headstone, for she was a mother to us all." The leader said, "You see on the headstone, 'Resting in the everlasting arms.' This reminds us that the last hymn she sang was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Boys, let us sing that hymn." And they did sing it with the tears streaming down their cheeks; after which they kneeled around the silent grave, and in voiceless prayer dedicated themselves anew to God.

Reader, would you know whose dust lies here? Over the back of the rustic chair hangs a scroll; draw near and read: "Born July, 1858." "Departed April, 1883." Read on: "Her work for God and humanity is her monument." Whose dust lies here? Ah! this is the grave of Sarah Houghton Fawcett. And these young men whom she had led to Jesus came hither to offer their tribute of praise and thanksgiving to God for the memory they have of the blessed woman whose dust rests here by the chair of stone. She is not dead; "not dead but departed." She lives in the work she did and does.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

## A Brave Girl.

IN the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were watching each other's movements near New York, General Schuyler, having resigned his command, on account of some unjust charges against him, was staying at his house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. A party of Indians attempted to capture General Schuyler.

Schuyler gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-storey windows to alarm the neighbourhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room-upstairs; the sturdy General, standing resolutely by the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered

around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly, a crash is heard which chills the very blood, and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment, Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door; for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the General, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

All was as black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarrelling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whiz! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head, and, cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Indians, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after her: "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father upstairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed to the real object of the expedition, when the General, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving the General in possession of the field.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.—George Enos Throop, in *St. Nicholas* for July.

IN France there are more than half a million Protestants, with a thousand Protestant pastors, more than 1,200 Protestant schools, and 30 Protestant religious journals. In Switzerland Romanism had once all, and now has only two-fifths of the population. In Bavaria the Protestants number nearly a third of the population; in Belgium alone does Romanism show vigour.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall.—*Longfellow*.