COMING,

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, 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 An I 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, Ameng those thronging footsteps May come the sound of my feet; Therefore I tell you-Watch ty the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky As the clouds alar;

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 fire burns 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 For it may be at midnight I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow, 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 on the valleys, shadi The rivers chill,

And my morning star is fading, fading Behold! I say to you-Watch! Let the door be on the latch In the chill before the dawning, Setween 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 birds are singing sweetly About the door; With a 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; Wat remember that I may be the next To come in at the door, Forevermore; As you work your heart must watch, For the door is on the latch

In your room. And it may be in the morning A will come.

THE STONE CHAIR.

On Thanksgiving morning six back into the fold.' Yes, and she young men stood in quiet conver- did lead me back into the fold, and sation on the corner of Clark and this day I am one of the Great Washington streets, in the great Shepherd's flock." "I will tell and busy city of Chicago. "I you how it was with me," said a propose to walk out to Graceland, fourth. "I came from my Iowa the beautiful city of the dead." home and found myself in Chica-Thus spoke the leader of the com- go, without friends, without monmany, and all agreeing they jour-ey, and without work. After neved forth. There are many tramping from early one morning Beautiful monuments in that quiet antil four o'cleck in the afternoon city; and many a noted one from without finding work, and withsmong the learned and the out anything to eat, I called at wealthy, from bank and store, this lady's home, and asked for and state, has been borne there to little work to do, and while I was rest, but the visit of these six doing the work she ordered a dinyoung men at this time to this aer prepared for me. While I and of sacred dust is not for the was eating she questioned me as surpose of seeing the great and to my home, my purpose in the grand monuments, or visiting the city, and my religious life. She graves of the rich. They have said little to me at that reached the beautiful entrance of time about my religious life, but Afraceland, and passing under the finding me desirous to find work, imposing anohway through which she exerted herself for me; and eratream of sorrow flows day by through her influence, in two days day and hour by hour, they turn I had a situation which I have to the right, and following the been able to hold from that time principal drive for more than a to this. After she had found me block, they seach an elevation good work with fair pay, she inviwhere they stop to rest and medi- ted me into her class and her ante. And for these young men home, and afterward she led me there is no more appropriate spot to Christ and the church." on this earth to meditate than just "And I," said the fifth young

Aike to see and know something This lady found me at the Young of this spot. Then draw near, see Men's Christian Association three cornered lot forming an al- and entreated me for Jesus' sake, most perfect equilateral triangle, for my dear mother's sake, and ties. When the foliage is full up- was a mother to me." The sixth alley. mute invitation to every weary, ed around the silent grave, and in sorrowing pilgrim to stop and voiceless prayer dedicated them-

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 for God and humanity is her monto 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 Bibleclass. 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

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 bigtears stood wandering sheen; let me lead you

me, and as if I were her own son,

man, "have more reason to thank Reader, though you are not in- God for this lady than you all. Two terested, yet perhaps you would years ago I was a poor drunkard. the place, and hear the words of rooms, and asked me to call at these young men. It is a small her home. She prayed with me, with three oak trees, one stand- for my own sake, to reform. She ing near each of the angles. Near | induced me to sign the pledge the centre of the lot is a single placed her hands upon my head grave, that all through the sum- and offered, O! such a prayer for mer months resembled a bed of me. Thus and there new strength the richest flowers; but to-day came into my life, and from that the flowers are gone, and two day to this, by the grace of God, I well-wrapped rose bushes are all have been able to live a sober life. that remain of the summer beau. Boys, I tell you this dear woman on the trees, this grave is covered | young man spoke and said: "Unwith their mellow shadow all the der God, all I am to-day, or hope day. At the head of the grave is to be in the days to come, I owe plain, low headstone of Italian to this noble woman. No wonder marble. On the south end of the they have cut the name 'Dear stone are these letters, "Sec. W. mamma' on the headstone, for she E. M. S.;" on the top of the stone was a mother to us all." The the letters "S. E. F.," and just leader said, "You see on the beneath these, in large letters, headstone, Resting in the ever-"Dear mamma." On the front lasting arms.' This reminds us of this stone are these words, that the last hymn she sang was, Resting in the everlasting Safe in the arms of Jesus. Near the head of the Boys, let us sing that hymn." grave and immediately under one And they did sing it with the of the trees, is a rustic chair, cut tears streaming down their out of solid stone, that extends its | cheeks; after which they kneel-

selves 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: ument." Whose dust lies here?

Ah! this is the grave of Sara Houghton Fawcett. And these young men whom she had led to Jesus came hither, this Thanksgiving day, 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. is not dead : "not dead but departed." She lives in the work she

"There is no death! What seems so is transition, This life of mortal breath Is but the suburb of the life elvsian,

Whose portal we call death."

did and does.

DID I GUIDE YOU

STRAIGHT. When Gen. Wolseley was about to undertake his march over the plains of the Nile for his last engagement with Arabi he secured the services of an educated young Scotchman who was familiar with the course to guide the movements of his army. Before they took up their march the general said to him: "Now I want you to guide me straight; guide me by the star." During the battle that followed the young man was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, Gen. Wolseley found him in his tent. As he entered, the dying soldier raised his eyes and said: "Didn't I guide you straight, general? Didn't I guide you straight? And the general could only acknowledge that he did. Is this not a most appropriate question for parents, pastors, and teachers to ask as the eld year is dying out and as we leek upon the souls committed to our trust? By our example have we led our followers only in the paths of safety? In our instructions have we declared the truth warmly, earnestly, plainly, affectionately. Have our warnings been faithful, and tender, and loving? In our exhortations have we plead with them in her eyes: 'My Jesus is anxi- "as dying men with dying men?" ously hunting and calling for his In our supplications for them at the throne of grace have we wrestled for them as did whose heart's desire and prayer for Israel was that they might be saved? Can it be said of us-

> "He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt And as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies. He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds and led the

Can we say, as we will want to say when we look up from our dying beds, "Didn't I guide you from pulpit and bar, from church something to eat. She gave me a straight?".—Evangelical Reposi-

WHAT WHIEKY WILL DO

Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness he went home and murdered his wife in the most brutal manper. He was carried to jail while drunk. Awakening in the morning, and looking around upon the bare walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaim-

"Is this a jail?" "Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry. "For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?" "Your wife know it?" said some one. "Why, it was your wife you murdered.'

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead. Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold the liquor which caused his drunkenness; the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his license; the sheriff who hanged him

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

All honor to him who shall win the prise,' The world has cried for a thousand years, But to him who tries and who fails and dies I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears To all who fail in their deeds sublime, Their ahosts are many in the van of years, They were born with Time in advance of

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name, But greater many and many a time Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with sword undrawn, And good is the man who refrains from Wille: But the man who fails and still fights on, Lo, he is the twin born brother of mine.

THE DUTY OF TRUTH TELLING.

But what is a lie? Various definitions have been given, but no tual companionship had been to sensitive conscience will be satis- her, prompted her to any sacrified with anything less stringent fice on his behalf. Then came than this. Any word spoken upon her the misfortune which with intent to deceive. In some | she has herself expressed so well cases an act may be a lie, if performed with intent to deceive, but on the whole it is best to restrict the definition to words. The words themselves may express truth if interpreted in a certain way; but if they are with the intent that the hearer shall understand them in a different way, and so be deceived, they are a lie. tragedy on the stage of recent In other words, the truth may be so told as to be a lie. Many Chris- Eliot, and never has a crucified tian people who would not dream | soul more purely sought to reof lying in the straightforward deem, with sweetness of light, a fashion, will lie without scruple life as dark and bitter as trouble in this indirect way. Their con- could make it."-Central Adv. sciences need to be educated.

Some professedly Christian people will tell shameful falsehoods apparently without suspecting the real nature of their offense. For example it is no very uncommon thing for a communication to be received at this office relative to the resignation of some pastor, whose work is described in glowing terms, and who is warmly commended to the churches. Accompanying this will be a private church asunder by his lack of wisdom, and has some grave defects peaceful departure, and not to do him any harm, the church wish the statement inclosed published. In plain English, the church is willing to tell a lie to its sister churches in order to get out of its dilemma, and asks the Examiner to give deliberate circulation to the lie! Such people must have queer ideas, not only of morals but of journalism.

Then another thing must be taken into the account: it is no easy thing to tell the truth. Those who have had any experience in courts of justice know that even an honest witness is often unable to tell the truth. "How long was it after the blow was struck before the pistol was fired?" asked city. "About two minutes." The point was important, for on the answer might depend whether a verdict of murder in the first degree or one of manslaughter should be returned. The Judge took out his watch and said. "Wait till you think the same time has passed, and tell me.' After a pause the witness said "Now!" Said the Judge, "it is precisely twenty seconds." The man had no idea of the passage of time without a timepiece before his eyes to measure it for him. Wery few people can accurately measure time or distance without the aid of instruments. Few people can hear accurately and report correctly the substance of apeech, to say nothing of recalling the exact words spoken. Even those who call themselves educated men often lack those habits of precise observation and accurate use of words that make testimony trustworthy when the honesty of a witness is undoubted.

Truth-telling is not, therefore. a matter of morals only, but a matter of intellect, It presupposes a certain degree of education, and the education of a child is incomplete from which this kind of training is omitted. For every lie told through malice there are two untruths told by reason of inability to tell the exact truth. The preacher, the parent, the teacher, need to give constant instruction not only on the duty of telling the truth, but on how to tell it.—Examiner.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Slowly yet certainly, but not unexpectedly to those who look below the surface, the hitherto well kept secret of George Eliot's also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin blighted life is being uncovered; not curiously, nor prudishly, but in her own defense and as well in the interest of purity and truth. That her greatest abilities had an unfortunate development any student of her writings at once perceives. The subtle faculty of spiritual insight, the highest element of genius which is the chief characteristic of her earlier works. " Adam Bede," and "The Mill on the Floss," is completely lost out of her later writings. Works of wonderful intellectuality are they, but the soul has lost its freedom and poise. What this great wo man might have been had she

fligate and immoral of men, and won't believe that Thou dost love betrayed the woman whose admiation for his talent and gratefulness for the benefit his intellec-"There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown." George Eliot lost her crown, the larger crown that she n.ight have won. One who knows whereof he writes says: "There has been no sadder history than the life of George

WHAT ARE YOU READING.

Step into this public library and watch the many comers and goers. Is it not a little awesome to think that here, preserved in life beyond life, wait the spirits of thousands of the mighty deadwait to be invited to hold communion with these living minds, to touch and stir these eager throbnote to the editor, saying that the | bing, human hearts? Do we carefact is the man has torn the fully select from among them "the best society?" Let us watch this pretty young girl pa s of character. But to secure his ing near us: Her eyes glance along the full shelves. Here Sir Walter Scott throws open to her ancient castles and baronial halls but she does not pause to enter; then Tennyson pushes gently toward her the light shall p of the Lady Shallot, but she lets it drift idly past; Milton opens before her I am so little, and that I am so heedless vision heights crowned by angels, and depths blackened by demons, but still that unsatisfied look of search is upon her face; Shakespeare clears a little glade in the green wood, and makes room for her among Tita in and her circling days, but she only looks bewildered and amazed. Then science comes forward with adjusted telescope and microscope; with bird, and beast and the Judge of an evidently honest shells, and crimson corals. His- ever talked to him like that for witness in a recent trial in this tory and travel unroll brilliant years and years—never since his panoramas of all ages. Art sets mother had gone to heaven. And up before her fine buildings, grand down those wrinkled cheeks the statues, and beautiful paintings, tears began to come, very big and while religion proffers knowledge very fast. "Don't cry, Dan; beand consolation and growth in grace from many an open page of truth. But see! the girl we are watching pushes past them all, and says to the librarian, "Haven't God be merciful to me-the you any of Ouida's novels in this worst of sinners." As little Anlibrary?" I've been looking all through these shelves, and I can't find one." Yet that girl will not bate jot or tittle, mind you, of her a clean heart and a right spirit. rightful claim-a place "in the Little Annie left him praising God best society."-Cumberland Pres- his Heavenly Father, for such byterian.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

LOVELINESS.

" Beautiful thoughte make a beautiful soul; and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face. Once I knew a little girl, Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain; On her cheek no tint of rose Paled and blushed, or sought repose; She was plain.

But the thoughte that through her brain Came and went, As a recompense for pain Angels sent ; Se full many a beauteous thing, In the young soul blessoming, Gave content,

Every thought is full of grace, Pure and true ; And in time the homely face Lovelier grew; With a heavenly radiance bright, From the soul's reflected light Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled, You are sure Of the loveliness of worth; And this beauty, not of earth, Will endure.

THE CHILD MINISTER.

Here is a story of a child minister that will show you how very much children can do for Jesus. Little and to do many other things, Annie Gale had given her heart to which they ought not to do. Jesus, and now all day along she wanted to be doing his will and pleasing him. But one morning play and make a business of it. her heart was very much grieved. A gentleman called at her father's healthy games. If I was the house, and he laughed at the 'no- town, I would give the boys tion of little Annie being convert- good, spacious playground. If ed. "She was always so good should have plenty of soft greet that she did not need it to make grass and trees and fountains, and her any better," he said. "If old broad space to run and jump and Dan Hunter began to love Jesus, to play suitable games. I would now. I should think that there make it as pleasant, as lovely was something in it." Poor little it could be, and I would give it not fallen under the malign influ- Annie was very grieved, and go- to the boys to play in, and whether ence of Geo. H. Lewes no one ling away to her room, she knelt he play was ended, I would tell Josquis Miller. may say. He was the most pro- down and said, "O Jesus, they hem to go home.

me. because I am so little. O. Jesusl help me to get poor old Dan Hunter to love Thee, and they will believe thou dost love me too." Then little Annie set

out for old Dan Hunter's house. Now, there was no mistake about it that old Dan was the very crossest and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked away in his wheelwright yard. grumbling and growling all day long. No poor woman ever came into his yard to get shavings for the fire, and no boy ever crept in there for a basket of chips. No. body who could help it ever came to see old Dan. This morning he was at work bending at his saw. when a very pleasant little voice said, "Good morning, Dan."

The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked around and forgot to scowl. "Please Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I'm sure you won't mind will you?"

Now it was so long since any. body had cared to speak to Dan at all, that he couldn't understand what this little maiden could have to say, so he set down his saw and rolled his apron round his waist, and sat down on a trunk of a tree. Really, for old Dan, he was look. ing quite pleased.

"Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little one?" He spoke gruffly-he always did, but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

Little Annie sat down by his side, and looking up into his rugged, wrinkled face, she said, Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do lovel him. But the gentleman at home says that good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it. But he says that if you would begin to love Jesus, then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? because Jesus does love you. you know:"-and little Annie took hold of Dan's great rough hand. "He loves you very, very much, Dan. You know He died upon the cross for all of us.'

Poor old Dau! Nobody had cause God loves us though we have sinned, and he sent Jesus into the world to save us." Dan's heart was broken. He could only say. nie talked with him, he came to see all-how that Jesus had died for him, and was able to give him wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at her home.

"Now Sir," said she, "you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love Him, and he has got converted."

"Nonsense," laughed the gentleman. "Why, Annie, whoever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see." And he did, and so did everybody else in the place. They saw that old nipped. frowning face turned into joy and gladness. They saw the ill-tem pered old Dan become so kind that every body had a friend in him, and when you passed the yard you might be sure to hear a happy of man, as he worked with ham and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus.

So little Annie ministered unw the Lord.—Mark Guy Pearse.

GO HOME, BOY.

Boys, don't hang around the corner of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Homeis the place for boys. About the street corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobaceo,

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, like to see boys play good, earnest

Submit to God We should su cause He is the authority. 2. stor and Father over us is a rule obedience is the ness. 5. Beca with us are for resist the devi no rightful auth cause he is ou cause he hates over us with a cause to yield the way to des all his dealings. our ruin. It w Wh from us. weapons of re-2. Faith 3. Saviour repelle Satan wih a p Let us have ou passages of the 8. "Draw Where ? The Je it to mean goin We may to son it thus too. specially set a nigh to God, at lect any opport ship. But wel God anywhere, do so in privat liely, at the app ship and we st in time. Priva ient times as w selves-always ing. Specially, tion, trouble he will draw ni often the Lord to be true, bo and private de otherwise? some tault in ou near to God, to to draw near to

THE SUN

THE GOSPE

Ver. 7-The F

8-10. Here of the abruptness es St. James's v breaks off from and breaks out "Cleanse your your hearts." Isaiah s words are thus taught pentance befor unto God accept sinner in his ca to be turned int the light, jorial

sure-seeker into

mercy of God ca

when the sioner

bled in the sig draw near and depths of despai 11-12. This terms, a repetit teaching in the (Matt. vii- 1-5.) officious in puttir ments on the me other people; ness in doing th an uncharitable to judge hastily always ready. worst possible doubtful actions wrong motives tions. Such as demned both b James. It is judge at all, ex tion we hold ma it should be don

n embering our one Judge of all 13-14. It is ast a thought of the men form plans schemes. Thou cuts off others i busy life, and b to naught, they that it may be To be dil gent i tian duty, but it that diligence b fact that any hor trom the scene of igent in busines vent n spirit, s thus prepared betall. St. Ja the trailty of ou most graphic in ses speaks of it tale that is told David, as being breadth (Psalm of these concep of a vapour wh

What is so evan 15 Here we recognition. Th feeling alway ed; none knew tle the danger very matter, not even the fe their eyes. fall of flippantly sa ter of form, " I will do so a no real meanin 17. This is th parable of the with the one ta it, but he made tempt to alo a knew it was giv Sins of omissio as great condet punishment as .

As we are in this world so we are not a and do what w Henry.

Abridged from