The Family Circle.

178

WILL HE COME?

Sitting in my humble door-way, Sitting in my humble door-way, Grazing out into the night, Listening to the stormy tumult With a kind of sad delight, Wait I for the loved who comes not— One whose step I long to hear; One who, though he lingers from me, Still is dearest of the dear. Soft! He comes—now heart, be quick, Leaping in triumphant pride! Oh 1 it is a stranger footstep, Gone by on the other side.

friend."

lines :--

pented.

Lou Ellis' desk.

Congregationalist.

teetotaler?"

able to read a note written to another,

"Just as I am; without one plea, Save that Thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to Thee,

thou shalt find it after many days."---

THE CUNNING ANGLER.

SERMON FOR A PUBLIC TAP-ROOM.

Stranger. "No, thank you."

One of the Company. "Here, stranger,

Poor Drunkard. "Why, are you a

Oh, Lamb of God, I come !'

All the night seems filled with weeping-Winds are wailing mournfully, And the swift rain-tears together Journey to the restless sea. I can fancy, sea, your murmur, As they with your waters flow, Like the griefs of single beings, Making up a nation's wae!

Branches, bid your guests be silent; Hush a moment, fretful rain; Breeze, stop singing; let me listen, God grant not again in vain! In my cheek the blood is rosy, Like the blushes of a bride; Joy! Alas! a stranger-footstep Goes on by the other side.

Ah! how many wait for ever For the steps that do not come ! Wait until the pitying angels Bear them to a peaceful home. Many in the still of midnight In the streets have lain and died, While the sound of human footsteps Went by on the other side.

MAY MILLER'S NOTE.

The last class for the morning was reciting in the little brown schoolhouse under the hill. Already little Patty Marlow's red mittens were placed in a conspicuous position on her desk, and her restless feet planted firmly in the aisle, ready to start the moment the signal was given for dismissal; already many of the boys were shuffling away their books, with more noise than order; and even the oldest and most studious of Mr. Wiley's scholars were beginning to yawn and look up from their books.

One little girl alone seemed to have forgotten that the close of the morning session was so near; with her head resting on her hand, and her flushed face almost hidden by long drooping curls, she seemed lost to everything but her own thoughts.

"I can't, I can't," her rebellious heart was saying. "She will only laugh. It's such a poor little note, it will do her no good. If I could write nice notes, like Miss Elden's, they might be of some use, but this"-

Poor little May Miller! There was no time for further thought; for the class in spelling were taking their drink." seats, and Mr. Wiley's bell was ringing for all books to be put away. In a few minutes more school was dismissed, and May was in the dressingroom, with the other girls who were going home at noon.

Little Patty Marlow was there too, hurriedly putting on her cloak, hood, and red mittens, and eagerly telling her dearest friend, Fanny Miles, that Ghost.⁷

she (Patty) could not be convailed upon to stay at noon, for it was her birth- not a teetotaler, just tell this company day, and they were to have a regular | why you won't drink."

till I'm strong, and I'm sure I don't danger, show the bait, and warn him know when that will be. Oh, dear! I of the hook. If he takes the warning, wish I knew how to go to Jesus; the he hearkens to God's voice; and the with a minister said lost Sabeth thet I will be the degrees and the ward of the hook. If he takes the warning, he hearkens to God's voice; and the ward the degrees are uncertained out to zit as a sign to myself what I ought to do. If he takes the warning, while the auroral fires seemed to the auroral fires seemed to the heart of the takes the warning while the auroral fires seemed to the heart of the takes the warning the heart of theart of the heart of theart of theart minister said last Sabbath, that He was book says, 'Whoso hearkeneth shall' be descending upon us, one of our father at the door, and could see how the best friend we could have; but I'm dwell safely, and be free from fear of number could not help exclaiming, heavy his heart was with care. And afraid I'm not most of anough to be With and be free from fear of number could not help exclaiming, heavy his heart was with care. And afraid I'm not good enough to be His evil.' But if he hearkeneth not, but yields to the temptation, then,-alas, most as if a warfare was going on

A bit of paper rustled under Phil's ones!—the cunning angler, the devil, so palpable—so near—seems impossi-catches his precious soul, and a great ble without noise." foot. He stooped mechanically to pick it up. It was a little note, superscribed in an irregular, childish hand ransom cannot redeem him." One of the Company. "Oh! but God drous display. All was silence. merciful." After we had again descended into ---- "Miss Leouise Ellis." No one ever taught poor Phil that it was dishonor-

is merciful." Stranger. "Yes; true, God is mer-

so he opened the little missive, and is to repentant sinners. And look said to me, make yourself good, but come to Him just as you are," seemed written exactly mercy, and his precious blood and suffering, from the eyes of man. But for Phil, and then came the sweet there is no mercy to be found out of Jesus Christ, for we are all by nature the children of wrath. Look at that poor father. Once he read his Bible to his little family; now, having yielded to the tempter, the devil's substitute, the newspaper, is provided in-stead. Journals, periodicals, and a Poor Phil took the note to his seat, and copied these lines, and then put it softly, and almost with reverence, in thousand fictitious fooleries are the husks he feeds upon. His work is That night, in his humble attic neglected, his clothes are become rags, chamber, poor Phil repeated that verse his wife weeps, his children cry for over and over on bended knees, and bread, his body is broken, his soul is at length lay down to sleep, with a lost, and from a public-house he stagstrange peace in his heart and a strange gers into a drunkard's grave, and his smile on his lips; and that night there poor soul down to a drunkard's hell. was joy in heaven, among the angels God gives a power to those who take of God, over one sinner that had rethe warning and receive Jesus. They shall know the truth, and the truth Several years after, when Philip shall make them free, as it has made me this day."

Barney had made a public profession of his love to Jesus, this story of her The Lord has given many poor note was told May Miller by her drunkards eyes to see at such times, white-haired pastor; and sweet little and many a warm grasp has the hand May wept glad tears of joy when, as received which now writes, both from he finished, the good old man stroking saved husbands and rejoicing wives. her soft brown curls, said, gently, May God save the poor people. Amen! 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for -The Revival.

THE WORLD ON FIRE.

The day had been fine, with a moderate wind from the northwest. When the sun went down behind the ridge of mountains limiting the bay, a per-fect calm followed, with a sky abso-lutely cloudless. At 4 P. M. there to be found also. The children, howhad been seen one solitary and pecu- ever, did not look merry and happy liar cloud hanging in the heavens to the north about 15 degrees above the horizon. This cloud was a deep dark, without work or wages, and all their Stranger. "No, I can either eat or drink anything I may stand in need of, and thank the great Giver of all blue, looking much like the capital industry could not procure bread for good; for the kingdom of heaven is letter S. This at last disappeared, and their children. not in meats and drinks, but righteous- the night set in, still beautiful and One Sunday ness, peace, and joy, in the Holy mild, with myriads of stars shining with apparently greater brilliancy than Poor Drunkard. "Then, if you are ever.

I had gone on deck several times to where we shall find any more, or how look at the beauteous scene, and at we shall obtain any help

these."

"Hark! hark! such a display! al-

for that poor man, his wife, and little among the beauteous lights above-

But no noise accompanied this won-

our cabin, so strong was the impression ciful, but not to sin, although He of awe left upon us that the captain and all began to partake of the food

to give. heard our prayers." Phil's face brightened. "This is just He bore our sins in his own body on regions, I never nave scon and thing what I want," he murmured, and as he true, and his blood is the price of the aurora to approach the glorious the true, and his blood is the price of the aurora to approach the glorious paid for sin. Oh, yes; the cunning bird for sin. Oh, yes; the cunning tell you the truth, friend Hall, I do not angler will say, 'God is merciful,' tell you the truth, friend Hall, I do not while he hides Jesus, God's vessel of the bike ever again."—Hall's wou are in need I have enough for you." you are in need I have enough for you." Arctic Researches.

WINTHROP EARL.

Rosy mouth and eyes of gray, Soft as twilight's tender ray, Voice like song of robin sung

Wreathed its roses while and red; Twice o'er garden, roof, and wall Light he watched the snow flakes fall;

Stars might call him, winds entreat, Naught could stay his parting feet; Love nor prayer nor weeping gain Respite from this hour of pain. Oh, that Heaven such bolt should hurl Through our sunshine—Winthrop Earl!

Ere had blown one chilling breeze Lo! he sought unruffled seas! Shunned the gulfs, the treacherous sands, Near the far, celestial lands,— So a stainless sail to furl In God's harbor—Winthrop Earl!

Now the robin sings alone; All the house has darker grown: Yet we would not bring him back, Song and sunshine though we lack,— Glad that past the gates of pearl Jesus folds him—Winthrop Earl 1

PROVIDENCE.

now thinks more of Jesus than of all It was in the depth of winter, a time the dancing schools in the world. when want and distress among the poor are most felt. Near a certain when she wrote these words, and I saw forest there stood a little cottage, her only a few weeks ago, and she still where Joseph and Ann and their thinks more of Jesus than of dancing eight children lived, and where love and schools.

One Sunday morning Ann called her little ones together, and said, "Come and divide the last morsel of bread we have left. I know not

the girls." He stood shivering over help him? Yes, God sends him help. flame, coruscating while leaping from word I heard there, how we ought to the meeting I went in the chapel to the languidly toward his seat. the fire a few minutes, and then walked languidly toward his seat. "No one cares anything about me," he muttered moodily, "now mother's dead. The boys will never like me till I'm strong, and I'm sure I don't danger show the bait and ware him danger show the bait and ware him danger show the bait and ware him danger the prismatic bows at right.

heavy heart. The next night I went to church feeling no better, and tarried at the inquiry-meeting. neavy his heart was with care. Find now, little one, come here—come, and I will repay you for what you did for the bird." And he took from the fold of his cloak a basket filled with pro-visions of various kinds, and, giving it to Elizabeth, he said, "Now divide there" I went to all the meetings, and stayed to the inquiry-meetings. Christians talked and prayed with me, and tried to point me to Jesus, but still it was all dark. Sometimes Her bright eyes sparkled with delight. How the children rejoiced, I was almost in despair and tempted to give up seeking Jesus, but the thought was dread-ful. I tried to pray, and give myself to Jesus, but could get no makef. I need nor tell you how wretched I felt all that week. which the little girl rejoiced in having "Ah, see," said Ann, "how God has

Tuesday afternoon I attended the prayermeeting. One of my young companions had just found the Saviour, and was rejoicing which made me feel still more miserable. I Tears filled the eyes of the good And then he hastened from the door, leaving behind him the sound of thanks and joyful weeping. From that time the cottage beside could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation, I was so happy. I do love the dear Jesus and hope you will pray for me, that I may love Him more and never wander from him, but work for the Savious the forest was never destitute of food, though want still lay heavily on the country around. The gentle little Elizabeth nursed her bird till spring for the Saviour. came, and then set free the little mes-

Your happy young friend.

To help you, my dear young friend. take along with you the most important lesson which this letter contains, I have tried to express it in simple verses

Ab, may the Holy Spirit help you also to say, "When I saw the loving Jesus on the cross, I could almost hear him say that my sins were all forgiven.'

'I SAW THE LOVING JESUS ON THE CROSS." TUNE-Jesus loves me.

Jesus on the cross I saw, Bleeding, dying all for me. I could almost hear him say, All thy sins are pardoned thee. I have seen Jesus,

I have seen Jesus, I have seen Jesus, My Saviour on the cross.

First my heart could scarce believe That my sins were all forgiven ; But assurance I've received, For I hope to sing in heaven

Now my soul is full of joy ; "I love Jesus, yes I do ;" Singing is my chief employ. 'Jesus smiles and loves me too."

FASHIONS.

Schools. I want to tell you how happy I am. I feel like singing all the time. Before you came I never thought of loving Jesus; I thought more of dancing-school than of Jesus. Last Christmas my dear ma gave me a Bible for a present. I promised her to read it every day, but I have often forgotten it. When she asked me to read it in the evening, I often made excuses; but I do not do that now. I love to read it every day, and Ihope many other little girls will learn to love Jesus and the Bible when they hear you tell of the loving Jesus. I want other little girls to feel A younster and an old salt were conversing in a town in Devonshire. The boy was curious to know where all the fashions came from. "Why," said Jack leisurely turning his quid, from Portsmouth, to be sure."-But where do the Portsmouth folks get them ?" "From Brighton, I s'pose." 'And where do the Brighton folks "And where do the Brighton folks as happy as I do, so that they can sing those beautiful hymns: "Jesus loves me," "I love Jesus, yes I do," "I do love Jesus," "He's my Saviour," and "Jesus is mine." Loop the set them?" Jack was, by this time, getting a little uneasy under this time, getting a little uneasy under this steady fire of the youngster, but he managed to reply, "From Paris, of course." Even this did not satisfy the questioner, who immediately asked, But where do the Paris folks get them?" This was too much. Jack my berth, and rushed to the companion little boy still smiled, and he was too to come to the dear loving Saviour. turned upon him, and giving his trou-stairs. In another moment I reached young to know anything of the dis- When you read this Sabbath-school sers a hitch, exclaimed, "Why, straight from Satan !"

Then from life's bewildering whirl Fled for ever---Winthrop Earl!

Blooming groves of May among; Silken hair in sunny curl— How we loved him—Winthrop Earl! Twice the summer round his head

"company dinner"-roast turkey, plum pudding, and "all the fixings," took no heed of Patty's busy little teetotaler." tongue. A "still, small voice" was

speaking to her.

thing for Jesus?" it said. "What if Lou Ellis should laugh? How much do you love Jesus, if you cannot bear Him?

herself. "I must show my love to mud, when I might have been sober, Jesus in some way. I never do any- standing upright? For the book tells thing for Him, and He has done so me that God made man upright. Now much for me."

she saw May Miller tripping down the aisle toward her.

"Here's a note for you, Lou," said May breathlessly, "please don't laugh at it."

"Laugh at it!" Lou exclaimed, "of

curled her pretty lips as she read; but it died away, and the close tears stood in her eyes.

"I wish I were a Christian," she sighed. "I know I should be happier. | hook of the cunning angler, unseen, Nothing ever seems to trouble May | takes hold of their immortal souls, and her."

"Lou, Lou," called a gay voice from we're having such fun! Bodwelllooking more like fossil remains than anything else-and his eleven children, are going by en masse."

of the school-room, poor Phil. Bar- and dances. Oh, how cunningly is these movements as quick as the eye rich, too, in charity.

Stranger. "Well, if all this company | nine o'clock was below in my cabin, will hear, I'll'give a good reason why going to bed, when the captain hailed in honor thereof. But May Miller I do not drink, although I am not a me with the words, "Come above, Hall, at once ! THE WORLD IS ON FIRE !"

Drunkard. "Hear, hear. Now, landlord, you sit down here, and the "Not willing to do such a little missus sit there."

over several sleeping Innuits close to All being seated, the sermon goes on. "Freedom is a precious thing to all created beings, but especially to man. the deck, and as the cabin door swung a little ridicule for his sake? Have Now this book has taught me that man open, a dazzling, overpowering light, as the others had for the future, which reason she did not find peace sooner you so soon forgotten what Miss Elden is a willing slave. Yet it also tells me if the world was really ablaze under seemed so dark before them. Should after she found out that she was lost, said last Sabbath ?" "Try this year to | that ye shall know the truth, and the | the agency of some gorgeously-colored | work for Jesus. He will accept the truth shall make you free. A short fires, burst upon my startled senses! smallest action performed from love to time ago I was a slave, and when I How can I describe it? Again, I say,

Im?" have found myself in a gutter all over no mortal hand can truthfully do so. May's mufflers were all on now. dirt, I then never thought of asking Let me, however, in feeble, broken Her resolution was taken. "I will myself the question, what made me words, put down my thoughts at the give it to Lou," she said earnestly to play the part of a swine and roll in the time, and try to give some faint idea of what I saw.

My first thought was, "Among the the scholars to be gone, when suddenly angler, and this cunning angler is not golden light and rainbow light, scatseen by mankind. He has many hooks to his rod, and many baits with from behind the western horizon to the which he hides the hook; unconscious | zenith, thence down to the eastern, fishes bite at the bait, and are then within a belt of space 20 degrees in caught by the hook, and when a fish width, were the fountains of beams like

is drawn out of its proper element it fire-threads, that shot with the rapidity course not;" but May was out of hear- dies. Now Satan, the prince of dark- of lightning hither and thither, upward ness, is the cunning angler, who baits and athwart the great pathway indi-Lou opened the note with some his hook with drink, lust, wealth, dicated. No sun, no moon, yet the curiosity, and at first a slight sneer pleasure, pride, fashion, ambition, heavens were a glorious sight, flooded ten thousand other things of this have been easily read on deck. present life. Men and women are the

Flooded with rivers of light. Yes, fishes who bite at the bait, while the flooded with light; and such light! and cold. I found it shivering in the Light all but inconceivable. The snow." golden hues predominated; but, in Miller. I'm sule I wish I were like everlasting destruction is the conse- rapid succession, prismatic colors leaped quence of not being aware of the forth.

We looked, we SAW, and TREMBLED; dangerous position a soul is in when the dressing-room; "do come in here; yielding to temptation. Look, for for, even as we gazed, the whole belt instance, at that poor working man; of aurora began to be alive with flashes. while he brings home his week's wages | Then each pile or bank of light bethe wife and children are all happy came myriads; some now dropping and comfortable round their own little down the great pathway or belt, "It's no use," thought Lou, "I must fire-side. But a seeming friend has others springing up, others leapwait till I am older before I can be a invited him from his home to the pub-Christian;" and hastily thursting the lic-house. One glass is taken, then side, while more as quickly passed into when her husband came in, and direct-

of the school-room, poor thit bar and dances. On, now cumungly is more incorrection as the eye from, too, in charley. ney came wearily in from the play-ground. Phil was a sickly boy, whom nobody cared much about; and now the devil is waiting to devour that poor lights to reach and occupy the dome cient. Why, Joseph, did you not tell ground. Full was a stering boy, which nobody cared much about; and now the boys had been laughing at him the boys became crowded. Down, the boys had been laughing at laughing at

The children eagerly took the bread, and divided it, but begged that their father and mother would take a share. "We shall feel less hungry," they said, "if you will eat some too." I knew his meaning, and, quick as

Many tears were shed while the last thought, I redressed myself, scrambled Father's care?

The morning was bright and clear, and little Elizabeth, as she ate her portion, opened the door and went out. pleasant, as she looked at the pure unto me and be ye saved."

blue sky, and the trees in the forest, gods there is none like unto thee, O, all white and glittering in their dress going on their knees up the "Holy the truth having made me free in sober- | Lord | neither are there any works like of snow. As she stood she heard a Stairs" which they say Jesus in the Lou Ellis sat at her desk, with her ness of mind, I have made a discovery unto thy works!" Then I tried to faint chirping sound, and looking house of Pilate once stood upon. I have dinner basket before her, waiting for that temptation is the bait of a cunning picture the scene before me. Piles of about she saw a little bird upon the seen them kiss these cold stone steps, tered along the azure vault, extended hunger, and could not move its after they had been there a long time, falling heavily.

"Poor little bird!" said the little poor little bird must not die of hunger

Then a bright thought of hope, like a gleam of light, came into the mother's heart, and with glad and trusting look, He cares for the birds? Children, let as able to take you home to heaven as us pray to Him."

note into her desk—as she supposed— another; that was the bait. Then the vacated space; some twisting ly following him came a rich gentle-when you have read this letter I politics are introduced. Time goes on. themselves into folds, entwining with man who lived not far distant. He hope you will kneel down and ask As Lou, with a light step, ran out The angler, unseen, introduces songs others like enormous serpents, and all was rich in lands and possessions, and God by his Holy Spirit to show you

"God comfort you," he said as he offering pardon.

اراؤى با ارتبسا فالاومس

I hope you will pray for me that I may keep my promise and that I may love Jesus more and more every day. Your little friend,

senger, which had seemed to bring

"Fly away now," said Ann, "you brought us a happy promise, and well it was fullfilled. Oh, my children, forget it not! Every word of our Saviour is truth indeed."

for the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS, WITH THE CHIL-

DREN. IX.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

I THOUGHT MORE OF DANCING-SCHOOL

These are strange words from little

THAN OF JESUS."

Cordelia, only eleven years old. But

she has changed her mind, and she

It was more than eight months ago

them tidings that help was at hand.

CORDELIA. Here is another letter from one a

little older, and it seems to have been morsels of bread were eaten; only one harder for this Sabbath-school scholar tress, or to have any of the fears which | scholar's letter, you will see that the we not all strive like little children, to was because she kept thinking about trust the future to our Heavenly herself and did not look sooner to the loving Jesus on the cross."

And if you have been anxious about your soul, my young friend, and have not yet found peace and pardon, this It was bitterly cold, but she thought it is just the reason. Jesus says, "Look

In Rome I have seen little children ground. It seemed almost dead with but they did not look one bit happier wearied wings. It was trying in vain repeating Latin prayers they could not to free itself from the cold, deep understand. But I have seen hunsnow, which for many days had been dreds of little ones turning their weeping eyes to the bleeding Saviour dying on the cruel cross for them, and with

girl, "are you cold and hungry too?" faith they have heard his loving, ten-She took it up and pressed it to her der words, "See my bleeding brow, face tenderly, trying to warm it. She my pierced hands and feet. I have suffed it with her last crumbs of bread, fered this for you. I am here wounded politics; theatres, balls, parties, and with light. Even ordinary print could and then carefully carried it into the for your transgressions, bruised for house. "See, mother," said she, "this your iniquities. A holy God can now pardon you for my sake. He will take away that naughty wicked heart. and give you a new heart for my sake. Trust in me-my blood will wash all your sins away.'

Ah, cannot you too, my dear little she said, "Not a sparrow falls to the anxious friend, hear the dear loving ground without our Father sees it. 1 Saviour saying these kind words to believe the words of our Saviour. you? He loves you as much as these All the hairs of our head are numbered. | hundreds of little ones whom He Shall I be so sad and anxious, since washed in his precious blood. He is

He was the thousands who stand "around the throne of God in heaven,

Jesus on the cross looking at you and

becauge he had so little strength to include they, too, must suffer if he gives way down it came; nearer and nearer it God has entrusted to me. I was coming the first Sabbath you spoke in this eity I and the sky sent him in "to play cat's cradle with to the evil temptation! Ah! can God approached us. Sheets of golden from Church, and still thinking of the thought if I did not seek Jesus now, I should his power.

WANTING FRIENDS.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Den. nis, with a yawn.

"Good friends, why you have ten !" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said he.

Dennis looked down on his big. strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have-there are ten," said the lad.

"Then, never say you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in ife. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."-Sunday School Visitor.

POWER OF A CHILD'S APPEAL.

A few years since, a gentleman attended an evening prayer-meeting, accompanied by his only child, a boy of five summers, whose mother had recently died. After prayer had been offered, the boy said to his father. why don't you pray? Mother used to, when she was alive." This appeal. coming as it were directly from heaven. was too much, and the father said in an audible voice, "I will, my angel boy. Your dear mother's prayers can no more reach my ear, but they have sunk deep in my heart, and God has made you the instrument to tune that heart to His praise." That night witnessed the dedication of that father to the cause of Christ.

A GEM FROM A PERSIAN POET.and the sky is a bubble on the sea of