

Sunday Reading.

WHEN?
BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.
If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which should bear me past all fear and
sorrow
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sorrow
What should I do?
I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
Be true and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in thy ear,
Which hearken over: "Lord, within thy keep-
ing
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow bring Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, ten-
der,
All the night long, and when the morning
splendor
Flashes o'er the sky,
I think that I could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But, if a wondrous hand from the blue, yonder,
Lead out a scroll,
O which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What could I do, oh, blessed Guide and Mas-
ter,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the
tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsel; rise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealthily
No voice reveals;
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruitness,
Or a short day;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou comest late.—Independent.

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come unto you. Live
so that the good angel will protect you
from that evil—the winter of the heart.
Let no chilling influence freeze the
fountain of sympathy and happiness in
its very blessed hopes, like snow on
withered depths; no more blasts of
discontentedness moan and shriek
through its desolate chambers.

Your pathway may lead you among
trials which, for a time, seem utterly
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ly, steadily on, to earn a livelihood;

you may encounter fraud and the base
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Profanity.

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you have of a Saviour?

Beautiful Allegory.

Critenden, of Kentucky, was at one
time engaged in defending a man who
had been indicted for a capital offense.
After an elaborate and powerful de-
fence, he closed his effort with the fol-
lowing striking and beautiful allegory:
"When God in his eternal council con-
sidered the thought of man's creation,
he called to him the three ministers
who wait constantly upon the throne—
Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus
addressed them: 'Shall I make man?'
They said Justice: 'Oh God make
him not, for he will trample on the
laws.' Truth made answer also: 'Oh
God, make him not, for he will pollute
thy sanctuaries.' But Mercy, drop-
ping upon her knees, and looking up
through her tears, exclaimed: 'Oh
God, make him—I will watch over him
with my care through all the dark
paths which he may have to tread!'
Then God made man and said to him:
'Man, who art the child of mercy; go
and deal with thy brother.' The jury,
when he had finished, were drowned
in tears, and against evidence what
must have been against their own con-
victions, brought in a verdict of
not guilty.

Profanity.

Of all bad habits that can attach
themselves to man swearing, merely
from a business point of view, appears
foolish and inexcusable. It is a habit
from which there is no possible good,
but always probable evil. The tippler,
in his mirth, finds an apology, the
thief steals for gain; the murderer in
common with all other criminals, finds
some excuse to mitigate his guilt, but
who ever heard a man even attempt a
justification for profanity? Unlike
kindred bad habits it is wicked, and
useless without recompense, even in the
eyes of your own profane associates
"Whiles" moral and respectable people
condemn and despise you. Why then
swear?

Another Battle.

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Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me