

Song of the Angel of Death

The evening of the day has fled,
He with the twilight wanes,
His dusky mantle, far outspread,

The Man with the Cloud on His Brow

A well rigged, well-manned ship is approaching the harbor in a thick atmosphere and before a driving gale.

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And he asked the disciples to follow him? Because in following with him, all peace and strength and blessing was not also why so much stress is laid on "receiving the Holy Spirit?"

"The Lord will Take Me Up"

The winds of autumn howled drearily through the trees. One leaf after another came floating down until the ground was covered with them and the leafless branches stood gaunt and bare.

The rich Mrs. Vernon came walking slowly along the road. She was dressed in a black mourning suit. She had been so sorrowful, and she was obliged to continually wipe away the tears which filled her eyes and overran her cheeks.

As she walked sally along she observed little Maggie. "Just the age of my little Maggie," she said to herself; "but one is cold and dead who had a home and plenty, while this poor child could have been better spared. God is very cruel."

"No shoes? Where are your parents?" questioned Mrs. Vernon. "They are dead," answered the child, sorrowfully.

"Whom do you live with?" "I live with Mrs. Merrill, but she is poor, and can't buy shoes for her own children."

"Where are you going to do, poor child?" continued Mrs. Vernon. "The Lord will take me up," was the little one's answer.

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, astonished at such a reply. "My mother said when she died that I must not be afraid, for the Lord would take me up and he will, ma'am," the child continued, trustfully.

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thing is now the subject of comedy. Like the sacred vessels of the temple, Earnestness has a pensive of its own, and a cold spirit yokes mirth and laughter to its ear, and subdues all the faculties of the mind to God, not even excepting humor; but this man was no Lord within his heart, but laughs at the most solemn truths, and does not seem capable of anything higher or better. His life is a sneer. He would pull a feather out of an angel's wing and wear it in his cap.

The doctor moved uneasily in his chair, and whistled a strain or two of "Home, Sweet Home" before he expressed himself more fully. "It all sounds well enough to hear you talk, but I tell you, Dora, men don't expect to be talked to like that under ordinary circumstances," he said presently. "They don't expect it, and they do not want it, either."

"Are you sure that you are honest in saying that they do not expect it? Did you not see to yourself that you could not see a sincere Christian could be silent, and let his friends go unwarmed and unprotected?"

"In spite of himself Dr. Deane colored with vexation. He did remember only too well how strongly he had expressed himself more than once on the inconsistencies of Christians in this very respect."

"His sister went quietly into the house, and left him to his own reflections. Conscience told him his duty plainly, though he tried his best to drown her voice."

"I cannot," he said to his accusing conscience. "I cannot; and I wonder what he would say to me if I did!"

"And so the days came and went. The two men, living side by side, met every day and exchanged views on every subject but this one. Dr. Deane prayed earnestly in the church prayer-meeting for the salvation of the friend, but made no personal appeal to the friend by his side. He prescribed for his physical ailments, but never once did he urge him to seek help for his sin-sick soul."

"I am sure that he will come to think of the matter himself one of these days. I might not speak wisely, and so do more hurt than good."

"On one day there came a sudden and unexpected summons. Mr. Mason was seriously hurt, and you must come at once." Dr. Deane obeyed with all possible haste, and somehow his heart sank within him. What if his friend was sick unto death? Oh, if he only had talked with him!

"The worst proved true. It was only a question of time, a few hours at the most, and the dying man had no hope in Christ to sustain him in this awful hour. Taking his friend's hand in his, Dr. Deane did what he could, but so long he was urging him to do."

"Commit yourself to the Lord. Trust Him, and He will lead you safely through the dark valley."

"It is too late for that now, doctor. Why haven't you asked me to do before?" "Why not, doctor? Why not? echoed the doctor's conscience."

"What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" "I find she is an inveterate novel reader, and I have come to the conclusion that she will keep her out of the kingdom."

"This is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal objects so long—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at the vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness, that she is 'perpetually unmanageable' on points of truth and duty, and wonder if they, too, must be given over to mental and moral disease and death."

The Christian who desires to work for his Master must not shrink from labor nor be indolent and dull in making plans. A good lady, having the privilege of a missionary meeting put into her hands, and knowing some weeks previous that such a duty was expected of her, fell to planning as to how to make it a success.

There was among her circle of acquaintance a lady who had never attended a missionary meeting and who professed to have no interest in missions.

"No, thanks," said Mrs. Bird, "but I do not care to come, and besides that, I expect company on that day to spend the day with me."

"O, no, I could not do that, she might not like to go, and I do not care to do so." The earnest worker urged the case, but all her efforts were unavailing, so she secured the name and address of the expected visitor, and then had her friend good day, and left her.

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The Earnest Worker

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