

Family Circle.

HEAVENLY VISION.

I heard a voice, it spoke to me,
From whence it came I turned to see;
And I beheld a great white throne;
And face of Him that sat thereon.

His head was covered with glory bright;
Arrayed with majesty in light;
He held a book, in his right hand,
And thousands around the throne did stand.

God's hidden mysteries were concealed,
Within the book of many seals,
And none that stood around the throne,
Could loose the seals and look thereon.

I saw the Lamb that had been slain,
Was in the grave and rose again,
With power to loose the seven seals,
And all these mysteries reveal.

The ransomed hosts with joy did sing,
And praise the name of their dear King;
To see Him take the Book Divine,
Loose all the seals, read every line.

Thus they adore the worthy name,
Of Christ, their King, who lives to reign,
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood;
And made us kings, and priests to God."

LOVE WATCHMAN.

SHOULD HE BE PERMITTED TO PREACH?

CHAP. V. THE CRISIS.

Richard Landon would not go East to school. So he determined. He would not leave Nellie Mason. He decided he could not, as each day she grew dearer, through pleasing him. But to decide to remain here, when the East held out such inducements to him, was a struggle, for the old ambition was in his soul in huger proportions and with more authoritative mandate than ever. And when the unsanctified passions asserted its claims—and it would do so frequently—and the Tempter came and spread out before him the fame and glory he could attain, by entering on this wider field, he would argue within himself that he dare not neglect to avail himself of such means to promotion—and usefulness. The latter clause he added as a salve to his conscience, which also had a voice, feeble indeed than that of ambition but nevertheless it managed to make itself heard at times.

So when alone with his own desires and hopes, he felt he must obey the beseeching of Mrs. B., and go East. But then when he came into the presence of the pure, grand girl, on whose judgment and superiority he permitted himself to lean, ambition would hide itself away for the time, and the selfish love would decide his purpose and he would settle down in the firm resolve never to leave Nellie.

And thus he vacillated day by day, and as the summer vacation was approaching, he urged her to marry him, and they could locate in the West, where he could enter upon preaching without the theological course.

Finally, after much persuasion on his part, Nellie consented to his proposition, and made preparation for the marriage. Her friends did not approve the step. Indeed, they were all silently opposed to her marrying Richard at all. They could see his glaring defects of character, his want of true manhood and high self-respect. They could also see his unusual self love, and his inordinate ambition; and moreover perceived that his love for Nellie had in it a very large proportion of selfishness. But they prudently forbore interference, as they supposed it would be of no avail.

It had been known throughout the town that Richard Landon and Nellie Mason were lovers. Some of the students and intimate members of the family were aware of the engagement. A few were apprized of her almost completed preparation for the event.

Nellie Mason was as happy as a girl could be. She loved Richard truly, unreservedly,—and the very fact that her friends did not sanction the matter, made her in the generosity and sublimity of her soul even more intense in her devotion. She believed him very pious. He knew he was not. And he would sometimes say to her under the influence of her beautiful consecration to the Master, that he wished himself a better man.

He prayed in public and kept up the outer appearance of devotion, but his soul was not it. He realized that he did not live in daily communion with Christ, that he loved the world and the gain thereof more than he did the Gospel and its sacrifices.

Another letter came from Mrs. B., the lady who was meeting Richard's college bills. She urged him to come East and enter Crozer Theological Seminary. He again debated the question with himself, and decided as he had previously done.

He spoke of it to Nellie: her reply was characteristic of her grand soul: "I will not stand in your way, Mr. Landon. You must go if you think it right to do so. Do not consider our engagement in deciding what is your duty. I can and will wait until your course at college is completed."

Richard was again mentally in a strait, "betwixt two." His desires led him to the East. "I can never be the great man I ought to be," he said to himself, "without this preparation. For her sake, for my sake, for the good of the cause, for my future success, I ought to avail myself of this opportunity. It will never again present itself." And then when he came into Nellie's presence these aspirations would crouch down and he would decide to remain in L.—

Meanwhile her preparations, at his urgent request, had proceeded to almost full completion. The close of the spring term was at hand. The marriage was soon to be consummated, and these two were to enter the Master's vineyard to be laborers for Him in winning men from the service of Satan to the service of Christ.

To attempt to describe the happiness of Nellie Mason would be a useless undertaking. The higher and holier experiences of the soul are too sublimated to be couched in words. We have all thoughts or feelings of joy or pain that lie above the pale of the choicest language—a life which is of the soul beyond the confines of the materialism in which it is encased. How unfortunate that in Nellie Mason's case there should have been such grand expenditure of this divine adoration on an object so unworthy of it.

The ancients were wise when they represented love as blind. Love always has this sad, beautiful characteristic—bandaged eyes—whenever the faults of the loved are presented. And thus while the cool, calm heads of Nellie's friends condemned the manifest selfishness of Richard Landon's love, and his sad deficiency in the manly appreciation of the heights and responsibilities of his position as a preacher, she looked upon him as the embodiment of all that was true and great, and good in humanity. She had made an idol of clay—had bowed in adoration before it.

Examination was over and the college closed for the summer. A letter came to Richard one day—it was from Mrs. B.,—"Come" she said, "and make me a visit. If, after you have done this, you prefer to return to the West, and locate for life, you will be at liberty to do so. I will interpose no opposition. Herein find fifty dollars to pay your expenses here. Your return shall be provided for, if you decide to return."

Richard looked at the matter not in the light of the duty he owed the girl he professed to love, to whom he was engaged to be married so soon, who he knew loved him with all the strength and devotion of her pure, noble soul, who was willing to go with him, because of this soul worship, into the wilds of the West, to endure privation, hardship, labor, everything, if she might only be permitted to aid him in the great work of preaching the Gospel—but he looked at it as it might influence his own future. The temptation was too strong. It was evident to Nellie that he desired to obey Mrs. B.'s bidding. So she calmly set aside all her hopes, all her bright and joyous prospects so soon to be realized as she had fondly imagined—all the preparation she had been making for months—and said in her heroic self sacrifice: "Richard, I will not stand in the way of what may seem to you duty. If you feel it right for you to go, do so. I can wait your return, even if it be after years have passed. You will find me here waiting for you true as I am to day."

Could Nellie have looked into that narrow, ambitious soul in which self sat enshrined, and about which every thought, every feeling every calculation, every outlook of the future centred and clung, she would have cried out then as she has had to do since—"Oh, my Father, why am I thus stricken." But it was a gracious providence that she saw it not, else would her life have gone out in darkness then.

Richard plead duty—duty to his benefactress, duty to the cause. Yet had he decided manfully to devote himself to the cause in the way of securing a theological education at Crozer. Had he done this, it would have been far more creditable than the course he pursued.

He continually repeated the strongest assurances of love to Nellie. He could not live without her. Her presence was his sunshine, his world—without her, earth would be but an empty waste, and existence a burden too heavy to be borne. He could come back again; but he could

not tell whether it would be this summer or the next. He couldn't tell whether he would enter the school or not, until he should make his visit. And yet he knew all the grand influencing facts as thoroughly before he left L.—, as he has ever known them since. Alas! he was wanting in manly decision: was sadly deficient in a just appreciation of that higher plane of integrity and honor in which all honorable souls move and by the power of their own intuitive discernment discover the grand and noble from the base and abject.

Richard Landon should, in the fear of God, in honorable justice to the woman to whom his life was pledged, have decided the case before he set out for the East. But unfortunately for him, and tenfold more unfortunately for Nellie, he was vacillating, without determined purpose, wanting in manhood, wanting in those high and noble characteristics essential to a true manhood. So he clung to Nellie and wept like a child. And he worshipped himself and prepared to go: without a settled purpose as to his course of action, and yet with a purpose fully settled as regarded desire, he bade Nellie a tearful farewell and entered on his journey.

She believed him true and completely rested in her trust. She did not even intimate to him that she would prefer his return during the summer. She left this to his conscience.

Her friends were intensely interested in her—feared the result for her sake. They knew it would be better for Nellie ultimately if he would never come back. But realizing her devotion to him they feared the effect on her by no means strong health.

Richard Landon had never whispered to Nellie Mason his love for Minnette Joy, and his heartless treatment of that sweet young spirit. Had he done so, she would have taken warning thereby, and either have had the marriage consummated or broken the engagement there. But her faith in him was next to her faith in God, and no earthly power could have shaken it. And thus while the pang of farewell was as much as she could bear, she hopefully looked forward to the future when he would return again, and the preparation now consummated, save a few minor details, would serve the purpose for which they were designed. For Christ's sake she had done this—for Richard, toward the last, had frequently and with increasing emphasis asserted his supposition that it might be right for him to remain at Crozer for three years.

And thus matters stood on that summer's day when Richard bade Nellie good-by and walked away weeping from the front door, down the yard to the street.

In our next we shall see the development of these sad traits of character which must forever unfit him for the high and holy mission of preaching the Gospel of the blessed Jesus to his fellow men. Unfaithful in the least, he will be unfaithful in the greatest, and surely will receive his reward. His friends and acquaintances will mark his career. He cannot escape the penalty of his unrighteousness.

To be continued.

The First Snow.

"Mamma, I do just believe that I see snow, real white little flakes coming down," said a five-year-old little girl to her mother quite early on a recent Sunday morning.

"The shades are down at the end window, where can you see the snow?" replied the mother.

"Why, right in that picture," said the little one. "Don't you see the window in that picture, and through the window those little soft things flying in the air, and I know, yes, I am sure those are flakes of snow. I'll just bounce out and see if they are!"

With these words, out she jumped, and skipped to the window, raised the shade and announced in an excited way:

"Yes, I was right; here is snow all over the yard, and my flower-beds are just covered with snow, and we can't see them any more this winter! But oh, won't we have fun now, I tell you! We'll just have to be getting out our winter clothes pretty quick, and my little coat with the muff, and my mittens and leggings; and the boys will take me to Sunday School on my sled, an oh, won't we have a good time, and I'm so glad the winter has come!"

Then catching her breath she went on: "We have had such a long summer that it is good to have winter come at last. Of course we don't want the same climate all the time, do we? And we had summer before we went to Saratoga, and all the time we were a-travelling, and this long

time that we've been home, and I just think it is about time for winter to come, don't you?"

At this moment she spied two little birds alight on the fence and she called out:

"Oh, do come and see these little birdies on the fence! Poor little things, I suppose they don't feel glad when the snow comes."

And then addressing them she continued:

"But you must fly away down South, little birdies, where it is warm, and you had better go pretty quick, for winter is coming and there won't be any more nice green trees for you to fly about in for a long time. I am sorry to have you go little birdies, but of course we can't help winter coming, and it's good there is a nice place down South for you, where you can fly around and be warm, and have a good time all winter!"

"There they go, flying away, mamma. I guess they heard me, don't you, and they were glad I spoke in a kind voice to them. Of course I wouldn't speak in a cross voice and say, 'Fly away, fly away, you little birds!' for I suppose they feel pretty bad to leave their nice warm nests and go far away to another place! I am glad I don't have to go like the little birds, but can just stay in the same nice home all the time, and have our little matin songs just like the birds, the way it says in the poem, you know:

"For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins in the branches high."

"I do sympathize with them and wish they could come in by the warm fire. I can sympathize, can't I? and the boys tough not to laugh and make fun of me when I say I do. And if they did stay they might be like that poor little birdie that sat on the window on Valentine's day, you know, all out in the snow, when I was getting my valentines. Do you remember how the birds used to sing at Nantucket last summer, and how I found that poor little dead bird and buried it? I wonder if the stone I put by the grave is there yet? But nobody can put pretty flowers there now, the way I used to, and cousin Ruth, when I went away, for the flowers will be all withered and dead, just like the little bird, and the grave will be covered up with snow."

"I hope the snow will stay till to-morrow," she said, after a moment's soliloquy, "so I can go out and dig in it and have good fun. Of course I wouldn't play out to-day, on Sunday, of course not."

The snow did stay, and more of it came down on Sunday night, so that Monday morning the little tot went out, well bundled, with shovel in hand, to make "snow-houses and things," to get out her sled and begin the winter fun. I expect there were many hundreds of little folk who were delighted to see the first flakes of snow on Sunday, and who will have a grand, good time playing in it, and get rosy cheeks and have good appetites, and sleep sweetly and be so good natured all the time. The poor children who are shut up in furnace-heated homes in some of our cities, and are peevish and fretful and half sick, hardly know, I imagine, there are such, well, happy children in the world, having good frolics in the snow-storms.

I advise all the little folks to make friends with Jack Frost and enjoy his society all they possibly can, for if they do some of his good roses will bloom on their cheeks, and they will be as bright as the sunshine and as cheery as the winter mornings.—Standard.

Many a man dreads throwing away his life at once who shrinks not from throwing it away by piecemeal.

FALL GOODS!

JAMES S. MAY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

48 KING STREET

64 Germain Street,

ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,

DIAGONAL COATINGS,

and all the newest styles of

FALL OVERCOATING

I shall be pleased to have my friends and the public call and examine goods and prices, may 11

THE

VISITOR BOOK ROOM

99 GERMAIN ST.

NEW BOOKS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

School Books

As perscribed by the Board of Education,

Stationery

In Great Variety.

HYMN BOOKS.

TEACHERS' BIBLES.

MOTTOES.

S. S. CARDS.

CLASS BOOKS

All requisites for Day and Sunday School and Churches.

J. E. HOPPER,

99 GERMAIN STREET.