

## "I Come Quickly."

"When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled, for such things must needs be."  
—Mark xiii. 7.

He is coming—coming quickly,  
To this sorrowing stricken earth;  
Though the shadows fall so thickly  
O'er the land which gave Him birth:  
Though the vine clad hills of Judah  
Lie in misty darkness dim,  
Stretching out no hands of greeting  
Eagerly to welcome him.

He is coming—coming quickly,  
And his feet once more shall set  
On the dusky hill-top shaded—  
Purple crowned Olivet;  
For where once despised, rejected,  
Where, for man, as man He trod,  
He shall stand the manifested,  
Mighty Savior, Son of God.

He is coming! Like the lightning  
Shining out from east to west,  
He will come—through clouds of darkness  
Sun of Righteousness, confessed;  
For these wars and darkening rumors,  
Are but thunder claps before;  
Loud Jehovah's voice is speaking,  
"Jesus Christ is at the door!"

He is coming! They who listen  
Hear the tinkling golden bells;  
See the distant white robes glisten  
Which the High Priest's advent tells;  
Smell the sweet pomegranate's fragrance  
Stealing on the laden air;  
Know the spotless feet are pressing,  
Lingering, willingly to spare.

Then—though waves of sea are roaring,  
Men's hearts failing them from fear,  
Looking for the things which, coming,  
Cast shadows dark and drear—  
We will trust that our redemption,  
Promised long, is drawing nigh;  
For they say to penitent watchers,  
"Christ the Lord is coming by."

He is coming! And the trumpet  
Mightily afar shall sound,  
Calling to the wondrous meeting  
All the rest in Christ around,  
We may hear Him any moment,  
Calling all his ransomed home.  
He is coming—coming quickly!  
Even so, Lord Jesus, come.

—London Christian.

## Grandfather Snow.

Grandfather Snow came down one day,  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
He's as old as the hills, but his heart is gay  
And over the country he sped away.

His hair was as white as a cotton ball;  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
He gaily pranced over the highest wall,  
For his dear old legs weren't stiff at all.

Wherever he went he raised a breeze;  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
He climbed to the tops of the tallest trees.  
As cool and nimble as ever you please!

A train went thundering over the ground,  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
Old grandfather after it went with a bound  
Sly old fellow! he made no sound.

He caught the cars and held on tight;  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
The train had to stop on the road all night  
And couldn't go on till broad daylight!

Old as he was, he stayed out late!  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
He sat on the posts of the door-yard gate,  
And danced on the fence at a high old rate!

But the children cheered for Grandfather  
still;  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
He spread himself out on the top of a hill,  
And they all coasted down on his back  
with a will!

He was none too old for a grand go-bang!  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
To the tops of the highest roofs he sprang  
And down on the people he slid with a  
whang!

He had no manners, 'tis sad to say!  
And what do you think?  
And what do you think?  
For a chap like him to get in the way,  
And trip up people by night and by day?

But his heart was white and pure within;  
Now what do you think?  
Now what do you think?  
To be glad and jolly is never a sin,  
For a long-faced Granther I care not a pin.

We none of us know what we should do;  
Now what do you think?  
Now what do you think?  
If we only came down for a month or two,  
And couldn't stay here the whole year  
through.

—Companion.

—Mr. Thos. Baily Aldrich succeeds Mr. Wm. D. Howells, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1st.

## Only a Husk.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. Although naturally kind-hearted, active, and intelligent. He lacked strength of will to resist temptation, and had therefore fallen victim to intemperance. He had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this later he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom was engaged to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars; and on the following morning he started for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were absolutely suffering for want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years, Peter Tindal and himself had wooed the same maiden—Ellen Goss—and he had won her, leaving Peter to take up with the sharp tempered damsel who had brought him the tavern, and Tom knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindal, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy, he's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk."

Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No; I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Ay," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindal is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children

of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindal may have the kernel, and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keepers' speech meant not for his ears, had come had come on his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife, "Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee; and then went out, with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what left of him, sir, and well! have him whole and strong very very soon, if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Ah, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came to the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she found a dollar bill on the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and glimmering before her, a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set the tea-table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine.

Hark! The old step! quick strong eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I did not mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop?"

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh! I have him now! God bless you, my husband!"

It was a banquet, that supper—

with the bright angels of peace, and love, and joy, spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning, Tom resumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later, Tom met Peter Tindal on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."—*Review and Herald*.

## Liquor and Crime.

If the State is possessed of the police power to enable it to take precautionary measure for the prevention of offenses, it is important to ascertain, as nearly as may be, the exact relation of this liquor traffic to crime. In 1870 that eminent Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Hale, expressed himself in the following manner: "After an observation of twenty years in the courts, I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and the robberies, the riots and the tumults, the adulteries, fornications, rapes and other enormities that have happened in that time were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and products of excessive drinking—of tavern or ale house drinking."

Passing over many similar utterances by distinguished judges of England and of this country, we come to the opinion recently pronounced by Noah Davis, the learned Chief Justice of the Court of New York, wherein he says: "Whether judging from the declared judicial experience of others or from my own, or from carefully collected statistics running through many series of years, I believe it entirely safe to say that one half of all the crime of this country and Great Britain is caused by the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors; and that of the crimes involving personal violence, certainly three-fourths are chargeable to the same cause."

No man, though in his own conceit he be wiser than Sir Matthew Hale and the long long line of distinguished men who have believed as he believed can break the force of these opinions, fortified by statistics that cannot be questioned. An examination of some of these statistics will be both interesting and important.

Lord Morpeth, in his official capacity as Secretary for Ireland, declared that of murder, and attempts at murder, offenses against the person, aggravated assaults, and cutting and maiming, there were in 1837 twelve thousand and ninety-six; in 1838, eleven thousand and fifty-eight; but in 1839 only one thousand and ninety-seven; while in 1840 there were only one hundred and seventy-three. It will be at once admitted by all that this was a most remarkable diminution in the number of offenses for which there must have been some adequate cause. That cause was the temperance movement instituted by Father Matthew, whose name is spoken only in reverence to the latest generations. And that movement between the years 1838 and 1849, sweeping all Ireland like some great wave of the sea, had cleansed it of the great evil of intemperance which had hitherto been breeding all kinds of crime and disorder in the State. The consumption of spirits fell from 12,266,000 gallons to 5,260,000, and the excise on brandy decreased some £750,000. The number of prisoners confined in the Bridewell at Dublin fell in one year from 136 to 23, and 100 cells stood empty. The Smithfield prison closed its doors. That was the supreme moment for Ireland. The time was ripe for a prohibitory law. Such a law, supported by the public opinion then existing, might have been enforced from that time on. But the tide was not taken at its flood. The traffic went on, and everything drifted back to the old condition of things. Father Matthew learning from experience, finally saw his mistake, and admitted the necessity for a prohibitory law.

A Committee of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada reporting in 1875, stated that out of 28,289 commitments to the jails of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec during the three previous years 21,236 were committed either for drunkenness or for crimes perpetrated under the influence of drink.

The number of arrests made by the police department of the city of New York during the year 1874 are reported to have been 74,399, and of this number 61,470 were for intoxication and disorderly conduct. The convictions for crime in the State of Maine, with the prohibitory liquor law, were in the proportion of one to every 1,689 of population. The convictions on the other hand, in the other hand, in the State of New York (exclusive of New York City,) without a prohibitory law, were in the proportion of one to 629 of the population.

Crime diminished seventy-five per cent. in the State of Connecticut under the prohibitory law of 1854, and in 1873, upon the restoration of the license system, it increased fifty per cent. in a single year.

It cannot be necessary to pursue this subject further, for it must be apparent that the relation between intemperance and crime of effect. To permit the sale of intoxicating liquors in grog-shops and saloons is to permit schools for the education of a criminal class to be opened in every town and hamlet in the commonwealth. Sixty million dollars are annually expended for the apprehension and punishment of those educated in these nurseries of crime and sent forth to prey upon the lives and property of the citizens of the State. More than forty thousand criminals are supported at the public expense in the prison-houses of the country alone—a number said to be greater than were the allied forces of France and the United States at Yorktown on the memorable day when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, and more than Lee had in his army at Appomattox Court House.—*Princeton Review*.

GUM ARABIC.—In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after a rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval or round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg of different colors, as they belong to the red or white gum trees. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to English and French merchants. The gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces gum are sufficient for the support of a man for twenty-four hours.—*London Family Herald*.