

TWILIGHT ON THE FARM.

The dews come down, and shadows gather in field and lane,
Low in the west a band of black gives promise unto rain,
It is the twilight hour—and given o'er to calm and rest,
It brings to home a benediction and is blest.

The boys come and bathe their faces at the cooling well,
Afar and faint, then near and sweet, tinkles the lead cow's bell,
It is the twilight hour—and stars are starting from the deep,
High heaven's herald sent to watch that men may sleep.

The father comes, a man of many years of toil and care,
Who smiles to see the candle in the self-same window there;
It is the twilight hour—and with the farm work amply done
He feels a poor man's joy to think the food is won.

Then all sit down to eat the evening meal, and far away
A wagon rumbles out the neighbor's name who loves delay;
It is the twilight hour—and free from day's unending quest
It brings to home a benediction and is blest.
—Boston Journal.

Miss Fairfax's Husband

JAMES TADDMAN, sub-editor of the Dendene Gazette, was busily correcting proofs when the door of his room was opened rather suddenly, and a gentleman of some six-and-twenty winters entered.

"I say, Taddman—"
"Well?"

The sub-editor just grunted this out, and didn't turn his head.

"I'm in an awful fix. I—I don't know what to do!"

"What's up?" murmured Mr. Taddman, still keeping his eyes fixed on his proofs.

"I've got to interview Miss Fairfax, the great singer. The governor left word that I was to see her to-night at eleven after the concert, and that the interview was to go into to-morrow's paper."

"Better look sharp, then," growled the sub-editor; "it's 10:45 now, and I shall want all your copy by 12:30 at the latest."

"But—but—I can't do it!" exclaimed the new-comer, desperately.

"Why not?" replied the sub-editor. "You've interviewed heaps of people before—in a fashion."

Mr. Taddman didn't think much of Charles Danvers, the one and only reporter the Dendene Gazette could boast of. Danvers was far too amateurish in his work, and hadn't the "cut" of a newspaper man about him. Besides, the governor had only engaged him because he was willing to work for a low salary.

"Well, it's just like this, Taddman," explained Danvers, coming up and standing at his superior officer's elbow, "Miss Fairfax is my wife!"

Taddman dropped his pen, and turned round in one and the same moment.

"Your wife?"

"Yes, my wife—I swear it. I don't care to talk about it," the young man went on, hurriedly. "But I'll tell you all now I've told you some. We were married when we were only boy and girl. I was nineteen, she a year younger. Three months after our marriage we had a frightful quarrel—chiefly because I had deceived her about money matters—and we parted by mutual consent. She was at one of the musical academies, and I had just left Rugby. My father disowned me for getting married without his consent, and so, instead of going to Oxford, I had to earn a living here and where I could. After trying various things I drifted into journalism, and that's why I'm here, working all I know for twenty-five shillings a week. And she—I have followed her career, although she has quite lost sight of me—she is famous, rich, courted by the great, written about and talked about, while I, her husband, am only a miserable hack of a reporter. And now I have to go and interview her!"

He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. For some moment Taddman gazed at him in blank amazement. This man the great Fairfax's lawful husband! And told off to interview her! Taddman was tongue-tied.

He looked at his watch. It was five minutes to eleven.

"Look here, young 'un, you must go," he at length said, touching Danvers on the shoulder and speaking more gently; "it'll mean the sack if you don't. You know what the governor is. You'd find it rather hard to get another crib, you know. I'd do it for you myself, but I can't stir from here until the paper goes to bed. So put a good face on it, man, and go. Bless you! she won't recognize you. Her husband was a smooth-faced boy, and you've got a long mustache—and—and she had never noticed them before) quite a sprinkling of gray hairs. Besides, you look a good deal older than you really are. Here, rouse up and get along! We must have the interview."

Danvers got up.

"Thanks, old chap," he said. "I'll be off. I didn't think of the alteration in my looks. Of course she won't know me."

And without more ado he put on his coat and hat and hurried away to the town hall, where Miss Fairfax had consented to be interviewed, the rendezvous being her dressing-room behind the stage.

Miss Fairfax was rolling up her music when her maid, Jones, was good enough to inform her that "a reporter" was anxious to see her.

"From the Dendene Gazette?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss—I think it was some name like that."

Miss Jones' experience of press representatives was a very wide one. She didn't think much of the one who was here to-night. He wasn't so free-spoken as them London gents, with their shiny 'ats and long frock-coats—no, nor so free with his money—at any rate he didn't look as if he was. Yes, Miss Jones liked the London gentlemen, especially when they attributed to her mistress a host of clever things which she never said.

"Ask him to come in," said Miss Fairfax. "Good evening," she murmured pleasantly, as Danvers entered; "will you sit down? And now what can I do for you?"

Poor Danvers was quite dazzled by his wife's wondrous beauty. She was certainly a very pretty girl when he married her, but he never imagined for a moment that she would develop into the lovely woman he now beheld. She was in excellent health. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and she looked a very queen as she moved to and fro in her costly white satin dress, while diamonds shone out from between the collars of her dark hair and burnt fiercely on her breast.

Danvers pulled himself together with a great effort, and put the usual round of questions to her. She answered them with astonishing readiness, and told him the tale of her career with striking accuracy. Then, seeing that her visitor did not appear to be quite at his ease, the singer began to talk about the songs she loved—talked in a low, sweet voice which rose and fell in glorious cadences, that fell upon the ear like the purling of a stream. At any other time Danvers would have hailed such a speech with glee, for it was eminently printable and interesting; but now he only wrote mechanically, for his thoughts were not in his work—only his pencil-point.

During the latter part of the interview Jones had been assisting her young mistress in putting on her "things." Jones, as has been said, was quite used to interviewers, and she sniffed impatiently several times during Miss Fairfax's discourse, for her mistress was more communicative than usual—far more communicative indeed than she was to the London gentlemen, who, in consequence, had to draw upon their imaginations in order to fill up their columns. It was quite immaterial to Miss Fairfax how the interviewers who came to see her were dressed. Her business manager (a most discreet gentleman) had directed her to grant interviews whenever she could, and so, in giving the representative of the Dendene Gazette all this information, she was only transacting part of her day's work.

It was not likely that Miss Fairfax bestowed two thoughts on the appearance of this very quiet member of the reporting tribe, who seldom lifted his eyes from his note-book—it was not likely that she noticed, as Jones did, that his coat was very old, and a trifle thin for the season; that his collars and cuffs, though quite clean, possessed frayed edges; that his boots wanted repairing, and that he would have been the better for a new hat. Not that you could find much fault with Danvers' clothes at first glance—it was only when you came to look into them that you saw some serious defects. After much consideration, Miss Jones came to the conclusion that the "reporter" had been good-looking. She put him down as five-and-thirty now, and married, with perhaps half

a dozen children and a scolding wife. This was because her quick eyes ferreted out the gray hairs, and the lines along the forehead and certain weary shadows on his face. Of course, Miss Jones had no idea that the "interviewer's" life was a wearying one indeed, for many a time and oft he had to stand for hours ankle deep in the mud that is present at every stock sale; had to rush about over half the county at all times and in all weathers; had to do two and sometimes three men's work; had to tout for advertisements; soft-soap good Dendene citizens who agreed with his paper's "opinions"; had to chronicle a host of silly tittle-tattle, and cover reams of paper with the common names of nobodies.

So it was no wonder that Danvers had turned a little bit gray, and did not look peculiarly cheerful. And it did not improve his looks to go home—after banding in his "copy"—and lie awake all night thinking of his beautiful wife, in the heyday of her career, belauded wherever she went, rich, and without a ripple in the calm sea of her existence to trouble her, while he—

But he was glad she did not recognize him.

It was about half-past eight on the following morning. Danvers was making a miserable attempt to eat some breakfast, when no less a person than Jones was suddenly shown into his room by his landlady, who never put herself out of the way to announce a visitor.

"Oh," began Miss Jones, "Miss Fairfax would be glad if you could see her some time this morning. She wants something altered in the interview, and hopes you can publish the correction next Wednesday."

The Dendene Gazette, we should have mentioned, was a bi-weekly.

"Very well," said Danvers, "I will wait upon Miss Fairfax immediately."

"Crown Hotel," said Jones, laconically, and went.

The quality of the breakfast had lowered the interview another twenty-five per cent in her estimation.

There was a big fire in the "Crown Hotel's" best sitting-room when Danvers was shown into it. The table was also laid for breakfast, Danvers sat down with a sigh. The ordeal wasn't over then, yet.

There was a frou-frou of skirts, and Danvers, standing up, bowed politely to Miss Fairfax, whose beauty, he observed, bore the test of sunlight unflinchingly.

"Pray sit down," she said; "I merely wanted to ask you—"

She stopped speaking. Involuntarily he looked up at her, and the blood surged giddily to his brain when he saw that she was surveying him with a world of tenderness in her eyes. She recognized him, and she still loved him!

Without more ado she dropped on her knees beside him, and laid one of her white hands caressingly on his threadbare sleeve.

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, with a little sob in her voice, "won't you make it up?"

He gazed at her wildly. He could not believe it. But yet there was that look in her face.

"Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed, turning away. "It would not do. You are so famous and rich, while I—I am what you see. I—I had better go. What will people say when they hear—?"

His failure of a career, his shabbiness, his wretchedness—the thought of them overwhelmed him. He would not take advantage of her generosity. So he rose to his feet and walked unsteadily toward the door. But before he had gone half a dozen paces, she was by his side.

"Charlie," she said, "I love you. I have always loved you. I loved you when we parted. I have tried to find out where you were. Charlie—let us make it up!"

He stopped and looked down at her. Her eyes were suffused with tears.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, and, clasping her in his arms, imprinted on her fair brow a kiss of reconciliation, which dispersed the gray shadows of the past, with all its black clouds of misery and hopelessness.

And so, hand in hand, they started anew on life's long journey.—Rural Home.

Time Enough.
Joaquin Miller was visiting a friend whose tastes run to the classical and the "precious" in literature. One day says Lippincott's Magazine, this gentleman found his venerable guest in the library, deeply absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"A novel, by Bret Harte."

"I can't see," said the fastidious gentleman, "how an immortal being can waste his time on such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said Miller, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Why, of course, you are!"

"In that case," returned the Californian, grimly, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time."

After every big failure, it turns out that some pretty shaky men get credit at the banks. When a really good man wants to borrow money at a bank, he is questioned pretty closely,



THE GENTLE LOVE OF CHRIST

By Canon C. E. Fisher.

"By the gentleness of Christ."—2 Cor., x, 1.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor., v, 14.

There is nothing so strong as gentleness and nothing so gentle and loving as real strength. How true are these words in the incarnate life of our Lord Jesus Christ! He was a perfect union of gentleness and strength. But what is gentleness? It is quite different from meekness. Meekness is called forth by provocation, insult. Gentleness is not that. Still less is it kindness. Many a man and woman is overflowing with kindness, liberal in almsgiving, constant in acts of charity, yet they are not gentle. True gentleness is that habit of life which is the outcome of prayer, of communion with God, and a careful study of our Lord's human character; it is not gained by copying another; we cannot make ourselves gentle, we cannot be gentle in manner or speech apart from the grace of God; we must meditate on the life of Christ and on that attribute especially, for it is not merely gentleness that is desirable, but "the gentleness of Christ." Consider a few cases of special gentleness in our Lord's dealings with men when he was on earth.

Take the case of Nicodemus. Christ did not say to him, "Coward, afraid to confess me before men!" No; he accepted that earnest desire of his to have a deeper knowledge, and before Nicodemus was aware our Lord was teaching him the wonderful doctrine of regeneration, Gentle Teacher.

Think of Christ's way of dealing with the young man who came running to him and said: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" How wise and gentle was Jesus with him! He knew the overmastering temptation in the young man's way, the corrupting love of riches, such a snare to the soul. How he longed to snatch this brand out of the fire that he should set his affection on something higher! We read: "And Jesus, beholding him loved him, and gave him the best of advice; but the young man loved himself better than God, turned his back on unequalled tenderness, and went away again into the world."

Think of the Savior's dealings with Peter. When Jesus walked upon the flowing waves of Galilee he said, "Come," in answer to the impulsive apostle's request; and as Peter walked upon the waters right up to Christ, when the boisterous waves arose, he lost faith; so Jesus put forth his hand and caught him. What gentleness again! But that voice still says, "Come," that heart, which knows our weakness, our readiness to fall, still beats with human sympathy; that hand, strong to control the waves, is still stretched forth with that touch so perfect in strength, so winning in gentleness. Peter felt it, and knew he was safe.

Let us also think how Christ dealt with the Magdalene—that pattern for penitent souls. She knelt at the feet of the Savior and heard his tones of gentleness—those tones still so gentle, so wise, waiting for penitent souls as they come to his feet, saying to them, as he said to her, "Go in peace." Why do I speak so much of gentleness? Because I wish, from the depth of my heart, to draw you still nearer to the heart of Jesus.

In coming to meditate on the love of Christ we cannot but feel our helplessness in undertaking such a task. We are reminded of what Augustine said of the child attempting to empty the sea into the hole it had dug in the sand. The best way to realize in any measure the love of God is by trying to fathom the depth of our sin and the forgiving love required to wipe it all out. If we place ourselves in the presence of God and look back upon the years gone by and try to recall the proofs of God's patient forbearance with us, in spite of our rebellion, ingratitude, and forgetfulness of him, we shall be much helped to realize the love of God for us. We can also see in man's dealings with his fellow creatures something of the love of God. If a fellow man goes on putting up with us in our ingratitude, our love of our own way, our unwillingness to learn or make any response to his goodness—if that man is still tender, patient, and forbearing, we cannot fail to believe in the love of such a man. What, then, must be the love of God to each one of us? It will do us good to meditate upon some of the features of this wonderful love.

It is an everlasting love, from eternity to eternity. "I have loved thee

with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." O! if we feel that we cannot say Christ has drawn us, for our hearts feel so cold and dead, so filled with earthly cares, so filled with love of the world, then now should go up from the depth of every such heart the prayer—O, my Father, draw me to thyself.

It is a manifested love. In all his human life the love of Christ was manifested, made plain, brought down to the comprehension of the youngest child. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ's love was manifested first in the incarnation in that act of infinite condescension when he took upon himself the form of a slave and led that life of humanity, so that no one could doubt the love of Christ, for his love was not only one of doctrine, but of deed.

Christ's love is also a personal love. Not only did he love the world which he came to redeem from sin and death, but he loves each person in the world. The apostle of the Gentiles says, "He loved me and gave himself for me." Jesus as he looks down upon us all now knows just what is keeping us back from him, what the cords are that are drawing us away from him and making us struggle against his love. O! let us all pray to him to strengthen our wills that we may snap asunder those cords and be able to say, "My Beloved is mine and I am his."

Christ's is a domestic love. Think of him in that home of Lazarus and Martha and Mary. He gave to those three a love from the depths of his heart, and they offered him a home of rest and peace and love. What love he had for Lazarus! He shed tears at his grave, and those tears not only showed his love, but they show that though our Lord was the strongest man that ever lived—strong as any man, tender as any woman—he was not ashamed to shed tears.

Christ's was a forbearing love. In speaking of this I can hardly forget to remind you what a forbearing love our Lord showed when he was about to give that pledge of his love at the last supper. Among the assembled guests was Judas, and our Savior gave him the sop, the eastern token of friendship, that it might possibly still call him to his better self.

PRAYERS WITH GOOD WORKS.

By Rev. Charles L. Chalfant.

Two conditions are necessary to physical health and growth—rest and exercise. Some men wear out; others rust out. A man has no right to do either. The old wagon that hasn't turned a wheel in a year is as unfit for service as the one that has been run a year without oil. For the Christian, prayer is the oil and good works the exercise, and both are necessary for strength and service.

We use the word "wait" with so many meanings that it is necessary to define it here. Does it mean wait as a servant waits upon the table? As a handmaid waits upon her mistress?

There is no suggestion of service in the word here translated "wait." Does it mean to wait as a committee of citizens waits upon the Mayor, as a committee of employes waits upon the employer? The word as thus defined fails to convey the meaning of the text. Does it mean to wait as a lover "waits" upon his lady? Such a definition is entirely inadequate to express the thought of the prophet.

Does it mean to wait as one waits for a belated train? If you have had the experience of waiting to meet friends at our Union Station within the last few months, you have doubtless discovered that such "waiting" is not conducive to spiritual or moral uplift. This cannot be the meaning of the word, for God is never behind time. We are never under obligation to wait for the Lord in that sense. The word has in it the thought of earnestly expecting, of hoping for the Lord.

Many a man has made shipwreck of his life by neglecting the rest, the waiting, the hoping for the Lord, the renewing of his strength, by the proper observance of the hour of prayer.

To "renew" one's strength, or, literally, to "change" one's strength, has in it the suggestion of resisting an attack. When the enemy is attacking and finds the position of the defender too strong for him he changes his mode of attack. The Christian, prepared by prayer, has changed his strength to the point of attack, and is the better able to resist temptation.

Would to God we all might get out of the valley of formal service and up, up, into the clearer light of God's redeeming love.

They that wait upon the Lord in prayer shall mount up on wings and get a grander view of both the plans and the character of God.

Few people disparage a distinguished ancestry except those who have none of their own.—J. Hawes.