

Stowe Harriet Beecher

# He's Coming To-Morrow



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**He's Coming To-Morrow**

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# Harriet Beecher Stowe

## He's Coming To-Morrow

*"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."*

MY soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Was it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire? *Is it almost over? Is the day at hand?*

Again: "They shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. *And when these things come to pass, look up and rejoice, for your redemption is nigh.*"

Coming! – The Son of man really coming into *this* world again with power and great glory?

Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash? and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see Him coming?

So our minister preached in a solemn sermon; and for moments, at times, I felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbor, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of the bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Rennyman.

"So absurd," she said, "when her income, I know, cannot be half what ours is! and I *never* think of sending to Paris for my things; I should look on it as morally wrong."

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon! – so solemn. I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses? My dear, by the by, *don't* forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then in church; and that was *so* wrong of me!"

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our life were unreal. We go to church, and the things that we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, these Advent sermons. If we are looking for *that* coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do! Do we really believe what we hear in church? or is it a dream?"

"I *do* believe," said my wife earnestly – she is a good woman, my wife – "yes, I *do* believe, but it is just as you say. Oh, dear! I feel as if I am very worldly – I have so many things to think of!" and she sighed.

So do I; for I knew that I, too, was very worldly. After a pause I said: "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas and it should be authoritatively announced that He would be here to-morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, legislators, and chief councilors, in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the city council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

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