

Children's Department.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

WRITTEN IN THE STATE'S PRISON OF ILLINOIS.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There rose like a phantom before me
The vision of boyhood days,
Thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the
hill;
Of the brook that flowed through the
meadow,
I can even hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to
pray,
Whose love was a perfect treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter,
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate.
When the yearning ambitions of man-
hood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

SPRING.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Children! come with me and listen,
There's music wherever we go;
The birds are all merrily singing,
And the waters in harmony flow,
With the clear sky so smiling above
them,

Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children! come with me and look now,
The daisy is peeping at you;
The lamb by the side of its mother,
And the sweet little violet blue,
With the clear sky so smiling above
them,

Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children! come with me and ponder,
With bright things around and above,
Oh, we'll open our hearts like the blos-
soms,

And read their sweet lessons of love.
With the clear sky so smiling above us,
We'll learn in the sunshiny hours
To act so that others may love us,
As we do the birds and the flowers.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

On the afternoon of August 9, 1868, a little Norwegian boy, named Knud Iverson, who lived in the city of Chicago, Illinois, was going to the pasture for his cow, as light hearted, I suppose, as boys usually are when going to the pasture on the summer's afternoon. He came at length by a stream of water, where there was a gang of idle, ill-looking big boys, who, when they saw Knud, came up to him, and said they wanted him to go into Mr. Elston's garden and steal some apples.

"No," said Knud, promptly, "I cannot steal, I am sure."

"Well, but you've got to," they cried. "No," persisted Knud; "I cannot steal for anybody."

Then they threatened to duck him, for those wicked big boys had often before frightened little boys into robbing gardens for them; little boys, they thought perhaps, were less likely to get found out.

The threat did not frighten Knud; so, to make their words good, they seized and dragged him to the river and, in spite of his cries and struggles, plunged him in. But the heroic boy, even with

the water gurgling and choking in his throat, never flinched, for he knew that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal," and God's law he had made his law; and no cursing, or threats, or cruelty of the big boys would make him give up. Provoked by his firmness, I suppose, they determined to see if they could not conquer; so they ducked him again, but still it was "No," "no," and they kept him under water. Was there no one near to hear his distressing cries, and rescue the poor child from their cruel grip? No, there was none to rescue him; and gradually the cries of the drowning child grew fainter and fainter, and his cries less and less, and the boy was drowned. He could die, but he would not steal.

A German lad who had stood near, much frightened by what he saw, ran home to tell the news. The agonized parents hastened to the spot, and all night they searched for the lifeless body of their lost darling. It was found the next morning; and who shall describe their feelings as they clasped the little form to their bosoms? Early piety had blossomed in his little life. He loved his Bible and his Saviour; his seat was never vacant at the Sabbath school; and so intelligent, conscientious and steadfast had he been, that it was expected he would soon be received into the Church of his parents.

Perhaps the little boy used often to think how, when he grew up, he would like to be a preacher, or a missionary, and do something for his Lord and Master. He did not know what post he might be called to occupy, even as a little child. And as he left home that afternoon, and looked his last look in his mother's face, he thought he was only going after his cow; and the other boys, and the neighbors, if they saw him, thought so too. They did not even know that, instead of going to the pasture, he was going to preach one of the most powerful sermons in favor of Bible law and Bible principles the country ever heard; they did not know he was going out to give an example of steadfastness of purpose and of unflinching integrity such as should thrill the great heart of this nation with wonder and admiration.

He was then only a Norwegian boy, Knud Iverson, only thirteen years old, but his name was soon to be reckoned with martyrs and heroes. And as the story of his moral heroism winged its way from State to State, and city to city, and village to village, how many mothers have cried with full heart, "May his spirit rest upon my boy!" And strong men have wept over it, and exclaimed, "God be praised for the lad!" And rich men have put their hands in their pockets and said, "Let us build him a monument; let his name be perpetuated, for his memory is blessed." May there be many a generation of Knud Iversons, strong in their integrity, true to their Bibles, ready to die rather than do wrong!

The mere lapse of years is not life. Love, knowledge, truth, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things—not in exemption from suffering.

It cannot be too often repeated that luxuries, not necessities, bring ruin. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but what we think we want; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants—if they be real ones, they will come home in search of you; for he who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

EDWARD'S ATONEMENT.

STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER III.

Inside, Edward, dragging with him a huge coil of stout hempen cord, had mounted a rough step-ladder, which led to the trap-door in the roof.

The next moment he was outside in the darkness and pelting storm. He could hear them still battering at the opening of the retreat he quitted a moment before, but the bolt could not resist their attacks much longer. No time was to be lost. The turret rose to a much greater height than the rest of the building. Fastening the cord firmly over one of the battlements, he let himself down to the lower roof. But he could not unfasten it again, as the slip-knot had tightened with his weight. One moment's thought, and he had cut the rope with the dagger he wore at his side, and had left it there to tempt the pursuit he felt confident he should be successful in evading.

The sound of the pursuers' voices, coming more distinctly to him through the darkness, warn him to be quick. Hastily making a slip-knot again in one end of the rope, he fastens it again to one of the battlements that run in a line along the castle roof. Another instant, with a brief aspiration heavenwards, he is swaying in mid-air.

"Torches! muddle-headed knaves that ye be!" cries a hoarse voice; for his pursuers have gained the roof of the turret, and are convinced now that he they seek is indeed in their power the moment they can perceive his whereabouts.

Hand over hand, every now and then, the tempest that rages around him dashing the brave lad with pitiless force against the castle wall, he is at last safely landed on terra firma.

The worst part of Edward's task was now over, for by the time the men had brought the torches their officer had called for, and discovered the rope still dangling from the battlement, time enough had elapsed for Edward to have crossed the bridge which spanned the moat, and escaped through a postern gate which he knew to be unguarded, it being used as the means of egress from the castle for the domestics and those who had business with them.

But Edward did not wish to abandon the pursuit just yet, as it was part of his plan to entice them into a neighboring wood, believing that when they once entered it, he could easily return without being perceived, under cover of the friendly darkness. When, therefore, he had gained the bridge and unfastened the gate, he stood for some minutes with the double purpose of gaining breath, and assuring his pursuers that their quarry was not too far ahead of them; for it would have upset all his plans had they given up the chase and returned to the castle at this juncture.

The men had hesitated to adopt his daring mode of descent, but their officer had threatened to shoot them if they did not do so. Thus compelled, they accomplished it, and it was not till Edward heard their voices and footsteps as they ran along by the side of the moat, and sought a means of crossing, that he closed the postern with a resounding bang, and began running at a moderate pace across the meadows in the direction of the wood.

All this time the pursuers had never caught a glimpse of him, and fearing lest they should be discouraged, he dropped his kerchief, and waited again, sheltered by the blackness of the night, at twenty paces' distance, till he was assured that his lure was successful.

Then he set off again, and in ten minutes more had gained the wood.

The plan he had formed hurriedly in his own mind was to leave them searching for him there, to return to the castle, and warn the real fugitive to escape in an opposite direction to the one they had taken. But he was too daring, and his plan

was frustrated; most providentially so, for two soldiers had remained behind, and would have prevented Dr. Wyatt's escape.

As it was, Edward kept them for fully half an hour tracing him amongst the trees by the sound of his footsteps, and panting, sobbing breath. They could only catch an occasional glimpse of something moving in the darkness, by the uncertain light of the single torch with which they were provided.

But the storm, which had been the brave boy's greatest safeguard, was ceasing, and the moon which had been totally obscured, now shone forth "in radiant loveliness," and he, his strength exhausted, was overtaken, and seized, with coarse words and brutal jests, almost immediately after the lovely treacherous light had betrayed his whereabouts. Their surprise when they found out who it was that had led them such a chase, and Edward's mortification at the failure of his plan, I must leave my readers to imagine, while we return to the inmates of the castle. When Edward had left his uncle in the untenanted chamber, Dr. Wyatt's first impulse had been to follow him; but hearing the arrival of his pursuers in the corridor, he shrank back behind the hangings of the great bed, and waited in sickening suspense.

He, of course, heard all that was passing, and when the door of his late retreat gave way, he expected every moment that they, on finding it empty, would seek him elsewhere. As their voices gradually died away he could bear the suspense no longer, and cautiously reconnoitring the spot, beheld Lady Beaufort step into the corridor, and take a few uncertain, agitated paces in his direction. The utmost terror, dismay, and indignation were expressed on her gentle countenance.

When her brother appeared before her, and silently beckoned her into the chamber, joy, surprise, bewilderment, in succession usurped the former expressions; and passing her hand over her eyes, as if to make sure that she was not dreaming, she sprang towards him, exclaiming, faintly, "Charles!"

"Alas! whither shall I fly?" asked the persecuted servant of God.

"Come to my chamber," replied his sister. "Stay; let me be sure that no one observes us." And she passed again along the corridor, into her boy's room, and for the first time noticed his absence.

All was safe; the two soldiers had been ordered on no account to quit the hall, and the servants stood still in a terrified group, talking over the surprising and unexpected event.

Returning to her brother, Lady Beaufort led the way to her sleeping chamber.

In a few words he exclaimed how it was she had found him where she did.

Then suddenly the truth dawned upon her mind. "My brave Edward," she exclaimed, with tearful eyes and flushing cheek, "but they will not dare not, harm him!" she added, wildly, and hurried away to the secret chamber. All was still. Climbing the ladder, she looked out from the roof, and caught sight of the torches gleaming below.

She marvelled if her boy was safe. She had noticed, with a sickening pang, the absence of the rope which she herself had seen placed there, as a last hope in case of discovery; and the whole truth was plainly revealed; he had escaped and they were pursuing him.

"But they will find him and bring him back," she thought, "and then they will search the whole castle. Oh, my brother! He must leave, 'tis the only plan."

Once more she hastened to Edward's chamber, and told Philip, who of course was still wide awake, to "rise, and summon Annis quickly, for that she was ill from terror." Her blanched cheeks and agitated appeared fully confirmed this statement, and Philip speedily obeyed. Hastily explaining to the wo-

man, worthy her to of her. Wyatt the nu servan were p escape down that I feared, hurried when, accom vant, I Wyatt tently leech, And of the Beaufort to fly t of a p where vessel Hollan Whe felt as fierce v and so finding and br But I and it end her back t searche suit. After fruitless the offic Lady B "Ma the pro carry b dared t in the e "By the unh "T i would n the la never h have a I had v in anger me." "Nov ness of lady. "And speak t pursue t shame i sist in it "We mured l time fa The r soldier. face of t ity and ders, an That ing that safe dw accomps tutor, w who cho advertis to the s Wyatt, barked i rived sai from Ph tioning s Lady B conclusi had betr had follo his dying mere ru Lord I them in not bee which I Crown. compara the unhai them to and dw plenty, f to them.