

## Early Called.

"SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

A LITTLE darling full of grace,  
Was on her pillow lying;  
The bloom had faded from her face,  
And she had run her Christian race,  
For now she lay a-dying.

She was my Sabbath scholar, and  
In all her work, delighted  
To hear about the "Better Land,"  
Where ransomed dear ones glorious stand,  
In holy love united.

She dearly loved—with all her heart—  
Her Saviour, over gracious;  
And prayed, "Oh Jesus, now impart  
To me, where Thou in glory art,  
Thy light and love so precious.

That prayer was heard—a glory bright  
To that young saint was given;  
Her visage shone with wondrous light,  
Ere her sweet spirit took its flight  
To her dear home in heaven.

And softly then she said—and smiled—  
"I hear the angels singing;  
Yes they have come, in mercy mild,  
To take away your little child  
Where ceaseless praise is ringing."

And so it was—she fell asleep—  
And now in glory liveth:—  
It is not ours for her to weep,  
But over God's pure precepts keep,  
Who grace and glory giveth.

Sweet spring has come, and lovely flowers  
Around her grave are blooming;  
Her simple life and faith be ours,  
Till we shall meet in heavenly bowers,  
God's perfect light illuming.

—A. Young.

## "Tate Agoin' By."

"WHY, here's Tate!" observed old Farwell from the tavern platform. His remark served a double purpose—it accosted Tate Sykes, and also let the other frequenters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of maudlin sympathy, "How do you find yourself, after yesterday?"

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely; but walking on.

"Why, look a-her, ye ain't agoin' by, be ye? Why, boys, here's Tate agoin' by."

Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astonishment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual haunt. Tate Sykes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that floated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass. It oftener became more.

But two days before, a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revols, her face full of agony.

"Where's my man? Where's Tate Sykes?" Then imperatively, "Come home, Tate. Bess wants you. She's dying."

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his glass down with a groan, and followed his wife out, bare-headed, in an unwonted stillness.

That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farwell felt that it was unnatural. What had gone wrong? Farwell scratched his slightly muddled head for the clow, then slapped his knee emphatically when he thought he found it.

"Hold on, Tate. Mebbe you thought we'd ought to be there, us boys, bein' as we was old friends?"

Tate stopped, but did not reply. His hands were clenched, and a great struggle was written on his face. He looked like one ready for conflict, and he was; not, however, with the poor, deluded men he had drunk with, but with the powers of darkness. Farwell broke the awkward silence.

"We felt for ye, Tate. If we'd had

the money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and sich. I wouldn't begrudged comin' down with a hack 'n span 'o horses, fact, Tate; but I hadn't the needful; you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the country I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. Ye hadn't orter lay it up agin us, Tate."

"Boys," said Tate hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion, "I didn't—expect ye—to folly my little gal—to—to the grave; and yer posies would—a been—too late. Ye see, it had been—all thorns for her—alluz—them her father planted"

A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child.

The "boys" were silent. Old Farwell laid his pipe aside, and rose with the majesty of a purpose.

"There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, an' partin's hard; but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. I'll tone ye up. Come, all, I'll stand t'eat."

They started eagerly toward the bar-room, except Tate. There was fierce longing in his blood-shot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst; but, to the surprise of all, Tate Sykes declined the drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him.

Farwell paused, angrily; the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only they remembered that Tate's child was dead, and most of these men, alas! were fathers, too. They meant some time to turn about, but their good resolutions decayed with the old tavern. By and by they would drop into drunkard's graves, their souls going—where?

"Don't never ask me to drink!" cried Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me in here again, for if I do, I'll shoot myself. I wouldn't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a bit; I'll toll ye how I came to this."

Then Tate began in a strange, hoarse voice:

"Ye all know why Meg come after me that night. She said Bess was dyin'. I thought she had—left us—when I got home, she was so white and still. 'She wanted you Tate,' says Meg. 'She couldn't be easy 'thout ye. She telled me to go fetch father; she'd wait. O, Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! She's gone; without her dying wish!' Meg cried softly, whisperin' this bit by bit, betwixt the tears. I can't tell ye what I felt, boys, settin' there beside my leetle gal. There wa'n't nothing comfortable for such as she, in that poor room. It goes without sayin' there couldn't be, and me spendin' what I did here.

"Well, boys, whilst I was lookin' at her, all of a sudden, the colour flashed into her sweet face, and them dear" (Tate's voice shook) "darling eyes flied open—but not to see me, boys; they looked straight for'ard, beyant and up'ards, and says she, startled like, 'I can't go alone—it's dark—go part way with me, father dear!'"

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak, he said:

"Them was her last words. She give a great sigh, and left us. There wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, even if her father couldn't go part way with' cheerin' words, an' scriptur. She had to go alone, in the dark, my poor leetle gal. It come over me then, what

I was and what I might a ben. There's one other left me; please God I'll go part o' the way with her!"

Tate had arisen. He stood erect as he uttered his vow, in a clear, distinct voice that reached even the man behind the bar. The fierce appetite had gone from Tate's eyes, they glowed with his new-born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavern forever.—*New York Observer.*

## Take Care.

LITTLE children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise,  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your checks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back,  
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view,  
All beholders, as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, by boys and girls  
Every root of beauty starts;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For, as sure as you're alive,  
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Cary.

## Your Own Hand on the Plough.

Mr. B——, a large planter in Alabama, was so successful in the cultivation of cotton as to excite universal attention throughout the South. Certain wealthy gentlemen in Mexico wrote to him several years ago, asking permission to send their sons to his plantation, "to be placed under his tuition and to study his methods." A few days later, seven or eight young hidalgos arrived, delicate, refined youths, carefully dressed, gloved and ringed.

"Gentlemen," said the planter, after welcoming them, "you have come to learn how to raise cotton, so that you will never have a failure in your crops?"

"Yes."

"It is my theory that no man can intelligently direct his servants to do work which he has never done himself. You can never learn to raise cotton on horseback. I will teach you my methods. But the first step must be flannel shirts and your own hands at the plough. If you are not willing to do this, you had better return to Mexico."

The young men looked at each other in dismay. But the next morning they presented themselves cheerfully in the field ready for work, and set to ploughing with a will. They followed as actual labourers every step in the cultivation of the cotton from its planting, until it was ready for the market. They remained two years with Mr. B——, and then returned to Mexico, and are now the most successful growers of cotton in that country.

"He has the secret of success," one of them said lately. "No matter what a man's business may be, he must learn it in detail before he can control it, and the first step is to put his own hand to the plough."

## "Let Fly."

THE fifty ton hammer with which Krupp belabors his large steel blocks bears the name "Our Fritz." Its stroke on the one-thousand-ton anvil, although the latter rests on a chabotto of upward of one hundred square feet in size and is surrounded by water, causes a deafening noise and a concussion resembling an earthquake. The hammer bears the inscription, "Fritz, let fly." This inscription has the following history: When, in 1877, the Emperor William visited the works at Essen, this steam-hammer attracted his attention. Alfred Krupp, the father of the present head of the firm, presented to the emperor the machinist, Fritz, who, he said, handled the hammer with such nicety and precision as not to injure, or even touch, an object placed in the centre of the block. The emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Master Fritz hesitated out of consideration for the precious object; but Mr. Krupp urged him on by saying, "Fritz, let fly!" Down came the hammer, and the watch remained perfectly untouched. The emperor gave it to the machinist as a souvenir. Mr. Krupp added one thousand marks to the handsome present, and caused the above words to be inscribed on the hammer.

## The Late Earl of Shaftesbury.

A MERE passing notice is all that has been given by the daily press to the death of the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, which event took place a few weeks ago. The noble Earl had for years been a leader in every good work in Britain, and by philanthropic efforts had shed a lustre over the class of society to which he belonged. So eagerly were his services sought for and so highly were they prized, that a correspondent of an American paper, in noticing his absence last spring from the chair of all the Exeter Hall meetings but two, remarked that May meetings were scarcely May meetings without his presence. One of the two meetings was that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the chair of which he then occupied for the fortieth time. At another meeting the Ragged School boys he had so effectually helped to raise in society, presented to him five copies of that beautiful picture—Christ the Light of the World—one for each of his children. From London he went to his country seat in Dorsetshire, riding out daily in a chair drawn by a favourite donkey, known as "Coster Jack," presented to him by the costermongers of London as a mark of their great esteem for him in helping them and many other very poor people. At one of his latest appearances in public he closed a brief, but energetic address with these earnest words: "I would die in the harness." The Earl was deeply grieved by the Romeward tendencies of the Church of England, of which he was a member; and only a few years ago he addressed an earnest appeal to ministers of various Churches—among the rest to the Rev. Wm. Arthur—asking for their help in stemming the tide of the ritualism he so much dreaded. At a period when not a little of ignominy is attached to some members of the English nobility, Lord Shaftesbury's name, as a synonym for all that is good, will be as "ointment poured forth."—*Wesleyan.*