

# HOME AND SCHOOL

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VOL. I.]

### My Shepherd.

"He leadeth me!"  
 And so I need not seek my own wild way  
 Across the desert wild;  
 He knoweth where the soft green pastures lie,  
 Where the still waters glide,  
 And how to reach the coolness of their rest  
 Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"  
 And though it be by rugged, weary ways  
 Where thorns spring sharp and sore,  
 No pathway can seem strange or desolate  
 When Jesus "goes before."  
 His gentle shepherding my solace is,  
 And gladness yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"  
 I shall not take one needless step through all,  
 In wind, or heat, or cold;  
 And all day long He sees the peaceful end  
 Through trials manifold.  
 'Tis on the fair hillside, like some sweet surprise,  
 Waiteth the quiet fold.

—Word and Work.

### The Cliffs of Old England.

THERE is nothing more delightful than, in the broad, breezy sunshine of a summer's day, to walk along the grassy summit of England's seaboard cliffs and mark the busy vessels below, speeding hither and thither on the sparkling highway. Everything around tells of life and health; it seems impossible to associate danger and human suffering with so fair a scene.

And yet these very cliffs, useful as natural fortifications, are in darkness and tempest a terrible danger to shipping.

How many fearful scenes have been enacted on winters' nights in the frantic waters below them? God alone can tell the number. It is only now and then that some awe-stricken survivor of a wrecked vessel lives to tell the tale, and link forever in our minds with these beetling precipices the remembrance of the direst human agony.

It is these cliffs that give Old England the name "Albion," from the Latin word, *albus* white—the cliffs on the southern coast being mostly chalk, and shining afar in the sun with snowy whiteness.

### The Gold Eagle.

A GOOD many years ago a merchant missed from his cash drawer a gold eagle which is worth twenty dollars. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there to make change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially

as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for his clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded. "It was a lady," answered Weston, and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it, his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances indeed were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

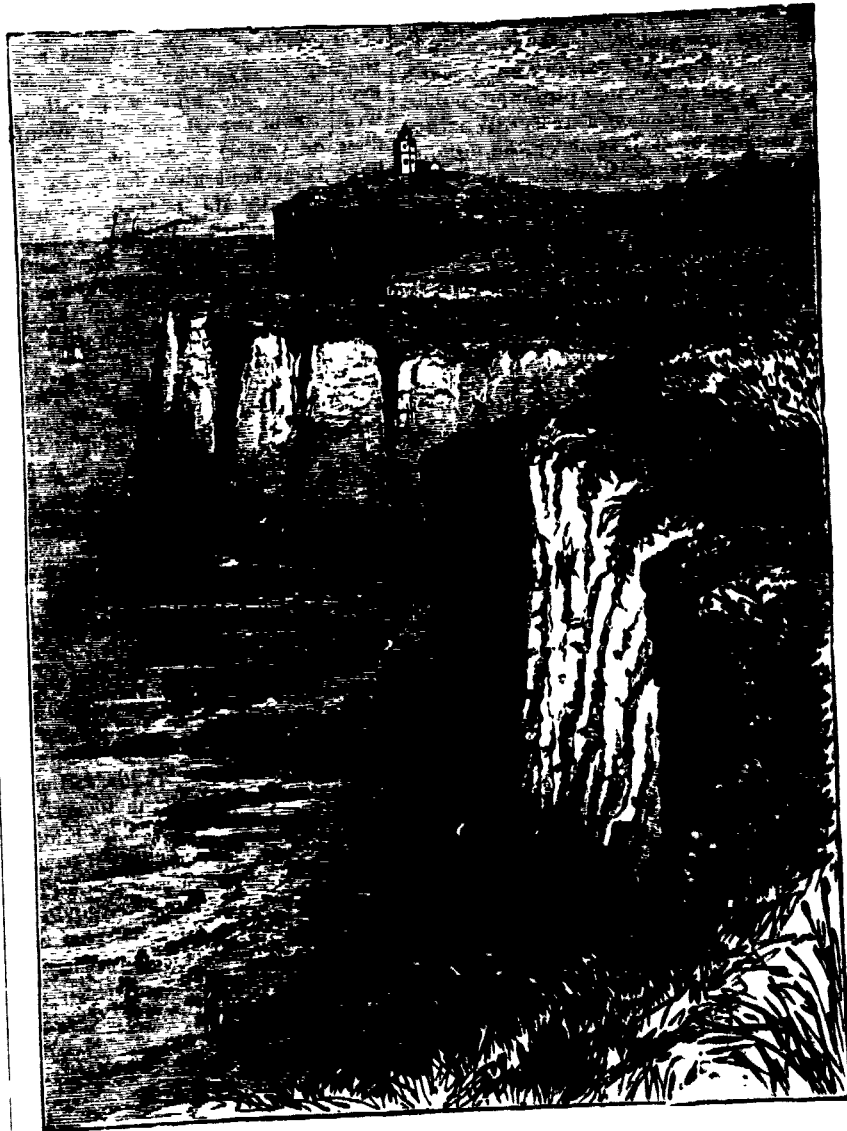
He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him. Skeptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston (who is a middle-aged man now, prosperous, respected by all men, and deserving of respect), would smile and say, "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterward, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it out from its hiding place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat-pocket. He had never put it in the cash-box at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*Young Reaper.*

A DANDY with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.



THE CLIFFS OF OLD ENGLAND.

"It is needless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest he denied it

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told anybody about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."