

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlour. She said to him:

"Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, would not that be your home as well as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly. "It would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause, he ran up to mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said:

"Because my dear mother lives here?"

It is the presence and company of those we love, which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which our dear Saviour has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sabbath-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I am going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked his teacher.

"Because Jesus is there?"

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with him," said the dying child. This dear child loved Jesus.

AFRAID TO SWEAR ALONE.

The wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel, and almost in every street, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most other vices, it is done openly and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears. It is a public sin against God, and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed!" said the man; "an easy way to make ten dollars."

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still

as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "All alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place crying "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

WHO ARE THE BEST BOYS.

A tradesman once advertised for a boy to assist in the work of a shop, and to go on errands, etc. A few hours after the morning papers announced that such a boy was wanted, his shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade, from the neatly-dressed, intelligent little youth, down to the ill-bred, clumsy boor, came either in the hope of a situation, or to see if an opportunity offered for a speculation.

The man, at a loss to decide among so many, determined to dismiss them all, and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect: wanted to assist in a shop, a boy *Who obeys his mother.*

Now my little friends, how many boys, think you came to inquire for the situation after this advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the great city, who were wanting the means of earning a living, or getting a knowledge of business, there were but two who could fearlessly come forward and say, "I obey my mother."

A NOBLE LAD.

A poor boy, whose name no one knows but we hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were dying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved.

The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude, but soft bed; and then taking off his own jacket to cover them, sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror till they fell asleep.

In the morning leaving them still asleep, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to