

face in her clean apron, and burst into tears.

As they walked to the old farmhouse, when all was over, the ganger said, "You're to call me father from to-night, children. I've taken you for my own, and see if I'm not a right father to you."

"I'm sure o' that, father," said Six-foot.

"You've forgiven me that thrashing, then Six-foot?"

"Ay, rather!" said the boy, slipping his small hand into the one which had beaten him. "I was asking God that night mother died, and ever since not to let us go into the Union, and see how nicely He's settled it."

"What are the bells ringing for?" asked Priss.

"It's Christmas Eve."

"What's that?"

"I'll tell you when we get home. Mother you must tell Runner no more swearing's to be in our place now these children's come. We must bring 'em up as if they were our own born, to be a credit to us.

And so they are. Six-foot has in truth earned his name. He is manager on the works where young Nobby is head mason. Priss says her husband, though, means to be a contractor yet.

John William still lives with father and mother on their farm. Curiously enough, after many wanderings, they returned to the neighborhood and purchased the very farm on which the old cow-house once stood. It is pulled down now. The huts and workshops too have disappeared. Only a gleaming, beautiful lake remains to show where the navvies have worked, where navy hearts have beaten warm and true, and a row of green graves in the village churchyard tells where some weary navy wanderers have found an endless rest.

THE END.

HOW A DANE FOUND THE LIGHT.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D.D.

On the Western coast of Denmark there lived an intelligent farmer, with a family of well-trained children. The parents were worthy members of the Lutheran church. The children, being regular attendants on the church services, and having faithfully learned the Catechism, were confirmed by the Lutheran pastor as regular members of the church.

But one boy, George, in his family was not satisfied with his spiritual state. He had not found peace. His heart was troubled. He felt there was great darkness and dearth within him which neither attending church services nor partaking of the ordinances removed. Boy as he was, he was hungering and thirsting after a righteousness he struggled in vain to find. By-and-by he timidly approached the minister and stated his case as well as he could, and asked to be shown more light. He knew there must be more, and his soul craved it.

"More light!" said the minister, "you astonish me. What sins have you been committing?"

"Not any, sir," said George, "but I have a bad heart, and I am unhappy. I want more light."

"Why, my son, do you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, every day, twice."

"Can you repeat the Ten Commandments? Let me hear you."

George at once went through the Commandments with great fluency.

"Now go through the Catechism," and the young man did it with accuracy and without hesitation.

"Well, well," said the pastor, "there is no trouble with you. You are all right. You have got some strange notion in your head. Go home and be a good boy and be happy."

George went home dissatisfied. He failed to get the light, do the best he could. He ventured to see the preacher once again, but he was turned off as a troubler of the good man.

While working in a field by the sea, the ships passed out from the harbor, and sailing over the German Ocean towards England disappeared in the dim distance. George said to himself day after day, as he saw them go.

"There is more to be known about religion where they go than my pastor can tell me. There must be more light, and I

will go and find it. I must get more light."

After long importunity, his father consented to his departure. With a bounding heart he went down to the docks and found a ship soon to depart for New York. He applied to the captain, asking to work his way on the ship, and was roughly sent away. After a little he came back and pleaded his case eloquently. The captain told him to go away and trouble him no more.

George went away heavy-hearted, and as he journeyed homeward he saw a little thicket of pines, near the road, and he went into it and knelt down, and opened his heart to God in prayer, asking God to change the captain's heart. When he arose his burden was wonderfully lightened, and he went directly back to the ship and told the captain if he would take him to New York he would do anything for him, he would sleep anywhere, and eat anything.

The captain said, "you are a plucky fellow to face me three times. I fancy there must be something in you. Get aboard."

On the voyage he was very helpful and found favor with the captain. One Sunday afternoon in mid-ocean a lady gave him a leaflet with these words, "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." That afternoon as he sat and read and thought, the light broke into his soul like the morning.

"We are God's children," he reflected, "not by saying creeds and catechisms and going to sacraments, but by faith in Christ Jesus. I have got the light. I have found that something that I wanted, thank God."

The lady conversed with him and gave him a New Testament, and he soon found this, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and his soul was filled with gladness to overflowing.

At New York he got a place in a bakery by the side of a good Christian member of Dr. W. R. Williams' Baptist church, which he attended, and made great progress in the Christian life. His Bible was open before him as he toiled, and at night he fairly ate the Word, as hungry men did the bread he kneaded. He said, "I am the happiest young man in the world. I make bread that perisheth, and I eat the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger." He sent by letter many a loaf to his father and friends in Denmark. He removed to St. Louis, and in due time was married, and has a comfortable home and a group of pleasant children.

He has never lost the light, nor the Bread of Life, nor the power of prayer. Here is an instance. Two days before Christmas, not long since, he went to a toy bazar for presents for his household. He had \$26 in his purse, but could spend only two dollars, as he owed \$24 to workmen and had promised to pay them. In the crowd his purse was taken, and he could get no trace of it, though the store was faithfully searched. He stated the case to the clerk, and returned home and went to the upper chamber, and bowing before God asked him to make the money hot in the pocket of the thief that he might return it, as years before he had wrestled with God in the pine-thicket to soften the captain's hard heart. The next day at three o'clock he went to the chamber again and prayed as aforesaid, and rose lightened of the burden and went directly to the store. The clerk saw him coming and held up the purse to his delighted vision and opening it everything was found in it, safely preserved but one horse-car ticket. A man had come and laid it down before the clerk a few minutes before the owner appeared, saying some one must have lost it and swiftly departed.—*Illustrated Christian Worker*.

"BE YOU A LADY?"

We remember reading somewhere an anecdote of the ludicrous consternation of a poor emigrant laborer, who for the first time heard his employer spoken of as a "gentleman." He had been brought up in England, where his only notion of a gentleman was that of a consequential and peremptory being in good clothes, who swore at and licked him. The *New Haven Register* tells the story of a poor boy in that city whose idea of a "lady" was quite as unfortunate; and who came by a happy accident to conclude that there must be two kinds. Perhaps he was right in his conclusion. At

any rate the nice girl who gave him his first impression of what a true lady is, deserves all the credit of the story.

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State Street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

The richly-dressed ladies (?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several who passed by, amused by the boy's looks of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when in despair he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said in a tone of thorough kindness,—

"Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he held to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were strongly tied in the coarse torn paper, her skilful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said,—

"I hope you haven't far to go." The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare he asked,—

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"'Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kindly and pleasant to me, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as think they're ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."—*Youth's Companion*.

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

God works with children early and if we were not afraid, this would be more clear to us. I look back to the times when my eldest children were very young, and how I often restrained the Spirit for fear I should be leading them further than they could follow and understand. I limited the Holy One of Israel. I would not do again as I did then. I held them back longer than I ought to have done and restrained in them what I now, with increased experience and observation, and, I trust, holy wisdom, would encourage and develop to the very uttermost. I believe that if I had done so that no evil would have come of it. Why should we be afraid if God's Spirit is molding and leading and influencing the children? If we can work with his Spirit, and if our eye is single, why should we fear? If parents would only be careful not to praise and admire their children for their pretty appearance or for having outstripped some other child in some human attainment and will go hand-in-hand with the Spirit of God in keeping them at the foot of the Cross, and inspiring them with all holy ambition for God's glory and for the salvation of the world, they would have quite a different side of character developed in their children. But many people think they are wiser than God; they develop one side, and they leave the other side untouched, until there is hardly any spiritual capacity left when they come to maturer years.—*The Christian*.

CARD PLAYING AT HOME.

Playing cards for "pastime" or as an "innocent amusement" soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed a man will forego home, family, business, and pleasure, and suffer the loss of his all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: "I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that that which is the

universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it."

"I have this moment," said Dr. Holland "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.'" Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the "home circle." What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting asking prayers for the conversion of her son whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for "pastime?"—*Advocate*.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

The minister of a fashionable church once preached a beautiful sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in sunlit groves, by the music of waterfalls and gaze out upon Amaranthine fields.

And then, too, "we shall know each other there," said the minister, and then added there'll be no strangers in the New Jerusalem; we'll all be friends."

"Beautiful!" said Deacon Sham, as he trotted down the aisle.

"A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simpkins, as she put her bony hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher:

"Mr. —, I am glad we shall recognize each other up there."

"Yes," said the minister, "it is one of the greatest consolations of our religion."

"Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change though; for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of this society have recognized me yet. But—we shall all know each other there."

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we find the expression, "a mother in Israel?"
2. Whose spear was equal in weight to three hundred shekels of brass?
3. Who slew eighty-five priests at the command of Saul?
4. Who smote the Philistines until his hand was weary.
5. Who slew a lion in a pit in time of snow, and killed an Egyptian with his own spear?
6. When was David permitted to choose one of three kinds of punishment?

BIBLE STUDIES.

One of the most highly esteemed and celebrated trees among the ancients. It has spreading, crooked branches, bright green leaves, white flowers with four petals, and a small egg-shaped berry containing a smooth nut. It is said by a Jewish historian that a famous queen introduced it into a certain locality near the junction of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. A Scottish traveller and writer thinks that it was imported a thousand years earlier. The products of the tree are small and valuable. A certain conqueror of the country where it grows ordered a tribute of three pounds' weight to be sent annually to his capital. A prophet of the Old Testament speaks of this substance.

- What is the tree?
- Who was the Jewish historian?
- What queen and what place do I allude to?
- Who was the Scottish writer?
- What valuable commodity does the tree produce?
- To what conqueror do I refer?
- To what capital?
- To what prophet?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—1. Job. 2. Abner. 3. Chuza. 4. Huz. 5. Ignorance. 6. Nathan. 7. Asp. 8. Nabhi. 9. Daniel. 10. Barachel. 11. Omega. 12. Abiathar. 13. Zaccheus. Primals. Jaen and Boaz. Finals. Brzen pillars.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from—Lillian A. Greene, A. Coburn, Clara E. Folsom, and Eleanor McPhedran.