

larger in every way than the boy who left that depot a week before. Not that he had grown so very much, but it is wonderful how much larger a thick, heavily-lined, well-fitted overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, makes a boy look.

He had Miss Hunter's flowered satchel on his arm; it was full, too; he couldn't imagine of what. "Some lunch for you," Mrs. Barrows had said, and smiled as she gave the heavy satchel into his keeping. But the boy had not needed a lunch for a two hours' ride, and had concluded not to open the satchel until he got home. He signalled a down-town street-car the first thing, and took his seat; he was in too much of a hurry to walk; and besides the satchel was wonderfully heavy.

He took out his pocket-book to pick out five pennies for the fare; and as his face grew redder and his eyes shone brighter; whenever he thought of that pocket-book he laughed. Grace Barrows had given it to him, "to remember their ride by," she told him, and within it was a wonderful paper, an envelope. This envelope Mr. Barrows had given him just as he started away, "I put it in your pocket-book, my boy," said he, "and don't open it on the cars; it is never a wise thing to handle money on the cars. It is yours, every cent of it. You will need it to help move your family. I wouldn't bring the stove if I were you, nor some of the other things that will cost more than they will come to; better sell them. The things in the house are all a present to you from Mrs. Barrows, but the money in this envelope isn't a present, it belongs to you. If you hadn't picked up that paper I should have offered a reward for its return; and my horse that you saved for me is worth a good deal of money. So you have fairly earned what you will find here. You just send me a telegram on what day you will get started, and we'll have a fire in the house and supper going, so your mother will feel at home; and now good-by, sir, and success to you!" and Mr. Barrows had shaken hands with him as though he were already a man. He laughed again over that white envelope, carefully sealed. What if there should be as much as ten dollars in it! If there only were, he could see his way clear towards moving right away. Then he fell to wording his telegram. Suppose mother could get ready to go this week! Suppose it should be on Thursday; a good deal could be done in two days and a half; then he would telegraph: "Dear Mr. Barrows: We will come on Thursday morning on the train that leaves here at twenty minutes after ten." He counted the words, and was amazed to find that there were twenty of them. How did people ever say anything with ten words, which he knew was the usual number for dispatches. He tried again and again; the first message didn't suit him anyway; it didn't sound business-like. He had stood by and listened to the reading of business dispatches many a time, and admired their short, sharp sound. By the time the car turned into Ninth street and he knew that he must leave it at the next corner, he had his dispatch planned in a way that delighted his heart. "We take the ten-twenty a.m. train Thursday." "It sounds just like 'em," he said half aloud in his glee as he pulled the strap.

A brisk walk of five minutes or so and he was at home. The fancy came over him to knock at his mother's door, and Beth opened it, and stood a moment and stared, and said, "Mother!" and then said, "Oh, oh!" and put both arms around the young man's neck.

"I thought you were a messenger boy; I was so scared because of your coat," she explained breathlessly. "Why, Reuben, where did you get your coat? O, mother, isn't it splendid?" and the mother, who had never really hoped to see her son in anything so fine, and warm, and beautifully fitting, could not help laughing a little too.

"You are just in time for dinner," exclaimed Beth; "but I hope you are not awfully hungry; or no—yes, I hope you are, dreadful hungry, because then just potatoes will taste good; we haven't a speck of meat."

"I don't want meat," said Reuben, unbuttoning his coat; "I had steak for breakfast, plenty of it; but then maybe I've got some in my lunch; you pitch into the lunch, Beth, and see if there is something good for dinner." Whereupon he unlocked Miss Hunter's satchel, and Beth began to draw out the treasures, with little screams of satisfaction over them.

"Mother, here is a whole chicken, put in for Reuben's lunch! And oh, here is a pie, two pies tied together, just dipped in whole, on the pie-plates! And here is a loaf of bread. O mother, mother, here is a cupful of the sweetest-smelling butter you ever saw!"

"I guess it is!" said Reuben, in intense satisfaction; "their butter tastes just like the roses that you smell as you pass the green-house on North street. I'm awful glad they sent you some."

(To be Continued.)

SEMANTHA'S VOCATION.

BY "A COUNTRY PARSON."

The snow was coming faster and faster. It was a midwinter storm. A hill farm is shut in at best in the winter, but a three days' snowing secludes a home on a wide waste of trackless plain. Semantha had hardly noticed the tempest of white outside. It was Saturday and baking day, and there was a world of work for her to do. She was at the seminary when her mother was taken sick, one of the most promising scholars. With large ambition, a desire to take an active part in the betterment of the world, she came home. Her mother died, the children were confined to her, and the narrow life of a New England farm was before her. No wonder she quailed before it. It has placed scores in an early grave and left others invalids for life. The women suffer for on these sterile farms, their lives bereft of brightness and change.

But Semantha, while she accepted her dying mother's charge, did not administer it gracefully. She had a scowl often on her face, and the children suffered from her sharp reprimands. She took care of them well, they had proper food and comfortable clothing. She denied herself often to do this, but she chafed under it and the bright rosy face became cloudy. Her father noticed it, poor man. He had no idea of the sacrifice she made to preside over his home, and asked her often "if she was working too hard." "No, she hadn't half work enough," which was a half truth. Her physical life was exercised to the utmost, but her mind demanded food, and the weekly paper hardly satisfied a keen, inquiring spirit able to grasp the deep things of life. If she had known how grateful he felt for all her care she would have taken outrage. But he belonged to a close-mouthed race and said little.

After another week of busy toil, the Sabbath brought good roads and they were all at church. Did the minister know, as he arose in his desk, how he was to feed one soul? "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." The text struck Semantha at once. The subject was "Walking worthy of our vocation," and the young clergyman had one sympathetic listener and was unusually earnest.

He dwelt a moment on what it meant to walk worthy of their vocation, when the text was uttered, persecution, privation, martyrdom, and that we all have a vocation, a calling, in which it is our duty to walk worthy. He said our spiritual vocation, that which embraces and absorbs all others, is to be children of God. The fatherhood of God is the most precious truth of scripture; his relation to us includes participation of his nature or conformity to his image, enjoyment of his favor or being the special objects of his love; heirship or a participation of the glory and blessedness of God. Semantha could not quite take this in; she had not got beyond the letter of the law. But then he spoke of our relation to the Father as demanding persistent faith, unquestioned obedience and continual battle against sin, and this touched her own experience. And then he went on to show how our spiritual vocation is to be exercised through our daily vocations, whatever they may be.

I am not going to preach the sermon over, but this was a red-letter day in Semantha's life. The blacksmith, the shoemaker, the housekeeper must exemplify their religion in their occupation, said the preacher. Practise the Golden Rule. Be punctiliously honest. Be not forgetful to labor is to pray. Thus, he said, we shall walk worthy of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Semantha had never heard a sermon as she heard that; it

seemed to be preached to her alone, and her life took on a new meaning.

When the benediction closed and she went out, her whole life seemed changed. She was a "professor" as the old people expressed it. Now she had experienced something. She had found her vocation. She would walk worthy of it. God had appointed her to order her father's home. She would do it as unto her Lord; perhaps she would be blessed in it.

She served the Lord heartily after that; not that she was perfectly satisfied. The children were not angels and days came when she was utterly undone, but a smile was on her face. She spoke pleasantly if firmly, and the family life went on more smoothly. She had longed for a literary life. She had some unusual qualifications for it; quick observation, a ready pen, a good acquaintance with English literature. She had put this all by; the busy days brought no leisure for culture in this direction, but she walked worthy of the present vocation, which seemed to be to bake, sweep and mend. The poem of her life the Master saw. It had its fragrance. It was offered to him. "She did what she could" and grew reconciled to her lot. Her room mate at the seminary graduated in the spring, but she was learning in another school, and her song of victory might be heard beyond the little town among the hills.

It was a trying life she had to lead. It required faith in the father above to keep up heart. She learned to watch and pray, but she walked worthy of her "vocation," and now and then the public heard her voice in written lines. It was a new singer with a message, and she found an audience and recognition. She was learning to make the children happy, and comfort people she never saw.—N. Y. Observer.

STREET EDUCATION.

WHAT IT DOES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We recently heard related an incident of a missionary who visited an unhappy young man in goal, waiting his trial for a State prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys on the streets. In the streets I learned to lounge; in the streets I learned to swear; in the streets I learned to smoke; in the streets I learned to gamble; in the streets I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the streets the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young." He had said and yet how true, are these words. It is the street that graduates a large percent of the criminals who fill our prisons and work-houses. This is their own testimony, and it is true. It is in the street that the young take their first lesson in vice, and form those evil companionships and vile and degrading habits that drag them down to shame and ruin. The results of a "good home education" are soon nullified by the demoralizing influences of the lounging gangs into which the boys are thrown on the street. Slang and obscenity soon drive out from the heart all that is pure and good, and extinguish the last spark of real manliness that remains in the breast. The name of God is reviled, his worship made a subject of mockery, and everything that pertains to religion is laughed to scorn. The saloon, the gambling hall and the street conspire together to effect the destruction of the souls of the young. They combine together for a common object, and the result of their work is seen on every hand in the weeks of manhood that stagger along our streets, or grope the wretched multitudes that fill our goal, and houses of refuge. This is what street education does for boys. We never see a knot of them congregated around the corners after nightfall but what we think of the ruin ahead, towards which they are swiftly and surely drifting. O, parents, if you would have your children grow up into virtuous and respectable manhood and womanhood, keep them from the streets; keep them under the shadows of your own roof; keep them under the guidance of your own hands! Under your loving and watchful care they are safe, but when they drift from your own sight out among the busy hurrying crowds, none can tell what temptations may be thrown about them that will draw them forever from your side to ruin and disgrace.—Our Work at Home.

THE OLD TESTAMENT REVISION.

The committee which have been engaged in revising the Old Testament, announce that the work is about completed, and that the whole will soon be published. We suppose that it will hold much the same place as the revised New Testament now does; not taking the place of the old version in public estimation, serving to make clear many things which are now obscure. The New York *Evangelist* gives the following as specimens of changes made:

The "unicorn" which never existed outside the English Bible will at last be killed, and the "wild ox" substituted in its place. The "Book of Jasher" will be changed to the "Book of the Upright." Sunday-school children will be no longer troubled by the doubtful ethics of the Israelites in "borrowing" jewelry from the Egyptians and then running away with it. The revised translation will rightly state that they asked for gifts, not loans. Joseph's many-colored coat will be a "tunic." The celebrated passage in the Book of Job, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God," will be changed to "Yet out of my flesh," etc. "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," will read: "I will make judgment for a line, and righteousness for a plumb line." In Psalm vii, the passage, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be: "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." In Psalm xxxvii, the passage, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be changed to, "Fret not thyself; it tendeth to evil." And in Psalm lxxviii, the passage, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be made to read, "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

These, says the same paper, are fair samples of changes which will be made. The aim of the translators has been to reproduce the meaning of the original as closely and accurately as possible. It is pleasant to know that this object will be attained without affecting any of the great dogmatic statements contained in the authorized version. The revision will simply clarify the present venerable translation.

OUR LITTLE GIRLS' SOCIETY.

Hearing the children of our neighbors and our own, while playing together, talking about their society, I asked what it was for. After a little hesitation, for they did not care to have it known, it came out by degrees. They had agreed among themselves that when any one of them used a slang word, an improper one, any word that ought not to be used among refined people, she should pay a fine of a cent. The money was to be carefully kept by the treasurer and afterwards paid over to a child's hospital. They said it had helped them very much in breaking up the bad habit of using such words. Whenever one such word slips out, the rest of the children instantly apply the rule, and the one in fault is made to pay or to quit the company. It would be well to multiply such societies. One might be formed with advantages in most of our female seminaries. The schools of boys are beyond help from such a scheme. Boys will talk slang in spite of parents and teachers. But girls are not so much addicted to the vice. And a little restraint like this may preserve them from a coarse, vulgar and unlady-like habit.

But there is a ridiculous habit to which girls are far more addicted than boys, and that is giggling. Everybody knows what it is, and how common it is among young women. They giggle at home on the street, in company, even in church: let the least thing out of the common way happen and they giggle; a peculiarity in a speaker's accent, though it may be more correct than their own, and they giggle. They look like fools when they are at it, and certainly show a great want of sense and a want of good manners. If they would form societies with a penalty of a dime or a quarter every time they giggle it might be something toward a cure of a fault that is very offensive to all well-bred persons, and is never regarded with favor in good society.

In union there is strength. It is not very easy to get over a bad habit, but by helping one another the good work may be done, and I advise all my young friends to see what virtue there is in the plan I have mentioned.—N. Y. Observer.