

### Are the Children Home?

Each day, when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy chair,  
And watch, from the open doorway,  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together,  
And oft as the shadows come,  
With tremulous voice he calls me—  
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago,"  
And I sing, in my quavering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to my elf, the number  
At home, in a better land—

Home, where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears,  
Where the smile of God is on them,  
Through all the summer years;  
I know, yet my arms are empty  
That fondly folded so,  
And the mother heart within me  
Is almost starved from Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies!  
The babes, whose dimpled fingers  
Lost the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
All alone in the night.  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears!  
He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love, have the children come?"  
And I answer with my eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

—The Mother's Magazine.

### The Proof of Love.

ONE day, a missionary meeting was being held, when the following story was told by a lady who had herself been in China for years, and who knew it to be true.

A poor Chinese woman was afflicted by a painful tumour or swelling, which gave her great pain and caused her life to be in danger. By some means she heard that there was in a certain city of her native land a foreign lady who had come from over the seas to teach and help the people of the country. This lady, it was said, knew how to cure disease and the poor woman determined to go to her in the hope of finding relief. She had to travel some distance, and was accompanied by a young man, her own grandson.

When the missionary lady, who was in truth a doctor, saw the woman, she said, "I think I can help you, but it will be necessary for me to cut this tumour away."

To this the woman consented, for what will not one bear in order to escape from death? The operation was performed successfully, but when it was nearly over there was wanting a little piece of flesh to lay into the wound.

"Will you let me take it from your arm?" asked the lady of the young man. Somewhat ungraciously he answered, "Yes."

He was scarcely willing to suffer a little pain and inconvenience for the sake of his sick grandmother. When the flesh from his arm had been applied, a little more was still wanting. Then the missionary doctor bared her own arm and took from it so much as was needed in order to make the operation complete.

When the poor Chinese woman saw the white skin of the foreigner laid upon her own olive-coloured body, she exclaimed,

"Now I know what brought you here. It was love for us. I always thought before that you had come to make money, or in some way to get gain from the people of my country, but love, and love only, could make you willing to shed your blood for me."

Then the lady told her patient of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, who came to earth to suffer and die that He might redeem us by His blood. The woman listened and believed. From that time the Lord of the foreign lady was her Lord and Master too.

The few drops of blood then shed by the missionary were the proof of her love. Jesus gave Himself for us that we might be saved. When He was upon earth, still going about doing good, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, giving sight to the blind, telling the love of their heavenly Father, and of the home above to which He would have them go, He said: "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." And again He said: "I lay down My life for the sheep."

The Jews refused to believe in Him even when they saw Him dying on the cross. Such wonderful love as His they could not understand. You cannot understand it either, dear little friends, but you can trust it. You can pray: "Blessed Saviour, through Thy death, give us life eternal." Then at last in Heaven you will join with the multitude who say: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever. Amen."

—The Christian.

### Missing.

THE 51st were ordered out at twenty-four hours' notice for foreign service; the war was likely to be a big one; more troops, and more still, were wanted, and one fine morning the 51st got their marching orders.

It was a busy time, just twenty-four hours, and the actual service kits and baggage to be served out, the men paraded, good-byes said, and as no time was left for marching by road, Waterloo Station at 7 a. m. saw the regiment mustered in companies, whence they were dispatched as fast as were possible to Portsmouth, where the work of embarking was soon completed, and by sunset the white smoke in the distance between the forts was all that was left to tell of the gallant 51st on their way to Egypt.

Corporal Tyson was among them. He was only one of many who had left his wife and bairn behind him, and though it was sad work, the saying good-bye, there was hope beating high that the campaign, if sharp, would be short, and he would soon be home again to comfort Mary.

Poor Mary! she felt as if the sun would not shine, and all her happiness was gone.

"Ye'll just tak' care of her mither,"

said the brave lad, when he wrote to his mother to say his wife would come and stay with her a few weeks, with her babe, and the mother took her son's wife to her home and heart, for did not they both mourn one far away?

The sun shone, and the birds sang, but Mary Tyson's heart was sad; she could take little pleasure even in her boy, and most days when the weather was fine, the youngster was entrusted to some neighbours' children, to play in the grassy meadows or shady woods of Homedean village, where the widow Tyson lived.

The young corporal was no trouble, the children said, and it gave them an excuse for a holiday.

Then came a dark day, indeed, and news was flashed along the wires that a great battle had been fought and won, and that the war would soon end. The fortress had been taken with very small loss on our side—a mere nothing; but small as the loss was, some would have to mourn, and widow Tyson was among the number. Not in the list of dead or wounded was his name, but below in the official roll came the words,

"Missing—Corporal Tyson, 51st Foot."

The days passed on, but no tidings came. Fears became certainty; the field of battle had no hiding-places; the dead were buried, the wounded carried to hospital, and the missing—nowhere. He must have perished unaided and alone.

Two widows instead of one, and the corporal's boy an orphan.

Months after there came to Homedean village one of Dan Tyson's old comrades, to see poor Mary and comfort her. She looked sad in her black-gown, and started visibly at the red-coat: it was almost like Dan himself. But while they sat and chatted of the old times, and the chances of the war, and Harry Smith was telling of the fatal days, another red-coat passed up the cottage path. Yes—it was the corporal himself! and in another moment she was sobbing on his neck, her dead one given back to life.

Then the story was told, too strange not to be true, how he was wounded in the first rush, struck down and trampled on, and how he was carried off a prisoner by the flying rebels, and thus appeared as "missing" in the lists. How he had known nothing of this until he arrived home in one of the hospital transports, and his comrades told him of his reported fate, and how Harry and he had got leave and planned to go home to Homedean together, so as not to frighten poor Mary too much!

The war medal, with its telling clasp, looks handsome enough on Sergeant Tyson's breast, for he has got his step, and Mary has put a few smart bows to her black dress to match the roses that have come back to her cheeks since he is no longer "missing." *Sunday Magazine.*

### The Truth in Love.

ABOUT forty years ago there stood in Chicago an old wooden pen. The boards of which it was made were rough, and the floor was the ground. Those who came to look at this pen would find at most any time of day a curious crowd peering through the cracks between the boards at a strange creature within. It was man, wild and haggard, with unshaven face, long hair, and a terrible visage. He was a

madman. The best provision that was then afforded to such unfortunates was to chain them to a stake in the ground until a pen could be built about them. In this miserable pen the unfortunate being was confined. He would rave and spring at those who looked at him and many of the baser sort greeted him continually with taunts and jeers. His food was shoved through a little square hole in the side of the building and he devoured it after the manner of a wild beast.

One day a Christian woman chanced to see this man. She asked if she might go inside and talk to him. The guard laughed at her, and replied that he would tear her to pieces instantly. But the keeper was finally persuaded to let her go in, but was sure she would be killed. He opened the door just wide enough to admit her, and then closed it instantly. The madman was crouching down in the corner. He glared at her with the fury of an enraged animal. She quietly seated herself on a stump near the centre of the enclosure, and began to read in a soft, low tone the twenty-third psalm.

A hundred eyes were watching the scene. She does not look up. She is reading the psalm for the second time. The man crouches still lower, and is crawling toward her. He means to kill her, of course. He will strangle her instantly. He will tear her to pieces. He is nothing but a wild beast. This is the judgment of the community. But the woman keeps on reading the psalm, and now the man is within a few feet of her. But he does not spring, as the observers expected. He curls himself up on the ground, puts his chin on his hand, and looks up into her face. She is reading the psalm for the third time. At last she looks down quietly and says: Do you like to hear the Word of our Lord? Shall I read it again? And now the man speaks for the first time:

"My God, this is the first kind word I have heard in seven years. I was sick, my mind wandered, and they have driven me to madness. Oh! read it again. I always wanted to hear what God says." And the woman read it again. Now she lays her hand on his head, now she takes his hand, and he walks with her up and down the prison pen. Then she leads him out of doors, and the keeper of the pen, convinced that she has some strange power over him, allows it.

Need this story be followed further? What was that strange power? The same power of love and sympathy, the old story that God so loved the world, and that if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. I wish I could remember the name of this Christian woman. It was given to me by Rev. Mr. Mellon, the returned missionary, to whom I am indebted for this incident. The man was restored, and the woman kept on her work, and to her, and those of like spirit, we owe largely the changed condition in our insane hospitals over those of forty years ago.

A story told by Rev. Dr. Barrows at the Home Missionary Society at Saratoga, had a point in it. "A young home missionary went East to Saratoga and saw there the splendours of the ladies' costumes. Writing back to his wife he said it was perfectly splendid, and one lady's dress was worth just one meeting-house, forty-four cottage organs, and twenty-three Sabbath-school libraries."