

Safely Home.

BY KIMILY ALICE MAUDE.

Poor and mean were the clothes he wore,
As he stood alone at the school-house door,
And heard the children sing:
Loud and clear their voices rang,
Sweet were the words the children sang
In praise of Christ the King.

"Who is Christ?" thought the orphan boy;
"Why do they seem so full of joy
When singing unto him?
How I should like to learn that song!
I wonder if it would take me long!"
And his eyes with tears were dim.

Again it is Sunday morning bright,
The birds sang loud in their delight,
The children are singing too;
Amongst them stands the orphan boy,
His heart is filled with a wondrous joy—
A joy so strange and new.

For as he stood at the school-house door,
Despite the ragged clothes he wore,
He heard a lady say:
"Poor little boy, you may come inside;
For such as you the Saviour died."
So he went to school that day,

And heard the blessed story told,
(New to him was the story old)
Of Jesus' wondrous love.
And when he said in his childish way:
"I'll begin to serve Christ to-day,"
That vow was heard above.

Ere dawned another Sabbath day,
The orphan boy a-dying lay,
Yet full of joy was he:
And lying on his wretched bed,
"I have no fear of death," he said,
"For Jesus died for me."

And when the children sang their song
About the glorious blood-washed throng,
White-robed and undefiled,
His spirit passed from earth away,
To dwell with Jesus Christ for aye,
Thrice happy orphan child.

THE EIGHT APPRENTICES.

AN old man in Massachusetts, eighty-seven years of age, recently told a temperance worker the story of his boyhood's days. He was apprenticed to a good man—a deacon in a Baptist Church. There were eight apprentices who worked for this one master. When they had been industrious, and the work had gone well through the week, the deacon used to give them a treat on Saturday night. They must go and wash and dress themselves, and then go down to the kitchen, and seat themselves on the settle round the room.

Then the deacon would say to his wife:

"Well, mother, they have been pretty good boys this week, and now they may all have some whisky punch."

So she would prepare the punch, putting in sugar and milk and spices, and making it as palatable as possible, and then he would give it to the boys to drink. That deacon, doubtless, thought he was doing the boys a kindness; but, "Of those eight boys," said the old man, "seven are in drunkards' graves."

"How did you escape?" inquired the friend to whom he was telling the story.

"By using my common sense. When the weather was cold in the winter, the deacon's wife was accustomed to come and bring us down a pail of punch to the shop, and give us some to drink. I noticed that a little while after I had taken that punch, I began to feel tired, the hammer was heavy, and the work went harder. When I found how it was, I said to her one day—calling her 'mother,' as we all did:

"Say, mother, would you just as soon give me coffee to drink instead of punch?"

"No," said she, "I would not. I do not want to go and make coffee just for one person."

"Well, will you do it if I will give you ten cents a week extra?"

"She consented on those terms. And so I let alone the punch and took the coffee; and I found that, on drinking the coffee, I did not feel so exhausted as I did after drinking the punch."

Thus there was opened a way of escape; and while seven of the eight apprentices had gone down to drunkards' graves, this man still lives, at the age of eighty-seven, hale and healthy.

"NOT AT HOME."

Mrs. INGLIS had engaged a parlour-maid from a charitable institution. She was young and had never been in service before, but was highly recommended by the matron as active, cleanly and good-tempered. She was also truthful, which Mrs. Inglis thought a very good thing.

In a few days after the servant had entered on her duties, a knock was heard at the street door one afternoon when the lady was busy.

"Not at home, Mary," she called softly over the banisters.

The girl hesitated and came up the stairs quickly, as if she had not understood.

"Say I am not at home," repeated the mistress.

"I cannot say that," was the quiet reply.

The lady's eyes flashed, but she tried to speak calmly.

"Mary, you must not question my orders. I cannot see visitors now. They need not know whether I am at home or not."

"But God knows you are, ma'am," returned the girl.

"Show them in," was the lady's hasty decision, as she descended to the drawing-room.

The visitor proved to be an old acquaintance, to whom the whole difference between mistress and maid was freely told.

"I shall certainly dismiss the girl," said her mistress.

"And if you do I shall certainly take her," said the visitor. "A girl that fears to do wrong because God sees her is the very one I desire to have."

The truthful maid did not suffer by the exchange; a better home was provided for her.

Children remember the text: "Thou God seest me." Try and refer every event of life to him; do all as in his sight; then you will be safe and happy.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MOTHER!"

"If I could only see my mother!"
Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"
The vessel rocked; and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the sides of the ship.

The sailor—a second mate, quite youthful—lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus—in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away; and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent over the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had so wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried, in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy. And once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember this!'"

"Oh, if I could see mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys! be good to your mother.—*Selected.*

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.

IN 1869 the late Emperor Frederick was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and afterward journeyed through Palestine. His diary of the trip indicates that he—the great, brave soldier and far-seeing politician—was a pious Christian of the evangelical school. Upon viewing Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, he wrote:—

"Only now could I imagine the beauty with which the Bible connects the name of the holy and exquisite town; only now I could think how the Saviour let his eyes rest with sadness on these fields and buildings, when he accused the inhabitants of not recognizing at this right time what was necessary for their peace. Every stranger ought to go first on to the Mount of Olives, at the time when the sun is going down, and then remain a moment at the ancient trees of Gethsemane—it is not impossible that they were contemporaries of the Saviour, as the olive tree grows very slowly and becomes exceedingly old.

"All my life I shall never forget this first evening in Jerusalem, when I watched the sun set from the Mount of Olives, when at the same time that great stillness of nature set in which at every other spot has something solemn about it. Here the mind could turn away from earth and give itself up undisturbed to the thoughts which move every Christian's soul on looking back at the great work of redemption, which had on this spot its most sublime beginning. The reading of favourite passages in the Gospels in such a place is divine service in itself."

Of his visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he wrote:—

"The thought of my wife and children alone gave me courage, and I thought of them in quiet, heartfelt prayer. The whole ground of Jerusalem seemed to me so consecrated that it is immaterial to me how much or how little historical likelihood may speak for the genuineness of the spots belonging to this Church."

At Hebron he remarked in reference to the Mosque over the alleged graves of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph:—

"Only two cork oaks are shown as contemporaries of those patriarchs, and are not far from the spot of the former grove of Mamre. On looking at the spot, the name of which I had so often heard, I was reminded vividly of my Bible lessons in my childhood, which were conducted by my first and highly esteemed master, Godet. How dearly I should have liked to see him accompany me to the Promised Land."

The affectionate nature of the good Prince was manifested by many such entries as the following, written on the Nile:—

"On awaking my first thoughts were with my wife. I have never spent this day (21st birthday of the Empress Frederick) separate from her since we were engaged or married, and to-day it became especially difficult for me to accustom myself to the thought that I must spend still several weeks away from my family. Apart from such a feeling of homesickness, it was not to be denied that the thought of floating on the Nile has something pleasing."

How incalculable the loss of Germany and the world by the premature death of a monarch animated by profound piety, gifted with singular wisdom, trained to statesmanship, determined upon liberal administration, chivalrous to the enemies he had to encounter in battle, grateful to his instructors, kind to all, and tenderly affectionate to those who depended on him for love.—*Globe.*