

Our Little Boy Who Ran Away.

BY SUSAN TRAIL HENRY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day;
"Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to comb my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair;
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere
Where you've again to go to die."
That old chip-basket; so I will."

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye."

He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And did not shed one single tear.
"There now," said Sammie Greer, "I know."

She does not care if I do go;
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
The old chip-basket; so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for I wish you joy,"
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxiously, as he passed through,
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get some 'lasses spread
At supper-time, on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie
Greer's

Weak little heart was full of fears.
He thought about Red Riding Hood;
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The bean-stalk who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, foy."

And when he saw a policeman,
He turned and quickly homeward ran.

Soon through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed.

The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face, and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Great preparations were going on at Tom Kinmon's cottage, for Maurice Dow was expected home that day. Mr. Dow had promised an extra treat, and the boy's favourite dishes were to appear on the supper table. Ever and anon she glanced at the clock, and a pleased smile hovered around her lips as she noted the approach of the longed-for hour. The sound of footsteps called her to the window. A stranger was coming up the path, satchel in hand. It was not Maurice, and Mrs. Dow turned away with an exclamation of impatience. She opened the knock of the door. The stranger asked to be allowed to rest for a short time, as he had travelled quite a long distance, and was weary. His request was granted, for Phoebe was too kind-hearted to turn any one from the door.

"How far have you travelled, sir?"
"From New York," answered the man, a strange look creeping over his face as he glanced at Mrs. Dow.

The stranger was tall, with a stout, muscular frame, bright blue eyes, and light coloured hair. His heavy beard covered a mouth which trembled with emotion. His costume was partly that worn by the sailor, partly that of a landman.

"Have you ever followed the sea?" asked Mrs. Dow, glancing inquiringly at the man's Kersey jacket.
"Since I was eighteen years-old," replied the stranger, a moisture gathering in his eyes. Mrs. Dow was so busy preparing the supper that she noticed nothing.

"Perhaps you may have met my boy, James Dow, on some of your travels. He was a sailor."

Receiving no answer, Phoebe looked around. The sailor had arisen, and was staring out of the door toward her.

"Mother," he cried, "don't you know me?"
"Jamie, Jamie!" was the reply, and Mrs. Dow was clasped to the heart of her long-lost son.

gone. When James Dow's eyes rested on the handsome face of the lad, he started back, and put his hand to his forehead.
"It is the face of my Marguerite," he whispered.

Noticing his agitation, and divining the cause, Mrs. Dow immediately made father and son acquainted with each other. As soon as the general rejoicings and congratulations had subsided a little, supper was served, after which James Dow related his experiences since he left Fairport.

He had taken a voyage to Australia, been twice shipwrecked, lost his wife and child, as he supposed, on the fated steamship "Good Hope," and learned from an old friend that his mother had died of grief. He became a wanderer on the face of the earth, but his mother's prayers had followed him wherever he went, and he had come back to his old home, a changed man.

It was with a joyful heart that Mrs. Dow listened as her son, now rescued from the dragon's clutches, read the Scriptures and offered a fervent prayer.

"My cup runneth over," she said, with trembling lips. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A JUBILEE OF TRIUMPH.

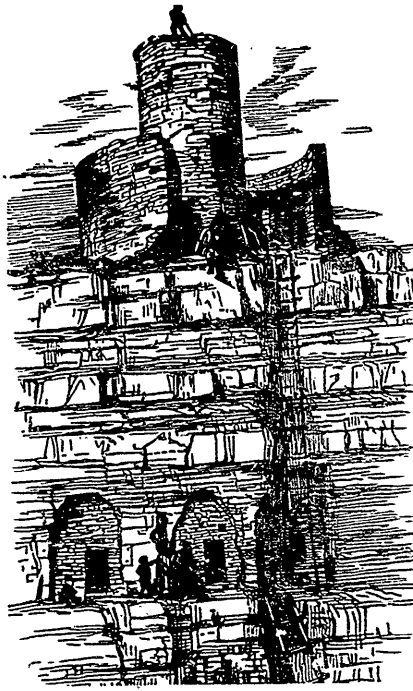
The news of James Dow's return spread like wildfire through the village, and all of Phoebe's neighbours and friends came

ried the Gospel message on their lips, and the mouth of the dragon was effectually stopped. In vain did he struggle; the heel of the conqueror was on his neck. The dragon was slain.

How much of this victory was due to the untiring labours of Mr. Strong the reader well knows. He had worked in the face of opposition these many years, had put aside his ambitious dreams, and contented himself with doing the Lord's work in the place appointed him. He had laboured in season and out of season, in the sunshine and in the storm, now encouraged as he noted the good seed had taken root, now depressed as the thorns sprang up and choked the seed. He had sown bountifully, and now he reaped bountifully. Wives blessed him, for saving their husbands; sisters, their brothers; maidens, their lovers, and many, many homes were rescued from the dragon by the vigorous blows struck by this minister of righteousness. Oh, faithful shepherd, thy crown shall outshine the stars in that great day when the Lord makes up his jewels. Thy patient toil amid darkness and discouragement will encourage a weaker brother to press forward. Thy glad fruition will cause him to "labour and to wait," remembering that the testimonies of the Lord are sure. Then

"Breathe the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;

Ho that hath promised falthere never,
Oh, trust in the love which undureth for ever!"



CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

to congratulate her. Mr. Strong rejoiced in his faithful friend's happiness, and found in James Dow an earnest Christian worker.

Mrs. Dow was not the only one who reaped a harvest after many days. Mr. Strong had been casting the seeds of truth and temperance broadcast these many years, trusting in the same Divine promise. The time had now come when he was to reap an hundred fold.

Town meeting had just come and gone. This fourth of March marked a red letter day in the history of Fairport, for on this day the town voted "no license" by a large majority, and the dragon of intemperance received its death blow. The St. George Knights pressed bravely forward. They held the shield of temperance before their faces; the sword of the Spirit was in their hands; they car-

ried the Gospel message on their lips, and the mouth of the dragon was effectually stopped. In vain did he struggle; the heel of the conqueror was on his neck. The dragon was slain.

Landlord Chase yielded very unwillingly to the dictates of the town authorities, and removed the bar from the Maypole. After paying two heavy fines for selling liquor secretly, he left town amid general rejoicing. This was the opening James Dow had long desired. Having amassed quite a fortune while in Australia, he immediately bought the Maypole property, tore down the old building, and erected a handsome hotel. It was to be a strictly temperance house. Tyler Matthews, now a steady, prosperous man, was installed as proprietor and the St. George Hotel was celebrated far and near, as providing the choicest refreshment for its guests.

Mr. Dow also built a fine residence at Two Cove, and thither he removed with his mother taking Tom Kinmon and his wife to share the comforts of the new home. Robert Kinmon is steadily rising in the esteem of Deacon Ray, and bids fair to be head clerk in the store before many years. The Kinmon girls are both teaching in the village. Man-

rice Dow is winning laurels in Yale College, and his ambition is to preach the Gospel to those lost down in the scale of humanity. He promises to develop into a strong, pious preacher, one who will strike vigorous blows for the truth, wherever he goes. It is as if the old Olive Seabury had been his life-long companion, and she will make a noble helpmeet for him. She is fast developing into a strong Christian woman.

God Seabury's mission has been closed since Judge's estate was settled, and Mrs. Seabury and Olive returned to Salem to reside with Judge Archer's widow.

Mr. Fulton works, as much as his declining years will allow, for the temperance cause. Especially does he labour to snatch young men from the dragon's clutches, and his labours have been crowned with success. There has been radical change in the man, and he grows sweeter as he grows older. He loves Mr. Strong as a son, and this love is reciprocated. Mr. Strong finds the old minister a tower of strength and wisdom.

Deacor Chapman and his wife are both dead, and John Chapman carries on his father's farm. His brother's sad experience sobered him, and by the grace of God he changed his course, and became a Christian man. Charlie Chapman, Peter MacDuff, and Joe Chase, after serving their time in the House of Correction, were at sea, and have not been heard from since.

Doctor Sloum has become a helpless paralytic. His indulgence of appetite invited disease, and he is a fretful old man, a burden to his friends, and a curse to himself. He soon to the flesh, and he now reaps corruption.

Deacon Ray is also an old man. The frosts of nearly threescore years have whitened his locks, but his heart is as young as his face, as full of sunshine as ever. So ought the Christian to grow old. Advancing years should bring him the freshness of perpetual youth. Leaving the worthless rubbish of the past, he is privileged to stand on the heights of God and to breathe the airs of immortality. He, of all others, can sing at the close of life,

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

Mr. Strong has received many flattering calls from larger parishes during his stay in Fairport, but as yet he has said "No" to them all. He loves his people with a peculiar love, and they dearly idolize their pastor. His son Frazk is in Dartmouth, and Mr. Strong fondly hopes that his stops may be ordered toward the ministry. Mrs. Strong longs to journey toward the land of the setting sun, where her kindred abide. A small, but wealthy parish in the heart of the great West has sought Mr. Strong as a pastor, several times. If their offer is again renewed, and the indications point that way, he will probably leave Fairport. He feels that his work here is done, and that a change would be desirable to both pastor and people.

And so we leave them, one and all, to take up their appointed tasks and do their appointed work. We fain would linger about these frescoes, and follow these lives on to their completion, but the sun is setting. Its rays slant upon the earth, and the shadows lengthen. Thank God, they all point toward the morning.

Into the dawn of that new morning, unto the light of that perfect day, Christian workers, "Go Forward."

The End.

Little Things.

If you're work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
Those who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

When you learned to read, you first
had to master the alphabet.

Rome was not built in a day " First
steps often leads to the greatest successes.

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast.

Try and try again boys,
You'll succeed at last.

Many a grown man and woman have
been brought into the ranks of temperance
by the salt of the temperance
restitutions of boys and girls.

Every word in advocacy of our principles
has its possibilities of good.

Every little seed sown has a chance of
a rich harvest.

We are sowing, ever sowing,
Something good or something ill
in the lives of those around us—

We are planting what we will.