



'FATHER'S COME HOME.

## FATHERS COME HOME.

I WONDER what boy or girl is not glad to see father come home? These little children are delighted, for father has been away fishing, and mother has been so anxious for his return, for there have been many storms since he went away; but God has watched over him and brought him safely home again to his wife and the "bairns," as he says. The children have been on the shore watching all day for him, and how delighted they are to take him safely to mamma.

## THE WAY TO GROW.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

No more frost," said my father cheerily, as he passed through the garden to his business that bright morning.

Then I can set out my house plants," cried I, joyfully, and I went about it.

As I transferred a fine geranium to the flower-bed, one tall branch dropped to the ground. That branch, having been shaded and propped, was not self-supporting. Turning to a pile of dry brush, gathered in the walk to be burned, I broke

a stick, trimmed it to suit my purpose, and set it deep in the rich moist soil to hold up the tender branch.

Visiting my garden after an absence of three or four weeks, I noticed with pleasure that the drooping branch of my geranium had quite outgrown its support, standing self-reliant in the sunshine, covered with flower-buds. Bending down to pluck away the dry brush which had done its duty, I saw, with wonder, that it had life, and was putting forth one or two tender shoots.

"Look here, father," I exclaimed, "only see how this dry stick is growing."

"So it is; it has taken root. Where did you get it?"

"From that heap of dry brush which lay in the walk the day I set out my plants."

"Those were the rare shrubs we thought quite winter-killed. Was there anything that might have been a root to your stick?"

Yes, there was a kind of dry hook at the end which I set in the ground."

You have saved a rare plant which I thought was lost, we were too hasty in thinking it quite dead. I hope, my son,

you will learn a valuable spiritual lesson from that dry stick, now changed into a tender budding branch."

"What lesson, father?"

"Help others and you will help yourself. I once knew a man who feared he was so spiritually dead that he had no reason to hope he had a spark of life. After drooping and despairing for months, his pain induced him to forget himself, while trying to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. He went to work, and the first thing he knew, he was rejoicing in the shine of God's love. Ever since, he has been trying to grow himself by lifting others up to blossom in the sunshine."

That lesson, sweeter than the fragrance of my geranium blossoms, was a lesson for life.

## THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I LENT my dear dolly, and what do you think?

They gave her no victuals; they gave her no drink;

They left her uncovered all night in the cold—

My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her colour how faded! It rained where she lay;

She had for a pillow a wisp of wet hay. To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?

My own little dolly, not quite a year old.

Now, swallow it, dolly—this little wisp of pill;

'Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will;

We'll no more be parted, for love or gold,

My dear little dolly—not quite a year old.

## A PRINCE.

"He's just a prince of a boy," said Mr. Harton of Willie, and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see Willie was like a king I read of. When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly I began to get my answer. When he came out of school smiling instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt sure. But when he cut his apple in two and gave one-half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied. Yes, Willie is "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that Son of a King who came to minister and not to be ministered unto.