

"All night! Mighty fine gen'leman you must be, to hab all dat luggage foh one night; mebbe yer movin'."

"Will you tell Mrs. Austin I've come to stay all night?"

Oh, yes, sah! I'll tell her anytings you hab to say," and Jacob disappeared.

He soon returned. "Missis' compliments to de young p'destrian, and she isn't well, and can't do nuffin' for nobody to-night. In my 'pinion, gen'lemen ob quality as is lookin' for a night's lodgin' can be 'commodated at de 'otel. Night, sah."

Poor Robby! Tears ran down his cheeks as the door closed in his face. Fear took the place of courage as the daylight died gradually. From door to door he ran; everywhere a refusal; nobody wanted a runaway.

He saw the cattle go sauntering by to their homes; the hens had clucked all their chicks home and stowed them away in their feather beds. Everybody and everything had a home but himself.

Crying bitterly at last, and digging his dirty fists into his pretty brown eyes, now swollen and red and stained, he dragged his aching little legs up Farmer Nash's steps. When Miss Clara heard the gate shut and saw her pet Robby, sobbing as though his heart would break, and lugging a satchel that seemed more than he could carry, she flew to the door. She knew Robby was to be sent away, and she determined to prevent it.

Oh Cla-a-ra," sobbed Robby, "please le-et mes-stay. I'm so tired and hungry. And I hav'n't any papa and mamma, and I'm afraid of the dark.

Mrs. Nash at first refused, but Clara began to cry, and to hug and kiss Robby, and plead, too; and there was such a duet of misery that consent came at last. Robby had his face washed, but he was too tired and nervous to eat the supper he had everywhere hoped to get. His tears still flowed as he lay in bed thinking of papa, who came every night to his bed to tell him a story, and of mamma, who always sang him a song, and of Rose, who always prayed, "Dod b'less dear 'ohby."

Happy childhood, that cannot long remember a sorrow. Robby soon fell asleep and dreamed of all at home, and that he was no longer called a runaway, nor wandered about homeless.

Not so his mother. All the long hours of that night she wept, though she knew her darling boy was safe and sleeping at last. She longed for her little truant as only a mother can long for a child in spite of its naughtiness. When the morning came Robby opened his eyes, and seeing a strange room could not tell where he was. Before he had time to recall yesterday Clara came bounding in.

"Oh, Robby, here's an invitation for you," which read:

HEAR 'OHBY: Will oo tom to 'cakfast? Oo tan do away aden, if oo want.

HOME.

'OOSEY.

No boy ever woke up more effectually than Robby, nor got into his clothes more quickly. He forgot to thank Farmer Nash's family.

Jacob, opening the front door, saw the little fellow going by like a meteor, and muttered: "Dat fellah's come to his oats. It's allers de way; people neber knows when dey's well off till de're worsen."

Bridget, sweeping the side-walk, called out, when

she saw a pair of little legs flying up the steps of the opposite house. "Ye'll be wakin' up all the familiee. Shure, it's a bad penny returns before ye're expectin' it!"

But the family needed no "wakin'." Robby's mother opened the front door, and caught her little boy in her arms.

"O mamma! mamma!" he cried, covering her face with kisses, "I've come home to eat all my breakfasts with you. I'll never run away again if you'll let me stay."

And he never did. — *Christian Weekly*.

IMPORTANT PERIOD OF A MAN'S LIFE.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man may be considered in the prime of life. His mature strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the highest attacks of disease, however, he arrives at the critical point of existence. The river of death flows before him, and he remains at a standstill. But athwart this river stands a viaduct called the "turn of life," which if passed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," around which the river winds and then flows without a causeway of doubt to affect its passage. The bridge however is constructed of fragile materials and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bends or breaks. Gout, apoplexy, and other maladies are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller and thrust him from the pass, but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor the "turn of life" has a turn either to a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having their utmost expansion now begin either to close like the flowers at sunset, or break down at once.

One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in its beauty until night has nearly set in.

A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked: "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" "I know where they are not," was his reply—which is a most important thing. Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God, and your heart is wedded to his service, you will know where the dangers and difficulties, and miseries and contradictions are not. Riding peacefully upon the great depths of his love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.

The following anecdote shows that, if the guidwife lacked grace, her husband certainly did not make up the deficiency. "A minister of the 'Kirk' of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So pausing in the steady and possibly monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate,—"Susan." Susan woke up with a start, and opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake. "Susan" he continued, "I didna marry ye for yer wealth sin' ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And, if ye hae not grace, I hae made but a sair bargain wi' ye."