

PERSONAL.

We congratulate our friend Dr. Dowart on his well earned re-election as Editor of the *Guardian*. As all outspoken editors he has been grumbled at, but manliness tells.

The only daughter of our staunch friend, Mr. Henry Cox, of Burford, was, on the 15th ult., married in the Congregational church there to Mr. James Russell, of Odgen, Utah. Mr. Wm. Hay tied the happy knot. Our congratulations to the late Miss Grace, may she with her husband enjoy long years of prosperity and of blessing.

Dr. J. L. Withrow has finally decided not to accept the call to the Third Presbyterian Church of this city. He will remain in Boston, the honored pastor of Park Street Church and the center of the influence which has been exerted by that institution for the last century.

We have received a kind letter from Rev. H. Hughes, late of Paris, from England, in which he kindly expresses remembrance of the brotherhood here. He has not yet found a sphere of labor.

The Family Circle.

ROBBY'S NIGHT LODGING.

BY MISS SARAH COAN.

"I don't care! I'll go to Mrs. Hendrickson! She hasn't got any little boy, and she'll be glad to have one; and then mamma won't have any!" and Robby tossed his curly head proudly, and tried to look brave—much braver than his heart prompted.

Robby Knox was not by any means a bad boy, but he had one fault which his parents had tried in vain to correct—that of running away. Although but seven years old, he had found his way to the lake, two miles distant, and was often missing for hours. Every punishment seemed useless. To-day it had been another trip to the lake, and a new punishment was in store. Robby came in at four o'clock, hot and tired, and found his bed covered with his possessions, a most unusual array; but his mother soon appeared carrying a satchel and seated herself by the bed.

"Since my little boy," she said, "is so dissatisfied with his home he may go away and find a better one."

"I don't want to go," he remonstrated.

"Mamma will not keep a little boy who is not happy at home," Mrs. Knox replied, which made Robby utter the hasty words given above.

It was a hot, hot August day, and Robby was so tired, and the satchel was so heavy. Nevertheless he thought Mrs. Hendrickson, who lived directly opposite, would be glad to keep him one night, and that his mother would soon relent and come after him.

"I hope you'll be happy, my dear," Mrs. Knox said, as she put the satchel into Robby's hand and led the way to the front door.

At that moment his father came in, and surprised at the strange tableau, exclaimed,

"Hallo! What does this mean, my curly-headed little man?"

Robby hung his head, and Mrs. Knox answered, "Oh, nothing, James—Robby stays away from home so much that I have given him leave to find a better one."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Knox: "papa is verry sorry to lose his only boy, but he doesn't want to keep him where he cannot be happy. Good-bye. How we shall miss our boy."

"Good-bye, my darling," said his mother, and the door closed behind him.

For a moment he stood hesitating; then, thinking he might be watched through the window-blinds, tripped courageously across the street, and rang Mrs. Hendrickson's bell.

Ah! could he have looked behind the door of his own home he would have seen his mother sobbing, and his father, heavy-hearted too, trying to comfort her with the hope that this punishment would prove effectual.

Bridget—who adored Robby—came to the door. "Shure, Misther Robby, and what be you afther this time o' day with a bag? for all the world like a real trav'lin gintlemin!"

"I want to see Mrs. Hendrickson," said Robby, straightening up, and thinking how glad Mrs. Hendrickson would be to have a boy, and how he was going to punish his mother.

Bridget's disappearance was soon followed by the appearance of her mistress.

"Can I do anything for you, my child?" said the lady. You look tired, Robby."

"I've come to stay all night," said Robby, "and to live with you, if my mother doesn't come after me. She sent me to find a new home, because I runned away to-day. I couldn't help it. The boys sailed boats and asked me to go."

"I'm sorry to refuse you, but we're going out to-night, and much as I should like a little boy, I think I don't care for one who runs away."

This was a complete surprise. Robby had expected a cordial welcome from her who had often petted him and coaxed him to be "her little boy—her little curly-locks." Piqued, however, he said nothing and left. To get out of sight of both houses he turned the street corner, and sat down upon a doorstep to consider what to do next.

Then he ran until breathless, he stopped finally at the town pump to drink from the tin cup, and thought of his pretty silver cup at home which no one now used. As he drank the sound of a low, sweet voice caught his ear. A mother was rocking her babe to sleep, singing the same song his mother sang to Rose.

The tears filled his eyes as he thought of Rose and his mother. He did not know that Rose had cried herself to sleep asking for "obby" to "tome and tiss" her.

But the low singing had quieted his sudden fear, and he next mounted the steps of Mr. Austin's handsome house. "They have lots of room," he thought, "and the children will be rejoiced to have me."

Black Jacob came to the door. He loved Robby, but he too had his cue.

"I've come to stay all night," said Robby.