

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY NELL M. MOFFAT.

Here it is, that dear old place!
 Unchanged through all these years,
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears.
 The grand old trees beside the door
 Still spread their branches wide;
 The river wanders as of yore
 With swiftly running tide;
 The distant hills look green and gay,
 The flowers are blooming wild,
 And everything looks gay to-day
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half-wondering I stand;
 I catch no fond endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand.
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's foot
 Come bounding through the hall;
 But silence all around me reigns.
 A chill creeps through my heart;
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours;
 The loving ones that cluster here
 These walls may not restore;
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

CHARLIE! Charlie!" clear and sweet
 voice rang out over the common.
 That's mother!" cried one of the boys,
 rantly throwing down his bat and pick-
 up his cap and jacket. "Don't go yet!
 ve it out! Just finish this game,"
 ed the players in noisy chorus. "I
 et go right off, this minute. I told
 ther I'd come whenever she called."
 "Make believe you didn't hear!" they all
 claimed. "But I did hear!" "She'll
 ver know you did." "But I know it
 d—" "Let him go," said a bystander.
 ou can do nothing with him. He is
 d to his mother's apron strings." "Yes,"
 d Charlie, "and there is where every
 boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot,
 "But I wouldn't be such a baby as
 to run the minute she called," said one.

I don't call it babyish to keep one's word,"
 said the obedient boy, a beautiful light
 glowing in his blue eyes. "I call it manly
 for a fellow to keep his word to his
 mother, and if he doesn't keep his word
 to her, you see if he keeps it to anyone
 else."

DOT'S WELCOME.

DOT HUNT was as sweet a child as you
 ever saw. She was beautiful, too, and
 everybody loved her because she was
 lovely. She was an only child of a
 wealthy widow, and her home was one
 of elegance and culture. There never was
 a kinder or more generous child or one
 more compassionate. If while driving in
 the grand carriage beside her mamma, she
 saw a child grieved or injured, she was
 not happy until something was done to
 comfort or help it. If a beggar child
 came to the door, she turned beggar, too,
 begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

But Dot was only five years old. I tell
 you this so that you will not wonder at
 what I am about to relate.

Dot went to church for the first time,
 one bright summer day. She was a
 perfect blossom in her snowy white dress,
 with a bunch of rosebuds fastened in the
 broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly
 dressed woman with a very sad face, and
 beside her a little girl of perhaps ten
 years of age, the latter wearing a calico
 dress and a very common-looking brown
 straw hat. People were going into the
 church very fast, but no one seemed to
 notice the sad-looking woman and her
 daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice
 broke the icy coldness of the church-
 goers; it was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' to church?" asked Dot
 of the little girl.

"It isn't our church, we're strangers;
 we don't know where to go," answered the
 little girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said reverently,
 "Come with mamma an' me, there's lots
 of room in God's church."

The weary woman looked into Mrs.
 Hunt's face questioningly, and although
 the latter's face flushed, she seconded her
 little daughter's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please," she
 said, "we will be glad to have you. And
 presently, seated side by side in "God's
 church" were the children of poverty and
 wealth. There had been a number of
 witnesses to the pretty scene, and more
 than one face flushed with shame as the
 minister, during his reading, gave this

passage, "I was a stranger and ye took
 me in."

Was it Jesus looking through that sad
 woman's eyes? Jesus looking through
 her little daughter's eyes?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the
 least of these, ye have done it unto me."

And after the service, more than one
 richly dressed lady shook hands kindly
 with the "strangers," and made them
 welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how home-
 sick, how desolate, those two strangers
 had been before her gentle welcome
 reached their souls, but her first Sunday
 at church had taught some "children of
 larger growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from
 a little acorn. The "strangers" who had
 come to the city from a bereaved home,
 from which death had taken beloved ones,
 and money had taken wings, found
 friends and pleasant and profitable employ-
 ment. How far a little candle throws
 its beams!

A PENNY AND A PRAYER, TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table
 Susie?" asked grandma, as the children
 came in from Sabbath school. "I saw it
 after you went and I was afraid you had
 forgotten it."

"Oh, no grandma, mine went into the
 box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?"
 asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking
 surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in.
 You know, I earn my penny every week
 by getting up early and going for the
 milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know
 just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want
 it to do good somewhere."

Well, then, every Sabbath, when you
 drop your penny in, why don't you drop
 a prayer in, too, that your penny may be
 blessed in its work and do good service
 for God? Don't you think if every penny
 carried a prayer with it, the money the
 school sends away would do a wonderful
 work? Just think of the prayers that
 would go out, some across the ocean, some
 away off among the Indians."

I never thought of that, grandma.
 The prayer would do as much good as the
 penny, if it was a real true prayer,
 wouldn't it? I'm going to remember, and
 not let my penny go alone again."