

My Boyhood's Home.

I **T**READ again the old familiar ways
Where once, a child, I trod long years ago;
I may not count the many weary days
Which since have passed, nor, do I care to
know
The changes Time has wrought. Enough to
find
That all is here, as pictured in my mind.

The house low-gabled, with overhanging
eaves,
The babbling brook, still running at my
feet,
The elms and maples, with their whispering
leaves,
The odour from the pastures fresh and
sweet—
All these are here, and, looking at them now,
I find no trace of age on Nature's brow.

Beneath this well-remembered oak I stand,
And lo, the years turn back. The weary
man
Is once again a boy, who dreamed and
planned
When every dream was golden, every plan
Heroic, noble, possible and fair,
And thoughts themselves were castles in the
air.

How pleasant then the world! How bright
and good!
How sweet the morrow, how complete the
day!

I quaffed the cup of joy, nor understood
How cruel fate might snatch the cup away;
The trees, the fields, the babbling brook that
blends
Its music with the birds—these were my
friends.

They are not changed. They know me even
now,
And greet me with a welcome warm and
true;
The fresh-lipped boy, and man with furrowed
brow
Are one to them—the one they loved and
knew!
Long years ago, before his heart had grown
As dead and heavy as a thing of stone.

From crowded cities, reeking in their sin,
I come again to this my early shrine;
The door stands open and I enter in
Where all is pure and gracious and divine;
And comforted by memory's mighty spell,
I say, "This is the spot where God did
dwell!"

—The late Marc Cook.

The Drunkard's Good Angels.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it is time
you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman
to her two little girls, about nine o'clock
one evening. Ady was nine years old,
and Jane was a year and a half younger.
The two children had been sitting at
the work table with their mother; one
of them studying her lessons, and the
other engaged on a piece of fancy
needlework.

"Papa has not come yet," said Ady.
"No, dear; but it's getting late,
and it's time you were in bed. He
may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the
table, and Jane closed her books and
put them away in her school satchel.
You can light the lamp on the
mantel-piece," said Mrs. Freeman after
a few minutes, looking around as she
spoke, when she saw that the children
had put on their bonnets, and were
tying their warm capes about their
necks. She understood very well the
meaning of this, and therefore did not
ask a question, although the tears
came to her eyes, and her voice trem-
bled as she said "It's very cold out to-
night, children."

"But we shall not feel it, mother,"
replied Ady. "We'll run along very
quickly."

And the two little ones went out be-
fore the mother (whose feelings were
choking her) could say a word more.
As they closed the door after them and
left her alone, she raised her eyes up-

ward, and murmured, "God bless and
reward the dear children!"

It was a bleak, winter night; and as
the little adventurers stepped in to the
street, the wind swept fiercely along,
and almost drove them back against
the doors. But they caught each other
tightly by the hands, and bending their
little forms to meet the pressure of the
cold, rushing air, hurried on the way
they were going as fast as their feet could
move. The streets were dark and
deserted, but the children were not
afraid; love filled their hearts, and left
no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each
other as they hastened along. After
going for a distance of several streets
they stopped before a house; over the
door of which was a handsome orna-
mented gas lamp bearing the words,
"Oysters and Refreshments." It was a
strange place for two little girls like
them to enter, and at such an hour; but
after standing for a moment, they
pushed against the green door, which
turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped
into a large and brilliantly lighted bar
room.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who
sat reading at the table; "here are
those babies again!"

Ady and Jane stood still near the door,
and looked all around the room; but
not seeing the object of their search,
they went up to the bar and said
timidly to a man who stood behind it
pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"
The man leaned over the bar until
his face was close to the children, when
he said in an angry way—

"I don't know anything about your
father. And see here! don't you
come here any more; if you do, I'll call
my big dog out of the yard and make
him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well
as by the harsh manner as by the angry
words of the man; and they started
back from him, and were turning to-
ward the door with sad faces, when the
person who had first remarked their
entrance called out loud enough for
them to hear him—

"Come here my little girl."
The children stopped and looked at
him, when he beckoned for them to
approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?"
he asked.

"Yes, sir" replied Ady.
"What did that man at the bar say
to you?"

"He said that papa was not here;
and that if we came any more he would
set his dog on us."

"He did?"
"Yes, sir."

The man knit his brow for an in-
stant. Then he said—

"Who sent you here?"
"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have
come?"

"Yes, sir; she told us to go to bed,
but we couldn't go until papa was
home: so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"Is he?" and the children's faces
brightened.

"Yes, he's at the other side of the
room asleep. I'll wake him for you."

Half-intoxicated, and sound asleep,
it was with great difficulty that Mr.
Freeman could be aroused.

As soon, however, as his eyes were
fairly opened, and he found that Ady
and Jane had each grasped tightly one
of his hands, he rose up and yielding

passively to their direction suffered
them to lead him away.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the man who
had looked on in wonder and deep
interest; "that's a temptance lecture
that I can't stand. God bless the little
ones!" he added with emotion, "and
give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them be-
fore," said one of the bar-keepers,
lightly.

"No, and I never wish to again,
least in this place. Who is their
father?"

"Freeman the lawyer."
"Not the one who, a few years ago,
conducted with so much ability, the
case against the Marine Insurance
Company?"

"The same."
"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around
the man, and a good deal was said
about Freeman and his fall from sobri-
ety. One who had several times seen
Ady and Jane come in and lead him
home as they had just done, spoke of
them with much feeling, and all agreed
that it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively
he yields himself to the little things
when they come after him. I feel
sometimes, when I see them, almost
weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," replied
another. "But I am afraid they are
not strong enough to lead him back to
the paths he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please
about it gentlemen," spoke up the
landlord, "but I can tell you my opin-
ion on the subject: I wouldn't give
much for the mother who would let two
little things like them go wandering
about the streets alone at this time of
night."

One of those who expressed interest
in the children felt angry at this re-
mark, and he retorted with some bitter-
ness—

"And I would give less for the man
who would make their father drunk!"
"Ditto to that," responded one of the
company.

"And here's my hand to that," said
another.

The landlord finding that the majority
of his company were likely to be against
him, smothered his angry feelings and
kept silence. A few minutes after-
wards, two or three of the inmates of
the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning,
while Mr. Freeman, who was generally
sober in the fore part of the day, was
in his office, a stranger entered, and
after sitting down, said—

"I must crave your pardon before-
hand for what I am going to say.
Will you promise not to be offended?"

"If you offer an insult I will resent
it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I come with the
desire to do you a great service."

"Very well; say on."

"I was at Lawson's refectory last
night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that
touched my heart. If I slept at all
last night, it was only a dream of it.

I am a father, sir. The thought of
their coming out in cold winter night,
in search of me in such a polluted place
makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected coming upon
Mr. Freeman when he was compara-
tively sober, disturbed him greatly.
In spite of all his endeavours to remain
calm, he trembled all over. He made

an effort to say some thing in reply,
but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger,
"you have fallen at the monster intem-
perance, and I feel that I am in great
peril. You have not, however, fallen
hopelessly; you may yet rise if you
will. Let me then, in the name of the
sweet babes who have shown, in so
wonderful a manner, their love for you,
conjure you to rise superior to this
deadly foe. Reward those dear chil-
dren with the highest blessing their
hearts can desire. Come with me and
sign the pledge of freedom. Let us,
though strangers to each other, unite
in this one good act. Come!"

Half bewildered, yet with a new hope
in his heart, Freeman arose, and suf-
fered the man, who drew his arm with-
in his, to lead him away. Before they
separated both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to
the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was
perfectly sober when he came home.
After tea, while Ady and Jane were
standing on either side of him, as he
sat by their mother, one arm around
each of them, he said in a low whisper,
as he bent his head down and drew
them closer—

"You will never have to come for
me again."

The children lifted their eyes quickly
to his face, but half understanding
what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he
added: "I will stay at home with
you."

Ady and Jane now comprehended
what their father meant, overcome with
joy, hid their faces in his lap and wept
for very gladness.

Low as this had been said, every
word had reached the mother's ear; and
while her heart yet stood trembling
between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman
drew a paper from his pocket and threw
it on the table by which she was sitting.
She opened it hastily. It was a pledge
with his well-known signature sub-
scribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his
side, and his arms encircled his wife as
well as his little ones in a fonder em-
brace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their
father. They were indeed his "good
angels."—Selected.

A GOOD IDEA.—A noted chemist proposes
that, in addition to the word "poison," the
labels on the bottles or packages containing
poison should have printed on their margins
the appropriate antidotes. On bottles of
alcoholic poison no antidote can be given,
but it might well read:

It biteth like a serpent,
It stingeth like an adder,
Death is in it!
Touch not! Taste not!

Oh! banish grog-shops, and thus check this
ill!

Delay no longer but your task fulfil.
Rescue the fallen, sinking age regard,
And Heaven's best blessing will be your
reward.

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;

There's a midnight blackness changing into
gray:
Men of thought and men of action, clear the
way!

As long as our school-system con-
tinues to be a stuffing machine the
assaults will be made. Reform need
not be revolutionary. Too many things
are taught; sweep at least one-third of
the "ologies" off the schedule, and
teach the others more leisurely and
more thoroughly, and less mechanically.