

The Carpenter.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

I watch him in the sunshine bright;
A simple lot, a homely sight,
Yet shining with a halo's light,—
For Jesus was a carpenter.

Methinks I see the dear Lord stand
With tools within his holy hand,
And some long task before him planned,
Like any village carpenter.

My gracious Lord! I can divine
How beautiful, how true and fine,
Was any work that was of thine,
When thou wert village carpenter.

Shall we on humble callings frown,
Or on a labouring class look down,
When he who wore a heavenly crown
Became a simple carpenter?

When all the living seraphim,
The angels and the cherubim,
Adored the kingliness of him
Who was a working carpenter?

Then who need mourn his low estate,
Or murmur at a labouring fate,
Since Jesus made all labour great
When he became a carpenter?

And if our mortal hearts begin
To haughty grow with pride and sin,
Then may this little thought creep in,
That Jesus was a carpenter.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"TICKETS, please."

A gentleman, reading the *Times* in the corner of the railway carriage, showed his ticket marked "Brookfield." A lad, curled up asleep opposite to him, snored so soundly that the guard laughed and shut the door.

"I suppose your ticket is all right, my boy?" said the gentleman, kindly, when about ten minutes later the shriek of a whistle aroused the sleeper. "You were asleep when the tickets were examined."

"It's all right," said the boy, sleepily; "I'm going to London."

"Then it's all wrong, my lad; this is the Brookfield train."

"No, no! I can't go to Brookfield. Oh, let me get out—let me jump!"
"You shall do nothing of the sort. You would kill yourself. Now, sit down and explain why you must not go to Brookfield. If you are in trouble, perhaps I can help you."

The gentleman's face looked so pleasant that the poor boy, who was weary, friendless and hungry, broke into sobs, and told his story with his face half hidden by his sleeve.

"I've run away from Brookfield," he said. "I was at school there—Dr. Driver's school, and Dr. Driver said he'd tell my father I'm a thief. Father's been in India since I was five—I'm ten now—and he'll soon be home. I had a shilling of my own, and I was in the hall when a poor cripple chap came and begged of the Doctor, and he only asked for bread; but Dr. Driver ordered him off, and I thought, 'He shall have my shilling.' But he was down in the garden, so I caught up a shilling the Doctor had

put on the hall table, and rushed after the cripple with it."

"My boy, that was stealing."
"Oh, yes, sir, I see that now, but I didn't stop to think. I was running to get my own shilling, when one of the teachers told me to put it in the fine-box because my ball was in the orchard; so then I had no shilling to put on the hall table for the Doctor, and yet it wasn't my fault that the rules were broken. The ball was mine, but another chap had been playing with it in a forbidden part of the grounds. I told the Doctor I'd taken his shilling, meaning to give him mine, but I wouldn't tell him who has been breaking the rules and got my ball in the orchard. Dr. Driver said I was to stay apart from the other boys till father came, and father should know me as a thief. I couldn't stay there and face father, so I ran away and tramped to Marsden, and tried to slip into the London train, but I've made a mistake, and this is going to Brookfield, and, oh, dear, I shall have to face my father after all!"

"What is your name, my child?"

"Rupert Alleyn, sir."

"Rupert, why do you shrink from meeting your father?"

"Oh, because he will hate me for my theft, and I did so want him to love me—nobody has since he went. I can't remember mother, but I did love father!"

"He will not hate you, child; he will love you and pardon you, and be sorry for your sin and suffering, and he will assure Dr. Driver that you will never act so wrongly again. He will keep you at home with him awhile, and he will hope and pray that his only child may grow up as good, and true hearted and honourable as was his mother."

"How do you know that father will do all this?" asked Rupert, opening his blue eyes widely, and looking into the gentleman's face.

"Because the boy who ran away is my own dear son," said Mr. Alleyn, opening his arms to the boy, "and God's mercy has led you to one who loves you best. I was just on my way to your school to see my little Rev. You need not have tried to avoid me, dear lad; my love for you is stronger than you thought. Let this teach you and me, too, that there is a love greater than any other—the love of our Father in heaven. We try sometimes to get from him, we feel so frightened of the Judge of all; but, oh, my child, his tender arms are held out to us in deep compassion, and he is willing to forgive our every spot and stain. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Rupert clung to his newly-found father in a rapture of thankfulness and joy, but he never forgot those earnestly whispered words about the pardoning love of God.—*Living Spirit.*

"I WANT MY MOTHER."

Once an old, old woman lay slowly dying. Her life had been one of care and toil, of pain and sorrow. She had outlived all the companions of her youth. Those of her middle life had long been in their graves. In her old age, with her two daughters themselves decrepit with the burden of seventy-five and eighty years—she had been obliged to find refuge and shelter within almshouse walls.

But she was too old to care for that. Poverty and public charity had lost all terror for her at last. She was oblivious of her surroundings. Her mind had let go its hold upon the present, and her thoughts basked themselves with the scenes and days of childhood, and in plaintive tones she exclaimed, "I want my mother! I want my mother!"

The daughters, hearing her call, went to the bedside, asking, "What do you want, mother?"

She looked at them with eyes in which was no gleam of recognition. All memory of husband and children had long faded away.

"Who are these old women!" she asked. "I don't want them. Go away! Mother! Mother! Why don't you come! I want my mother!"

The poor old daughters themselves trembling on the verge of the grave, turned away weeping. Their mother's love had stood the test till now, but in life's last hours she was again a little child, and as she felt the chill of death stealing over her, she longed for her mother's sheltering arms.

"Mother, I'm so tired and sleepy! I want to be undressed and go to bed. Now hear me say my prayers."

The shrivelled hands clasped themselves together—as they had been wont to do, oh! so many years ago—and the trembling voice faltered out:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

"Good night!" she added, softly, after a moment's pause. She closed her eyes, but opened them directly, with an eager happy look. Her daughters saw her face grow young and radiant.

"Oh, mother! mother! I am so glad you've come!"
She stretched out her arms. There was one brief minute, and then the weary pilgrim, whose feet had trod the rough paths of earth for nearly a hundred years, was at rest—

"Where the child shall find its mother,
And the mother find her child."

—Selected.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD, when rebuked by her mother for some childish iniquity, made answer: "You didn't see me." "But somebody did; who was it?" "Dad; but he won't tell," said the tot. Many older persons have the same spirit.

Mary.

It is John the beloved disciple,
Who tells of the story so sweet,
Of Mary who brought the rich ointment
And poured it on Christ's blessed feet,
As a tender and beautiful story
Of love for the Master and Lord.

For she treasured the costliest treasure
With never a thought of reward;
She knew not that in fasting remembrance
Her name the far future should hold,
She thought not that in gracious memorial
The tale of her love should be told.

But even as she stood by the Master
And none but he thought upon her,
The scent of her thirice precious ointment
Permeated the house where they were—
The offering she made unto Jesus,
But all of the guests in the room
Were told of the honour she paid him
By the breath of the fragrant perfume.
And Mary, in tenderness bending
For service—her sole loving care—
In wiping the feet of the Saviour,
Bore the odor away in her hair.

O beautiful type of good doing!
Sweet symbol of what her heart may win
Who give their dearest heart's treasure,
Thinking only of Jesus therein.
The fragrance of offerings so precious
Shall be known in the opio-laden air,
And the load shall with oil be anointed,
Though that were no part of the care.
His feast is an offering by women—
'Twas a woman who offered the first,
And for you, this bright Christmas day,
This story of love is rehearsed.

A PLACE WHERE FIRE ALMOST GETS COLD.

A PERSON who has never been in the Polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travellers, some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors, we think it bitter cold. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove! Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English Polar Expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a waxed candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the inside of the wax, leaving a sort of outer skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in this thin, circular wall of wax, and the result was a beautiful lacelike cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold.—*Sci.*