



THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A great ship was about to set sail for America, from a foreign port. Passengers were hurrying to and fro, either embarking or taking leave of those who were going away, porters staggering under huge loads of baggage, and sailors everywhere hauling away at the ropes and cordage, and making all taut and trim for the voyage.

Among the passengers was a lady who had been abroad for her health, and was now returning to her native land. She was quietly walking about, while her husband attended to certain formalities for making her voyage pleasant, a little bird flying and hopping on the canvas covering of one of the boats attracted her attention, and when he flew off to the shrouds and rigging, the lady followed, keeping him in sight, anxious to discover whether or not he meant to start on the long journey with them.

But presently she forgot the tiny bird in a sight far more interesting. Almost under the shadow of the deck-house stood a pile of luggage, the lowest piece of which was an old-fashioned chest securely locked and corded, upon which sat two little children.

The oldest was a bright-eyed, manly boy, and the other a sweet little girl of eight or nine years. Both were plainly

and opening it at the fly-leaf, the lady read these words: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And underneath was added, in the same hand. "These children, Johann and Gretchen Schrimmer, have lost both father and mother. Their old grandmother, feeling that she has not much longer to stay in this world, sends them to the home of the free, in the care of the good Lord, asking any of his friends who may meet them to be kind to the orphans, for his sake. And may the blessing of the old woman rest upon any such forever."

The writing had this signature, "Barbara Schrimmer, aged eighty-one."

The lady who read these touching words of faith was an ardent Christian, always ready to do the Master's work. Perhaps it was by his special will the little Testament fell first into her hands. She at once showed it to her husband, and they agreed together that the little German orphans should be their own charge while they were at sea. From the captain they learned that their passage money had been paid to New York by the grandmother. Further than that, she had, indeed, left them to the Lord. Her faith and trust were not disappointed. By the time the ship reached the American shore, the lady and her husband had grown too attached to the children to wish to part with them. They adopted them into their own family, and there they are

dressed, but perfectly neat and clean. The boy stood with his arm around his little sister's neck, as if to be her protector, and both looked so innocent and forlorn, that the kind lady stopped and asked them where their friends were.

The two little things shook their heads, and made no answer, when the good lady, judging that they had not understood her, addressed them in the German tongue with which she was familiar. Instantly the childish faces began to brighten, and the boy replied to her eagerly. She learned that they were going on the long voyage alone, hoping to find friends in the land of America. The boy took from his pocket a well-worn German Testa-

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HOW FRITZ CAME HOME.

BY DAISY R. CAMPBELL.

Alan could not believe that Fritz was lost. Fritz was a big Irish setter. Alan's uncle had sent the dog to him six months before. Alan was an only child and lived on a big farm, but after Fritz came he was never lonely.

"Fritz is just as good as a boy," Alan declared. He played games and hunted in the deep snow till he found his little master, he brought Alan's slippers to him when they came in cold or wet, and when, before bedtime, Alan lay down before the fire and looked at his picture-books, Fritz lay close beside him. And now he had disappeared.

Alan was a very unhappy boy without his playmate, though mother tried to comfort him. He sobbed out in his prayer one night. "Please God, send Fritz home." Then he fell asleep and dreamed that he heard Fritz calling him, and that he ran out to the barn, and there he was.

It was a very real dream, and Alan woke up out of it with a start. He sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. It seemed that it really must have happened. He felt sure Fritz was at the barn. He got out of bed and crept softly down the back stairs. It was dark and cold, but Alan did not care—Fritz wanted him. Fritz was outside somewhere, trying to get in. Alan was sure of it! Across the cold kitchen floor he ran in his bare feet. Surely that was some one at the door! With eager hands Alan pushed back the bolt and flung open the door. A blast of wind came in, but something else came with it—a big, shaggy dog, wild with joy at seeing his little master! It was truly Fritz, with a piece of rope about his neck. He had been stolen, and kept for a time in captivity, but he had managed to break the rope that held him and run back to his master.

Upstairs the two went without arousing any of the other folks in the house, and when mother came in to dress her boy next morning there he lay fast asleep, with Fritz cuddled up beside him, keeping him warm.

The Jews say that when Moses was keeping the sheep of Jethro a lamb ran away and lost itself in the desert. He went after it and pursued it a great way, till the little creature fell, panting and footsore on the ground, unable to go further. Then Moses said to it, "Little lamb, didst thou think I sought to hurt thee that thou didst fly me? Nay, it was in love that I went after thee, and now in love I will bear thee home in my bosom." And, when God saw his gentleness to the lamb, he said, "This man shall rule my people Israel."