

A True Story.

"WHERE is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy kitchen
With its dainty whitewashed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of a baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through the house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid,
Grandamma's eyes were dim;
The father's gone to the village;
No use to look for him,
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!"
"Rover!" in vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her tiny arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a 'tittle dirl in the 'ster;
She's dust as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her saying:
"My darling understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see! he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

A Model Superintendent.

MANY have read a little book entitled "A Model Superintendent." It is a sketch of the life of Mr. Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn., by H. Clay Trumbull. This life was one of the best examples on record, as illustrating the relation of a Christian business man to the Sunday-school work. A poor boy, apprenticed at fifteen years of age by his widowed mother to a ship-owner and merchant. He was so faithful to his master that he was promoted in his work from time to time, and two years before his apprenticeship was ended, he unexpectedly found his salary was more than doubled. When he attained his majority he was made confidential clerk, and two years later was admitted a partner in the house. In time he became sole proprietor and his business grew to enormous proportions, until his ships, sailing from New London, as his narrator says, "soured the uttermost parts of the earth, and penetrated every navigable sea inhabited by the leviathan of the deep." At one time he was president of a railroad, director in a savings bank and a trust company, and, at the time of his death, president of a national bank. A man ready for any emergency, always holding office of trust.

All this time he was doing business for the Lord. At the age of sixteen years he was a teacher in the home school of the South Congregational

Church of New London. At twenty-one years of age he felt he was not doing enough in this direction, and came to his Sabbath-school superintendent and asked if he knew of any place where neighbourhood mission work was needed. The reply was: "Certainly, I do," and then told him of a call that had just come for some one to take the charge of a mission school in an adjoining town, and "You are just the man." Young Haven hesitated, it came so suddenly upon him. "There is no time like the present," said the superintendent; "the Lord wants you; go at once." The young business man went. He remained faithful at his post, built up a large school from a beginning of nine scholars. The work was never abandoned by him until the end of his earthly life. Says his narrator: "He was preparing for the fortieth anniversary of that Sabbath-school when he finally entered into rest. Twenty years after commencing at the mission school, he was elected superintendent of the home church school; the home school meeting in the morning before church and the country school in the afternoon. The results of the work carried on in these two schools were wonderful."

A prominent fellow-citizen, on the day of Mr. Haven's funeral, said: "I never saw a man who could do so many things, and do them all so well as Henry P. Haven." And his narrator adds: "Could more than this have been said of him, if he had not been a devoted and untiring Sabbath-school superintendent? On the contrary, it may rather be affirmed that it was because Mr. Haven was so faithful in his Sabbath-school work that he was so successful in the other departments of his life work."—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

The Pedlar on London Bridge.

It was a bright May morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded and almost impassable, as it was wont to be in those times, for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many-arched bridge which for centuries had formed the only link between the city and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

In one of the abutments, near the city side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated; "real golden sovereigns, one penny apiece. Only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from his Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings' value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen; it will never come again! Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make a response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in. "You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one; "if you'd sell 'em for a penny you might do some business." "Best mind what you are at, my lad," growled an old city clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns you may have the constables after you."

The pedlar listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed, though he had stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares; nor did his eye turn aside from the tray which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as if a customer had come at last. "O papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here; I've got fourpence which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school. I'll buy four of the sovereigns and take them home to her if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I am afraid you're mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only pretence, my lad. In this world no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money and get what's worth very little for it; but you'll never give what is worth very little and get good money for it. Come along and buy your bull's eyes."

The pair passed on and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered, "twenty of them would keep me out of jail and I might come all right again. There's many a man now to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah, but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He too resumed his way. "What is the time now?" asked the pedlar of the lounge beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve," was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Halloo," he added under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the pedlar's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Grace-church Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop a crowd, which had gathered around a fallen horse, forced him into the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure; but all I have seen are as like this as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of its being a real one, I suppose, that would be too good a joke; and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stopped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and laying his

coin on it, inquired of the man "what that might be."

"That!" said the jeweller, taking it carelessly up and weighing it on his finger, "why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other, "you don't mean it to be sure! Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain!"

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply; "I should know gold by this time when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shillings for it if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then turning short round he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd gathered in Grace-church Street, and then turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river he hurried on with all the speed he could command. Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and still fighting his way vigorously, reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vendor of gingerbread nuts, who was commending his articles with an earnestness which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman, breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns!" repeated the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap here with a tray about five minutes ago, just as I come up, but he shut up business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Not improbably the reader has heard the explanation of this strange occurrence already—how two fashionable loungers at the West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale, at one penny apiece, for an hour on London Bridge during the most busy portion of the day. The one party had contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view, the other that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried and with the result which has been related; of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment. Yet what is it but the very same thing that is going on every day on the bridge which leads from this world to the next? The servant of his Lord stands by the wayside and offers to all the pure gold of everlasting life in his Master's name, and bids them buy it without money and without price. But they pass by it and heed it not, thinking that that which is so freely offered must needs be worthless. Few or none make purchase of it; and they only find out its true value when it comes to be tested by use. Here also the precious prize is offered only during the brief hour of human life. The angel witnesses stand by and mark the throng as it heedlessly passes by, and when the hour is ended the offer is withdrawn. Vain will it be then to strive and haste to redeem the past. There is no repentance in the grave.—*Sunday at Home.*