

## Coming Home at Last.

BY WILL CARLETON.

[The body of J. Howard Payne has just been brought home from Tunis, where he died, and where it has ever since remained].

The banishment was overlong,  
But it will soon be past;  
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song  
Is coming home at last!  
For years his poor abode was seen  
In foreign lands alone,  
And waves have thundered loud between  
This singer and his own.  
But he will soon be journeying  
To friends across the sea,  
And grander than of any king  
His welcome here shall be!

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,  
Forgotten and alone  
He who could teach L. . . 's matchless worth  
N'er had one of his own  
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,  
Along the hilly road,  
He bore his great heart, and had none  
To help him with the load;  
And whosoever in his round  
He went with weary tread,  
His sweet pathetic song he found  
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made  
Come pealing o'er and o'er,  
From royal music hands that played  
Before the palace door;  
He heard its gentle tones of love  
From many a cottage creep,  
When tender crooning mothers strove  
To sing their babes to sleep;  
And whoso'er true love hath birth  
This thrilling song hath flown;  
But he who taught Home's matchless worth  
Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong,  
But it will soon be past;  
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song  
Shall have a home at last!  
And he shall rest where laurels wave  
And fragrant grasses twine;  
His sweetly kept and honoured grave  
Shall be a sacred shrine.  
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim  
Will fondly bend above  
The man who sung the triumph hymn  
Of earth's divinest love.  
—Harper's Weekly.

## A Telling Lecture.

We are indebted to Dr. Cuyler for the following touching story: A friend gave me, lately, the experience of a skilful professional man in about the following words: "My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl. Two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something falling heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him, 'Now, get up and fall again. That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk.' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country, thinking over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups; and I did.

No lecture I had ever heard from Mr. Gough ever moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys' play drunk, as papa does."—Exchange.

## Forcible Words.

At a recent meeting of the Blue Ribbon organization at Oxford, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a leading Wesleyan minister, said:—

"With respect to my own Church, which we may take as a representative of Nonconformist opinion, thirty years ago, when it was in the background instead of the forefront of this movement (as by God's grace it is now), and when many prominent ministers and laymen were distinguished by their violent prejudice against it, the editor of the official *Methodist Magazine* deliberately stated in print his conviction that this one evil of intemperance destroyed more souls every year than were saved through the instrumentality of all the ministers of religion in the same period. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church, all united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but *one development of the war between heaven and hell*. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our goals; it is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums; and it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.

## Good Doctrines.

A West Indian planter, walking on the estate of a friend, where the slaves were instructed by the missionaries, saw some peas growing among the sugar canes. Knowing that the slaves were short of provision, he called to one of them who was near and asked why he did not take those peas, as they were ripe.

"They are not mine," answered the black.

"How is this?" said the gentleman; "you negroes are always ready to take everything you can lay your hands on."

"No, massa," replied the slave; "negro who pray never thieve."

The planter was struck with astonishment. "What have I been about," exclaimed he, "not to let the missionaries come to my estate?" As soon as he returned home he sent to them, desiring they would come and teach his slaves whenever they pleased.

## The Soldier's Prayer.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror, Death, that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved and slowly, in weak tones he repeated:

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

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier he exclaimed:

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy and I have said it every night since I remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake, but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital and to his mother he dictated a letter full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battlefield.

God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervor of the dying soldier.—Dr. H. Bonar.

## Are the Children Safe?

WHEN our children go out from us in the morning to the day's duties, or in the evening to the night's scenes and pleasures, we know not to what terrible dangers they will be exposed before we see them again. We mourn for our dead, but if they have died in the arms of Christ they are safe. No danger can ever reach them. They have no more battles to fight. Do we never weep for our living when we remember to what perils they are exposed?

Lord, we can trust Thee for our dead;  
They, underneath the shadow of the tomb,  
Have entered into peace; with banded head  
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our  
lightened gloom.

But Lord, our living—who on stormy seas  
Of sin and sorrow still are tempest tossed!  
Our dead have reached their haven, but for  
these—  
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our  
loved and lost.

For these we make our passion-prayer at  
night;  
For these we cry to Thee through the long  
day.

Yes, our dead in Christ are safe.  
They are folded away under the shadow  
of God's wings.

"What is death, father!"  
"The rest, my child,  
When the strife and toil are o'er;  
The angel of God—who, calm and mild,  
Says we need fight no more;  
Who, driving away the demon band,  
Bids the din of the battle cease—  
Takes banner and spear from our trembling  
hand  
And proclaims an eternal peace."

The children that we laid in Christ's arms in infancy, in the sleep we call death, are forever safe. It is our living that are in peril. It is life that is hard and full of danger; it is for our living that we need to be anxious, lest they be defeated in the field, where foes are thick and battles sore.

## Aid for the Worthy.

Nor long ago Mr. Horace B. Clafin, the great dry-goods merchant of New York, was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Clafin," said he, "I am in need of assistance. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they have agreed by me; and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Clafin, "Come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Clafin. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No sir. I am superintendent of the — Sunday School."

"Well," said Mr. Clafin, with tears in his eyes too, "you shall have it; and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks. I owe it to you for your father's trust."

## Rum and Ruin.

ALCOHOL A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER.

BY REV. W. C. SMITH.

YOU have heard the testimony of physicians, that alcohol is one of the most destructive of the narcotic poisons, that it pervades the whole body of the drunkard, and may be distilled from his lungs, his liver and his blood. In short that alcohol, whether taken from a grocer's barrel, or distilled from a drunkard's blood, is the same pervading, destructive, deadly poison.

Look around you, can you number the victims he has slain? You pause appalled, like one amid the slain of battle. According to the most authentic records he destroys annually in this land, 60,000; in Great Britain, 70,000; in France, 300,000. Yet these are but a small part of the number. Visit Sweden, with its 170,000 distilleries in a population of three millions. Walk the streets of Madras, where half the population are daily drunk; gaze on Africa, South America, the islands of the sea, or on our own Indian tribes, and when you have traversed the globe and counted the skulls of the slain, add to the frightful catalogue the thousands that perish yearly by fires and ship-wrecks caused by his agency, and then you will have in the aggregate a tremendous sacrifice indeed, to be laid on the foul altars of alcohol. And what greatly aggravates the crime of the accused is that he usually tortures before he destroys his victim. He dispatches not until he has wrung agony from the last fibre that can feel. None but the drunkard knows what the drunkard endures. His property gone, character ruined, frier is forsaken him, his body a living death, and his soul shivering with terrible forebodings. And yet this murderer is protected by law, and even licensed to do this terrible work of death.