

to us, for it seems to me impossible that I should leave my father and mother while their only other child is completely lost to them, and they are so unhappy about him; I have not the heart to desert them in their loneliness, much as I love Hervey."

"I can well fancy it would be like taking away their last gleam of sunshine, if you left them, Wil."

"That is what they say though they would not prevent my going if I wished it; but I cannot bear to leave them alone in their sorrow, and yet you see I have a terrible prospect before me in a few months if Rupert does not come back to take my place, for Hervey's regiment is ordered to India, and how am I ever to endure it, if he has to go away for years and years without me!" Poor Wil., broke down completely as she spoke, and hid her face in her hands sobbing aloud.

"Darling Wil.," exclaimed Una, "do be comforted, for I will do all I possibly can to bring your brother back; I am sure the thought of you will give me eloquence, and if he comes all will be well, will it not? Your parents will not feel the separation from you nearly so much when he is restored to them."

"Oh no! for Rupert their only son, has always been a great deal more to them than ever I could be; if he were with them I should go to my Hervey with such a light heart!"

"And so you shall," said Una, "if I can compass it by any means; meantime, you must be brave and hopeful."

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know,
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn at the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their evening prayer,
Telling them stories as Joseph of old,
Who loved to gather the lambs to his fold.
Watching, they listen with weary delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form;
Kissing each little face rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray:
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

THE HUMBLE HOME.

Home is a place that we love. Some of our homes are very small and not very elegant, but still we love them. Some great men have been born in little houses. Do you remember where Jesus was born? I guess that none of you were born in a stable. But you may have a home no more grand than the one in which Jenny Sands lives.

Sometimes Jenny thinks her father's house is too small, and she is tempted to complain of it, but when she opens the door and sees her dear mother and the sweet baby, she does not complain any more. She knows that no other home has so loving a mother in it or so dear a baby brother. At least, she thinks that they would not be so dear to her.

I commend Jenny's example to any of you who have humble homes. Fill them with love, and you will be happy.

"YOU DON'T CATCH ME AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

So said a lad not long since, when we asked him if he went to a Sunday-school. A week from that time we were told he was very sick. A few days after we again met our friend, who said, "George is dead!" We thought of the careless youth's heedless reply to our question, and we wondered if he would have regretted on his dying bed if he had been a Sunday-scholar. He was deranged from almost the first day of his sickness to his death, and left the world without any evidence of having Christ for his Saviour.

Reader, are you a Sunday-school scholar, or do you say as did this thoughtless youth? Which condition would you choose upon the bed of death?

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

About two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad was seen travelling on foot in the South of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but pious and honest people and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to work hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents, consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful Cathedral, and in the bookseller's window, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a hay-stack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and to his great delight he was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants.

He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious Bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say "If I had been a parish clerk of Ughborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

PERFECT FAITH.

A story was told of a street boy in London, who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid nearby, picked up with famine and fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to a mission school once and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ax such a great big gentleman as he

is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that if you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passes by. How do you know but he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put your elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up; and when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to the mission school but once.

LAST WORDS.

"In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death. One of the boys was found dead with a Bible by his side, and a tincandle-box, such as colliers were then wont to use. On the lid he had contrived to scratch, with the point of a nail, this last message to his mother and brother: 'Fret not, dear mother: for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God, and thy mother.'"

WORK AND WAGES.

The wages that sin bargains for with the sinner are, life, pleasure and profit, but the wages it pays him are, death, torment and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and its payments together.—*Dr. South.*

BUSY PEOPLE.

Take earnest heed, lest, while you are going hither and thither, minding many things, tossed in hurry of worldly affairs, the enemy run not away with your soul. Oh, beware that the world doth not secretly steal away your heart. Consider that whatsoever your business be, you must and will have an eating and a sleeping time. Oh, be as solicitous every day to keep your praying times, which are a thousand times more necessary than a time to eat in or sleep.

—Fancy not that you lose your pleasures when you lose your sins, and that living to God will be an irksome task. No, blessed be God! thousands can declare that they never knew what it was to be redeemed from misery, till they were reclaimed from sin.

Good manners, as has been pithily said, are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word—those are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.

—"Do the work of your life well, and whether shoe-black or prime minister, you will stand on the same plane at the judgment-day." Now, if any young man or young woman, struggling with poverty and adversity, should read this, let such take courage, and remember that a good heart, with noble purposes, will place one higher in the love and the kingdom of God than all the riches and talent that could possibly be possessed.