

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place!
 Unchanged through all these years.
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears.
 The grand old trees beside the door
 Still spread their branches wide;
 The river wanders as of yore
 With swiftly-running tide;
 The distant hills look green and gay,
 The flowers are blooming wild,
 And everything looks gay to-day
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half-wondering I stand;
 I catch no fond, endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand.
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's feet
 Come bounding through the hall;
 But silence all around me reigns.
 A chill creeps through my heart;
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours;
 The loving ones that clustered here
 These walls may not restore,
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

—Nell M. Moffitt.

TRUST IN A PROMISE.

A LITTLE girl whose mother had always told her the truth, and taught her to trust in her promises, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to living in the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand for she felt afraid.

"Don't be afraid, my child," said her mother. "I won't take you into any danger. Keep hold of my hand, nothing shall hurt you."

Lucy believed her mother, and was happy. After awhile it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl, and said. "Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any farther on account of the rain. I have some business in other parts of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go

away from it, and I will come for you as soon as I get through my errands."

The child looked into her mother's face, and said, "You won't forget me, I know." Then her mother kissed her, and left her in the care of the storekeeper. At first she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and in watching the ladies who came in to do their shopping; but after awhile she grew tired and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl older than she was came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her that she was waiting for her mother, who had promised to come for her when she got through her errands.

"Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you?" asked the little girl.

"No; I'm not afraid. I'm sure she won't do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may forget, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply, "and I never know my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away and it was dark. A lady who knew Lucy, and who lived near her father's house, came into the store, and offered to take her home in her carriage, but Lucy refused. At length her mother came, and they went home. When they were sitting by the fireside her mother told her this was the kind of trust God wanted his children to exercise. He gives us promises in his book, and expects us to believe them just as those of our parents.—*Early Dew.*

BISHOP RYLE AND THE BLIND CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon nor stars, grass nor flowers, nor trees nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor a relative to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me; I love Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me. I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels," she said; "but what I like best is the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him the bishop showed it to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. 21st and 22nd chapters.

GIANT CURIOSITY.

BEWARE, my dear children, of a dangerous giant whose name is Curiosity. He keeps telling you to try to see and hear things that you ought not to. He looks delighted as he sits and idly listens to the bird's song. (Giant Idleness is a great friend of Giant Curiosity, and they are often found together.) But after a while Giant Curiosity made him wonder how the cage door could open without hinges. He found that it would slide up, but in order to see all about it, he let the bird fly away.

One day Giant Curiosity made a little girl burn her fingers, because she wanted to see, for herself, if what mamma said was true about some chestnuts being hot. Curiosity causes children a great deal of trouble unless they are careful to kill him at birth.

THE BROKEN VASE.

"Who broke brother's beautiful vase?" asked Mrs. Scott. "I did, and I just told you," cried Eva, very angrily. "But you must take care," said Mrs. Scott. "The little girl ought to care," said Mrs. Scott. "He was too mean," said Eva. "He told me names, and I just broke it, and he cried and struck me; and I don't care either." In all this Eva was very naughty.

Just then little brother came in to see about his broken vase. Mamma took them both in her arms, and told them they had grieved the loving Saviour. He wanted children to be gentle and kind, and forgiving, as he was when on earth. A while they put their arms around each other, and said: "We will try to be good, mamma, and he will help us."