

A low groan answered him. Could this be the boy for whom he and his wife had spent time and pains and money with the lavish affection of dotting parents? It seemed to Mr. Boyd that the very laws of nature had failed him. He did not know where to turn. He could have echoed the words of Wolsey:

"O, had I served my God as I have my king, I had not been here!"

But he saw it was useless to remonstrate. Will was already measuring off scant yards of cloth for a customer, and skilfully hiding under the folds, as he threw them aside, certain damages and defects he knew to be there.

It was Manice who brought to her sister-in-law the cool grapes, the fragrant oranges, the delicate jellies and soups that made the last days of feeble, fretful life at least more endurable; Manice, who wore her old cloak all the next winter that poor Hannah might have quails and sweetbreads and hot-house fruit up to the day of her death, though no one but Mimy knew it.

There was very little in that house Mimy did not know. She held in it the honoured and honourable place of a faithful servant, a family friend. Such a position never falls to the share of a shop-girl who makes it her boast that she "won't be nobody's servant," but prefers to serve a dirty machine amid crowds of men who jeer and swear and use, too often, speech no self-respecting girl should ever endure. Do we not all serve some master? Are we not all working for some other human being, often without wages, often with a degradation of soul and body no household service implies? Yet there are crowds of starving women in our cities to-day who would turn with disgust from a good home, good food, and ample remuneration if it implied doing housework. Mimy was not such a fool. "Our folks" were on her lips and in her heart always. She shared with true sympathy in their lives, whatever cloud or sun darkened or rejoiced them. She was at hand to welcome Jack in her own peculiar fashion when he arrived.

"Well, I do declare! It's as good as a pleasant Monday to set eyes on ye. I dunno as I had ought to be as glad as I be, seein' we've got a funeral, but I can't help it. Miss Sally she's better off, I haven't a doubt on 't. She's kept 'doin' it to the least of these,' and the Lord'll remember of it. She wasn't to hold a candle to your ma, I know, but there's few that be. I tell ye that dear woman is fairly feedin' Mrs. John on goodies, and goin' in her old cloak so to do. The girls don't know it; she talks as though she was a-goin' to have it dyed for mournin'; but land! I know, for she'd laid her plans to buy a circ'lar this year—the rheumatiz does plague her so—one o' them squerr'lined ones. Well, she'll get her reward, though she ain't workin' for it! And how you be growed—and if you haven't got a muss-tash! The mercy's

sakes! they're dreadful spry-lookin', now ain't they?"

Jack had to laugh, and ran up stairs to find his mother. Mimy was getting too personal.

(To be continued.)

A BOY'S STORY.

A CHRISTIAN man, meeting a little boy in the country one day, had a conversation with him and among other things, he asked him if he was saved.

"Oh, yes," replied the boy. "I have been saved ever since the bee stung my mother."

"What is that you say, my boy?" said the gentleman.

"I have been saved, sir, ever since the bee stung my mother."

Seeing that the boy looked serious, and as if he were only making a very ordinary remark, he said, "Tell me all about it, then."

"Why, sir, it was like this," said the boy, earnestly: "I was out in the garden one day when a bee came buzzing all round me, and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! oh, mother!' She quickly came to my help, and led me in-doors; but the bee came in, too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near me."

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that the bee could never sting anyone else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm."

"Then she said that like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am saved."

This was the little boy's story; and the gentleman could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

"FATHER, DO LET ME BE WITH YOU."

A LADY was once in a dreadful storm at sea. In speaking of it she says: "We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks. The steam-engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and all around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck."

"While we lay thus at the mercy of the waves, I was comforted and supported by the captain's child, a little girl of eight or nine years old, who was in the cabin with us. Her father came in several times during the lulls of the storm to see his child; and the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the

storm increased; I saw the little girl rising on her elbows and looking eagerly towards the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

"After awhile he asked her if she was afraid. 'Father,' said the child, 'let me be with you, and I will not be afraid.'

"'With me!' he said; 'why, my child, you could not stand on the deck an instant.'

"'Father, do let me be with you,' she replied.

"'My darling, you would be more frightened then,' he said, kissing her, while the tears were rolling down his rough, weather-beaten cheeks.

"'No, father, I will not be afraid if I am only with you. Oh father! do let me be with you;' and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome. He folded her in his arms, and, wrapping his huge coat about her, carried her with him. The storm was howling dreadfully, but, quiet as a lamb, the child knew no fear, because she was nestling in her father's arms."

And when the child had left the cabin, the lady passenger said to herself: "Let me learn a lesson from this child. She is not afraid in her father's arms. And have I no Father? Is not God my heavenly Father? Are not his everlasting arms around me? Then why should I be afraid?"

This thought took away all her fear. She felt that God was with her, and found peace and comfort in the thought till the storm was over.—DR. R. NEWTON'S "Pebbles from the Brook."

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR.

A GENTLEMAN in India once gave a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to it.

At others it would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh and gaze into it. It would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by a surprise, it kept rasping its teeth against the glass in futile bites, and warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy

would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar of olives falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

"BRING PLENTY OF RUM."

A BOSTON sea-captain's wife was one day reading a letter written to her husband by a trader on the coast of Africa, telling him what articles to bring on his next voyage to that country. After naming this, that and the other thing which it would be well to bring, the list concluded with, "Bring plenty of rum."

This is the Macedonian cry that comes to America, from the conscienceless traders who infest the African coast. "Bring plenty of rum!" Rum is in good demand. Rum will sell any time. Rum will buy anything which the poor ignorant natives have. "Bring plenty of rum!"

How does America answer such requests as this? She is fully equal to the occasion. A single vessel sailing from the port of Boston has taken one hundred and thirty-one thousand gallons of rum to Africa, and reports have come of ships carrying a single missionary and a hundred thousand gallons of rum. What will the harvest be if this is the seed sown? and what shall be the doom of the wretches who thus scatter degradation, debauchery, and damnation among the benighted heathen? Surely this is a most solemn question, and a question which merits our most careful consideration.

We send out missionaries to the heathen, but one cargo of rum will ruin more heathen in a year than a missionary could save in a life-time. Is it not high time that something was done to stop this infamous business? Do not the circumstances of the case demand that a little mission work be done nearer home? Is it not high time that civilized nations tie a millstone to the neck of this infernal traffic, and sink it in the nethermost hell? Surely those who boast of their righteousness and their civilization should take some measures to prevent this wholesale poisoning which is going on before their eyes. The whole business is wrong, and the sooner it is blotted out of existence the better. God speed the day when men shall be done with this dire and deadly traffic, and heathen nations shall no more be cursed with these abominations sent out from civilized lands.—Safeguard.