

A little boy about four or five years old was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung up his hat in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlor. She said to him, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as much as this house?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause he ran up to his mother, and throwing his little arms around her neck, he said, "Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which our dear Saviour has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I'm going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child.

A mother, one morning, gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them, while she went to attend to some work in an upper room.

A half hour passed quietly, and then a timid voice at the stairs called out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes darling."

"All right, then;" and the child went back to its play.

By-and-by the question was repeated,—

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes."

"All right, then;" and the little ones, reassured of their mother's presence, again returned to their toys.

Thus when God's little ones, in doubt and loneliness, look up and ask:

"My Father, art Thou there?" and when there comes in answer the assurance of His presence, our hearts are quieted.

Behold the Book whose leaves display
Jesus the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Read it with diligence and prayer,
Search it, and you shall find HIM there.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.