

The Children in Heaven.

"Oh! what do you think the angels say?"  
 Said the children up in heaven;  
 "There's a dear little boy coming home to-day,  
 He's almost ready to fly away,  
 From the earth we used to live in.  
 Let's go and open the gates of joy,  
 Open them wide for the new little boy."  
 Said the children up in heaven

"God wanted him where his little ones meet,"  
 Said the children up in heaven;  
 "He will play with us in the golden street,  
 He has grown too fair, he has grown too sweet  
 For the earth we used to live in.  
 He needs the sunshine, this dear little boy,  
 That shines this side of the realms of joy."  
 Said the children up in heaven.

"So the King called down from the angel's dome,"  
 Said the children up in heaven;  
 "My little darling, arise and come  
 To the place prepared in thy Father's home,  
 The home that my children live in.  
 Let us go and watch at the gates of joy,  
 Ready to welcome the new little boy,"  
 Said the children up in heaven.

"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"  
 Said the children up in heaven,  
 "For the dear little boy has gone to sleep!  
 The shadows fall and the night-clouds creep  
 O'er the earth we used to live in;  
 But we'll go and open the gates of joy,  
 Oh! why do they weep for their dear little boy?"  
 Said the children up in heaven.

"Fly with him quickly, oh, angels dear,  
 See! he is coming! Look there! Look there!  
 At the jasper light on his sunny hair,  
 Where the veiling clouds are riven.  
 Ah! hush, hush, all the swift wings furl,  
 For the King himself, at the gates of joy,  
 Is taking his hand, dear tired little boy,  
 And is leading him into heaven."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XX.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
 Yet they grind exceeding small.  
 Though with patience stands he waiting,  
 With exactness grinds he all."

Deacon Chapman witnessed the disgrace of his two sons with strong emotion. Although he had been a harsh father and had neglected his children, he had a father's heart for his offspring. "Show mercy to my boys," he broke forth, during the trial. "They're young, yer know."

Judge Seabury looked sharply at the Deacon. "Your sons are just what you made them, and you are only reaping what you have sown."

Strange words to come from this man's lips. Little did he dream, as he was casting this stone at his neighbour, that its crushing weight would soon fall upon his own head and bring him to the ground, overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse.

Maurice Dow was publicly exonerated from all blame, and a purse was immediately made up for him sufficient to defray his expenses for one year in Dummer Academy.

Wild with grief and anxiety, Deacon Chapman sought the minister, to see if anything could be done to avert the stern decree of the law. "Oh, parson, can't yer help my boys?" he pleaded with tears in his eyes. "I know I've treated yer awful mean, but I'm sorry."

Mr. Strong took the old man's hand and said gently, "My friend, all that I can do shall be done, but you know that Judge Seabury will not listen to me favourably. He cherishes bitter feelings toward me."

The Deacon groaned and turned away. Well did he remember all he had done to foster such feelings in the mind of the Judge. His punishment had been swift and terrible, but he could not but admit it was a just penalty for his sin.

Kind-hearted friends did what they could to make the sentence as light as possible, for the culprits. Joe Chase,

Charlie Chapman, and Peter MacDuff were sentenced to one year in the House of Correction, while the other boys were released after paying suitable fines. The Society of the Silver Skulls was effectually broken up, and the boys in Fairport were taught a lasting lesson.

How fares it with Judge Seabury? Is he still continuing in his evil course and riding on the high seas of prosperity? Nay! the arrow which is to pierce his heart is already speeding on its way, and the mighty are surely to be brought low.

Three years have passed since Ralph Seabury went away to school, and many favourable reports have been sent to his home during this time. Mr. Felton visited him several times during this period, and came away satisfied with his nephew's progress. But how was it really with the Judge's son?

One rainy night late in the autumn, as Mrs. Dow and Maurice were coming home from prayer-meeting, they heard a groan. As they had reached the loneliest part of the walk and the sound came unexpectedly, it was no wonder that both were startled.

"Who is there?" cried Maurice.  
 "For heaven's sake give me a shelter to-night. I'm sick and faint."  
 Phoebe crouched up close to the rock and saw a prostrate figure. A ray of light from a street lamp fell upon the young man's face. She gave a cry of horror at the sight. It was Ralph Seabury!

Pale, haggard, with wild, staring eyes, and marks of dissipation stamped on every feature, Ralph Seabury lay there a miserable wreck.

"I'm in pecks of trouble," he said, raising himself with difficulty. "Don't turn a cold shoulder on me this wretched night."  
 "My poor boy," replied Mrs. Dow, "I am your friend. You can trust me. Maurice, run and ask Tom to help us. We will soon have this sick boy comfortable."  
 "Poor little cove!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Tom, as he appeared without delay on the scene.  
 "He's grounded, sure's fate; but, please God, we'll pull him off the sands and have him agoin' agin with sails set an' colours flyin'. Steady now, my hearty! There you are now, in sight of a warm fire. Keep a stiff upper lip, an' we'll land ye safe." With encouraging words like these the young man reached Mrs. Kinmon's cosy kitchen, and after donning a suit of Tom's clothes, he laid down on the lounge before the fire.

"Can't yer eat a wee bit of this toast an' drink yer coffee?" asked Janet, bending over the lounge anxiously.  
 "It'll do yer good."  
 "Oh, no," said the young man. "I don't care whether anything does me good or not. I've disgraced the Seabury name, and father will be fearfully angry, and justly so."  
 "Twice I've broken the rules of the school and gone on a drunk, and this time I was expelled. The boys shielded me the first time, and father never knew of it. But he'll know it now fast enough. I don't know how I came to be where you found me," and the young man turned wearily away. "How my head does ache, and the chills creep over me. It's father's blame. He drank, and so did Uncle Phineas."  
 "Calm yourself, Ralph," said Mrs. Dow, as she noted how feverish the young man grew, and felt his rapid pulse. The pressure of her cool hand on his forehead seemed to quiet him, and he sank into a heavy sleep.

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Tom, as soon as the deep breathing indicated that Ralph was sleeping. "Things do turn out wonderful strange. P'raps the Lord has got suthin' in his mind 'bout all this. 'Twouldn't be at all strange ef he sent the young cove here. But I reckon ther Judge will fetch him away as quick as he finds out. Poor little cove," continued Tom, as he looked with great compassion on Ralph's face. "How could he be any better with a stepmother, an' sech a high-tempered father? He's got a stormy sea ter sail on. Unless he gets in sight of the light-house, he'll steer straight for some reef an' go under."  
 "It is only right," said Phoebe, drawing her shawl over her shoulders, "that Judge Seabury be informed at once of his son's presence in our house. The boy is threatened strongly with fever, and the sooner he can have medical advice, the better. I do not feel that it would be right for us to call a doctor, as the Judge employs Dr. Slocum, and we do not."  
 "Humph," growled Tom. "Slocum will dose him with poisonous drugs. Doctor Blake, our new man, uses water an' yarbs. He's the max for Tom Kinmon. But let me go, Phoebe, 'tis sech a dark night. Shan't yer be afraid?"  
 "Oh, no, Tom. Every one in town

knows me, and I don't think any one will hurt me. It is best that I should go. I feel that God has a message which he wants me to deliver to that unhappy man."  
 "The Lord go with yer," replied Tom, with unwonted solemnity of manner.  
 Phoebe turned around and looked at the fisherman sharply. "Tom, I believe you are a Christian. You seem different of late."  
 "Oh, how yer du talk," replied Tom, in his gruff way, yet looking pleased at the remark. "I ain't no kind of a Christian an' never made any professions to be sitch, but I will own up I've bin intrested in religion ever sence the parson preached his sarmon last communion. That sarmon jist hit me all around. Ef I dodged one way he slung out another argument that hit me on the other side. The parson come down on us to carry other folk's burdens, an' so be like as the Lord was. Wal, when he launched his craft, I didn't pay much notice, but kept a-sayin' to myself, 'I've got enough to do to look arter my own self an' family, without a luggin' burdens fur the hull town;' but 'fore the parson hed sailed half-way through I could see land, an' you could hev knocked me down with a feather. I see jist what he meant. Sum folks, Phoebe, is like pigs; they don't care fur nothin' outside their own trough. Sech folks are a curse ter any town. Instid of helpin' a poor feller along they jist give him a kick which sends him further down then he was at the start. Now, I've bin a-tryin' to help folks bear their burdens, an' so in a poor way ter be, as the good Lord was; but as to bein' a Christian, I don't make eny profession."  
 "My good friend," said Mrs. Dow, grasping the fisherman's rough hand, "you are one of the Lord's own, whether you think so or not. By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus. Keep on with your burden-bearing, and you will be walking in the footsteps of the perfect One. Go and tell Parson Strong of your feelings. It will encourage him to know that his words have helped you, and the poor man is sadly in need of encouragement."  
 A smaller nature than Phoebe Dow's would have rejoiced at an opportunity to take revenge upon one who had treated her so harshly, but no such feelings filled her heart. She was sorry for the proud old man whose punishment had fallen so heavily upon his head. He had sown to the wind, and he was now reaping the whirlwind. It was toward morning when Phoebe climbed the steps to the Seabury mansion. She pulled the bell, and the peal resounded through the house. Phil, the coloured servant, opened the door.  
 "Tell your master that some one desires to speak with him immediately."  
 "I dasset tell him, 'cause he's heard suthin' drefull, an' he's bin stampin' 'cross the libry floor all de night. Oh, missus, I dasset do it," and the boy's eyes rolled, and his teeth chattered.  
 "Knock at the door then, and give him this note," and Mrs. Dow handed the boy a slip of paper which she had prepared, in case of an emergency, on which was written:  
 "I have imperative summons from your boy."  
 "Phoebe Dow."

The boy hastened to do her bidding. The effect was like magic. The library door opened, and a haggard-looking man beckoned Mrs. Dow to enter.  
 "I suppose you have come like an avenging Nemesis to torment me in my misery," said the old man, bitterly.  
 "Tell me quick about my boy, and then leave me. Your presence at this time is hateful to me."  
 Unmindful of the ingratitude shown her by the man whose son she had befriended, Phoebe told her story in a simple, straightforward manner, and then said, "I will care for your son during his sickness if you have any difficulty in finding a nurse."  
 The Judge motioned her away with his hand. "I will not trouble you to nurse my son. The carriage will be sent for him immediately. I suppose you desire some recompense for your services. Go back to your old home, and you shall have the rent of the cottage from henceforth. It shall never be said that a Seabury allowed a debt to go unpaid."  
 The indignant blood mounted to Phoebe's cheeks at these insulting words, and for a moment she was tempted to answer; the Judge as he deserved. But when she saw the anguish depicted on his face, and realized how deep the wound must be, she restrained herself, and replied gently:  
 "If at any time you have need of my services you have only to command me. May God comfort and help you," and went her way.  
 Ralph Seabury was carried delirious

to his father's house, and Doctor Slocum was summoned. The fat old doctor shook his head gravely when he saw his patient. "A doubtful case," he muttered to himself. "We shall pull him through all right," to Judge Seabury.  
 The people in Fairport were afraid of the fever, and no one was willing to nurse the boy. After a long search the Judge brought a woman from Salem who was willing to undertake the task. Ralph was a hard patient to manage, for the fever made him wild. The sight of his father irritated him beyond measure. "Go away," he would cry, putting his hands over his eyes as though to shut out the sight. "You made me what I am. Go away, it's a devil I see!" At another time he would smack his lips and mutter, "Ha! that's prime. Father keeps the genuine article."  
 Judge Seabury remained in his library most of the time. His meals were brought to him, but they were carried away untasted. A deep remorse filled his soul at the sight of his boy's ruin. The servants shook their heads as they spoke of him to outsiders.  
 "Master takes it to heart dreadful," they said. "What a wicked boy, to disgrace his father thus!"  
 But was Ralph Seabury to blame?  
 (To be continued.)

THE RELIEF OF PEKIN.

The last days of the march of the relief column had been very heavy. The thermometer stood at 100 or over, there was no shade, and the four armies had to press forward along the same sandy road through the fields of tall, thin corn. The Japanese, light, accustomed to the conditions, took the lead and set the pace. Then came the Russians, stolid and impervious to the weather, then the Americans and English, straining every nerve, as one man after another dropped by the way and the exhausted horses were left by the roadside. Even the Indian Sikhs could scarcely endure the fatigue. As the forces approached the city, the Chinese redoubled their efforts to overpower the legations, but the barricades held good. The four armies deployed along the walls, the English and Americans being nearest the legations. General Gaselee found a sewage canal, and, with his staff and a company of Sikhs, waded up it into the canal under the Tartar wall, where wore the legation barricades. The besieged were on the watch, removed the barricades, the gates swung open, and the filth-begrimed men were in the midst of what they thought was a lawn party. There was Sir Claude Macdonald in "immaculate tennis flannels," and Minister Conger equally presentable, while the ladies were fresh and bright in summer clothes, all far less weary looking and bedraggled than the rescuers.

Scarcely had the first greetings been given than General Chaffee was hailed by a marine from the wall and directed to the same entrance made by the British, and a hearty cheer went up for the Stars and Stripes. It was a brave company that the soldiers met. Not once had they lost heart, though the relief was so long in coming. Every device had been utilized for defence. Barricades of sand bags, pillows, boxes of earth, anything and everything that could give shelter had been utilized. Not a shot was fired without a target, and, while only eleven of the four hundred and fourteen civilians, and fifty-four of the three hundred and four marines were killed, the Chinese lost fully 3,000. The roofs of the American and English legations were much torn by the Chinese shells, which would have done far more damage had the gunners known how to depress their guns, and the rest of the foreign settlement was demolished.

The placards told the story of the siege. "As there will probably be a heavy drop fire to-day, women and children are forbidden to walk about the grounds." "Owing to the small supply of vegetables and eggs, the market will be open from nine to ten o'clock hereafter. All horse meat is inspected by a physician." The Tsung-li-Yamen's offer of food was a farce; it provided barely for a single day. A considerable number—just how many or who it is not easy to learn—have come to the coast, and it is from them that the reports have been obtained. Since the entrance of the other troops, following close upon the English and American, the city has been under foreign control, and there has been extensive looting. In this the Americans and English have not shared, unless a report be correct that General Gaselee permitted it with restrictions. The reports of brutality by the Russians come in from every hand, and the destruction of property is very great. Independent.