THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

Reading. family

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Sending a Valentine. I might begin, "The rose is red " (Though that is not so very new). Or this the boys all think is good : "If you love me as I love you."

But,-seems to me,-a valentine Is nicer, when you do not say The same old things that every one Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night, What grown-up people write about. She would not answer me at first, But laughed till I began to pout. That stopped her, for she saw I meant The question (and she will not tease) "Why-love," she said, "and shining

A kiss, soft hair-just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all, So I'll begin by saying this :

To my dear lady beautiful, I send a valentine and kiss, The valentine, because she has The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes ; The kiss, because I love her more Than any one beneath the skies Because she is the kindest, best, The sweetest lady ever known ; And every year I'll say the same, The very same, to her alone !

There ! Now it's finished. Who will do? I've thought of one and then another. Who is there like it? Why, of course,

always came to the light, even when he if Master Philip Champion is ling we've leard. If it's worth paying my brought to it deeds to be reproved. How life changed to George and me ! The blankness and emptiness were pool a purpose to see him.' gone. The future lay before us, with "What's her name, Thomas ?' sed the promise of a beautiful life outside

our own, that would link us again to my brother. ' Mrs. Brown, sir,' he replied. the busy world. Year by year our in-. That is the woman your fatheeft terest in it grew deeper. There were masters to choose for Philip; a day you with, Philip,' I said, with a qck I school to find for him, where he could throb of my heart. I could not hr the name without an undefined did have the wholesome companionship of

that it foreboded some change; and y other boys. We sent him to a large public school, where his brilliant gifts change now would be an evil, ana sorrow. The boy's face flushed cnand insatiable thirst for knowledge sen, and a glow spread over it, fulbf would find full scope. George was eagar hope and gladness. himself a good classical scholar, and his

old love for study revived, now there was a young brain, quick and eager, at work beside him. The hours that had been wont to drag so wearily along, began to glide with down upon their feet.' Philip's studies, Philip's sports, Philip's friendships, absorbed us both. dicted the hope. The childish fan have been Captain John Champion his-That Mrs. Transome should have and expectation had never died; al been neglected by us all will seem now they sprang up into full vigor al natural enough to those who undername. " My father's come home !' a stand children. After the first evening he never spoke of her; but he did not cried again, in a tone that brought tea into my eyes, and my brother's. forget her, as we knew afterward. His "Philip,' said George, in his lot childish notion was that he would wait patient, measured voice, 'remember till he was rich enough to pay her well before he sought her out. There was it is over twelve years since your fathe

went away.' a second person he did not even mention to us-his rich uncle, living in · I shall look for him to come back me ' How long ago?' cried Philip. Burnston. Probably he never thought he exclaimed, vehemently, 'as long 'It's four years pretty nigh since h of him ; for he had all a child's absorbed it is possible for him to be alive came back," said Mrs. Brown, 'and he unless I find out for certain that he occupation with the present, giving no did his best to find me out; but he backward glances to the past, and havdead. "Twelve years !' repeated George, s couldn't, and he gave up at last, and ing only a vague and rosy glimpse into went another voyage, aud another, and though his thoughts were dwelling apo the future, as of a pleasant region where another, searching for me whenever he quickly as possible, grudging every all that Captain John Champion mus happy discoveries stretched before him, was ashore, but never hearing a word have, suffered, if he were still alive, Before he had completed his sevenof me till three months ago, when one "twelve years, my dear boy!" teenth year he won a scholarship, worth of his old mates came lodging at my · Sailors have been lost longer that house in Liverpool, and heard me tell fore him, and was telling him rapidly fifty pounds a year for three years. that,' said Philip, moving toward the The head master of his school, with how I'd once had a captain's son to take door, where Thomas was still standing whom he was a favorite, strongly urged care of, and how some grand folks in It was not a minute since he had ut him to remain another year under his London had taken to him. 'What was tered the woman's name ; but it seemel tuition, and then to go to college. But the little chap's name?' he said. to me already as if our hold upon Phili) the boy's mind was set upon studying 'Philip Champion,' I said. 'That's our eyes! It is all present to me now ; were slackened, and our close relationas a medical student in one of the hos-Dan Sterne's old captain,' he said; ship with him were lost. He was not pitals. The loyal spirit that was with-' him as was shipwrecked off the Ivory our boy after all ; but belonged to some in him, longing to serve God diligently Coast somewhere.' So he went looking other, a stranger. Yes; I own to it and to tread closely in the footsteps of for him next day, and found Dan a strong and bitter feeling of jealous his Lord, could point out no better way Oterne at death's door in the hospital, disappointment seized upon me. for he was quite worn out with tollowing 'Let me come with you, Philip,' 1 'I can go among the very worst and the sea, and was fallen into a waste, cried as he was passing out of mysight. poorest then,' he said to us, earnestly, with no more than a few days' life in Was there any tone in my voice bewhen we were trying to dissuade him. trayed me? I cannot tell; only I know him. He sent for me as soon as ever 'You think I am too good for it? that my boy turned back again quickly he'd heard his shipmate's story, and I Why, if I were a hundred times better went there not much too soon to hear and stooped down to kiss me, and and more clever I should be hardly fit. George held out his worn, hollow hand what he'd got to say.' for such work. When I think of them as if to draw me nearer to him. Philip had sunk down on his knees down there, in their misery and ignorbelieve both of them felt a quick, inat my side, with his eyes fastened upon ance, and sin, I feel as if it would be stinctive sympathy for me, as deep as the woman's face, as if he could look treason for me to forsake them, just to through hers into the brain beyond, and Son, men can ever feel for a woman, whose grow rich or famous. I should choose read what was there more quickly than hand is forced to loose its grasp of her to be a popular doctor at the East end he could learn it from her slow utterchief treasure. But neither of them among the very worst, if I may have knew what that moment was to me. 'I'm not sure I rightly recollect it My heart felt somewhat heavy with CHAPTER XXI. all,' she said, ' but he told me how the disappointment, for I had built many a ship was broken to pieces on the rocks, castle in the air for my boy; and it had CAPTIVITY. and all on board her were drowned, never entered my thoughts that he I had time, while Philip and I went save him and the captain, and they two should bury himself and his great gifts to the dining-room, and Thomas fetched got on shore, and lived for a few days among the very low and ignorant. As the woman in from the hall, to consider | watching for a sail on the sea, till some for George, his face was lit up with a how very improbable it was that she of the black men came down and smile that was almost heavenly. . We shall have very little to leave should bring any intelligence about carried them up the country, and make pleasure. Captain John Champion, after so many slaves of them. Ah! he said, they 'Are you going to die soon, Aunt years. This somewhat reassured me; knew what sufferings were, but they though the glimpse I had into Philip's bore up under them, and the negroes an old man of fifty, you'll not be seventy heart could never be forgotten. Through treated them better when they found

here still. She won't tell me herusi- passige from Liverpool and back, I'll be ness, but she says it's very partilar, secisfied ; for I've got a sister in London for she's come all the way from Ler- that I haven't met for twenty years, and I'm glad eno' for the chance of seeing her again. But I must leave it to yeu, now I'm here, as made no bargain beforehand."

"We'll pay your expenses willingly,' answered, for Philip's hand pressed more heavily on my shoulder, and I saw he could hardly control himself, 'only lips. tell us at once all you know.'

'It's a long story,' she went on, with no change either in voice or face, ' I've been knocked about a good deal ever since Master Philip left me, nine 'My father's come back?' he crl. years ago now, as you'll recollect, ma'am, He had not spoken of his father r and never stayed more than a year, or years, and I had hoped that he ld eighteen months at the longest, in one slowly reconciled himself to the ita place; so it were no wonder folks lost that he had been lost at sea. . But te sight of me, and couldn't find me out, eager, excited face before me cont- let them want ever so much. It might self seeking after me, he'd have found it just as hard work ; for I gave him up life at the mere mention of this womas entirely after being away more than three years. But it wan't Captain John Champion hisself, poor fellow ! However it were a seafaring man, as had gone out with him in his ship, and been wrecked with him, and saved with him, and brought home news of

him, if he could only have lit upon

MARCH 29, 1882.

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trembling Frog. . I tried to drown the Mouse, and now I am brought to grief . My fine fellow,' said the Stork, with a very stern voice, 'I will serve you yellow sea-stained chart, crumpled in out for your cunning and mischievous trick. You shall die !' from her, but I took it, and smoothed langer a ni thel Then the Stork opened wide his beak it out on my lap, for her to point out and gobbled up the deceitful Frog. the pin mark made by the dying seathe cable let as dialate the man. As she laid her finger upon it,

and steamed away out to Choice Sentences.

Peace is such a precious jewel that I would give anything for it but truth .-shoulder, and laid my cheek against Mathew Henry. his forehead. I think he felt then how

Nothing makes the earth seem sospacious as to have friends at a distance : they make the latitude and long-(sad calamity) - Monte of an itude. Life does not count by years. Some

suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the the first garde but they

Greatness lies not in being strong : but in the right using of strength.

Travel improves superior wine, but spoils that which is inferior. It has the same effect on brains.

Berlin has a new and great attraction in the person of Miss Mary Elizabeth Wedde, a pretty sixteen-year-old giantess of eight feet in height and 280 pounds weight. Miss Mary is a native, of Brekendorf, Province of Saxe

(Prussia).

arms round me, and wept as passionately and unrestrainedly as though I had been his mother. I made a sign to the woman to leave us, and so we two were alone, filled with one thought, and partly one sorrow. 'Aunt Milly,' he whispered, 'this is almost worse than if my father were dead.' and a sevent that bas te onto Not almost, but quite, I said to my-

self. But I did not speak it aloud ; and by and by Philip roused himself, and leaned over the old chart to look at that pin-mark. It seems only a week or two since he was standing at my knee to learn his first lesson in geography, and now! Ah! I foresaw that moment what lay before me; and how the restless, faithful love of that young heart would carry him far away from

but he was a close prisone among them,

and could not get a chance of escape.'

the map and drew it out at last;

many folds. Philip could not take it

a deep heavy sob broke from my boy's

ston and most tenent is

"Philip !" I said, 'Philip !' and I

drew his head down to rest upon my

dearly I loved him, for he clasped his

She was searching in her basket for

I'll send it right away to mother ! -St. Nicholas.

The Lamb on the Battle-field. BY REV. THERON BROWN.

A sigh in summer foliage stirred Mid skies of summer battle-blurred, And summer hills the cannon heard,

Where, mustered all one Sabbath day, Our troops had fought the foe at bay, And slowly bled their strength away.

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We broke their lines-they run! they run! We held our tents by morning sun Amidst the wreck that death had done.

When lo, within the ghastly bound, One looker for the long unfound, A lamb ran bleating round and round.

Its mother at the opening strife Had glimpsed afar the cannon's whiff, And vanished in the flight for life.

than this.

my choice.'

And wandering where she once had fed, With frighted look and fetlock red It stumbled mid the stiffening dead.

"White waif of innocence, alack ! 'Twas Peace herself that fled our track. And sent thee with her sorrow back."

So, smiling grim, through starting tears, We spoke with thoughts of better years, That stirred more deep than martial cheers

Day after day beyond our tents It fed and cried its soft laments. And sought by night the camp's defence.

And so till drum-roll beat to go, An angel on the field of woe, We saw that lamb as white as snow.

O pleader for thy loved and lost, Ore bears thy type at boundless cost To plead for all the human host.

For through the world at war with God Walks Christ, with peace and blessing shod,

And shows the truce flag on the rod.

you, Philip,' I said. Milly ?' he asked, laughing ; ' when I'm

At last Philip carried off the chart

to George's room, while I went to dismiss Mrs. Brown. I followed him as moment I must be away from him just then. He was kneeling by the side of George's sofa, with the chart open beall that we had heard. The eager, sorrowful, boyish face! The tremulous, vibrating voice! The imploring, penetrating gaze, with which he met and once more I feel the pang after pang that pierced my heart that night and for many a long night to follow. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' said Mary. 'Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also,' said Simeon, as if in answer. It seems to me as though that must be said of every deep love, whose birth we welcome with songs of gladness, and which we cherish as a heavenly gift, till the sharp poignant anguish comes in its train. Yet not for centuries upon centuries of

grief would Mary have toregone the blessedness of calling the Lord her

The Frog and the Mouse.

'He who digs a pit for his neighbor sometimes falls into it himself."

A mouse was one day sitting by brook, and said to herself, 'I wish could get over to the other side.'

A cunning old Frog passing that way overheard her remark, and said : 'I will carry you across with the greatest

'Ob, you dear, kind Mr. Frog !' answered the innocent Mouse, 'I should be so much obliged to you.'

Then the Frog wound a stout thread

Bouths Repartment. Scripture Enigma. No. 165. From ten of the titles of Christ form AN ACROSTIC which shews Him to be a secure foundation, on which to rest for time and eternity. A WORD PICTURE. Look on this exciting scene, find out what is the event, and where in the Bible it is found : The House of Prayer is filled with armed men, who are all marshalled in military array, and with their swords drawn, seem prepared for resistance and defence. Close by one of the massive pillars stands a little child, and on him every eye is turned. He is robed as a king ; on his youthful head is a royal crown, and in his hand a copy of the Holy Scripture.

A venerable person in priestly robes stands near him, and he is surrounded by brave determined and noble men. It is a time of great rejoicing, for the thrilling sound of trumpets is mingled with a full choir of voices and instruments pouring forth psalms of praise.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS. 333. To half a dozen add six; Then if you add five hundred, A word you soon must fix, If you haven't blundered. 334. Here is a curious bouquet of ten flowers. Give their names, (a) Congealed water. (b) The dress fastening of a forlorn (c) A wooden case. (d) An instrument sometimes used to torture little boys. (e) The request of a friend. (f) The osculatory part of the face. (g) Wounded affection. (h) Early brightness. (i) The evening covering (j) A metal picture.

Find answers to the above-write them

