Poetry.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Tokens of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening:
Louder rings the Master's word—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

Feebly now they toll in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around,
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
While their echoing cries resound—
"Pray that reapers
In God's harvest may abound."

Now, O Lord! fulfil Thy pleasure;
Breathe upon Thy chosen band;
And with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

Ocean calleth unto ocean,
Spirits speed from shore to shore,
Heralding the world's commotion;
Hear the conflict at our door—
Mighty conflict—
Satan's death-cry on our shore!

Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come;
By Thy Spirit,
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

—*Selected.*

The Fireside.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful, and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air, and to look about me for a moment. Whilst I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidily-dressed young person step up to our side-door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and not the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant-girl—and first she looked about, and than she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter, holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaac, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter almost. She couldn't have been above eighteen years old; too frail and gentle a creature.

"If you please, will you tell me," she said timidly, in a very sweet low voice, trembling with nervousness, "what is the value of this seal?"

"Well, miss," I said, taking the seal into my hand and looking at it—it was an old fashioned seal, such as country gentleman used to wear, with a coat-of-arms cut upon it—"that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or sell it outright."

"I am married, sir," and she said the words proudly and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; "and my husband is very ill—and—and"——And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and then she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

"There, there, my dear," I said to her; "don't cry; it will all come right in time;" and I tried to comfort her as well as I could in my own rough-and-ready way. "I will lend you, ma'am," I said to her at last, "a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I may be able to sell it for you to advantage." And so I gave her a pound; it was more than the thing was worth as a pledge; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was generally dressed shabby enough too. But he was a collector, one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

"Anything in my way to-day, Mr. Davis?" he said, in his quick energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting dow the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter.

The Rev. Mr. Broadman is a collector of gems, and rings and seals, and, in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures engraved upon them. And I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands; for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at the quarterly sales. "The fact is, Davis," he used to say to me, "these things are invaluable; many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek sculptures; and some of them even by the same artists. And they are made no longer, you see; for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles." Now, although I had no stones of the kind he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done he looked at the seal, and said; "I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet." He then congratulated me on the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct; and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story, in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterwards.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter, in the village where his father lived; and they had run away together, and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things—for neither his father nor her's either, for the matter of that would have anything to say to the match—he full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line; and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to the editors of the various magazines—which I need not say were always "returned with thanks." And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment, and bad drainage, and disappointed hopes. The Registrar-general doesn't give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of. But we see something of them in our line of business, nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr. Broadman found out Mrs. Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge Terrace is not very far from Angel at Islington, and there, in a little back-street of small, respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging-house, in one of which Mr. and Mrs. Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, perhaps. People who have seen better days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and in a jiffy, he and Mr. Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been to the same university. And there was soon even a smile too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid's sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; of one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the fine country sports, which make broad-chested, strong-limbed country people, the envy of us poor, thin, pale townsfolk.

Mr. Broadman came direct to me when he left them. I did not live far off; and he thought that I might lend a neighbor's help. "Davis," said he, "that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his eyes."

"What is he a-dying of?" I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly: "Of starvation, Davis — of actual want of food."

"A gentleman starving, in London, in Islington, a baronet's son too! Why it's incredible."

"Not at all," said Mr. Broadman; "these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in all great cities. Not the poor, who know where the workhouse is, and who can get at the relieving officer if the worst comes to the worst; but the well born, who have fallen into desperate poverty, and who carry their pride with them, and drive into a back alley, like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr. Vincent wants wine and jellies and all sorts of good things; if help hasn't come too late. No, no, my friend," he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give him money in a proper cause. "No, no; I have left them all they want at present, Davis. But I'll tell you what you can do: you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs. Vincent hasn't forgotten your kindness to her, I can assure you. And I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would rouse him up a bit, perhaps." And then Mr. Broadman told me, shortly, something of what these two poor things had gone through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad that he had brought her to this pass, and could do nothing for her.

Mr. Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet; a proud, hard man, I'm told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father's heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me: "Well, Mr. Davis," he said, "there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace."

And I said, partly to myself: "Why shouldn't Christianity itself be such a general peacemaker as that?"

"Ay," replied Mr. Broadman, "if people only believed in it properly."

That very day we got the baronet's letter, I was on my way, in the afternoon, to Cambridge Terrace, to pay my respects to Mrs. Vincent—and I'd had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine merchant—at least as good as can be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down a little disturbed apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something or somebody. A short rosy-faced person he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; and with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into talk, for I'd spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard that I knew a little of the young couple.

"And you do not think, sir, that my—that Mr. Vincent is *dangerously* ill?" said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

"Here is the house, sir," I said; "and you will be able to judge for yourself."

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled, that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him, and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. "Dear father," he murmured weakly, stretching out a thin trembling hand, "forgive"——

But the father was on his knees by the chair in a moment, clasping his son's head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby.

"What have I to forgive? You must forgive for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Willred, my son, my son!"

I too had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man's face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr. Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could, for sobbing—the soul of his servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it?—I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms, at the very moment of reconciliation.—*Chamber's Journal.*

BOY'S WORK.

"I wish, John, you would drive a few nails for me in the wood-house," said Maggie to her mother. "I have been wanting them this long time, but always forgot to ask you."

"Why not drive them yourself, Maggie?" asked her father.

"Why, I don't know how, father. I don't believe I could do boys' work," she said, doubtfully.

"Come, my girl, I will show you in a minute how it is done. Go on mending your harness, John, we will attend to the nails."

Maggie drove in all the nails successfully, and so pleased was she with her success, that she would have set a double row around the shed, I think, if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present.

"There, that little lesson helps to make you more independent, my girl. Now I will teach you some day, to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors creak for want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in the winter for the want of a little grease."

You, too, boys, might learn to advantage how to make your beds and sweep a room, and sew up a bag on the sewing machine. Don't ask any one to sew on a button for you, when there hangs a cushion with needles in it, and mother's thread basket is so handy.

A little cooking will never hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and mother says I can beat any girl making a pot of coffee. I don't often get a chance to try, now-a-days, but I have seen the time when my knowledge of the business came just in play. No telling where you will be cast away some time in your life. The most helpless people I have ever met are those who can only do one sort of work. Learn to do some one thing very well indeed, and make that your dependence for a living, and add to it just as much skill and knowledge as you can. It costs nothing to carry knowledge.—*Exchange.*

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PEDDLER.

BY FLETCHER BATES.

A clergyman who longed to trace
Amid his flock a work of grace,
And mourned because he knew not why
Yon fleece kept wet while his kept dry.
While thinking what he could do more
Heard some one rapping at the door,
And opening it, there met his view
A dear old brother whom he knew,
Who had got down by worldly blows
From wealth to peddling cast-off clothes,
"Come in, my brother," said the pastor,
"Perhaps my trouble you can master,
For since the summer you withdrew,
My converts have been very few."
"I can," the peddler said, "unroll"
Something perchance to ease your soul,
And to cut short all fulsome speeches,
Bring me a pair of your old breeches."
The clothes were bought; the peddler gazed,
And said, "No longer be amazed,"
The gloss upon this cloth is such,
I think, perhaps, you sit too much
Building air castles bright and gay,
Which Satan loves to blow away.
And here, behold! as I am born,
The nap from neither *knee* is worn.
He who would great revivals see,
Must wear his pants out on the knee.
For such the lever prayer supplies,
When pastors kneel, their churches rise.

Selected.

THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT.—In a noble castle there once lived a very rich knight. He expended how much money in adorning his dwelling, but he gave little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him, and said:

"This castle is not an inn."

The pilgrim replied:

"Permit me only to ask two questions, and then I will depart:

The pilgrim then said to him:

"Who dwelt in this before you?"

"My father," replied the knight.

"And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said:

"With God's will, my son."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells his time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you otherwise here than guests? The castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, then, spend so much money in adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short season? Do good; be charitable; for he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given he will pay him again."

The knight took these words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was afterward more charitable to the poor.—*Christian Observer.*

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.—A man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock at finding the halter around his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing, to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard, and how upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle, filled with water, which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it that when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not?—*London Times.*

THE SICK-ROOM.—When there is a sick person in the house the rest of the family should be careful to retire early at night, and to avoid all noise and confusion as much as possible. No more people should be in the sick-room, when the patient is weak and nervous, than is absolutely necessary to take care of him or her. It injures a sick person very materially to use his room for the common sitting room, where all sorts of things are talked over and discussed, and newspapers are read until late in the evening. Even if the patient is not sleepy he may become so by keeping perfectly quiet and giving his nerves a chance to become composed.

Remarks on an invalid's diet, disparaging it, should be avoided. Don't say, "I know I could not eat such stuff;" "Bah! such dish-washy victuals!" or any such remarks. If the patient's appetite is good and he eats a great deal, and some diseases demand it, do not seem to notice it. When people are sick and nervous, it is easy to plague and annoy them. All disagreeable topics should therefore be avoided. Doors should not be slammed nor stoves rattled. Heavy walking, loud noises, sudden and startling movements are injurious.

Respect their wishes, when it can do them no injury; an easy mind is as good as medicine. Often if patients are given what they wish it will do them a great deal of good. The appetite craves what the system needs. Sometimes, of course, it will not do; but as a general rule it is a good plan. I have know cases where the patient crayed cold water, and when given it would work wonders, doing great good. It used to be considered dangerous to give any one milk when he had a fever, but now it is recommended.

My friend, a zealous Congregationalist, once told me the following, which she greatly enjoyed:

During a visit among Baptist friends in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, she accepted the invitation of the Superintendent to be present at the Sunday-school, and take a class of little ones just sent up from the infant department. The lesson introduced John, the disciple of our Lord. As older heads have often confounded him with that John who "came preaching in the wilderness," the teacher felt anxious to bring out his personality clearly. So she asked:

"By what names do you know this John?"

"John the Evangelist," "John the Revelator," "John the Beloved," answered the eager voices.

"Why was he called the Beloved?" continued she.

"Because Jesus loved him best."

"Why did he love him best?" persisted our friend.

Imagine her discomfiture when a sweet voice lisped:

"Tos he was a Baptist!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half. Drawing her on a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried, "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top, I des I'll det out here."

A DISSIPATED old negro in Montgomery, Ala., while watching the monkeys in the menagerie in that city, spoke thus: "Dem children got too much sense to come outer dat cage; while folks cut dar tails off and set 'em to votin' and makin' constitewtions."

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