

Poetry.

OUR HOME ABOVE.

BY MARY ARREY.

In the city above, in the Bible were told,
The gates are of pearl, the streets are of gold,
With no glory of the sun or moon, and no light;
For the glory of God and the Lamb is the light;
We read of a river of water pure
Coming out from the Throne, that shall ever endure;

Of the healing leaves of the Tree of Life
For them who overcome in the bitter strife.
To that beautiful city out of sight,
With its jasper walls and streets of light,
None but conquerors enter in,
Spotless and pure from the stain of sin;

No pain, nor sorrow, nor death can be known
To the spirits pure before the Throne;
Neither hunger nor thirst, for the Lamb shall feed,
And to living fountains of water lead;
And fadless crowns, and raiment white,
And harp of gold, have the saints in light;

While a song they sing that is ever new,
And serve, day and night, the Faithful and True.
But to children can ever such things unfold?
Do their angels the face of the Father behold?
Can it be that, "of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Yes, these blessed words our Saviour has given,
And, though sinful and blind, not knowing the way,
If we follow His voice, and go not astray,
He will guide our feet up the heavenly way.

CHANGE.

There never was a sky so blue,
That clouds would not appear,
There never was a hope so bright,
That in it lurked no fear.
And there never was a heart,
So filled with earthly joy,
But, somehow, in its time of grief,
We felt the base alloy.

There never was a blossom fair,
That did not quickly fade,
And change is written everywhere,
On all that God has made.
But, oh, there is one blessed thing,
Our hearts may ever keep;
It is our Father's changeless love,
So broad, and full, and deep.

Then let the sky be overcast,
And joys of earth depart,
And shadows gather round our path,
Or even in our heart;
But let us hold this treasure fast—
God's pure unchanging love,
And storms shall only drive our bark
Into the port above.

—Louie Prindle Smith.

The Fireside.

DOM PEDRO.

No doubt all of you have heard of Dom Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, who is now traveling in our country. Although about fifty years of age, he has been emperor for thirty-six years, ruling over a country as large as the United States. When only six years old he was left by his father, orphaned for reasons of State. The lad was then committed to the care of a great and good man, whose virtue and integrity have merited for him the title of the "George Washington of Brazil."

Under the care of this noble man the lad grew and formed all those tastes which now make him great and good as an emperor. In his boyhood and early youth he already showed himself possessed of noble qualities, and so great was the confidence of the people in the boy that at the age of fourteen his "majority" was declared, and he became ruling emperor.

What an encouraging picture this for all boys who are trying to be good and make men of themselves! Here is a man who, at the age of fourteen, when many boys of little else than foolishness and mischief, became an emperor, and that on account of the good character, intelligence, and correct habits which he displayed. It wasn't because he happened to be the child of a monarch, that he was thus early honored with the crown. For we are told by those who have lived in his country and known him best, that if he should cease to be "Emperor of all the Brazils," he would still be "every inch a man," and stand "head and shoulders above the people."

Dom Pedro's early history teaches us many important lessons. We can not be too careful about the persons who teach and train us. Those who are thrown around us when we are young have a great influence upon our characters, especially if they be teachers or parents. Those of us who have good parents, who try to point us in the ways of virtue and right, have great cause for thankfulness. Teachers who give us a good example, and believe in virtue and honesty, are a great help in starting boys and girls on the right track in life. All his associations and companions have something to do with making a boy a good man or a worthless fellow. Solomon knew all about the matter. He says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Now, not many boys can expect to become kings or emperors, neither is the class of girls who will reign as queens very large. But this we all can become, kings and priests unto God in Christ Jesus here on earth, and reign with him forever in heaven. Then his kingdom is so far superior to that of earthly kings. For we are told that "his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion shall endure forever."

Although Dom Pedro II, is a great and good man, liberal in his ideas and thoughtful for the welfare of his people, Brazil is not as far advanced in civilization as we might suppose. The reason for the backwardness of the country in many respects is doubtless to be found in its religion. Roman Catholicism has always been the religion enforced by law among the Brazilians, and we all know from history how such countries remain in darkness. The very nature of the Catholic religion forbids the education of the people.

Now, the state of things would no doubt be far worse were not the Emperor so progressive a man. If we look at the early history of Brazil, and remember that the country is full of plotting priests, we are forced to wonder at the hopeful condition of things. There is no Catholic country in the world where so much liberty is enjoyed as in the land of Dom Pedro. Protestant Christians are allowed to teach the people, to have and hold property in all the empire for churches, schools, etc. Now, that is a wonderful concession for a Papal country to make, yet all to be attributed to the good Emperor.

This liberal work among the Brazilians is, however, just begun. Only two years ago a Bible Society was formed in the country, and with the opposition which priests excite not much has been accomplished in the way of distributing Bibles, and other good books. It is hoped that while the Emperor travels in the United States and Europe he will see the great benefit of schools, Bibles and education, and on his return do a great deal to help these causes.

To show how badly the work is needed among the people, read this little story of a boy coming to the Sunday-school for the first time. Among other things he was asked: "Are there more gods than one?" "Oh, yes," said he, meaning "saints' images." "My mother has several, and there are plenty in the church."

A sad story this that children should be taught to think that images made of wood or metal are gods! The same lady who reports this case says: "All the children are taught to pray to saints, and they have taken a favor of some of their

saints they leave a sum of money before the shrine, to pay the saint for interceding in their behalf. One boy who did this, not receiving a speedy answer, moved the money from shrine to shrine, until he found a saint sufficiently at leisure to attend to him. He has now learned to read the Bible, comes to Sunday-school regularly, and will never pray to saints again.

We must turn to all the ignorant boys of Brazil who must learn to read the Bible, and stop praying to saints. But that such may be the result, many missionaries need to go to the country and labor among the people, and a great deal more of missionary money must be gathered to support them. Who is ready to give and go?

A STORY OF THE TIDE.

On the coast of Normandy, near Granville, the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave two or three feet high. In a book on Normandy the following adventure is narrated of two English gentlemen. They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which the sand-seals were caught, and examining the structure of the rocks which were like sponges, when a sudden one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted, "I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned towards the sea and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly, "I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross, "by crossing the rocks we may yet be in time."

They began to scramble up the rocks, and walked as fast as they could toward the nearest shore; but it was some time before they reached the highest point. On gaining it they looked round, and saw that the sand was not yet covered, though lines of blue water here and there showed how fast it was rising. They hastened on but had not gone far when they found that the sand was in narrow strips, with sheets of water between, but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach they cried:—"We shall do yet!" and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going toward the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath, cried, "The water! the water! it is coming. Turn, turn—run, or we are lost!"

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps toward the rocks they had just left. The little girl passed them and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rocks the water still rolled toward them, the sand becoming gradually covered. Their last few steps were knee deep in water.

"Quick, quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes, we shall be late!"

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice. "We are lost!" said the girl; "I cannot cross; it will carry me away."

"It is deep!" said Cross.
"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and, though the water was up to his waist, he was soon across. His companion followed, and all three now stood on the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the girl who was nearly there; "and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and on reaching it cried, 'We are safe now!'"

All were thoughtful for a moment, as they saw the danger which God had delivered them from; looking round the sea, they were short of water.

"We are quite safe here," said the girl; "but we shall have to stay three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross; "you must know the tide well."

"I didn't forget it," she replied; "but I feared, as you were strangers, you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting in his eyes.

"I thought, at any rate, I should get late," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said, "We owe you our lives, you brave little maid."

Meanwhile, the water was rising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money into our pockets into a handkerchief and tie it round her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough."

One of them had twenty and the other seventeen shillings, and binding these in a knot Mr. Hope passed it round her neck. On receiving it she blushed with delight, kissed both their hands, and cried, "How jealous my sister Angela will be, and how happy my mother!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them, when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said the girl, "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us!"

She was right; in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, it was quite dark before they reached the beach; but at length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who said to the proud waves, "Hither shall they then come, and so forth, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The friends handsomely rewarded the little fish-girl for her bravery.

BOYS GET UP.

Mr. Talmage, in the late number of the *Christian at Work*, refers to certain parents who complained that they could not get their boys up in the morning, in time for breakfast, proceeds to give the youngsters a lecture. He says:

Boys, how can you do so? You ought to be spanked. You ought to get up when the rising bell rings. Early worms, etc. You ought to do as your fathers and mothers did when they were boys and girls. When, in the old farm-house, your grandfather used to knock on the door of your prospective father, he beat, your father in perspective, would at the first tap on the door, fling the bed covers against the wall, and give a leap into the middle of the floor, crying, "Yes, father, I am glad you called me so early."

And your mother, that is, your prospective mother, used to spurn the pillow at the first call of your grandfather, and cry out, "Only too glad to come, dear mother, at your first call. Do not trouble yourself to call again," and before the grandfather had got down stairs your mother prospective was putting the back-sword through her coiled tresses. What a pity it is that the world has degenerated! Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

In these days we have to come to your door. At our first call you make no answer. We have to come in and shake you. Then you say, "Yes," but do not act. We go down stairs, and not hearing any stir overhead, we cry, "Are you up?" "Yes," you reply, causing your conscience by saying, "silly,

"Yes, up stairs." And we call again, and start breakfast without you, and you come down, offering a headache, or a lame knee, or a cold, as an apology. You know your headache, and cold, and everything else, will be gone as soon as breakfast is over and the present emergency has ceased. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why are you not more affected by your father's and mother's early example?

Now, boys, put in practice to-morrow morning, very early, what we have said. Meanwhile, let us, old and young, reflect upon the fact that more important than this question of getting up early is the question as to what we do after we get up. We know persons who might better have laid to bed all day, and every day. The more they did the worse for the world. We wish that no one had called them, so that they might have slept over. But if you are going to do something for God and the world worth doing, then we will ring the morning bell, now, all up and down through the halls and parlors and bedrooms. Awake! thou that sleepest. Come it is time to get up.

BE IN EARNEST.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

There is a story told of Demosthenes, that when once an acquaintance came to him with a complaint that he had been beaten and abused, he told the incident to the great orator in such a dreary sort of way that, instead of expressing sympathy, as the narrator expected, Demosthenes said: "Beaten there! Hath anybody beaten thee? I do not believe it."

"No! Why? Not believe?" said the man, aroused and indignant, and growing almost vehement in gesture and passion, showing by his action, word, modulation, and countenance the fact, as he repeated, "I am sure. See! He did this to me. See these marks. Do you not call this a beating?"

"Aye, now I believe that he hath beaten thee," said Demosthenes; "for thou speakest as if thou felt the truth of what thou sayest."

When a preacher delivers his message in a cold and feelingless manner, standing in the pulpit as if he were saying his lesson or speaking a piece, though his words be ponderous and proper, the people will not believe him. If he pronounce the truest sentiments, and apply the truest of exhortations, unless he utter his language in a wake up rather than a make-up tone, his sermon will be no more than a make-up sound. A monotony of voice will soothe a slumber to repose, although the syllable the very thunder of the law.

Just now this rough world needs plain talk. The Gospel is a simple story, and those who proclaim it must be simple in word, earnest, persistent, direct, in season and out of season, and get down into the "foolishness of preaching" by direct appeal, experience, parable, tears and cries.—*Christian at Work*.

JOHN REEVES.

Get a boy's heart first, and you are sure of him. This is the way a teacher in a city mission school won Johnny Reeve, "the little drunkard." She had collected a lot of wild street boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day, she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and began to snore.

"He's drunk," said his ragged little companions, laughing.

"Of course there was no use in trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterwards she saw and questioned him."

"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact," said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I didn't mean to let you see me, cause I don't love you, but I couldn't help it."

"No; yet see I've got so used to it I can't stop it," "Oh, I am sorry. What was it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I run errands for Mike Dooley, down Willard Street. He keeps a liquor store, and he give me the rum and sugar in the bottoms of the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking? I tell you how you can!"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't believe I could. I've got so used to it, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here," (putting his hand on his stomach).

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up, and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

"I-I-I dunno but I'd try if I thought I could make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you'll stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then, Johnny was making a mighty effort, "Yes'm," he said (and drew a long breath). "I'll promise never to drink no more liquor,—for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny."

"The little fellow hung his head, and there was another pause."

"Could he make me keep my promise? You ask Him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning, the question was so unexpected, the kind teacher knelt immediately. Johnny knelt too, and when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would "ask Him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants to be good, and don't never let him drink rum no more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street boy was when he asked the Lord to help him to keep a promise made to his teacher, "cause he kind of loved her."

He is living in a good situation in the country and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man.—*Youth's Companion*.

CUT THIS OUT.—Every person should know how to treat a flesh wound. Every one is liable to be placed in circumstances away from surgical and veterinary aid, where he may have to save his own life, the life of a friend or friend, simply from the exercise of a little common sense. In the first place close the lips of the wound with the hands and hold them firmly together to check the flow of the blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied. Then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water. "Should it be painful," a correspondent says, take a painful of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a minute or two the pain will be allayed, and the recovery proceeds rapidly. In my case, a rusty nail had made a bad wound in my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in a piece of linen fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like result.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—An old man of experience says: "I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn mechanic, and die in the insane asylum."

"I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at."

"I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence."

"I have seen a young girl marry a man of dissolute habits, and repeat it as long as she lived."

"I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him much better purpose."

"I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bringing their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace."

"I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retire the fortune of a family when the husband pulled at the other end of the rope."

"I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and the advice of the good, and his career ended in poverty and wretchedness."

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