

Little Tim.

O'er the paling peeped little Tim,
With a roguish look in his bright black
eyes;
He called to the children to come to him
And help him to catch the butterflies.
Browned and burned by the summer's
sun,
Under a hat of plaited straw,
Hopeful, healthy and full of fun,
Was the cheerful face I saw.

I heard the hum of the honey bees,
The chirp of the grass-hoppers still and
clear;
The robins singing amid the trees,
The chattering scythes in the meadows
near;
The rustling wind through the apple
boughs,
The murmuring sound of the hillside
stream;
The tinkling bells on the distant cows,
While I sat in a sweet day-dream.

I fashioned a future for my boy,
As only a hopeful mother can;
My soul seemed filled with a sense of joy,
I saw him grow to a goodly man.
The prop and stay of my feeble frame,
The pride and hope of my later days;
He mounted the splendid heights of fame—
Men uttered his honest praise.

To-day, while the winter winds blew shrill
Through the moaning pines in the vale
below;
We bore him sadly over the hill,
And laid him under the drifting snow.
Under the willows blank and bare,
Under the dark clouds cold and gray,
We buried our hopes to-day.

I dream again, while to-night I stand
By my window and gaze at the howling
storm,
Of my little boy in the Better Land;
And I seem to see his shining form
Through a rift in the clouds, while I
watch and wait
For the joyous summons to go to him.
Yes! peeping over the golden gate,
I shall meet my little Tim!

Selected Serial.

ALYPIUS OF TAGASTE.

A Tale of the Early Church.

BY MRS. WEBB,

Author of "Pomponia; or the Gospel in
Caesar's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

Happily—we should rather say, providentially—the moon retired behind a thick, heavy mist that rose up from the western desert, just as our fugitive party got beyond hearing the voices of the angry priests. Soon the whole sky was overcast, and darkness surrounded the little boat. The island was shrouded from view, and would have been altogether invisible, but for a few lights which could still be discerned, and which, as they moved rapidly from place to place, showed that the sacred island was in a state of unwonted alarm and commotion.

Hitherto the boat had taken a westerly course, and had appeared to be making directly for a small village on that side of the Nile; but as soon as her course could no longer be observed from the island, Indah gave the word, and she was allowed to drop down considerably to the south of Philæ. Then the rowers resumed their oars, and with redoubled efforts struck across the smooth, lake-like reach of the river, in the centre of which the sacred island stands, like a jewel set in a silver shield, towards the spot from which they had embarked not very many days before.

They felt sure that the priests, if they pursued them, would seek them on the western shore, as less frequented, and also as having seen them leave the island in that direction.

They reached the land, and as soon as they had disembarked, Indah waded as far as he could go into the water, pushing the boat before him, and then he let it drift away down the river, to be dashed to pieces in the cataracts, and never to be found as a witness to the course the fugitives had taken.

The night was very dark, and the travellers knew not where to seek for shelter, or where to find a conveyance for themselves and their baggage. They therefore removed to some distance from the shore, and rested behind some high sand-banks, which they were assured would effectually conceal them from the view of any who should look out from Philæ when daylight returned.

In this retired spot they remained until the first streaks of golden light

appeared beyond the distant mountain-chain. Overcome by fatigue and excitement, Claudia and Medora slept on a bed of warm dry sand, and trusted to the vigilance of Alypius and Indah, who kept a careful watch, and often mounted the bank to observe whether any object were moving across the calm surface of the water.

As daylight broke Claudia and her sister awoke, and started up with a feeling of terror and expectation, and hardly knowing where they were, or what had occurred to bring them to so strange a place.

The happy countenance of Alypius which met their gaze quickly reassured them, and they immediately entered into council as to their future proceedings. The increasing light showed them a distant Arab encampment on the level plain that stretched away to the foot of the mountains.

To this camp they resolved to repair, and throw themselves on the hospitality of the sheik, hoping that he would not refuse them shelter and protection, and perhaps also a safe escort to some village where they could engage a conveyance towards Thebes.

They immediately commenced their walk, and before they reached the outskirts of the scattered camp, the glorious sun had risen on the earth, and all looked bright and animated. The encampment was evidently on the stir; but as yet they could not distinguish any of the individuals who were moving about among the low, dark tents.

A clump of low bushes lay in their way to the Arab camp; and as they approached it they heard a sad, moaning sound, that attracted the attention of Medora. She left the party, and hastened to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and saw a young boy lying on the ground, with his face buried in his hands, while deep sobs shook his slight frame. Medora stooped and laid her hand on his shoulder, and in a low, sweet voice asked him why he wept so bitterly.

The boy started violently, sprang to his feet, and gazed at Medora with his large dark eyes, from which the scalding tears of outraged feeling were flowing down his pale, sorrowful cheeks. It was the boy who had so greatly interested her friends the day that the boat was taken up the cataracts.

For a moment his sobs ceased, and a ray of pleasure passed over his features while he met the look of compassionate sympathy that beamed in Medora's eyes; but then, as if some painful contrast rushed into his mind, a fresh burst of grief overpowered him, and, straining his little hands over his eyes, he trembled with suppressed sobs.

There was something inexpressibly touching in the sorrow of this child. He seemed to be alone in his grief, with no gentle hand to dry his tears, no loving voice to whisper peace to the poor young breaking heart. Alas for the unknown and untold sufferings of sensitive and friendless children! Surely a desolate child who feels his desolation, a young spirit that is conscious of being crushed and oppressed, is among the most piteous things on earth! It is a sight to make an angel weep. But, thanks be unto Him who governs all things, there will be no oppression, no desolation in that home beyond the sky, where our Elder Brother will reign for ever, and where all will be one holy, happy, loving family!

Had this Arab boy ever heard of that home in heaven? Had he any recollection of ever having had a home, a blessed, happy home on earth? If he had, it only made his tears flow more abundantly and more bitterly, as he tried to reply to the questions which Medora put to him in Egyptian. To her surprise, the child seemed perfectly to understand her, and looked up eagerly and intelligently as she spoke what must, she thought, be a strange and unfamiliar language to him.

At length, in reply to Medora's repeated inquiries as to the cause of his grief, he said slowly, and as if he felt both shame and pain at the admission,—

"He struck me—he has often done so, and he drove me from the tent.

But he did more, he cursed my mother!"

As he said these words, the boy looked up with proud indignation, and then added,—

"He told me I was the son of a Christian dog! Could I bear that? Oh that I were old enough to defend myself, or to run away from the camp and earn my own bread!"

"But your mother? you would not leave her?" said Medora, soothingly.

"What do you mean, lady?" said the boy, wonderingly.

"Is not the sheik your father?" asked Medora, with increasing interest. "And does not your mother dwell in those tents? and is she not a Christian captive?"

"Oh no," replied the boy, with a heavy sigh. "If my mother were with me, I should not be treated as I so often am. My mother, my own dear mother, was gentle, and good, and beautiful—she was like you, lady." And he again burst into tears.

Claudia had by this time joined them, and overheard the words of the poor child. She shook from head to foot. A faintness came over her, a vague feeling of hope and fear, that amounted to agony, and she caught Medora's arm for support.

As she did so, the loose outer robe fell back, and exposed her wrist, on which was the golden bracelet that she had worn ever since the day that she found it among the ruins of her former dwelling.

The child looked up, and his tearful eyes fell on the glittering ornament. He started, and gazed at it and then at Claudia, whose eyes were riveted to his countenance, but she could not speak.

"I have a bracelet like that," he said: and he rolled up the short close sleeve of his vest, and showed the fellow-bracelet encircling his arm.

A faint cry escaped from Claudia's lips, and she sank on the ground senseless.

Alypius, who had been making some arrangements with Indah at a little distance, was at her side in a moment. A few words from Medora told him the cause of her sister's agitation, and while he assisted her and Pyrrha in restoring Claudia to consciousness, he hastily questioned the astonished child, and learned from him all he knew of his past life—enough to solve the mystery, and fully account for Claudia's overpowering emotion.

Soon she opened her eyes, and looked wildly and searchingly around, till she saw the boy standing by her side, and gazing at her with a strange and puzzled expression.

"Cleon!" she exclaimed, as she rose and caught him in her arms.

"That was my name," said the boy, as he instinctively returned her embrace. "But how did you know it? They call me Selim in the camp."

"My child! my own child! my Cleon!" murmured Claudia, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. "How could I have failed to recognize you at once? My heart was drawn towards you; but I little thought that you were my long-lost son!"

"Are you my mother?" asked the wondering child, with a look of happiness that had long been a stranger to his young countenance. "I was sure I had seen you before. And may I go with you? You will not leave me with the cruel sheik?"

"Leave you, my Cleon? never!" exclaimed the happy mother, and again she clasped him to her throbbing heart. "We will go to the sheik at once. He cannot attempt to keep you from your own mother." Then she looked at the two bracelets and smiled, as she said, "How is it that the sheik did not deprive you of your ornament, my boy? I found the other among the ruins of our dwelling near the desert; and I thought the Arabs had carried you off for the sake of the jewels."

"Sheik Ibrahim is stern and cruel, but he is honest and truthful," replied Cleon, as he walked by his mother's side, and clung lovingly to her hand. "He and his men took away all that they could carry from our home, and then set fire to the building. They took me with them, though I cried for you, and begged to be left till you returned home; but they said that I might bring them into trouble if I were left to tell what the tribe

had done, and they dragged me away. One of the sheik's wives wanted to take my bracelet, but Ibrahim forbade it. He said it was all I had in the world, and I should keep it; for it might be of use to me at some future time—and so it has been."

"It has indeed!" said Claudia. "But I ought to have known you without it."

Presently the travellers reached the camp. They desired to be conducted to the sheik. He was seated on a carpet on the floor of his tent, and he rose courteously to receive his visitors. He instantly recognized Alypius, whom he had seen in the boat; and he saluted him and his companions with dignified politeness; but he glanced at Cleon with displeasure, and said,—

"Why are you here, Selim? Begone!" The sheik spoke angrily, and seemed to forget the presence of the strangers.

Only Claudia understood all that Ibrahim said. She had acquired some knowledge of the language of the Arabs when she resided on the border of the desert.

To the strangers the Arab chief spoke in Egyptian, with which he was quite familiar, and in that language Claudia now addressed him. Holding Cleon by the hand, she claimed him as her child. The sheik could not deny the claim; and as he had no longer any motive for detaining the boy, the happy mother left the tent with her long-lost son.

Tents were given to the travellers in which they might rest and refresh themselves until the great heat of the day had abated, when Ibrahim promised to furnish them with an escort and also with beasts of burden to convey their baggage to the village, where they could obtain a boat, and float down the now subsiding river to Alexandria.

The repose of the camp was very grateful to Claudia and Medora after the fatigue of mind and body which they had undergone; and the latter was greatly amused and interested by observing the manners of the wandering tribe, which were altogether new to her.

The hours passed rapidly; and long before Medora's curiosity was gratified, and before Claudia had had time to make acquaintance with Cleon's friends, and to show her gratitude towards all who had treated him with kindness, the escort was ready at the tent-door.

Soon the baggage was packed on the backs of mules and asses; Medora and Claudia were mounted on small active Arab steeds, and the sheik himself placed Cleon on a young horse of pure breed and fine shape, begging him to keep it in remembrance of his life in the desert; and the little cavalcade set forth.

To be Continued.

Value of Kind Words.

A pleasant-looking country lady came to my home not long since, and said to me:

"Do you want to buy a jar of butter?"

It was very nice, and I asked the price. She informed me, but added: "You shall have it for five cents a pound less."

How was this? She was not one of my good parishioners. She was a stranger, and I was at a loss to know why I was thus favoured. But soon the mystery was solved.

"You said a kind word to my John, and neither he nor I will ever forget you."

As she said this the tears came to her eyes, and I felt a little moisture gathering in my own.

Three months previous to this a young man called to see me. I was in my study preparing my discourse for the next Sabbath. He was a canvasser, and took from his pocket a book. My first impulse was to tell him I was busy, and had not time to spend in that way. But he was a young man, and I at once thought, "If he was my son, would I like another man to repel him?"

I took the volume in my hand. It was Gough's "Sunlight and Shadow." I looked it through, and then said to the young man:

"You have a very fine book, just such a book as I would like to have,

and which I wish was in every home in the land. But I cannot buy any more books just now. I am a minister, and not a moneyed man."

He looked disappointed, and said: "You are a temperance man, and I cannot sell this book in this community unless I have your name."

"Well," I said, "I will give you something better than my name."

So I wrote him a little notice of the book, and commended him and his work to the intelligent and appreciative public. It is true I lost half an hour by this interview. But I was in a better mood to return to my study than if I had rudely driven the stranger from my door. Indeed, I believe the smile of that face, and the pressure of that hand, and the hearty "thank you" coming from those lips, gave my mind and my pen an impetus, and I am not sure but in reality that young man proved a benefactor to me.

Josh Billings says:

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LITERARY NOTES.

[All books noticed under this head may be ordered through the Visitor Book Room at published price, duty to be added if imported.]

The Century Co., have in hand for immediate publication a new book of stories, rhymes, and pictures for little folks, to be called "Baby World." It has been edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, and, like "Baby Days," of which 20,000 copies were sold, will consist of selections from *St. Nicholas* Magazine, especially adapted to the very little ones. "Baby World" will be larger and finer than "Baby Days," and the editor and publishers intend it to be the most beautiful children's book that has yet been made.

The Rev. Newman Smyth will contribute an article to the forthcoming *Century*, on "The Late Dr. Dorrner and the 'New Theology.'" It will give a sketch of his life and of his theological method, and will contain some personal reminiscences by the writer.

Upshur Hall: or, The Power of Influence. By Dorothy Holroyd. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price, \$1.00.

In this pleasant story, the influence exerted by a bright, true-hearted Christian girl, is well portrayed. It is not the influence of direct exhortation or instruction, but that of a cheerful, consistent Christian life. By this means, a young invalid is led to new views of life and to a humble trust in the Saviour. The scene is laid chiefly in Virginia. The characters are well drawn. This little volume cannot fail to do good. We hope it will find a place in every Baptist Sunday-school library. It is printed and bound in very attractive style, and has several engravings.

The *Pulpit Treasury* for September contains sermons by Dr. Jesse B. Thomas, Dr. Witherspoon, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and Rev. J. E. Johnston. *Leading Thoughts of Sermons* on "The Realities of the Sanctuary," "The Burning Bush," "Present Truth" and "Prayer." Dr. Armitage has a second article on "The Treatment of Scepticism in the Pulpit." Chancellor Waddell furnishes one on "The Bible as a Text-book in Education." President Patton presents "The Preacher as a Witness." Bishop Ryle's article on "Sabbath Observance" should be read by every American.

"*Wakenfulness and how Avoided*," by D. Lewis, M.D., concerns every Christian worker. Other articles are richly freighted with truth, and are by Prof. Brown, on "The Religion of Samaria in Sargon's Time;" by Bishop Welsh on "Christian Influence in the Home;" by Dr. Johnston on "Mission Work in South Africa," and by Dr. John Hall on "The Pastor Contemplating His Work." All departments in this "Treasury" are filled with something better than gold. The illustrations are a portrait of Dr. Thomas and views of the interior and exterior of his church. Price, \$2.50. Clergymen \$2.00. Single copies, 25cts.

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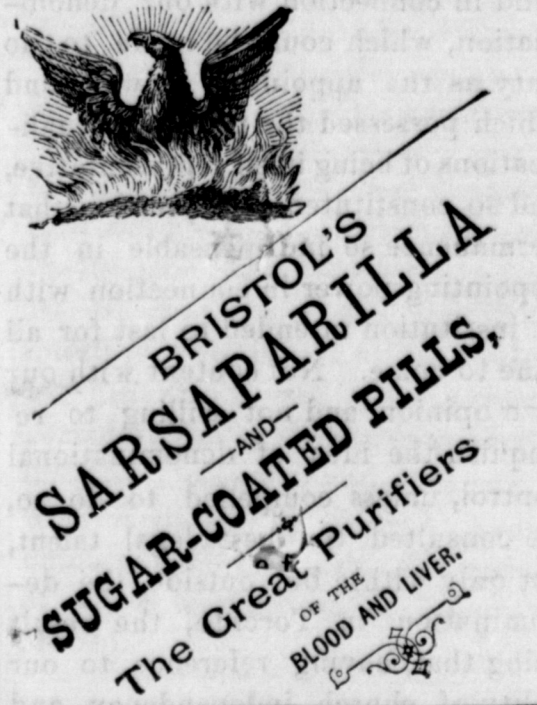
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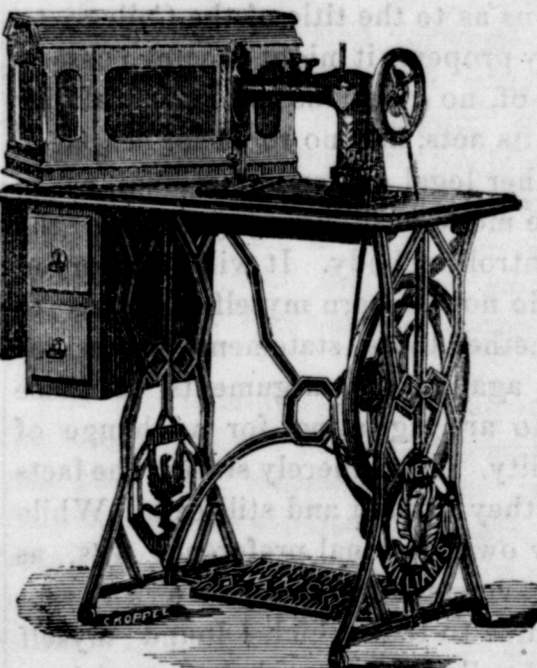
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