A TRUE PEACE MAN.

William Penn loved his mother with great tenderness of affection, as she surely deserved, and many years after when she died, just before he made his first visit to America, her death affected him very deeply, so that he was completely overcome with sorrow, and not able to attend to his pressing and important business. William Penn's deep and tender love for his mother is a lovely trait in his character.

After William Penn had been gone from home some months, I think, his father sent for him to return, thinking perhaps he would be glad to forsake his new religion. William immediately obeyed his father and came home, but would not and could not, with a good conscience, forsake his religious principles, for he believed they were agreeable to true Christianity, and, though he loved his father, and would have been glad to obey him in all things, yet when his father required him to do what he believed to be against the will of God he could not obey. He felt it to be his solemn and indispensable duty to keep a conscience void of offence toward God, by displeasing even his father, though he should lose the love and good opinion of his father, be disinherited, and become a begger for life. His father, on seeing this firm determination of his son to adhere to his religion, turned him out of his house a second time.

I have not time to tell you half I should like to about this great and noble man, and I shall have to cut my story off soon. When you can I want you to read his life and imitate his many virtues as far as God may open the way before you. When William Penn was twenty-four years old he became a good minister of the gospel in the Society of Friends, and spent much time in preaching, both in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe. He also wrote during his life many good books, one of which was "An Essay Toward Present and Future Peace of Europe," which was the first essay ever written on a high court of nations for the prevention of war—a sublime honor, indeed, in being the first pioneer to write about the just and peaceable settlement of all international disagreements.

William Penn was several times cruelly imprisoned by those who hated the truth, that he preached with great eloquence and ability; but he bore all his persecution with the meekness and firmness of a Christian who is resolved to suffer martyrdom rather than deny his Lord and Master, and cease to be the advocate of those holy truths which are everlastingly connected with the best present and immortal well being of the human race.

When he was twenty-six years old his father died, but before he left the world he became fully convinced that his son William was right, and he was wrong. He was then very glad that William had done as he had, and he kindly told William to persevere in the way he had chosen.

He gave his son his parting blessing, and left the world in peace with God and man.

Now, let us look at William Penn a moment as he stands before England's proud monarch, pleading for liberty of conscience for his people. See him persevere until finally successful.

When William Penn was nearly forty year old, he came to America and took possession of a large tract of land now called Pennsylvania. This land the King of England, who claimed it as his own, gave to him to pay him for a debt which the king or government of Great Britain owed his father. William Penn, according to the customs and laws of nations, was then the owner of the land; but he did not think, though he had a title from the King of England that the land was justly his own. The Indians who lived on it were, in his opinion, the true owners.

Soon after he came to America he met a number of the Indians under a large elm tree, which blew down in the year 1810 or 1811. I am not certain which. I had the great pleasure a few years ago, of standing on that very spot, in Philadelphia, about thirty rods from the River Delaware, where the great elm tree stood, for I think two hundred years.

Now, let us, dear boys, look at William Penn again, and see him as he stands surrounded by the warlike Indians under the broad branches of the towering elm. How angelic his appearance—his countenance, his motions, his voice are philanthropy in active life. Love, peace, and good-will, united with the sublime dignity of justice, swelled from his heart, flowed from his lips, and lighted his eyes with a light such as the rude, revengeful savages of the forest had never before seen. The poor Indians were very well satisfied with the bargain that day made.

The Indians always loved William Penn, and the Quakers for his sake. They remembered his words and his deeds. They treasured them up in the choicest picture galleries of their memories as jewels of a priceless value. They left them in sacred trust to their children, and they passed them down to their children, and even at the present day the Quakers are called by the poor abused Indians, in love to them and veneration for William Penn—"*Penn-men.*" The Indians had abundant reason to love and revere William Penn. He loved them with an everlasting, a fatherly love, and labored to convert them to the blessed principles and practices of the Christian religion, and he did not neglect their temporal wants as long as he was able to assist them.

When he came to America, both in his first and second visit, he brought no swords nor guns. His weapons were justice, and love, and peace; with these he completely conquered the warring revengeful savages.

William Penn was truly one of the "children of God" of the highest order, called by our Savior himself, "Peacemakers;" such only he called "Blessed."

My dear young friends, would you have your names written in the "Lamb's Book of Life?"

O, then, be at once and all your lives like William Penn, a "Peacemaker," for Christ's sake and the best good of the whole human family.

Your friend, JOHN HEMMENWAY.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 2, 1881.

Children's Page.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple-tree.
She always kept her hair in curl,—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see,)
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, 'plain' 'seam' and 'purl,'—
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says,—it must be true,—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl."

OFFICER DUDLEY.

BY HATTIE T. GRISWOLD.

'Ah, Carl, how long do you think mother will keep us here?'

It was little Otto Brenning, who said it to his brother Carl, one pleasant morning in November, The place was in a little back room of a certain very small, once very poor beer shop in a Western city. 'All Winter, she says.'

'But I shall die before that time is out, I'm sure! I can't move my legs much now; and oh, my back is so sore.' 'Mine, too: and I'm so awful tired! Oh, can't we get away?'

Can you break that chain, or gnaw it off, perhaps, I've tried mine often enough.'

'If she'd only tied us with a rope.'

"She knows too much, she's got a sure thing on us now. She says she don't think we'll run away again very soon.'

'I'm awful 'fraid we shan't; but wouldn't I cut quick if we could get loose. I'd go far enough next time, so she'd never chain me up again.'

These two boys were chained to the floor in this little room—chained there by their mother, an ignorant German woman of the lowest class, because they would run away from home and play in the streets with other boys, when she wanted them to work. They had been chained here for a number of weeks and, as they said, were almost unable to move themselves, from long inaction and the compression of their muscles, and were getting fearfully sore, from filth, neglect, and their cramped position. It will be hard for some of my readers to believe that a mother could do this, but this story is literally true, and shows that we cannot even imagine the numberless cruelties that are going on about us unobserved.

'Ah, Otto, wouldn't it be fun if we could run out just for one day? Wouldn't you like to go to the river?' 'Oh, yes, and to the lake too. There must be big waves this windy day, and lots of sails in sight.'

'It's awful cold here.' 'I'm stiff with it. Oh, if mother only would let us out.'

Both boys began to cry. They were sturdy, manly little fellows, not bad, only inclined to have a good time; but they were breaking down under this cruel treatment, and hardening their hearts so that they might be capable of anything when they were let loose again.

Just as they were talking together they heard quite a commotion in the little beer shop. They thought their mother had a drunken customer, and listened with some curiosity; it was all the diversion they had. But after a little delay, the inner door was pushed open, and in spite of the mother's resistance' a man made his way into the room.

He only replied to the tirade of abuse the woman was pouring upon him, saying: 'I am Officer Dudley, and I have come to take these children away.'

Oh, how the boys' hearts did beat at this. They thought he must be an angel sent from heaven. But they were terribly afraid of their mother, and did not dare to say even a word, for fear the man might be unable to take them, and then they would suffer the more after he was gone.

'What business have you with my children? This is my place! You clear out!'

'I will soon, and take you with me to the police station; but I'll set these fellows free first.'

The woman raved and stormed. The boys were completely awed with terror though wild with joy, and did not utter a word. The man proceeded calmly to unfasten the chain, and in a moment the two boys were free. But they were unable to stand, and the man was obliged to assist them to some chairs. He was talking to them kindly all this time, and the woman was threatening them at the same moment. She was soon sent by a police officer to occupy quarters at the station house, while Officer Dudley gave personal attention to the boys. They needed the best of care and attention for a few days, and then were all right again, and as happy and light hearted a pair as one would wish to see.

They were taken to the country and placed upon a farm, where, under judicious training, they became steady and industrious young men.

But the hero of their lives, the one man to whom they do high honor and reverence, and whom they always think of as the embodiment of high power, and all kindly purpose, is naturally enough Officer Dudley.

The woman found out what confinement meant, herself, before her three months at the county jail was over, and it took the savings of a great many days to pay the fine imposed upon her, which really was more of a punishment to her than the confinement, as to make and save money was the only aim and object of her miserable life.

Humane Journal.

A traveler fell among thieves who resolved to murder him. Whilst they were committing this horrid crime, the unfortunate man, looking up, saw a flock of crows hovering in the air. 'Avenge my death,' he cried, 'ye birds of luckless ill-omen!' A few days after, the thieves entered an inn, when one of the party, observing a large number of crows gathering round, said sarcastically, 'Here they come to avenge the death of the traveler we killed the other day.' The servant of the house, hearing these words, repeated them to the master, and he to the magistrate, and the rascals soon suffered the punishment due to their crimes. So the proverb that 'murder will out' proved true in this case, as it has in countless instances before. *Sel.*

God only knows how blessed he could make us if we would but let him.

We know of but one anthem composed and sung by angels, and that most harmoniously combines the glory of God in the highest, with Peace on earth and good-will to men.