

A Man's Mother.

Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed 'Mother.'

Don't wait to throw all of your bouquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tomb stone; but it is certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attention. When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In the thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwritings she asks me if I can say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgets you."

Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten hours day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed by your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age!

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong?

Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and

that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has raised, and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten.

Remember them now, while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.

Go home and put your arm around the shrunken old figure. Kiss the drooping old mouth with a real, live, warm kiss instead of giving her a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

It will cause her very soul to leap with joy, and make the world a place of circling joy, and life itself swim in a rosy mist of bliss for her—if she doesn't drop dead with surprise.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Hollering" For The Train.

Louis Albert Banks, in The Christian Endeavor World, tells of an experience of his at a Chautauqua assembly on a campground eight miles out of town. A trolley line connected the campground with the town, which was quite a railroad center.

I had lectured in the afternoon, and it was very important for me to reach a certain train which left the depot at five o'clock. But it had been raining, and the streets were muddy. The car was overcrowded; and, when we stopped for the people to get off from time to time, they were very slow about it. The last ten minutes I held my watch in my hand, and saw that it was going to be a very close call for my train. Inquiring of the conductor, I found where I could get off the car at about a hundred yards from where the train would be standing.

We reached this point just as the train pulled away from the depot. Luckily for me, the conductor was standing on the steps of the last car. He saw me, and I waved my bag in the air at him; but I saw by his conduct that he was undecided, and that unless I did something more he would not stop the train.

Nature gave me a tremendous pair of lungs, and I have often spoken to ten thousand people without difficulty. I summoned myself for a yell, and let a wild Indian war whoop peal forth.

The effect of that yell was very funny. People ran out of the depot to see what was the matter. They threw up the windows on the train; they ran down the steps of many houses; and teams were stopped in the street. I saw all this out of one corner of my eye; but my main gaze was fixed on the conductor, and to my great delight, as my yell penetrated to the depths of his consciousness, I saw him give a great heave on the bell-rope which stopped the train.

I hastened on; and, when I got near enough, he said with a dry smile, "You couldn't have got it if you hadn't hollered."

"I knew it," said I; "that's why I hollered."

As I sat panting in the train, glad in the consciousness of achieving what I had started out for, I was impressed with the wisdom of the conductor's remark. And I reflected that a great many people fail because they do not "holler" at the right time. There are many emergencies in life when the ordinary exertion means simply failure. You may run as fast as you can, and you will still be left behind; but, if you run and "holler" at the same time, you will win. It is the extra exertion beyond what other people do that makes all the difference between victory and defeat.—The Common People.

A Doctor's Story.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged: "please tell me some."

"I was called to see the wife of a dis-

tinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her; a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder," was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked her husband anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a Paddy shanty, but in the house of a well known and un-stained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and a glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the step where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said, hesitatingly.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are, to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me upstairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, upstairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and awoke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the outdoor air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering but she would not permit a physician to be sent for, lest it would disgrace me. I think she really tried to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell. And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, 'She is an angel, and wine is a devil.'

"What are wine bibbers?"—Selected.

The Work Done Inside.

Mr. Gough was passing a liquor saloon in Manchester, England. He saw a drunken man lying on the ground just outside the saloon door. Mr. Gough hurried across the street and going into a grocery store, said to the clerk:

"Will you let me have the largest piece of paper you have in your store?" The paper was brought.

"That will do," said Mr. Gough. "Now can you let me have a piece of chalk?"

"What in the world are you going to do?" asked the clerk.

"You shall see in a minute," said Mr. Gough. So he painted on the paper in nice, large letters:

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

Then he went back and pinned the paper on the drunken man's coat, and went across the street to watch the effect.

In a very short time a crowd of people gathered around the drunken man, reading the paper and laughing. Presently the saloon keeper came out to see what all the noise was about. He read the words on the paper, and then asked angrily, "Who did this?"

"Which?" asked Mr. Gough, who had joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; if you mean the man, you did that. This morning when he started for work he was a sober man; when he came out he was like that, and he is what you made him. If he isn't a specimen of the work done inside, what is he?"—Sel.

Depravity as a Whole.

Sound views are a part of the equipment of every man who would lead others into the truth. To speak or pray in words which are either of doubtful or double meaning is a mistake. To use words which convey a false doctrine is to defeat the very end for which we labor, even though we may mean better than we speak. Where the expression "the least and last remains of inbred sin" originated we do not know, but there is no such thing as least or last remains. Depravity is not subject to division into parts either great or small. If depravity is in any heart the germ of all sin is there. If it is cleansed at all from the heart is entirely cleansed from that heart. Depravity remains or is removed as a whole and not in part. It follows as an impregnable fact that the removal of inbred sin is an instantaneous work; it cannot be gradual.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Instant Sanctification.

Nearly all writers on the doctrine of sanctification claim that there is a degree of sanctification in regeneration, both in the sense of setting apart and cleansing. Paul in writing to Titus certainly mentioned the washing of regeneration. Very few theological writers contend for a gradual regeneration, and if there is an instantaneous initial sanctification. That which has a beginning and progresses must have a completion. If it is a vessel of some sort that is to be made clean, there will be an instant when the work of washing begins, and an instant when it is complete. The beginning in the completion. This figure does not hold good in all its possible points of application, but as to the instantaneous beginning and completion it does hold good. Every argument against an instantaneous entire sanctification weighs equally against an instantaneous regeneration. It would be well for the opposers of holiness to look into this matter.—Wesleyan Methodist.

"Thus Speaketh Christ Our Lord."

Ye call me Master and obey me not,
Ye call me Light and see me not,
Ye call me Way and walk not,
Ye call me Life and desire me not,
Ye call me Wise and follow me not,
Ye call me Fair and love me not,
Ye call me Rich and ask me not,
Ye call me Eternal and seek me not,
Ye call me Gracious and trust me not,
Ye call me Noble and serve me not,
Ye call me Mighty and honor me not,
Ye call me Just and fear me not,
If I condemn you blame me not.

—Missionary Review of the World.

No man can be "kept down" who always does a little better than any one has a right to expect of him. And no man ever "gets to the top" in any walk of life unless he does just this. It is such a simple recipe for sure success, and is so often called attention to, that the wonder is we are all so slow to adopt it. The man who only fills his place and no more is likely to remain a fixture in that place, while others, who are more than filling their places, crowd themselves out into bigger, better positions. Indeed, the man who more than fills his place is likely to lose even that place to one who gives evidence of being able to make still more of it. Christ himself struck unmistakably at the failure of stopping with our own work when he said, "When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done but that which it was our duty to do." We begin to make ourselves profitable only when we do more than our simple duty.—S. S. Times.

In order to be satisfied even with the best people, we need to be content with little, and to bear a good deal. Even the most perfect people have many imperfections, and we ourselves have no fewer. Our faults combined with theirs make mutual toleration a difficult matter but we can only fulfill the law of Christ by bearing one another's burdens.—Fenelon.

Prayer is the key of the day and the lock of the night. We should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morning and good-night with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous and our labor prosperous and our rest sweet.—Berkeley.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Sue's Thanksgiving.

"Oh, Sue!" exclaimed Lou Dunham, as she and Sue Proctor met at the street corner, "you're just the one I want to see. There's a poor family in the Buxton house; they are wretchedly poor. The father has had a long sickness, and is only just getting out a little now. I've been wondering if we girls could not do something for them. You will help won't you?"

"Well," replied Sue, laughingly, "I'll do what I can, but I haven't a cent of money, and that's what you want, isn't it?"

"All right," said Lou. "Think it over, and do what you can. Come over to my house early tomorrow afternoon; the girls are going to be there to sew."

Sue went home and directly to her own room to the bureau drawer and took out her purse.

In the "benevolent pocket," as she called it, there was not even a penny, but in her own side was five, six, eight, nine, ten, twelve dollars, and down in Draper's store was a beautiful piece of seal-brown cashmere, \$1.00 per yard, that Sue had chosen for her winter suit. It would take ten yards, and there would be only two dollars left for the linings, trimmings and so forth. She had been planning for that dress for months, but somehow Lou's words kept running through her mind all the time.

"We all want to do something for a thank-offering, don't we?"

Did she?

"I give a tenth, and that is more than most girls do," she pleaded.

"But is it a bit more than you ought to do?" asked conscience.

"Think of all God has done for you this past year; think of the dear mother's life spared from that dangerous sickness; think of your own perfect health, and the immeasurable blessings showered upon you all the time; don't it make you want to give something just for a thank-offering because the Lord has been so good to you? Does he count out your blessings in that way, just so many and no more? Aren't they new every morning and fresh every evening? and do you deserve a single one of them? Why not take a part of your own money, as you call it, and give it to these poor people, and get the cheaper piece of goods? It will answer your purpose just as well, and you will be much happier for denying yourself a little."

Of course Sue did not think all this at once. It came to her in snatches. She put her purse up presently, and went down stairs, but she could not forget.

"Don't you want to give something, just for a thank offering, not because it is your tenth, or because you must, but because you are so thankful for your many mercies and blessings that you cannot help showing it in some way?"

It was some time before Sue could really make up her mind to it, but the more she thought about it the more ashamed she grew.

"I'm just as selfish as I can be," she half sobbed, "and I thought I was so generous giving my one little tenth. I don't think I've really denied myself a blessed thing after all. David said he would not offer unto the Lord that which cost him nothing, but that is what I've tried to do. I haven't wanted to give when I would have to go without anything I wanted for myself to do it, but I will learn now the first thing to do."

So it came to pass that Sue contributed a two-dollar bill for a "thank-offering," so she said to Lou.

"O Sue," cried Lou, joyfully, "I'm so glad; now poor Mrs. Bemir can have new shoes. Hers are all worn out, and she's caught a hard cold getting her feet wet."

"That isn't the piece of goods you intended to get, is it?" asked Lou one day, when Sue had on the new dress.

"No," answered Sue, "it isn't quite so nice as the one I thought of getting first, but it is ever so much more comfortable than that would have been. I've been so thankful that I got it instead of the other."

"I see," said Lou, with a quick, loving smile, "it's your thank-offering that makes it comfortable, isn't it?"

"Perhaps; anyway, though that was my first, I don't mean to have it my last," replied Sue, decidedly.—Sel.