

Thoughtless, Yet True.

"Now, mamma why are you here? You can do no good in the kitchen, and it is not pleasant to have you here. The sitting-room is the place for you."

Mrs. Mordaunt's pale face flushed slightly, and she bit her lip nervously. "I thought perhaps I could help you a little," she said timidly. "You have had a great deal to do to-day and must be tired."

"Of course I am tired, but I shall have time to rest."

"It pains me to have my little girl work so hard," said Mrs. Mordaunt tenderly.

"Well the work must be done, and at present papa's business will not allow us to have help. But do for pity's sake go away! I don't fancy having people stand and look at me when I am working. There you see how nervous I am getting," as she tilted a bowl of milk, spilling part of the contents. "And it is all because you are here. Will you go away, mamma, or shall I be obliged to stop work?"

"I will go away, Clara," replied Mrs. Mordaunt, in a voice which suggested tears.

Once more alone, Clara went briskly on with her work, singing softly, "Where he leads I'll follow!" Poor Mrs. Mordaunt, in the cool, pleasant sitting-room, threw herself down on a low couch and burst into bitter weeping.

Clara was just eighteen, an only child, a healthy pretty girl, full of life and spirit. She was a church member and very active in Christian Endeavor work. She honestly desired to live a sweet, pure life and do all she could for the Master, and she had no idea that she had sorely wounded her mother's tender heart.

Mrs. Mordaunt was a semi-invalid. For nearly two years she had not been able to do much work, and as the Mordaunts were in straightened circumstances on account of a financial crash in the little town, Clara had lately insisted that the maid of all work should be discharged and had assumed the work and care herself.

During the remainder of the forenoon Mrs. Mordaunt remained in the sitting-room. When her husband came to dinner, he gave her a careless nod and a "How are you to-day, Agnes?" and then turned his attention to his daughter, who had changed her dress and arranged her hair in graceful waves. He praised the food and Agnes blushed proudly.

"I am glad you like the dinner, papa. You will see what a famous cook and housekeeper I shall be."

"Yes, Clara, the dinner is very nice indeed," said Mrs. Mordaunt gently.

"Glad you like it, I'm sure," and the girl turned and addressed a remark to her father, and for the remainder of the meal Mrs. Mordaunt was ignored.

That evening Clara went to the organ and her sweet soprano mingled with her father's musical bass in several favourite hymns. When they wearied of music, they began an animated discussion on one of the leading topics of the day. At length Mrs. Mordaunt found opportunity to speak.

"Clara, dear," she said, in a timid, hesitating voice, "where is your new book? I would like to look at it."

"Why, mamma, I am surprised. You know that your eyes are not strong to read in the evening."

"But I am lonely, daughter. I seem to be left out of everything."

"I don't know what you mean, mamma," said the girl honestly. "But I am very sure that you cannot read in the evening, or even look at a book."

"Then I may as well retire," said Mrs. Mordaunt, wearily.

"I'll go up with you, mamma. And, papa, please remember where we left off. I'll be back soon, and I want to convince you that my views are right."

The next afternoon when Mrs. Mordaunt was taking her nap, the door bell rang and Clara admitted Kate Lennox, a girl about her own age.

Kate was dressed in black, and there was a shadow on her face. She had not been there long before she spoke of Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Mamma is lying down. No, her health does not seem to improve. She is low-spirited and no doubt that has a great deal to do with her condition."

"My mother was low-spirited, too. Oh,

Clara can I ever forgive myself?"

"For what?" asked Clara in surprise.

"I did not do all for mamma that I could have done. I was selfish and thought more of my own gratification than I did of her pleasure."

"Kate, don't torture yourself with such thoughts. You did all for your mother that you could."

"In a way, perhaps. But Clara, you know her health was poor a long time, and I might have been her cheerful, loving companion, but I was absorbed in my own pleasure and cares. I took little time to read to my mother or interest her in what was going on outside of her own room. Oh, Clara, if I could only have her back—but I cannot. She never complained but I know she must have been lonely, and I was careless and impatient."

Clara did not know what to say, and for the first time she felt a little twinge of conscience. Kate's words had caused her to think that possibly she, too, had been careless and impatient. She remembered her mother's words of the previous evening, "I seem to be left out of everything."

"What if I should lose my dear mother," the girl thought. "God help me to be a better daughter."

When Mrs. Mordaunt awoke from her nap, she was surprised to find her daughter at her side.

"Well, mamma, you have had a good sleep. I hope you feel better."

Mrs. Mordaunt looked wonderingly at her daughter. She was not accustomed to such solicitude.

"I certainly feel rested."

"That is good. And, mamma dear, I am going to have a dainty little oyster supper for you, and this evening I will read to you from my new book, so brighten up and be prepared to enjoy yourself."

"But I thought you intended to go to the concert."

"Never mind the concert. I went to the last one, and this time I'm going to stay with you."

It was the happiest evening Mrs. Mordaunt had known for a long time. Her courage began to come back and her husband declared he had not seen her look so well for months.

"Good night, dear," said Clara, as she kissed her mother, after the latter was snugly tucked in bed. "I'm going to be a better daughter and you are going to be well again."

And with tears of joy in her eyes Mrs. Mordaunt committed herself to the care of God and sank into a peaceful slumber, blighted with dreams of improved health and happier days. Morning Star.

Signs of Spiritual Decline.

When you are averse to religious conversation or the company of heavenly-minded Christians. When from preference, and without necessity, you absent yourself from religious services. When you are more concerned about pacifying conscience than honoring Christ in performing duty. When you are more afraid of being counted over strict than of dishonoring Christ. When you trifle with temptation or think lightly of sin. When the faults of others are more a matter of censorious conversation than of secret grief and prayer. When your cheerfulness has more of the levity of the unregenerate than the holy joy of the children of God. When you shrink from self-examination. When the sorrows and cares of the world follow you further into the Lord's day than the savor and sanctity of the Lord's day follow you into the week. When you are easily prevailed upon to let your duty as a Christian yield to your worldly interest, or the opinion of your neighbors. When you associate with men of the world without solicitude of doing good, or having your own spiritual life injured.—Selected.

Hold fast Christ without wavering, and contend for the faith, because Christ is not easily gotten nor kept. The lazy professor hath put heaven as it were at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night-dream; but, truly, that is not so easy a thing as most men believe. Christ Himself did sweat ere He won this city, howbeit He was the free born heir.—Rutherford.

The Relation of the Lord's Day Alliance to the Church Department of Moral Reform.

Since the organization of the departments of Moral Reform in the churches, the question has arisen as to their relation to the Lord's Day Alliance. In reply we beg to say, that in our opinion, they are quite distinct in aim and sphere of operation, so far as they touch the Sabbath question.

The aim of the Lord's Day Alliance is the preservation of the Lord's Day as a day of rest for all the people. The aim of the churches through their Moral Reform Boards, is to secure the right use of the day when so preserved.

The Lord's Day Alliance confines its operations to the sphere of civil rights; the work of the Moral Reform belongs to the sphere of moral and religious responsibility.

Both employ moral suasion, but the Alliance employs legal enactment, and law enforcement. Moral reform Boards emphasize religious instruction and the ordinances of worship.

To secure laws preserving the Sabbath, it has been necessary to co-ordinate the interest and efforts of the Protestant churches, the Roman Catholic Church and the Labor Unions. This, the Alliance has been able to do by keeping within the sphere of civil rights, and not interfering with that of religion. If our present laws are to be kept on the statute book and improved, this co-operation must be continued by the Alliance operating in this sphere.

To introduce the element of religious worship or ordinances into Lord's Day preservation in Canada, where such diversity of opinion on these matters prevails, would not guarantee such co-operation. Hence the need for the continued work of the Alliance in preserving the Lord's Day as a basis for work of the churches in securing its moral and religious use.

Both these organizations are necessary. They are closely related in work, the one laying the foundation and the other erecting the superstructure.

In view of the many civil, social, moral, and religious problems pressing for solution to-day, may it not be reasonably expected that the people of Canada will accord to both their hearty sympathy, and generous support?

J. G. Shearer, Sec. Board of Moral and Social Reform of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

S. D. Chown, Sec. Board of Temperance and moral Reform of the Methodist Church.

T. Albert Moore, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada.

Of Course Papa, Dear.

"There's a button of my overcoat, Molly. Can you put it on for me?"

"Why, of course, papa, dear." The answer came so promptly, and Molly's hand patted her father's sleeve so affectionately that almost anyone who listened would have been astonished a few days later to hear him say, "By the way Molly, that button isn't sewn on yet."

Molly gave a little horrified cry. "Oh, you poor, patient papa! How neglectful I have been! I surely will sew it on to-night." But she was so absorbed in her shadow embroidery that she forgot it again, and her father stopped at the tailor's next night, and the button was sewed on. As for Molly, she forgot that she had forgotten, and never thought about the button again.

Kind words sound sweetly in a father's ear, we may be sure, but when they are coupled with continual forgetfulness there is a jar in the music. It is the girl who remembers father's requests and anticipates his wishes whose loving words always ring true.—Selected.

Obstacles ought to set us singing. The wind finds voice, not when rushing across the open sea, but when hindered by the outstretched arms of the pine tree, or broken by the fine strings of the Aeolian harp. Then it has songs of power and beauty. Set your freed soul sweeping across the obstacles of life, through forests of pain, against even the tiny hindrances and frets that love uses, and it too, will find its singing voice.—Selected.

Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, is coming to Canada to attend the National Missionary Congress.

Nettle Cloth.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Harry came into the house crying and holding his hand.

"What's the matter now, crybaby?" asked Amy.

"I got into a bunch of nettles and they stung me! My! how it hurts!"

"I wouldn't make a fuss over such a little thing as a nettle sting." Amy was eleven, two years older than Harry, and very often she said little, sharp things to him.

Harry's face grew red. "I just wish you'd get stung by nettles yourself and then we'd see! Horrid, mean old things! I don't know what they grow for."

Grandma, who had been sitting in her chair by the window, looked up. "Sometimes the nettle, for all its sting, has been very useful. I have heard my mother, who was your great-grandmother, say that when she was a little girl she had a nettle dress."

"A nettle dress?" Amy and Harry both cried together. "How did she ever wear it?"

"The nettles were not quite like those that stung Harry when she wore it. In those days people could not go to the store and buy the cloth for their clothes as they can today; instead, it had to be spun and woven by hand. They even had to raise the flax from which the linen was made; this, when it was ripe, was pulled and laid on the ground, till the outside of the stalks were rotted and could be stripped off, leaving only the inside, or fiber, to be made ready for spinning.

"When your great-grandmother was a little girl, her father and mother moved a long, long way, into a place where it was all woods, and they could raise no flax till the thick trees were cut away. But there were a great many nettles growing tall and wild in the woods, and the people found that, by doing with these just as they had with the flax, they could get a fibre that could be spun and woven into cloth, and from this was made shirts for the boys and sometimes dresses for the girls."

"Made from nettle cloth!" exclaimed Amy. "Did they like it?"

"Of course it was not as nice as flax linen, and the boys used to complain that the shirts made of nettle cloth were 'scratchy,' but it was better than no cloth at all."

Grandma paused and smiled. "And sometimes, when I hear boys and girls saying little, unkind things to each other that sting as the beard of the nettle does the skin, I wonder if they are not wearing nettle cloth, and it has made them 'scratchy'."

Amy and Harry looked at one, another. Amy spoke first. "I didn't mean anything only to tease Harry a little. But I'll try and not be scratchy."

"And I'll try and not scratch back," said Harry. "I don't want anybody to think I'm wearing nettle cloth.—Dew Drops.

The healing is mine,
The power divine,
It floods and it fills all my soul,
Of His love I'm possessed,
In His fulness I rest,
He bids me be every whit whole.

Chorus: He's the Sun of my soul,
And His beams make me whole,
I'll sing the sweet words o'er and o'er!
In my heart there is joy,
For no fears now annoy,
Oh, praise His dear name evermore!

I've a song that is new,
As my way I pursue.
Or rest from the heat of noontide;
I am His; He is mine;
On His breast I decline,
He feedeth His flocks by my side.

—A. SIMONDS, Royalton.

He is not a Christian who does not seek to promote the same experience he himself has. Hence, every Christian has the missionary spirit.—See.

God does not make us holy for our own enjoyment. Jesus gave Himself to "purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."

"Much depends on the way we get into trouble. Paul and Jonah were both in a storm, but under very different circumstances. Paul was there in the line of duty, and Jonah in running away from duty."

Lukewarmness and Indifference.

E. P. MARVIN.

It is coming to be seen with sorrow, by more and more intelligent and consecrated Christians, that we have generally throughout Christendom a lukewarm church and an indifferent world. Some people believe that the prophetic apostasy of the last days is coming in, and that the coming of the Lord is very nigh. Sad and startling reports come from both city and country, and many good pastors are discouraged.

This apostasy is clearly prophetic, yet the prophecy does not cease. I pass over the causes, and will speak of the cure so far as it can possibly be applied.

The remedy must begin at the head, in the leadership, where the defection began. Ministers must wake up and sober up to awaken the churches. They must abandon their destructive criticism, believe and preach the Word as they have sworn to do, turn away from the bargain counter, study to save rather than to please, and be willing to be heirs of the cross as well as of the crown.

They must ring out in the power of the Holy Spirit, ruin, redemption, regeneration, the Lord's coming, heaven and hell. They must appeal to both hope and fear, or none will be converted. They may preach love alone until sensible people are lovesick, but God says, in Ezekiel that unless sinners are solemnly warned, they will perish, and He will send the unfaithful watchman to hell with them. They must not cry "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace.

In order to wake up the church they must preach in trumpet tones the sinfulness of sin and its awful doom, to impress both saints and sinners as the old prophets and the former evangelists did. Then when the preachers are waked up, they will wake up the world.

The church must pray for power from on high, and go forward in faith and faithfulness to fulfill the Great Commission. She must come out from the world, and show a contrast instead of conformity, break up her worldly clubs and trumpery societies, and move forward in a consolidated body as a specialistic society under a special commission.—Living Water.

A Telling Object Lesson.

I have read of a certain pastor who mourned over a brekslider in his congregation, once a regular attendant at the prayer service, but who had drifted away and who for many months had not been seen in the "upper room" of the parish. Finally, unable to stand it longer, at the close of one of the meetings, in which the voice formerly accustomed to lead in prayer was sorely missed, the minister went straight to the man's home and found him sitting before the open fire. The absentee, somewhat startled by the intrusion, hastily placed another chair for his visitor and then waited for the expected words of rebuke. Had the rebuke been spoken, no one knows what the reply might have been kindled. But not a word did the minister say. Taking his seat before the fire, he silently took the tongs and lifting a glowing coal from the midst of its fellows, laid it by itself upon the hearthstone. Remaining silent he watched the blaze die out and the last warm flush of life fade away.

The nit was the truant who opened his lips to say: "You need not say a single word, sir; I'll be there next Wednesday night." The object lesson was sufficient. You cannot have spiritual fervor and fire without fellowship. If you would kindle your back log, you must begin with your bundle of small sticks. The intense spiritual heat and efficacy of an ideal Sunday service starts in the less brilliant blaze but genial warmth of the prayer meeting. Would that some reading these sentences might take the lesson to their own hearts.—Selected.