

**Scolding a Daughter.**

FOR MOTHERS, —AND FATHERS TOO.

"What will your mother say when she sees you, Louise?"

"It is what she will not say which troubles me most," was the frank rejoinder, as the girl glanced down at the pretty white dress, so fresh and dainty only an hour ago, but now limp and bedraggled from the shower which had been threatening ever since morning, and had at last caught both the girls half a mile from home.

Major Evans looked at her friend with some curiosity. Louise was wont to make queer remarks occasionally, but this struck her as being rather more peculiar than usual.

"My mother never nags," Louise went on to say, "if I had done anything contrary to her wishes, she never says I told you so!" or, "It serves you right!" or any of those hateful reminders that make you feel as if you didn't care, and often goad you on to telling her so."

"You don't mean to say, Louise Moore, that your mother will not scold you when she sees that rain-soaked dress? I heard her advise you twice to take an umbrella. Why, my mother would talk about it for a week!" exclaimed Marjory, looking at her friend with astonishment.

"There is a difference in mothers," was the quiet reply. "Mine believes in making me 'work out my own salvation,' as she calls it, from the wholesome lesson I have learned. Do you think I shall be likely to wear a clean white dress again when it looks showery, without taking an umbrella?" Louise turned her face toward Marjory as she spoke, and shook out the limp folds of her skirt, smiling ruefully.

"I think I see what you mean," replied Marjory, eyeing Louise critically. "Your mother prefers to have you do the scolding instead of her—silent scolding, of course. Come to think of it it is more satisfactory. It saves lots of hard feelings, too. I wish my mother was that kind of a woman."

The girls had by this time reached the home of Louise, and Marjory was very willing to stop and dry her wet skirts after being assured that Louise was in no danger of a reprimand. Besides, she was curious to see a mother who could so control her desire to bring the full force of her indiscretion home to the mind of her daughter as to view the ruined daintiness of her attire without a word of blame.

As Louise stepped inside the door, her mother's eyes rested for a moment upon her clinging drapery and then she quietly suggested that it would be wise for her to change her clothes as soon as possible.

"I have laid out some dry clothing upon your bed," she said, cheerfully assisting Louise to remove her refractory hat pins.

Meanwhile Marjory had been given a seat beside the kitchen stove, with instructions to dry her wet feet until the shower should have passed over. Mrs. Moore talked to her pleasantly and cheerfully, without any embarrassing allusions to the unfortunate situation.

When Louise entered the room a few minutes later in clean, dry clothing, Marjory was puzzled by the expression upon her usually happy countenance. It was the grieved look of a child who had disobeyed and seeks forgiveness.

"I don't believe I should look like that if my mother were to receive me as cordially as Mrs. Moore has welcomed Louise, after I had got caught in a soaking rain, tricked out in finery which I had been advised not to wear, into the bargain. I guess Louise is right; mothers are not all alike," her thoughts ran on.

Her surprise was greater, however, when Louise went up to her mother and wound an arm around her neck, saying, "It wasn't your fault I got wet, was it Mumsie dear?"

"No, daughter, our mistakes are generally our own fault; that is what makes their consequences often so hard to bear," was the loving response, as Mrs. Moore drew the encircling arm closer.

"She didn't even reprove Louise, mamma!" declared Marjory, an hour later, when she was relating the circumstances to her mother, after she had listened to the usual flow of words regarding her own carelessness.

"She must be a very indifferent mother, then," was the disapproving answer. "If

I were to adopt the same course with you, land knows what you would come to!"

Yet as Mrs. Evans noted the rebellious look which instantly settled upon her daughter's face, she almost regretted that she had allowed her thoughts thus to express themselves.

"I've a mind to try Mrs. Moore's plan, some time, and see how it works. Marjory was always a child of strange ideas, and this strikes me as being about vision ary enough to take her fancy," Mrs. Evans reasoned with herself, as Marjory passed out of the room, the cloud still upon her brow.

Several days went by before Mrs. Evans had a chance to try her experiment. Marjory came home from school, one afternoon, with a long rent across the front of her dress—her best dress, too. Marjory had been set upon wearing it, as there would be exercises of a patriotic nature at school that afternoon, and all of the girls were going to "dress up," she said. "I'll be very careful of it, mamma," Marjory had urged. And her mother, remembering her resolve, had made no further opposition.

The clock upon the mantel ticked loudly but its strokes could not deaden the steady thump, thump, thump of Marjory's heart as she stood waiting, with an expression of stoical indifference upon her face, for the tirade which she had every reason to expect would follow the first glance of her mother's eye at the unsightly rent.

But as the moments passed and her mother still continued to sew on, steadily, rapidly, and silently, she began to think that she might not have noticed her dress. Wishing to have the scolding over with as soon as possible, and unable longer to endure the painful silence, Marjory suddenly stepped in front her mother and said with an air of defiance:

"I caught my dress on one of the desks and tore it, mamma. What are you going to do to me?"

Mrs. Evans had been so used to expressing herself in sharp, reproachful language that it was with a great effort she forced herself to say quietly:

"I don't see as I can do anything except mend it; but I am afraid I cannot do it very neatly."

A wave of color surged over Marjory's expressive face as she impulsively burst forth:

"You can't tell how sorry I am, mamma. I expected you would scold me, and I wasn't going to care, but now—now—mamma I am sorer than I can tell. I am ever so much more sorer than if you had scolded me."

Marjory threw her arms around her mother and cried aloud.

"Is it possible that I have been the cause of all Marjory's petulance and ill temper?" thought Mrs. Evans as she gathered the sobbing girl into her arms and pressed kiss after kiss upon her tear-stained cheek.

"Mother has been all wrong, dear; but she has learned a lesson, and you have been her teacher," she said, in an unsteady voice.

"What can I have taught you mamma?" asked Marjory, listing her head from her mother's shoulder, with a puzzled expression upon her face.

"Patience and self-control, dear—two virtues which it is very difficult to acquire," was the mother's humble answer. —Congregationalist.

**The Drover and the Infidel**

A gentleman told me the following "A few weeks ago when travelling I found myself in a compartment with a clergyman, two ladies and a man who proved to be an infidel. Farther on a cattle drover entered the carriage.

When the train moved on the clergyman gave a tract to each. The infidel alone refused it, saying he never read such trash, and that he had two daughters at home whom he would not allow to read the Bible. For fully ten minutes he then assailed God's Word, professing to show it up.

The clergyman said, "Pardon me, sir, but you say this book is not fit for your daughters to read, yet for the last ten minutes you have quoted extracts from it in the hearing of these two ladies, which you say are unfit for your children. This is most inconsistent."

The clergyman quoted Scripture and argued, but all was rejected by him.

At last the drover said, "I am a cattle drover and sometimes I drive sheep, and sometimes I drive pigs—Master went to market one day and bought some sheep, and I had to drive them home. Near master's farm there is a lane, with nice green grass all along and a pond at the far end. You should have seen those sheep go for the grass when I got them in the lane. How they nibbled it, bleating, as though cheering one another on, and when they put their noses in the pond they seemed as fresh as if they had not been on a journey. Farmer says to me, 'Jim those sheep look fresh.' 'Of course they do, master,' says I, 'they have been filling their bellies as they came along.'

"Well, the next week master sent me to drive some pigs home from the market. I was vexed when I got them into the lane to see how they began rooting up the lovely grass to get at the worms and dirt, and I drove them on as fast as I could. When they got to the pond, in they went, stirring up all mud, and got home filthier than they started."

"Now, sir," said the drover, turning to the infidel, "You are like those pigs,—Thousands of people find comfort and food in God's Word, but you do not; and because it does not suit your stomach, you would try and spoil it for those who live on it. And while God made the worms to do His work in nature, so He has been pleased to write down in His Word—the Bible—things you call unfit for reading. And as far as I can see, He has written down these dark sins in the lives of men (things we should leave out if we had had to write their lives) to show that it is vile sinners His grace can save. Yes, sir, He shows them up just as He sees them, and yet he says, I can save the vilest, 'for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' Take my advice sir—give up finding fault with God's blessed Word, and believe its message when it says, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,' and accept his offer of salvation, to be had through faith in Jesus Christ; and if you will not do that, at any rate stop spoiling the grass for God's sheep."

The infidel sat silent all the while, nor did he open his mouth again.

"Not many wise, not many noble."—Sel.

**He Got In.**

Gipsy Smith tells this incident of the early life and ministry of the late Rev. Charles A. Berry, one of England's greatest preachers of the past generation. Doctor Berry received a call to become the successor of Henry Ward Beecher soon after his death, but declined the call. When Doctor Berry was a young minister just out of the divinity hall where he had been taught and had imbibed all the modern ideas about culture as a substitute for Calvary, he set out to revolutionize everything in sight.

He proposed to throw down everything he found standing and to build up every thing that was new.

One night as the town clock was tolling the midnight hour—for he was eminently a student, and loved to burn the midnight oil—he heard a ring at the door. Answering the call in person, he found a young girl with an old Lancashire shawl thrown around her head, standing at the door.

"Be you the preacher?" she inquired. He replied that he was a minister.

"I want you to come and get my mother in."

"Why, you need a policeman for that." "Oh, I don't mean that, sir, my mother is dying, and I want you to come and get her into heaven."

"Where do you live?"

When she gave street and number, he knew that it was about a mile and a half away.

"Is there no minister who lives nearer to your home than that?"

"My mother wants to see you, and said she could not rest until she could see you."

The young minister did not like the thought of walking the streets of the city at midnight with a girl with a shawl over her head. It was a risky thing to do; but she was persistent, and there seemed nothing else to do.

He went and found the poor mother tossing and groaning upon a comfortable bed in a house of shame. She told him

that she knew that she was dying, and that she wanted to know what she must do to be saved. He began to give her some of the beautiful idea about Christian culture which he had learned about Jesus as the perfect example, etc.

"That's not for the likes of me," she said. "I'm a sinful woman and I'm dying, and I want to know what I must do to be saved, for my guilty conscience tells me that I am lost."

The minister told at first how he was puzzled; then his faith leaped over the years of scholastic training, back to the simple faith of his childhood, which he had learned from his mother's lips—the story of Bethlehem and Calvary and the blood that cleanses from all sin.

"That's what I need, that's what I need!" said the dying woman. "Tell me some more." And he went on and told her more.

"And so," he confided to a brother minister, "I got her in, and—I got in myself."—Ex.

**He Was a Prince.**

I saw a prince today on Clark street, in the congested downtown district, at the congested hour of noon. He was no effete, defunct, unsavory, and fragrant specimen from over the water—just an American prince, a Chicago prince, if you please.

He was going south, one of the tangled double stream of humanity which fills every inch of the walk at this tired and hungry hour. As he came to an alley crossing, two steps down, littered with debris because of repairs going on nearby, he met an old lady, poorly clad, crippled, wrinkled, feeble and tottering. This young prince in smart business clothes stopped, turned around, and took this old, overlooked, flotsam on the selfish, hungry tide, tenderly by the arm; and with all the affectionate consideration which could be shown to a queen, helped her down and up on the other side, lifted his hat and caught up again in the fevered current of the bread-winners.

As we touched elbows for a moment, I said; "Young man, your soul has grown a foot taller in the last minute."

He looked about with a suggestive moisture in his eyes and only answered; "Oh, we've all got mothers at home."

Tomorrow a prince will be walking the streets of Chicago about noon. You may not see him. He wears no crown on his head, but on his heart rests a diadem that outshines all the stars.—Selected.

**Doctrine of the Spirit.**

It is remarkable that Richard Baxter, whose controversy lay for many years against the doctrine of the Spirit, as it was then held forth by the Society of Friends, should, later in life, have been brought to acknowledge, 'I am now,' he says, 'much more apprehensive than heretofore of the necessity of well grounding men in their religion, especially of the witness of the indwelling Spirit; for I more sensibly perceive that the Spirit is The Great Witness of Christ and Christianity to the world.'—Orme's Life of Baxter, vol. ii. p. 349

**Free and Full**

"Whosoever" and "whatsoever" are two precious words often in the mouth of Christ. "Whosoever" will may come. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do. Whosoever is on the outside of the gate and lets in all who choose. Whatsoever is on the inside and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasury of grace. Whosoever makes salvation free, Whatsoever makes it full.—Sel.

God holds us responsible, not only to do clean, thorough work in soul-saving, but to discourage all work that is not deep and spiritual. He will call us into judgment, not only as to our own teachings, but also as to the teachings we tolerate. It is as much our duty to discountenance shallowness, and soul ensnaring delusions, as it is to be true to the truth in our personal dealings with souls. While we declare the whole counsel of God, we are to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," and hunt out and drive away all adulterations and false doctrines. Then how about paying, and supporting purity-opposing, holiness-hating preaching?—Vanguard.

**True Beauty.**

REV. D. D. SPEAR.

True beauty, it can never die,  
Though perish all beneath the sky;  
Or, wrapt in fire, this lower world  
Into its foretold ruin hurled.  
Fades it? From mortal sight it may,  
But lives in God's eternal day.

And wilt thou kindly, with me, trace  
That beauty time can ne'er efface,  
And find, in Hope's approving eye,  
Wherein its virtues purely lie?  
Then shalt thou know what laurels fair  
On earth to make thine earnest care.

Though bent beneath the weight of years  
Amid the storm which here appears,  
That form is beautiful and bright  
Which firmly stands in God's own might;  
Which nobly dares to do and bear,  
Beneath the cross its burden share.

Though wrinkled deep with furrows near;  
Though clouded o'er with earthly fear;  
Though smiles be few, and far between,  
That rest upon the troubled mien,—  
That face has truest beauty there  
Which Jesus calms by answered prayer.

If hopes of heaven be bright within,  
A conscious purity from sin  
Amid the drearest path of life,  
Though pressed with care and grief and strife,  
Sublimely beautiful that heart  
Which knows and loves the better part.

This beauty can be had by all  
Who listen to the Saviour's call.  
Nor this alone: true peace they find;  
A calm, serene, benignant mind;  
When changing scenes of life are o'er,  
A crown to wear forevermore.

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**Bad Bargains.**

A Sabbath school teacher once remarked that he who buys truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar collected an instance in Scripture of any one making a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third replied, "Ananias and Sapphira made a bad bargain when they sold their land and then told Peter a falsehood about it."

A fourth observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole, loses his own soul." —Sel.

Heaven will give us many surprises. An aged minister said, when drawing near the close of his earthly career, "I expect to find in heaven some whom I have never thought would get there; and I expect to miss some whom I have supposed to be sure of it. 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The important thing for us to settle is, not which of our neighbors shall be saved, but shall I be found worthy to enter in through the gates into the city? I shall not be saved in heaven unless I am saved on earth. I need not be disappointed in my own case. My own case is the only one of which I can be right sure.—Sel.

As vegetation withers, and loses its bloom and verdure, under a long continued sunshine, so do Christian graces blight, and their roots loose their vitality, under the uninterrupted glare of worldly prosperity.

President Finney said that much well-planned work comes to naught for lack of prayer, and that much prayer comes to naught for lack of work.

Saints are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning; in suffering, the offence is done to us; but, in sinning, the offence is done to God.

"If a person is a true Christian, his dog and his horse will have reason to know it."

He who wastes his morning hours in bed loses all the cream of life.