

A Prayer.

My soul is full of dark unrest,
My eyes are blind with tears;
My trembling heart is sore distressed
I'm wild with doubts and fears.
To thee, O God, I look for aid—
Pour balm upon my pain;
Let thy dear mercy be displayed,
And make all bright again!

The friends who might have soothed my woe
Have taken flight from me,
And while my burning eyes e'er flow,
I turn for help to thee.
Heart-broken, I to thee appeal,
Acknowledging my sin;
Wilt thou my imperfections heal,
And make me whole again?

Not that I've acted well my part—
I offer no such plea—
But that I'm weak and sick at heart,
And Jesus died for me.
In His dear name, O God, I pray,
Send healing from above;
Wash every taint of sin away,
And crown me with thy love!

E. G.

A Picture From Life.

MOTHERS AND EDUCATION. A TRIBUTE.

In a crowd of people which gathered on the deck of an out-going steamer in New York stood a distinguished looking gentleman, his wife on one side of him, his mother on the other. He was tall, broad shouldered with gray hair and black eyes, and of noble bearing. The wife was fair, with blue eyes, slight and graceful figure and sweet expression; the mother handsomely dressed, with gray hair and a kindly eye but with many lines in her face and an expression which indicated that her life had been one of struggle. Some friends who had been aboard the vessel had promptly obeyed the warning command "all ashore" and were standing near the gang plank smiling to that group which particularly interested them.

As the confusion of voices increased and the repeated adieus could scarcely be heard, one of the friends said to the other, "O, it just does my heart good to see Madam Barker starting off with her son and his wife to Europe. She little dreamed twenty years ago that such a pleasure would ever be hers to enjoy."

"Why so?" replied Mrs. Reid, the friend addressed. "Is this, then, the first time she has been across? I should have supposed one who seems to have plenty of money would have gone abroad many times!"

"You do not know her history then," said Mrs. Smithson. "I must tell you as we drive home. The ship is going to move out now. Let us go forward to the end of the pier and wave them our final farewells."

Majestically the great vessel slowly moved out of her dock, then soon turned about and headed her bow for a seaport miles away. The faces and forms of those on deck became indistinguishable. "They're off," "Let us go," "They can't see us longer" were expressions heard on every side as the large company of relatives and friends dispersed.

As Mrs. Smithson seated herself in her carriage by the side of her friend, she said, "I must tell you now why I am so pleased that Madame Barker has gone. I have known her since I was a girl and have greatly admired and honored her. She has been one of the most devoted and lovely of mothers and she deserves everything good. We came you know from a small town in New Hampshire. Madame Barker was one of our neighbors and one of my mother's dearest friends. Her husband died suddenly when she had been married only ten years and she was left with very small means. By economy and persistent saving they had been able to pay for their own pretty home and they lived most comfortably in it. But there was little besides this when Madame Barker found herself a widow with two boys to support and to educate."

"O, how sad," exclaimed Mrs. Reid. "What in the world did she do in a little town like that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. She determined at once that she would keep her home if it was a possible thing. So she asked two young lawyers if they would like to leave the hotel, a very poor one, and board with her. They were delighted to come, and a young married couple learning of this asked if they might not come also, and they came. Madame Barker kept no servant. She was a famous cook and she became a remarkable manager. She was able to support her family and to lay by and invest \$100 at the end of the first year.

"My mother sometimes said to her when she saw her working hard from early morning until late at night, always cheerful always happy with her children, helping them with their lessons and entering into their childish amusements, 'Why do you think of sending those boys to college? You will have a tug of fifteen years to do it. Why not let them go to work soon and help you?'"

"But no, she was determined that they should be educated. 'Mr. Barker and I,' she said, 'used to talk over the future of these boys and we planned to give

them every advantage and hoped too, to leave them some money. I can not give them money but I must educate them.'

"So she worked on year after year. Work was her occupation, work, her recreation. A vacation, a holiday she never had. Yet with all her toil and care she interested herself in the church and all its work, she was most kind to the sick in the village, and she really found time to do much good reading.

"Her children did well in school. She had all the boarders she wanted, and laid by a larger sum the next year. When her boys were ready for Harvard she rented her home in the little town and took a small house on the outskirts of Cambridge. Honors came to the sons all along their college course. The oldest, after graduation, entered the law school, the second, nearly two years younger, had a fine opening in business. While in the midst of his law course Charles, the elder, suddenly developed a peculiar trouble in his eyes. Experts said he mustn't look at a book for six months. He was discouraged, but not so his mother. 'I will read the law to you,' she said, 'and help you in all your work.' This she did with regularity every day while her son sat by with his eyes bandaged. He did not fall behind his class one whit. Before he graduated he was given a position with a fine law firm here in New York, and in a few years became a full partner. The firm does an immense business. His wife is lovely, as you know, and he has paid for and furnished that luxurious home. But nothing makes him happier than to do generous things for that mother, who worked early and late, year in and year out to make him happy and to give him an education. She has a generous bank account which her sons never allow to run low. She has elegant gifts of furs, and laces, and silks and everything to make her comfortable. She goes to California, and to Florida, to the mountains, to the sea with her children and their families, and spends delightful weeks in their pleasant homes, keeping her own also in a suburb near Boston. She told me herself that Charles said to her some years since, 'Mother I want you to dress handsomely, to drive in a carriage, and to look all the time as if you had been kept in a glass case. You've had hard times enough, now take your ease.'

"I'm so glad to know all this," interrupted Mrs. Reid. "She surely does have the air of one who has abundant means, and she would look like a lady anywhere no matter how poor she was."

"You know now," continued Mrs. Smithson, "why I am so pleased that she is going abroad. Didn't Mr. Barker look proud and happy as he stood there with her? All honor to such mothers I say. I want the world to know what they have done for education. There are many who are making such willing sacrifices for their children, and I hope that there are many sons and daughters who appreciate their efforts and are making glad and happy their declining years"—The Standard.

Baptist Memories in Providence, R. I.

[The following is an extract from Rev. Dr. Henry M. King's address of welcome at the recent B. Y. P. U. convention.]

It is not claimed that Roger Williams and his companions were the discoverers and originators of the doctrines with which their names will be forever associated. For a hundred years, and more, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Holland and England, among the despised and maligned Ana-Baptists, they had found expression more or less distinct, in spite of all attempts to silence them in the dungeon and at the stake.

But here in Rhode Island, delivered from all evil tyranny and ecclesiastical domination, on this virgin soil, the dreams of the fathers materialized in a new and unprecedented order of things, the hopes of generations found actual realization and the living seeds of the Protestant Reformation brought forth their most fragrant blossoms of their ripest fruitage. Says Judge Story, "Here for the first time since Christianity ascended the throne of the Caesars we read in a civil constitution that the conscience is free." Roger Williams was a product of forces that had been working for generations in the old world. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, a Pilgrim of the Pilgrims, a divinely appointed instrument for the furtherance of human liberty and spiritual religion, an apostle of freedom to this nation and to all the nations of the earth, through whose agency God's ideal for human society found at last visible illustrations, viz., a free church composed of voluntary, regenerate members in a free state founded upon the freedom of the individual conscience and the doctrines of human brotherhood.

The slate rock by the Seeko k, on which Roger Williams landed, though little visible to the naked eye and little cared for by an economical posterity, supplements and overshadows in spiritual significance the famous Plymouth Rock of the Pilgrims. The tree which has here grown to such dimensions that its spreading branches now fill the continent, and all singing birds lodge in them, stretches its roots back under the ocean to Protestant Europe, aye, under many oceans and through many centuries to the fertile hills of Galilee.

The handful of corn that was planted on the top of this mountain, now shakes like Lebanon, and its golden harvest waves from sea to sea.

Roger Williams came through the untamed wilderness, not knowing for fourteen weeks, he has told us, "what bread or bed did mean." We hope that no such experience has befallen or will befall any of you. He received the unfamiliar greeting of "What cheer" from a few tawny aborigines, and such welcome to a scanty hospitality as "the forest primeval" could offer. You will receive the cordial greeting and abundant hospitality, which ten thousand warm hearted Baptists have been waiting to extend, and in which thousands of prosperous industries, of strong and aggressive churches, of shaded streets and attractive homes, of Christians of other names will gladly share.

You will be disappointed as you look for the unmarked grave of our great founder of church and state. You will be disappointed as you look for the traditional spot, where his exiled feet first pressed the soil of his new home, which he called Providence in memory of God's providential care over him in his wanderings. You will be disappointed as you look for the obliterated riverside baptistery, in which he and his eleven companions (making twelve in all, the apostolic number) revived first in this new world the rite of Scriptural baptism, in the likeness of the burial and resurrection of their Lord, and entered into organic church relationship.

But you will not be disappointed as there comes to you the thrilling consciousness that your feet are on the soil that his feet pressed, and that your eyes are looking upon natural scenes on which his eyes rested. You will not be disappointed as you cross the matchless bay, whose waters his canoe traversed, and on whose western shore he made his home for years that he might preach to the darkened savage mind the light giving and saving gospel of Jesus Christ.

You will not be disappointed as you visit the extensive park, a part of the farm given to Mr. Williams by Miantonomi, which now perpetuates his name, with its quiet beauty and its appropriate and impressive monument, on whose tablet the muse of history is writing the imperishable name of Roger Williams, and the date of his arrival here, and whose summit is crowned with his massive figure in bronze, representing him as expounding to the generations to come his great truth of undying and ever-expanding influence.

You will not be disappointed as you visit the old colonial meeting house of the First Baptist church, whose first pastor Roger Williams was, as you stand in the shade of the lofty elms which guard it with sheltering arms, or pass over the threshold which the feet of four generations of worshippers have pressed, and look upon its plain walls indicative of the simple faith of the fathers, and its broad windows letting in and not shutting out the pure light of heaven, in which their faith became clear and luminous, and as you think of the life of God which there since the last quarter of the eighteenth century has been pouring itself helpfully into the life of man, under the preaching of his word, and the prayers of his people.

And you will not be disappointed when you visit our ancient university, which crowns yonder hilltop, the oldest college which we call our own, the joy and pride of our entire denomination, and as you tread its shaded paths, and pass through its classic halls, and stand with uncovered heads before the pictured faces which look down upon you, "a great cloud of witnesses," you will be made to recall the names of Manning and Maxcey, Messer and Wayland, Sears and Caswell and Robinson, the eminent educators, and administrators of the past, and of distinguished professors who were also men of "light and learning," all of whom have helped to make American Baptists what we are, great not only in numbers, but in intelligence, in wealth, in spiritual power and in world-wide influence, able in some degree to respect ourselves and to command the respect of the world about us.

The Wind's Abroad.

The wind's abroad, this summer day
He breathes above the grasses;
In waving ranks they rise and bow
Before him as he passes.

A flood of sunshine pours upon
The hills, and soaks the meadows,
It tips with gold each wand of grass
And glides the very shadows.

The level fields are like a sea,
Where grassy waves are flowing,
And white-cap daisies, 'mid the green,
This way and that are blowing.

Like songs the ocean's tireless voice
To rocks and caves is singing,
A murmur of the sunny fields
The wind is ever bringing.

Though soon will winter come, to break
The spell of summer's weaving,
And hill-sides white beneath his touch
The Storm King will be leaving;

Yet some day will the sleeping grass
To life again be springing,
And round to summer days once more
The year be swiftly swinging.

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY.