

A Mother's Lesson.

Everything had gone wrong that day,
And my temper was sorely fretted,
And sharply I spoke to my little boy,
Who was used to being petted;
I told him to go by himself and play,
And with questions not to trouble,
For he was a little hindering thing,
And made my cares just double.

He stared in surprise, then turned away,
With his curl-crowned head bent lowly,
His winsome face had a pained look,
And his little feet went slowly.
I turned again to my vexing work,
And the room seemed very quiet,
But after all I was ill at ease
And longed for my baby's riot.

I turned to call him, when something went
By the window with sudden flashing,
I heard hoarse shouts and hurrying feet,
And a sound of something crashing;
I sprang to the door—men were lifting up
A child all limp and quiet,
From the ground where the tramping hoofs
Had been—

In an instant I was by it.

Kneeling there in the dusty street,
Eager and faint and fearful,
While a pitying crowd came surging round
Horror-stricken and tearful;
But ah! 'twas another mother's heart
That was broken that summer morning,
Who saw the light of her life go out
With never a word of warning.

But where was my boy? Why, in grand-
ma's room,
(And the room was full of glory)
Curled in her lap, with her arms clasped
'round,
And listening to a story,
I have learned my lesson; and now I deem
It my greatest boon and pleasure
To live for my "little hindering thing,"
Least I merit heartbreaking leisure.

—Lilian Grey.

Religion in the Home.

Let your light shine in your own
home, and don't be afraid it will
become too bright. Don't be turn-
ing it down all the time, as you do
the gas. Some people are very
economical in the use of gas. They
are always turning it down, and
trying to see how little they can get
along with; and a good many of us
are just that way about our religion
at home. We try to see how little
we can get along with. Let your
light shine at home. Turn it on
full head, and let all the children
have the benefit of it. If you keep
your light shining brightly at home,
God will light a good many other
candles from your taper. It is be-
cause you shine so feebly and so in-
constantly that your children and
your husband have not been con-
verted long ago, it may be. Re-
member that you are their Bible.
They can not read the word of God,
but they can read you.

The Bible is all Greek to the
sinner, but we are living books, full
of the plainest kind of pictures, that
can be seen and understood. Let
us be sure that the pictures are
right; that they do not slander the
God we profess to love. In some
of the old family Bibles there used
to be pictures of the devil that used
to scare some of us half to death,
and that picture had a good deal to
do with keeping young hearts from
finding God. It may be that one
reason why so many of our loved
ones do not love God is because
they see too many of the wrong
kind of pictures in us. Let us turn
up the light brighter, and make the
pictures warmer and more at-
tractive, and God will see to it that
our light will show somebody the
way to heaven.—The Rom's Horn.

Bishop Newman.

It is said that one of the most
successful cavalry officers in the
United States army once remarked:
"I look upon John P. Newman as a
man of splendid courage." Being
asked to explain, he told how the
unruly element in New Orleans at
the close of the war threatened to
assassinate him, and how he was
warned by his friends to leave the
city in order that his life might be
spared. But Dr. Newman would not
run. He said it was as near
heaven from New Orleans as from
anywhere. Assassins came to his
house at midnight and tried to
enter, and had it not been for the
guard which patrolled that street
all night, unknown to the doctor,
they would have accomplished their
purpose. So far from fearing these
men, the doctor by some means
secured the ritual pass words and
secrets of the above mentioned
organization, and published them in
the paper he was editing. During
his stay in New Orleans the yellow
fever broke out. He feared it more
than he feared the assassins. An
army officer urged him to flee up
north. His reply was: "The
Methodist Church put me here, and
I will stay." He was soon smitten
with the fever. Everybody thought
he would die. The colored people
stood with uncovered heads in the
streets praying for him. They
crowded in the house, and forced
their way into the room next to the
one where the doctor was lying sick
unto death. To the surprise of
everybody, he said: "Let them
come in. Seven of them crept
softly in, fell on their knees at his

bedside, and prayed for hours. One
of them said: "About midnight
we got de sign." Newman lived.

Push On!

You have been hindered in your
work. Something has gone wrong!
Somebody has done wrong. You
have been injured, grieved, wound-
ed, and have felt discouraged, and
so you have halted and ceased to
push forward and do the work
which the Lord had appointed you.
You cannot forget the unkindness
and unpleasantness. You brood
over it.

This is just what the adversary
wants. The object he has is to
keep you from doing the work
which the Lord set you to do. He
cares nothing about your feelings
or your rights, but he wants to hin-
der the work, and the longer you
halt and hesitate and complain the
better he is suited.

Now there is just one thing to do
in such a case, and that is to push
on. Do not halt or hesitate. See
to it that you are in the path of
duty, doing what the Lord would
have you do, and then go forward.

You have been defeated. Your
plans have failed. Make new
plans. Determine that Satan shall
make nothing out of the delay, but
that you will push on and do more
work than if you had not been
hindered.

Of course you have been wrong-
ed. Who has not? You have no
doubt been abused, slandered, lied
about. Were you not forewarned
of this? You did not think it
would come in this way? Of course
not; and Satan knew you did not
think it, and that was the reason
why it did come in precisely this
way. While you hesitate, the
Devil is busy. While you are
lamenting over the wounds and
bruises you have received he is
planning for another attack just as
malicious.—The Christian.

"That's My Boy."

Once I remember standing by the
surging billows on one weary day,
and watching for hours a father
struggling beyond in the breakers
for the life of his son. They came
slowly toward the breakers on a
piece of wreck, and as they came
the waves turned over the piece of
float, and they were lost. Present-
ly we saw the father come to the
surface and clamber along to the
wreck, and then we saw him plunge
into the waves, and thought he was
gone; but in a moment he came
back again, holding the boy. Pre-
sently they struck another wave,
and over they went; and again they
repeated the process. Again they
went over, and again he rescued his
son.

By-and-by, as they swung near
the shore, they caught a snag just
out beyond, where we could reach
them, and for a time the waves
went over them there till we saw
the boy in his father's arms, hang-
ing down in helplessness, and knew
they must be saved soon, or be lost;
and I shall never forget the gaze of
that father. And as we drew him
from the devouring waves, still
clinging to his son, he said, "That's
my boy! That's my boy!" And
so I have thought in the hours of
darkness, when the billows roll over
me, the great Father is reaching
down to me, and taking hold of me,
crying, "That's my boy!" and I
know I'm safe.—The Welcome Guest.

Poverty Rather Than Harm-Doing.

There is in some of the daily
papers a story about Lady Burton,
of England, that at least attracts at-
tention. Without attempting to
verify it, we may assume its truth.
It is to the effect that on the death
of her husband Lady Burton found
in his papers the manuscript of a
book which he had just completed.
It was a peculiar book, sensational
in the extreme, but containing al-
lusions, descriptions or discussions so
gross as to be injurious to morals.

Soon after the death of her
husband an offer was made to her of
\$30,000 for the manuscript. She
was without means. If she should
refuse this offer, she would be de-
pendent on friends the rest of her
life. She took the manuscript, ex-
amined it, and satisfied herself of
the probability that its publication
would do mischief. Then she de-
liberately committed it to the flames;
and thus put herself out of the reach
of temptation ever to yield.

"A heroine" is the universal cry.
Yes, that was heroism. It was
noble and right.

But what a contrast with some
of us. For thirty thousand dollars
she would not utter that which
might do mischief. Alas, how many
of us, for no gain except a moment's
fun, do utter that which may do
the greatest injury. Oh, that Chris-
tians, all Christians, would use the
same self-denial as did Lady Burton,
in all the circumstances of our lives.
Often, oh, so often, by refraining
from some word or deed, we can in-
fluence the world for good, or at
least avoid influencing it for harm.

Show Your Love.

In conversation with a dear friend
the other day regarding home life,
he said regretfully: "My mother
was a good woman, a Christian
woman. She insisted on her boys
going to church and Sunday school,
and taught us to pray; but"—and
an indescribably pathetic note crept
into his voice—"I do not remember
that my mother ever kissed me.
She was of the old Puritan stock,
undemonstrative, cold, repressed.
My own children climb into my lap,
big as they are, for caresses and
kisses, but my mother never kissed
me!" What do you think of it,
mothers? Are there not scores of
women of that type even now?
With their calm, passionless faces,
their unresponsiveness, they might
be chiseled from stone, though often
beneath this cold exterior flows a
warm current of pent up affection
and tender love which never finds
expression. O mothers and fathers,
if you are chilling the fresh young
souls committed to your care, if for
lack of an affectionate home interest
your son or your daughter is seeking
outside love and sympathy from
questionable companions, will the
Lord hold you guiltless, even if your
life is irreproachable in every other
respect? Be demonstrative! Show
your children that you love them.
Take an interest in their plans and
pleasures and sorrows. Display a
proper pride in their attainments.
A little judicious praise will not do
a bit of harm. A tender word, a
loving caress, a kiss, at the right
moment, may be the means of sav-
ing your big boy from some evil of
which you would shudder to even
think. There is no talisman like a
mother's kiss. Shelter your boys
and girls within loving parental
arms as long as you can. Then,
when you are gone away never to
return, the men and women you
have given to the world will not be
obliged to say in tones full of heart
break: "I do not remember that
my mother ever kissed me."—
Herald.

A Call to Preach.

Dr. Robert Collyer, said Eli
Perkins at the Round Table
Assembly, tells a good many anec-
dotes at his own expense, but they
are all as pure as our Saviour's
parables. One day he was talking
to a good old colored man down in
Kentucky. Mr. Collyer always
wears his white clerical tie, so the
conversation was naturally about
preachers.

"So, Uncle Jack," said Dr.
Collyer, "you don't much believe
in the idea that men are called to
preach."

"Wall, sah, de Lawd mout call
some niggers ter preach, but it
sorter 'peers ter me dat whar de
Lawd calls one old man, Lazineas
calls er dozen. Nine nigger preach-
ers outen ten is de lazies pussens in
de world, sah."

"How, do you know, Uncle
Jack?"

"Case I se a preacher merse'f,
sah." (Laughter.)

"I tell you what, Brudder
Collyer," continued Uncle Jack,
"we preachers must wuck with
energy, ef we wucker 'tall.
Scriptah says, 'Wotsoever you
hastest fer to do you oughter dust it
wid all yo' hawt an' mine an-
stren'th.' An' above all things,
doan pronasticate."

"Don't whicheyrate. Uncle
Jacob? What do you mean?" asked
the doctor.

"I mean doan pronasticate,
Brudder Collyer. Doan put off till
nex' week whatchah order done lass'
year. Time, Brudder Collyer, is a
mighty habd hoss to head. Tharfo'
it behoofs you, as Scriptah says, to
ketch him by the fetlock ef you
wantah come undah de wish 'fo' he
deos."

A Hint to Teachers.

Don't give up the boy who sits in
the back seat and wears his coat
collarless, his hair non a la Pompa-
dour, and his finger nails in mourn-
ing—who won't learn his lessons
and who will get into mischief. I
knew a teacher who had a pupil just
like him. She showed interest in
him; she visited his parents, and
didn't act as if their language and
manners made them void of all
fine feeling. She asked him to help
her about some work after school
one night, and said: "By the way,
John, we know each other pretty
well now. I like you and I hope
you like me. I want you to do
something for me, will you?"

"If I can," was the answer.

"Come to school to-morrow with
a collar, comb your hair nicely and
pare your finger nails. You see I
like you as you are now, but I want
other people to like you too, and
they won't if you are careless about
your appearance."

Do you think the boy hated her?
No. He was never seen untidy
after that evening. He graduated
from the high school with honors,
and is to-day filling a responsible
position in society. He swears by
that teacher. She made a man of
him.—Jour. of Education.

Wings By And By.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a
ferry-boat to a poor, helpless
cripple, "how is it, when you can-
not walk, that your shoes get
worn?"

A blush came over the poor boy's
pale face, but after hesitating a
moment he said: "My mother has
younger children, sir; and while she
is out washing, I amuse them by
creeping about on the floor and
playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady stand-
ing near, not loud enough, as she
thought, to be overheard. "What
a life to lead! What has he in all
the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and
the bright smile that chased it away
showed that he did hear her. As
she passed by him to step on shore
he said, in a low voice, but with a
smile: "I am looking forward to
having wings some day, lady."

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled,
and dependent on charity, yet per-
forming his mission; doing, in his
measure, the Master's will, patient-
ly waiting for the future, he shall,
by and by, "mount up with wings
as eagles; shall run, and not be
weary; shall walk, and not be
faint."

Courtesy in Business.

A successful business man thus
expresses himself regarding business
courtesy, and emphasizes a truth
which some people forget or ignore,
to their own injury: "I make it
a point to reply to every communi-
cation of a business nature address-
ed to me. It doesn't matter what
it is about, provided only that it is
couched in civil language. I do
this because courtesy requires that
I should; but aside from that, I
find, also, that it is good policy.
Time and again, in my life, I have
been reminded by newly secured
customers that I was remembered
through correspondence opened with
me years before, and many orders
have come through this passing and
friendly acquaintance with people.
On the other hand, I have known
plenty of business men whose disre-
spectful treatment of correspondents
has been bitterly remembered and
repaid with compound interest.
Silence is the meanest and most con-
temptuous way of treating anybody
who wishes to be heard and to hear,
and resentment is its answer every
time."

The Wish of a Good Man.

"I would rather," said Dr. Sharp,
"when I am laid in the grave, that
some one in his manhood should
stand over me, and say: 'There
lies one who was a real friend to me,
who warned me of the dangers of the
young. No one knows it, but he
aided me in time of need; I owe
what I am to him.' Or I would
rather have some widow, with chok-
ing utterance, telling her children:
'There is your friend and mine;
he visited me in my affliction, and
found you, my son, an employer,
and you my daughter, a happy
home in a happy home in a virtu-
ous family.' I would rather that
such persons should stand at my
grave, than to have erected over it
the most beautifully sculptured
monument of Parian or Italian
marble. The heart's broken utter-
ance of reflections of past kindness,
and tears of grateful memory shed
upon the grave, are more valuable,
in my estimation, than the most
costly monument ever reared."

The life of a true man cannot be
one of mere pleasure. It must be
one of duty to God and his fellow-
man.

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1882	254,841.79	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1889	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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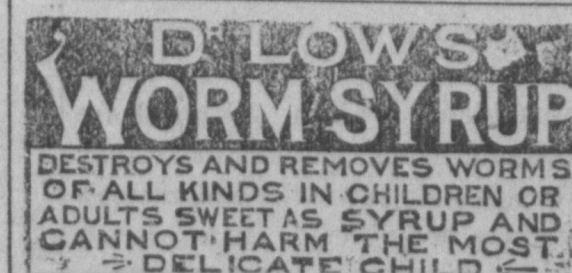
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