

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
The tears well forth as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! how near the time
Of pain and loss to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be.

But, O, beyond the shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
When crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—Presbyterian Journal.

I Will Honor.

"Are you going to the entertainment in the New Opera House on Friday evening?" said Ethel Barrows to a bevy of girls of the High School at the morning recess.

"I am," said Stella Tucker.

"I want to go," said Susie.

"And I've been engaged to go over a week," said brilliant Annie Eastman, with cheeks red as carnations and hair black as night.

"Oh! who? tell us who is the happy fellow?" But she skipped away from them, and, with dancing steps, ran down the hall and threw her arms around a fair, sweet-faced girl, and, kissing her fondly, said:

"Ella can't go, for she's a Christian."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Nellie Curtiss, "my mother is a member of the Church, too, and she is going. She said Mr. C—had built the Opera House at great expense, and it was an ornament to the village, and as this was the opening, she thought all the citizens should attend this play."

"Well, I am not a Christian," replied Annie, scornfully; "but if I was, I would either leave the Church or leave off attending theaters."

"This is not a regular theater, only a play in the Opera House."

"Yes," said Stella; "and I have no doubt that many of the members of Ella's Church will be there, and a special Mr. S—in the bargain," and giving Ella an arch look, she ran away as the school-bell rang.

"Mamma, do you know anything about the opening of the Opera House? The entertainment is all the talk at school. Do you know anything about the character of it?"

"No, daughter; but I saw by the city paper it was to be played there to-night, and when the morning paper comes we can judge somewhat of it."

As the Opera House was thrown open for all sorts of large gatherings, for conventions and readings and concerts, the question arose as to the character of the advertised entertainment.

The next day, after reading the report in the paper, the young girl laid it down with a sigh.

"I do not think it proper to attend, mamma."

The mother understood the situation, and gently said:

"Be true to your conscience, dear, let what will come."

At evening the young lady looked tired and troubled. Her mother drew her to her, and said:

"You saw Mr. S—to-day."

"Yes; and he wanted me to go, but I told him I did not think it right to go, and if I did I would lose all influence over the girls and their confidence in my religion. He was displeased, and said haughtily, 'I am sorry,' and turned away."

The young man was a gentleman of wealth and position and a steward in the Church where the young lady was a member.

"O Ella!" said the girls on Monday morning, "you ought to have been to the entertainment. The play did not amount to much, but Mr. S—was there with Miss G—"

For a moment the crimson mantled the fair face, and then she said:

"I did what I thought was right, girls," and smiling, turned away.

Her refusal broke the friendship with the young man, as it embraced a rebuke to his fidelity as a Christian and a steward in the Church of God.

Night after night, as the sleigh-bells made music, the young girl, sitting alone, would say:

"Mamma, my refusal cost me all this. He comes no more. I have lost it all."

The mother with tenderness, replied:

"God says, my dear child, 'Them that honor me, I will honor.'"

The next year she entered the Conference Seminary and graduated with honor. While there she won a noble young lady to Christ, whose father was a man of influence and devout piety. As he visited his daughter, he said:

"Let us call upon your friend."

The following day, before leaving for home, he sought another interview.

"You expect to teach next year?"

"Yes; I hope to."

"You must be the preceptress of High School. I am a member of the board, and will secure the situation for you."

Softly came the words, "Them that honor me." For three years she filled the position with great acceptance, and then married a promising young physician of earnest piety.

One day she said with hushed manner:

"Mamma, you remember Mr. S—?"

"Yes, my child."

"My husband is so much more congenial than he was, and so pronounced as a Christian, that while it was a great trial to me at the time, your words have proven true, 'Them that honor me, I will honor.'"

Phil. Standard.

Does The Lord Care?

Several years ago I was passing through a severe trial. One day the difficulties seemed to come thicker and faster than I could bear. My faith was shaken. I said to a faithful friend and adviser:

"Do you suppose the Lord cares anything about our difficulties?"

"Of course He does," was the reply.

But with an agony of fear that He did not care, which was harder to bear than any other trial could be, I went into my class-room.

While I carried on my recitation the cry was there deep in my heart: "He does not care. He does not care."

When my recitation was over a dear girl lingered behind the others and said: "Here is a little book—mark I want to give you."

I took the pretty piece of paper in my hands with a "thank you, my dear," when my eyes fell on the words: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

The messenger was gone, but the message lay there in my hand. I looked again with wonder, to see if the words were really there, when the thought came: "That is just like Him," and I said aloud, "I will."

Where was the burden? Gone, as completely gone as though the cause had been removed. The sorrow was there but the sting was gone, for the Lord had the burden.

Sometime after that I told my little friend that her message had helped me. She said: "I had intended to bring it to you before, but had forgotten it. That day I came to school without it but remembering went home for it."

Was this all a coincidence, or was it the Lord showing His love for His child?

I prefer to believe that it was His own voice bidding me to trust Him, and I go on giving Him my cares, and they are mine no longer. How can they be when I have given them away?

Go to Church.

The night was dark, it was raining steadily, though not very hard, the pavements were very wet, and the streets and gutters full of flowing water. The question arose in my mind, Shall I go to church to-night or not? I decided to go for these reasons:—

1. If there had been no rain I should have gone. I felt that obstacles should not hinder me in the discharge of an acknowledged duty.

2. I knew that my pastor would be there. I should have been surprised and ashamed of him had he stayed away because of the rain.

Was there any less obligation upon me to attend than upon him?

3. If I had had a business engagement on a week night, such rain would not have deterred me. And I felt that this engagement was just as imperative and binding.

4. More than this. One needs the comfort and support of church services as really and as surely on dark rainy nights, as on fair, starry nights. Perhaps it is more incumbent for others' sakes as well as our own. Some, owing to physical infirmities, to age, or weakness or recent illness, cannot attend, and there is the certain discouragement to minister and worshipper of a diminished congregation. All the more important, I thought, is it for me to attend.

5. And then I knew Christ never minded the weather. He was always there, and as an old elder used always to say in his prayers, "and that to bless," I couldn't afford to miss meeting Him.

So I went!

Now for the sequel. There were less than twenty present of the usual congregation of seventy-five. But

we were drawn closer together. The prayers were fervent and the singing hearty. Every one who had come expected something and received it. We had a good sermon. We shook hands with one another, the pastor heartily grasped my hand and said my coming had encouraged him; whereas I felt that the obligation was on the other side, and that his sermon had done me a world of good.

So I concluded I would tell of it, and preach this sermon to everyone. Go to church. So doing you benefit your own soul; you encourage your pastor; you strengthen the bonds of brotherhood; you help others wonderfully; and you meet and hold converse with your best Friend.

A Christian Home

A writer in the Presbyterian says: Not long ago, a minister of Christ was placed in a position where the history of a young man was laid open to him. The youth had come to the city to be trained for mercantile life, and he plunged with great ardor into business pursuits.

Very soon the minister who was interested in him, saw that the fine gold of his character was becoming somewhat dimmed. He grew careless about his words and acts, and seemingly indifferent to the value of his reputation. He was often times absent from the house of God.

He was frequently found in saloon and billiard rooms. As the minister met him, his fears increased as he noticed the face of the young man growing more sensual, and somewhat harder and more defiant in expression. His heart yearned over him, but he could do nothing but drop a word of counsel and pass on.

Just then it became necessary for him to visit the place from which the young man had come. He had not been long there before the mother of the youth sent for him to talk, as may be supposed, about her boy.

It required but a short conversation with her to reveal the fact that no day, and hardly an hour of any day, passed in which her tempted and imperiled son was not tenderly and confidently laid at the feet of Jesus.

It was plain that he had a safeguard which had not been seen before—an invisible but most powerful defence, girding him around continually. The fears of the pastor were greatly relieved. He believed, as the praying mother believed, that the son would be rescued, and kept by the power of God unto salvation.

And so it came to pass. It was not long before the devout mother's daily supplications were answered. The spirit of God entered his heart, and in penitence and faith he forsook the ways of evil, and turned his feet unto God's testimony. With the blessed hope of the gospel in his heart he entered the Church, and has been ever since a sincere, strong, happy, Christian. The mother's prayer had prevailed over all the enemies of his soul.

The First Printed Books.

The art of book-making has been a progressive art. William C. Prime says in the *Journal of Commerce*:

The first books were, as all readers know, the imitations of manuscript. The intent of the new art in its first products, about A. D. 1455-70, was to make a large number of copies, resembling manuscript, every one a facsimile of every other. What the scribe in a manuscript work had written with his pen, the printer printed with type. Where the illuminator had ornamented the manuscript with a picture in color, the printer could not imitate him. Where the large initial letter, at the beginning of a chapter or a division, and had been printed in the manuscript, the printer left a blank space, for the painter to paint it there as in the manuscript. The facsimile idea—that every book should be a copy of every other one of the same edition—was carried out a few years later by printing in books outline pictures, to be colored by painters. These early prints have been erroneously treated and discussed as wood-engravings, works of artists, intended as picture illustrations. They are simply patterns, like many initial letters, which also began to be printed in some books, all designed to be colored by hand, the result being that every copy of the book would have the same picture in the same place, and be practically a facsimile of every other copy.

THE ALPHABET IN ONE VERSE.—The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished:—

"And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven shall require of you, is to be done speedily."

Commendation A Necessity.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar-plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend a friend or acquaintance, but had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise, and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell with the courage of the meek, said—

"Ezra, seems to me I heard you praise the mottoes the Smith girls worked."

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Bell. "Real pretty they were for such nonsense."

"Your own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em most to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice?"

"Well, Miranda, 'twas good pie."

"Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?"

"Well, no, can't say as 'twas."

"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I ain't praised ye much, Miranda, but then I ain't complainin'."

"Yes, you have," said Miranda. "Yes, you have! Sayin' nothin' complainin' sometimes. It's just like pushin' a heavy load up hill besides what ye have agreed to carry to go along day after day an' not hear a word o' praise."

Ezra began to think, and although he by no means changed his spots entirely he did from that time try to act on the theory that "women folks" are fond of commendation.

A FATAL BLUNDER.—A preacher in Iowa lost his pulpit for telling the truth. He was a forcible preacher, but deficient in education, and occasionally committed some grave misdemeanors in grammar. One Sunday evening while speaking rapidly he made a gross assault on Lindley Murray. No sooner had the sentence escaped his lips than he stopped and said: "I am aware that my education is deficient. I regret that I did not have the advantage of good schools while a boy. If I had been more fortunate I would now be preaching to a more intelligent congregation." The minister told the truth, but it was the last time he preached in that church.—*Boston Advertiser*.

SACRED MONEY.—Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of faithfully setting apart at least one tenth of all the money which came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they themselves had developed the expression, "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.

"It is something to have been spared the responsibility of taking care of the Lord's silver and gold. Let us be thankful for what we have not, as well as for what we have."

"More dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self, which each man, with the help of heaven, can secure for himself."

You can exactly measure how much you really care for the work of the Lord by observing whether you can rejoice in another's successes therein, as well as your own.

Minard's Liniment cures

ONE PACKAGE OF "Maud S." Condition Powder contains more real medicinal virtue than two of any other Powder.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be so, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y. writes:—"I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had Asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis! Racquets! Balls! Nets! Croquet Fishing Outfits!

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system."

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Two Days. While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."

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