

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometime take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the, "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rock'd you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired, lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk.
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Interior.

"Charlie."

He came in the springtime to hire out for eight months on the farm. He was a very quiet, unobtrusive young man, neat in his dress and habits, but there was a pathetic look on his face which seemed to appeal to our hearts. We noticed one day a painful expression on his face as he sat in the kitchen, a silent spectator of a little unpleasantness between some of the young people in the family. In a moment of confidence not long afterwards he said: "It goes through me like a knife seeing sisters and brothers disagree. It seems to me if I had folks that I would always get along with 'em in peace. Nobody that's not folks of their own know what it is to not have any folks." And then it was that he told us his story:—

"Never knew who my father and mother was. I was brought up in an asylum until I was ten years old; then I was bound out to a man. He was hard on me, but his wife was good. Many a time she stood between me and the horsewhip. Some of the asylum folks found out that the man wasn't what he ought to be, and I was taken back. Next time they put me out to a farmer up in the mountains. They did well by me, only they didn't praise me when I did my work extra good; there was nothing to encourage me, and they made me feel that they were doing a great deal for me to take me in when I had no home and no friends. I got tired of hearing so much about it; I was old enough to know I paid my way, and saw other boys getting wages for their work, so I ran away. I don't believe they ever tried to find me, for I never heard that any one was put on my track. I tramped it into another State where nobody heard of me, and hired out to a first-rate farmer. I ought to have stayed there, for he was a real everyday Christian, and he'd have done the fair thing by me, but I had a restless spirit and wanted to see the world, and I left. He told me if I ever wanted a friend or a home to come back and I'd be welcome. But I never was one to turn back after I'd started out, so I went on and found plenty of hardship. I can tell you. I changed around considerably, had some mighty good places too, but somehow couldn't stand it to see boys coddled and looked out by fathers and mothers and I nothing but a waif; it just galled me, and I said, 'I'll hire out where there ain't no children after this.' I tell you I've seen some boys that I'd like to knock down for talking so rough to their mothers. You bet if I had a mother I'd know how to treat her right. Ain't I thought of it lots of times when I was tramping and went into a new place and said to myself, 'There's not a single soul here to give you a welcome, Charlie—no, nor in the whole world either.' I've seen mothers at the gate when the children were coming home, and I've seen 'em hug and kiss each other until some dreadful bad thoughts came into my heart. I couldn't see how God could be so good and let a boy knock around the world without no folks, and not even know if he ever had any. If I had folks, I couldn't love 'em enough and do enough for 'em."

That was Charlie's story. Not long after that we had a week of intense heat, and the hoeing of corn and potatoes came on. Charlie worked faithfully to help get the

crops hoed to be ready for the haying which was coming on fast. He went to the pasture after the cows, and as they walked by the river banks, in the extreme heat, he suggested to his comrade that they should go in and cool off. But poor Charlie had not been in long before he got into a place beyond his depth, was seized with cramps and was drowned. It was all so sudden that his comrade was too dazed to go for help for some minutes, and then it was too late.

Then we realized, as never before what a sad thing it is to be a waif, in the world. No friend to telegraph to or send for in the day of calamity, and no kin to follow him to the grave as mourners. But everything was done to give him a decent burial. Neighbors sent flowers, and the coffin was covered with them. Just before the funeral hour a poor woman in the village with whom Charlie had made his home when he was out of work at short intervals, came, and said with tears in her eyes, "It seems so lonesome to think of Charlie's going to the grave without one mourner. If I had a decent black dress and bonnet, I would like to go as a sort of mothering to him, seeing it's the last I can ever do for him." A suitable outfit was soon provided for the dear old soul, and she went as a mourner.

And so Charlie's life-story ended. We had seen him on his knees in his bedroom at night when the door stood ajar, and we had talked with him about the Lord Jesus Christ's love for the stranger, and the lonely, unloved ones of earth; and we felt, as we looked upon the coffin being lowered into the grave, that Charlie had a welcome in the Father's house.

This is a true story, dear readers. Perhaps it will bring home to your hearts more significantly than ever the great boon of family life and kinship. Perhaps it will make us value our blessings of home and loved ones more than we have ever done before. Another thing it may help us to remember, and it is a very important duty, too. It is this: Be kind and sympathetic toward the waifs of the world. Take in the stranger, and give the sympathy and love which the ties of blood make so dear to us all. Let the stranger within our gates feel that we gladly share our blessing of sympathy and love with him.—Christian at Work.

A Mother's Practicing.

A young man who was being examined preparatory to uniting with the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was the reply. "I was converted under my mother's practicing." What a tribute of a consecrated motherhood was that young man's answer! How very near to Christ must that mother have lived. Probably she was a woman full of the cares and work of life, but with what rare discretion and patience she must have administered the affairs of her household! Usually a boy takes but little interest in the things that make up the daily routine of a mother's life at home.

This young man's mother could never have been too much taken up with the claims of social life, the questions that agitated the outside world, or the duties of the home life, to stop and give her boy the attention he needed. It is likely that she had unusual burdens to carry, unjust provocations to keep patient under, or he would not have taken so much notice of her self-sacrificing, Christlike life. What a beautiful, confiding, trusting love there must have been in the hearts of that mother and son for each other!

As mothers, are we not too apt in our weariness and multiplicity of cares to let the children think they are hindered and troubling us when they come to us so often with their needs and interests. We do not always show our appreciation of their confidences, and we speak hastily and unadvisedly often when they have done wrong.

A sainted mother who lived to an old age, used to tell us much about the "Mount of Vision." When she was a young mother, she had all her own housework to do, and a large family made constant demands upon her time and strength. "I had so much work in the valley," she said to us, "that had it not been for the 'Mount of Vision,' I could not have possessed my soul in patience. When I became impatient and inclined to be what many of us call 'nervous' ready to speak quick words and pass unjust judgment, I would go alone into my bed-room, and shutting the door, tell it all to Jesus. That room was my 'Mount of Vision,' for I always saw with a clearer light my weaknesses, and received strength from the Lord to administer my government in the home with equity and more of a Christlike spirit."

And so should we all, we mothers, have a "Mount of Vision" to go up to when the work of the valley is so

trying and upsetting. May the mothers' preaching in our homes be the means of leading the dear children to give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ in the days of their youth.

An Old Woman.

Are you getting old, and weary, and fretful, and discouraged? Dear friend, is there not a better way? There is an old age which is not dependent upon years. There are those who even in youth have gray hairs and withered hearts; and there are those who have seen three score years and ten, who still have sunshine in their faces and gladness in their souls. There was one of whom it was said that at the age of one hundred and twenty, "his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated."

Life has been to you a struggle, and perhaps a disappointment, a toil-some, wearisome road. Poverty perhaps has pressed, and trials have come, and you are breaking down and wearing out; but the source and fountain of health is God, who is the strength of our hearts and our portion forever. It is he that satisfieth our mouths with good things, so that our youth is renewed as the eagle's and he can put gladness in your heart, more than in the time when their corn and their wine increased. You sung once, but now your voice has lost its sweetness, perhaps because the heart has lost its joy. Let the heart be filled with gladness, and the song will soon come back.

If you are weary, worn, afflicted, and disappointed, if everything earthly has failed, yet the heavenly things remain. Earthly friends have fled, kindred and loved ones have turned away; but the heavenly Father is as faithful, as compassionate, as loving, as long-suffering today as he was the brightest day you ever knew.

Weary one lift up your heart to God; tempest tossed though you may be, in his embrace you may find eternal calm. Begin to praise the Lord; take his word and read it and tell it to others; rejoice in your God, be of good cheer, be of good courage; give the winds the fears, and determine that the time you do live shall be filled with the peace and gladness of God. Read, study, make friends with the young; enter into their joys and sorrows, and these closing years of your pilgrimage may be the brightest of all your life. Let the love of God be shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost, and others will be attracted, and will come into sympathy and friendship with you. You may find that the world has not changed so much as you suppose, and instead of sitting discouraged, querulous, and fretful, your heart will be filled with peace and gladness; you "shall still bring forth fruit in old age." The children will gather around you to hear the words of grace and truth, and your experience shall bless and gladden others, and make your life a scene of brightness in its closing hours, and a halcyon memory when its course is run.—The Christian.

Dishonest Men Value Honesty.

A young man came one day with a case of conscience. He was corresponding clerk in a flourishing house of business. His employer had begun to direct him to write letters to customers containing statements which he knew to be false. He had objected and they said:

"We are responsible for these statements; it is nothing to you whether they are true or false."

I said to him, "Do they sign the letters, or ask you to write them in your own name?"

As soon as the question had left my lips I saw that, if there was a difference, both would be wrong, and I hastened to tell him so. He said: "Then I shall be dismissed," and after a pause—"I have a wife and family."

I met him some days after.

"Well, Mr.—," said I, "how are you getting on now?"

He replied, "I am still in my situation; I had an interview with the partners, and I told them I would not write letters I knew to be untrue. They were very angry, and I expected to receive notice, but I have not received it yet."

Months passed, and he remained in his situation. After a while he called on me, and I saw by his face something had happened.

"Well, Mr.—," I said, "have you had your dismissal?"

"No," he said, "I have not," and smiled.

"What then?"

"A very confidential post in their service, with a higher salary, has fallen vacant, and they have put me into it."

On second thought, those unprincipled men had come to the conclusion that a clerk who would not deceive a customer would not deceive them, and was too valuable to be lost.

The Source of Strength.

My mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfill all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettishnesses which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed, I never heard her speak one word of anger, of calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbefitting to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshing and purifying waters. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful."—Farrar.

Lunatics do not Shed Tears.

One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of the madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy or excitement of mania as in the utter apathy of dementia. If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is one beginning to recover or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane; while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping, it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears.

Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she had been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanied the plaint of the same woman contrasts strangely with the dry-eyed appeal of the talkative lunatic. It would indeed seem that tears give relief to feelings which, when pent up, lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane they find no relief in tears.—Exchange.

Other People's Faults.

Be patient with them, remembering that you have some faults of your own that call for patience.

Make mirrors of them, in which you can see how your own look to other people.

Be warned by them, to avoid what would make you seem foolish or disagreeable.

Don't make them an excuse for your own.

Don't be so much occupied with them that you forget to find out and try to cure your own.

Don't speak of them unless more good can be done by speaking than by keeping silent.

Dr. Cuyler well says: "Next to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, what our churches most need is the development of all its members. While pastors are overworked, a large proportion of the people are underworked. In every church there is a lamentable lot of drones. In seasons of revival nearly every member is alive and busy; but what we call 'revival' ought to be the normal condition of every healthy church."

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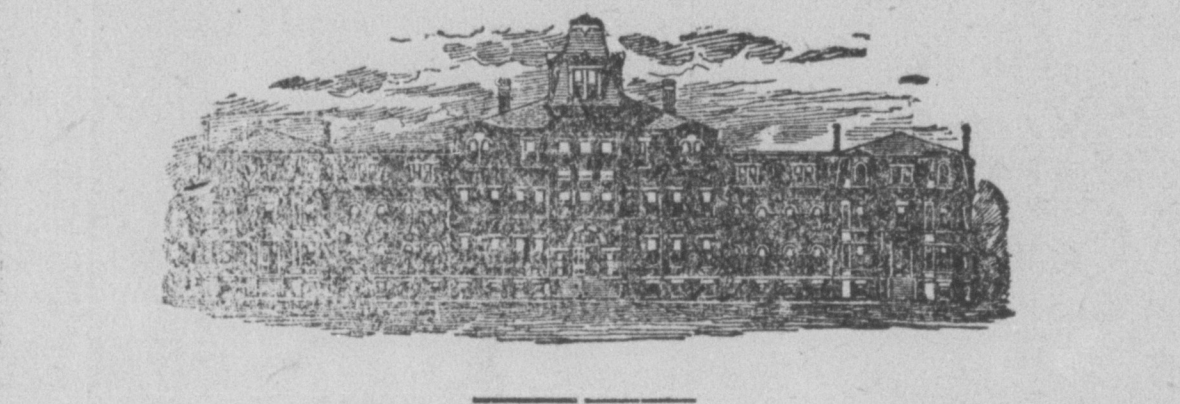
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