

### The Peace of God.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!  
Thy children ask Thy Peace;  
Not that the world calls rest,  
That toil and care should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should fleet away,  
And tranquil night should fade  
In smiling day:  
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!  
Through storm, and fear and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
Through a long, struggling life;  
While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
Or nerve, what the world calls,  
Our wasted might:  
Yet passing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord,  
Who toil while others sleep;  
Who sow with loving care  
What other hands should reap:  
They lean on thee entranced,  
In calm and perfect rest.  
Give us that Peace, O Lord,  
Divine and blest,  
Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee best.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

### The Mother who is Crowded Out.

"After a mother is fifty years old there is no longer any room for her in the world, and she ought to die." These words were bitter, but they were not bitterly spoken. Rather, the intonations of the patient voice were plaintive, and the care-lined face of the elderly woman who uttered the sentiment wore no look of protest. Instead, there was in it an expression of resignation, of acquiescence in something which must be accepted and endured.

Thinking of the many aged mothers loved to idolatry by the men and women who are their "bairns" still, albeit some of them have silver hair and bent shoulders, thinking of the middle aged, who bear as unquestioned a sceptre as when their babies were in the nursery, though these are now "young people" with the hopes and aspirations and work of the young, I wondered whether my friend were not a solitary sufferer. Observation has convinced me to the contrary, and it is my conviction that somebody should uplift a note of warning in the ear of thoughtless, not heartless, daughters.

"The wind is in the east this morning," said a girl at the breakfast table, with a significant glance around at her brothers and sisters and a quiet little pucker of the mouth in the direction of the matron whose hand trembled a little as she poured out the coffee.

"Your mother is very tired and evidently not well," ventured an acquaintance, later, when "mother's irritability" was freely discussed in her hearing by these young people. "That may be," said one of them, lightly, "but she needn't be so cross. We are all willing to do our share in helping her, but she doesn't know that the world has moved since her day."

Neither did the young daughter realize that, however far the world may have moved since the mother's "day," it never has moved, and never will, from the shadow of the fifth commandment. I have a standing quarrel, too, with the statement that a person's "day" is pre-eminently her day of youth. There is a "day" for forty, for sixty, for eighty, and each "day" is as important and as honorable, if well spent, as the earlier—the later as glory-full as the earlier. There is one beauty of the rosebuds, and another beauty of the ripened wheat, and another again of the snowflakes.

But, of course, I know what girls mean when they talk of older people who have had their day. And I am always greatly perplexed and troubled when I see that the effect of education, in a wider sense than the mother knew, has been to make the younger look down upon, or patronize, the elder woman. The plain mother has made sacrifices, some of them very heavy, to obtain for her children the opportunities and advantages of the best schools. She has toiled early and late, spent lonely hours, felt in her soul at times a humiliating depression because she could not keep pace with her children, and it is, pardon me for saying it, simply low and mean for her daughters ever to snub her, or to be impatient with her, or to maneuver to keep her in the background.

Girls, you cannot be too tender of your mothers in the every-day round. Don't let them be crowded out.—MRS. M. E. SANGSTER, in *Congregationalist*.

### At the Bottom of the Sea.

"Where would you have been, if I had not met you?" asked a lady of a bright young lad.

"At the bottom of the sea," was the prompt reply.

Both the lady and the lad spoke in Cantonese. The one spoke reprovingly; the other answered in a low, serious tone, that showed

shame for having grieved the heart of one to whom he owed his life.

Last May two missionaries were passing near the bank of the river that flows by the house where I am now writing, when they saw a man and woman about to drown a lad of thirteen. On inquiry they found that he was a bad boy, following in the steps of his father in dishonest gambling habit. His ugly temper grew more intolerable under cruelty, and so, as in other cases, his father and grandmother were to put him out of the way.

It was not unknown to the neighbors. They would not object, nor would anybody else. When a parent is murdered by a son or daughter, crucifixion or decapitation is the punishment. Christmas week, a woman was bound to the cross and sliced to death in this city, for parricide. But "the stubborn and rebellious son," as in Deuteronomy 21, may be stoned or drowned without consulting "the elders of his city."

To the protests of the missionaries the father replied, "Do you want him?"

"Oh, no! We cannot take him." The stripped and pinioned lad must therefore be cast into the river, like a dog to drown.

These American ladies begged for two days' respite. It was granted. The boy was then brought to them. No longer delay would be granted. If they did not take him, he must die at once. There was no alternative. Papers were drawn and he became theirs. He soon verified the description given. In his fits of ugliness he acted like a maddened animal. He had been used to flogging, having been tied up by the thumbs.

One day, when shut up alone, he screamed so loud the cook took the liberty to insert a gag. Compulsory silence led to willing submission. He began to improve, and to respond to loving approaches. He now goes to church and Sunday school, is quick to learn in his daily studies, and bright and capable in household duties. The better nature strengthens as the old one is suppressed. Surrounded by Christian influences, he bids fair to become a useful, good man. Now and then a tempest comes, but with diminishing violence, and sooner followed by calm.

Then, as in the response just quoted, the frankness of the lad is seen. He feels that he owes his life to those who rescued him at the last moment, and is trying to serve them faithfully. He also feels kindly toward those brutal kinsmen from whom he was taken. Recent improvements on the building where he lives necessitates the hewing of large timbers. He wished to write to his father, asking him to come and get the chips for fuel. These are hopeful signs. We who know him believe that God may yet make him a chosen vessel. He was "at the bottom of the sea" of heathenism, and can say of God, as did David, "He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of great waters. He delivered me from . . . them that hated me."

Do missions pay? Yes, verily,—every way. And are not gentleness and love more potent factors in the work of drawing reluctant souls, everywhere, to a better life, than are more drastic methods?—Dr. E. P. Thwing, in *S. S. Times*.

### A Christian Hero.

Such a hero was Michael Verran, a splendid specimen and true type of a Christian Cornish miner.

From a boy he had lived and worked in the dark mines, but he had learned to love the name of Jesus at his mother's knee, and the dark galleries and levels of the mine did not hinder his having an abiding sense of the Savior's presence.

One day in his full manhood he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to a rule, one of the three had ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish the preparation for firing the charge.

The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse and then for one man to ascend the shaft and let down the bucket for the last so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless; and while the fuse was attached to the charge, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few moments the charge would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and holding onto the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but, alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to

ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and quietly said:

"Escape lad, for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute."

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what? For the great roar and boom that told him of the sudden destruction of the brave comrade who had given up life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate close shut against that fearful hole. Yet down they hurried, and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted in faltering tones his name, "Michael! Michael! where are you?"

And the strong answer came, "Thank God, I am here!"

Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there underneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft protected him from all the rest, they found him safe; not a scratch upon him nor his clothes torn. He had set himself down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul in prayer to God, and the God who cared for Daniel in his rocky dungeon had delivered him and saved him from death.

For years he had lived to tell of God's goodness to him and to lead others by his example to the Savior, and then they laid him in the quiet country churchyard, where the long grass now waves over his sleeping place. But his name still lives in the hearts of the simple Cornish miners; his heroism is still remembered by maiden and stripling who have learned his story from the aged folk who lived in the time when the brave, good fellow gave himself up to die for his friend and comrade in the bottom of the pit shaft.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—*Christian at Work*.

### Clean Conversation.

Wickedness is not wit, and filthiness is not fun. Moral baseness in conversation is suggestive of mental barrenness. There are foul mouthed specimens of animalism who are ready to tell you the best story they ever heard. If you are so unwise as to listen, it usually turns out to be the worst story you ever heard.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, and let no corrupt communication proceed out of your neighbor's mouth, if you can help it.

An unclean incident is a reflection upon your mother; an insult to your sister; an indignity to your fair friend; and a dishonor to the magnificent manhood of this country, of which you are a representative.

There are certain young men who regard the possession of a long list of questionable illustrations as a sure guarantee of popularity among young men. There are other young men, however, who would not stoop so low as to wipe their feet on such popularity.

There are young men who place so high a price upon kingly manhood and queenly womanhood that they would instantly and indignantly refuse to turn their mouths into sewers or their brains into cesspools even though you should offer to organize the continent of North America into one glorious empire and crown them lords over all of it.

There are young men who believe that lips kissed by an idolizing mother are too pure and holy to be cursed by the ulcerating germs of sensuality.

The fact that some very good men sometimes tell stories that are not so good as they ought to be simply proves that such men are not so good as such men ought to be.

An unclean incident is unclean, and therefore unhealthy; unhealthy, and therefore unmanly; unmanly, and therefore unholy; unholy, and therefore unchristian; unchristian, and therefore unkind, uncalled for, unnecessary; absolutely inexcusable and beneath the dignity of any man who claims to be either a Christian or a gentleman.

There is nothing so sweet as a pure breath.

He who seeks to entertain his friends by kindling the fires of an unholy imagination is not less foolish than the individual who would set on fire the costly draperies of his drawing-room in order to amuse his guests.—*Jas. L. Gordon*.

### Trifling With Danger.

I was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in Sligo a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance; and while I was making up my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark, "I would like to see the man who could

truthfully say, No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance." I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds.

"Well," said he, at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday school Superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday school Superintendent, your first class leader and your father. The very rope with which they were hung up are adjusting to catch your children. I cannot afford to put my head in such a halter as that."

Even as medicine, the prescription of alcohol becomes "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." Very many private practitioners, besides the London Temperance Hospital, are proving that diseases and accidents of all kinds can be best managed without alcoholics.

There is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages.

I attribute a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which have come under my notice . . . to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate.—*Sir. Henry Thompson*.

### Small Swarm of B's.

Be earnest. Half-heartedness will not accomplish one half as much as whole-heartedness will rightly handled. Be earnest.

Be honest. "Honesty is the best policy," and the best policy will often be found along the way that honest men travel. Be honest.

Be straight. Not only "Straight as a string," but rather "Straight as an arrow," if you would be sure to "Hit the mark." Be straight.

Be watchful. "Watch out" and watch in, as well. Also "Watch and wait," if you would not let opportunity slip by unnoticed. Be watchful.

Be considerate. "Consider your ways and be wise," and having found the ways of wisdom, walk therein "all the days of your life." Be considerate.

Be amiable. A "cross-patch" may pass by on the other side without being asked to "come back our way," while all the world likes to go hand and hand with amiability. Be amiable.—*Good Housekeeping*.

ROTHSCHILD RULES.—These elder Baron Rothschild had the rules posted upon the walls of his bank. They are certainly good ones:

Shun liquors.  
Dare to go forward.  
Never be discouraged.  
Never tell business lies.  
Be polite to everybody.  
Employ your time well.  
Be prompt in everything.  
Pay your debts promptly.  
Bear all troubles patiently.  
Do not reckon upon chance.  
Make no useless acquaintances.  
Be brave in the struggle of life.  
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.  
Never appear something more than you are.  
Take time to consider, and then decide positively.  
Carefully examine into every detail of your business.—*The Inland*.

### Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

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