

FOR THE HOME.

Watch, Mother, Watch.

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

—CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

Parental Control.

Many parents are proving more of a hindrance and curse to their children than a blessing, by allowing the reins of family government to hang so loosely. God demands of us the proper training of our children and if they are left to do as they please they will generally bring sorrow and grief to our hearts. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

We have been grieved to see the way many children are dealt with by their parents when corrected. We have seen a child act rebellious and selfish and cry out, "I will," or "I won't," and the mother instead of correcting him and conquering his will, (fearing to undertake it doubtless) would turn the subject and tell him something to cause him to laugh and get him in good humor. This is wrong and is a great injustice to the child. As Mrs. Wesley once wrote,—"a child's will should be conquered at once. If allowed to go on unbroken, the mother will see, when too late the great mistake she has made."

So often threats are made to children which the parents has no intention whatever of carrying out, such as, "I'll whip you within an inch of your life," "The bad man will get you," etc., and many times simply threatening to punish the offender in some way, only as the result of a habit.

When it is necessary to punish a child it should be done in the spirit of love and tenderness, but with a firmness which the child understands is law; then it should be done with the child's future good in view. "Line upon line and precept upon precept" is needed in moulding the young life and disciplining the character and developing it for eternity. This idea should be kept before the parents in all his or her administrations of government. The needs of the child's soul should in every case be the paramount object in the training of every child. That mother or father who ignores the soul life and neglects the moral and spiritual training of the child is doing an eternal injustice to it and must render an account to God for the same.

O, father and mother, as you prize your own life, look well to the interests of your precious children. Their souls are in your hands. The moulding of their lives are entrusted to you and if this greatest of all duties is left undone, your children shall rise up against you in condemnation when they meet you in the Judgment.

Eli came to a sad end because he restrained not his sons when they did evil. God's wrath was kindled against him. On the other hand, God commended Abraham because he ruled his house well.

The Girl and the Prince.

The Prince of Wales once heard an un-

expected sermon from a little girl; and it came about in this way:

A nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. He was very fond of his daughter, though his engagements prevented him seeing much of her. The child was therefore mostly in the society of her governess or in the nursery. Now her nurse was an earnest christian woman. She felt for her motherless little charge, and early stored the child's mind with spiritual truths. The father used sometimes to amuse his little daughter by asking riddles; and one night, when she came in after dinner for dessert, she said to her father, who was not a christian;

"Father, do you know what is whiter than snow?"

"No," said he, somewhat puzzled, "I do not."

"Well," replied the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow."

The nobleman was surprised, and asked: "Who told you that?"

"Nurse," was the reply.

The father did not discuss this point, and conversation changed to other topics; but afterwards he privately requested the nurse, whose opinions he respected, not to mention these matters to his daughter, as at her age he feared she might take too "gloomy" a view of life.

The incident was forgotten; but not long after the Prince of Wales visited the house, and the little girl was allowed to be present. The prince, with his usual affability, noticed the child, and thus encouraged, she said:

"Sir, do you know what is whiter than snow?"

The prince, not seeing the drift of her question, smiled as he answered, "No."

"Well," she said, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow."

The remark was overheard by the father; his little girl's words were used to carry conviction to his heart; he became an earnest and devoted christian, and thousands will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. Now, perhaps you may be tempted to think that little girl was forward or precocious; but she was not. She had learned a truth which is better than rank, or wealth, or titles, or estates and, childlike, the truth she had learned was this: The soul needs cleansing, and the blood of Christ can effectually cleanse from every stain.

Why He tie Was Happy.

Most girls would have thought that Hettie Bowers had not much to make her happy. She had no home of her own, and worked in Mrs. Adams' kitchen from Monday morning till Saturday night. But the truth of the whole matter was that Hettie was a Christian. There was often a song on her lips, and Mrs. Adams was won't to say, "The kitchen is the brightest room in the house."

"What a sunshiny disposition your little kitchen girl has!" guests would sometimes say to Mrs. Adams.

And the mistress who knew well the secret of Hettie's happiness, always answered, "Yes, it is the sunshine of God's love in her heart."

"Hettie," Mrs. Adams asked one day, "why are you always so happy?"

"Why, ma'am," she answered, "Jesus loves me, and isn't that enough to make anyone happy?"

"But how do you know he loves you, Hettie?" continued Mrs. Adams.

"He said so, ma'am, and I couldn't doubt his word."

"Then you think he never forgets, Hettie?"

Her face lit up with a smile, "Oh, that is the beauty of such love; we forget sometimes, but he never does."

"But, Hettie, don't you ever feel lonely?"

"Not while he is with me, ma'am; but sometimes when I forget his great love, I repine."

"Well," said, Mrs. Adams to herself as she stepped out of the kitchen, "what grace he has bestowed upon this little one! While Hettie may be only a poor kitchen girl, as we view things, yet hereafter a great reward awaits her."

Need I go to School.

"O, father, need I go to school?" said John one morning as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand

books—I never shall. I'd rather cut wood with you in the bush, and work ever so hard."

"John, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked his father.

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so." A word at a time and keeping at it, will make you a good spell-er; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good in figures; a thought at a time and keeping at it, will make you master of the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said Johnnie. And before six years from that time he stood first in the highest class at school.

An Age of Hurry.

An old gentleman, evidently a philosopher had been spending a week in Chicago. He had been jostled on the sidewalks, crowded against walls, prodded in the sides, and shoved hither and thither in the midst of a turmoil such as he was quite unused to. His visit was at an end. He was going to a quieter place. He had just bought his ticket when a station officer said, briskly, but not unkindly:

"Hurry up, sir, or you'll miss your train."

No doubt the old gentleman seemed a little "slow."

"Hurry, there; hurry!" shouted a gate-tender.

"I don't have to, do I?" said the old man.

"You do, if you want to catch that train."

"But I don't have to catch it, unless I want to, do I?"

"I suppose not; but Chicago's a fast place, sir, and you can't keep up with the procession if you don't hurry."

"People don't get honest here any faster than they do elsewhere, do they?" inquired the old gentleman, seriously.

"No; I can't say they do."

"Nor they don't become respectable citizens any faster, do they?"

"I suppose not," said the official, whose face was beginning to look puzzled.

"Nor develop the Christian graces any faster, do they?"

"No; I guess not."

"Nor reach the highest type of manhood and womanhood any faster, do they?"

This was getting almost beyond the official; but he shook his head negatively.

"Nor learn any faster their duty to their fellow-men?"

Again the official shook his head.

"Nor go to heaven any faster?"

"Not much!" exclaimed the railroad man, with emphasis.

The stranger took out his watch.

"Well, I have two minutes in which to walk a hundred feet. I guess I can make it without blowing out a cylinder head, can't I?"

He spoke in a gentle tone, almost as if speaking to himself, and the railway official picked up his satchel and carried it for him out through the gate and across the platform.—Youth's Companion.

Breath Through Your Nose.

The number of people suffering from nose and throat trouble is astonishing. Look around you and see how many of your acquaintances are unable to make full breath through the nose. You will be astonished to see how many of them breathe through the mouth. They do not realize it, and would deny the statement even while drawing in air directly through the lips. No one can avoid so-called catarrh and throat troubles who persistently breathes through the mouth. The nose was made for breathing, and the man who breathes through the mouth disobeys nature as surely as does he who tries to drink through his nose.

A very large per cent of throat troubles are due to mouth breathing. The nose is supplied with what may be called a filtering device, but when drawn through the mouth the air strikes directly upon the throat and keeps it constantly irritated, just as the lower part of the eyeball would be if you constantly held the lid away from it and let in the light. "Shut your mouth and live," is the advice given by experts in throat diseases. But look at the noses of your friends and you will see why they are mouth breathers. One or

both of the nostrils are fallen in. In some cases the nostril is almost entirely closed, in others it is but half as large as formerly. This is due to a lack of use; a person begins to breathe through his mouth and slowly the muscles of the nostrils fail through lack of exercise, just as the muscles of the arm would fail if exercise were diminished or discontinued. The consequence is that such nostrils gradually fall in, and you will notice many of your friends who cannot possibly take a good breath except through the mouth. Such people cannot long enjoy good health. They are breaking one of nature's laws—like the man who expects his stomach to do the work that belongs to his teeth. Sooner or later such people begin to suffer—it is catarrh, throat trouble, deafness, dyspepsia, but it all comes from driving cold and unfiltered air through the mouth. Had the air gone through the nose, as it should have done, all suffering could have been avoided. The simple remedy is, "Shut your mouth and live,"—stop breathing through your mouth.—Selected.

Selection.

"I am ready to forgive my brother whenever he comes to me by terms and confesses he is all wrong and I am all right, but not before. I want everybody to know from his own confession that he is wrong and I am right." This is too one-sided to ever bring about reconciliation.

"If I see I am in the wrong I am willing to confess it and do all in my power to make it right." This is all right as far as it goes, but it don't go deep enough. The question is, Are you willing to see that you are in the wrong?

Why not say, "If my brother has anything against me I will not rest until it is settled; I will do all in my power to make it right. If he requires more of me than is right, God will make it manifest in his own time and way." And, "If I have aught against any one, and he asks me to forgive him, I will do so freely and heartily, and will never bring it up or refer to it again. If he does not confess his wrong as he should, I am willing to leave it with the Lord."

One has said, "I would suffer a thousand wrongs rather than do one; I would suffer a hundred rather than return one or obtain my right by contending, for I have always observed that contending with one's equals is dubious and with one's inferiors is mean spirited and sordid."

Open Eyes.

State Superintendent of Schools Stetson was visiting a school down in Pembroke, when he got into the pleasant mazes of nature studies and asked some interesting questions about the little things of the world about us.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. No one knew. "And yet," said the state superintendent, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year and see the fruit every day probably."

Mr. Bramwell on Prayer.

Aug. 9th, 1818—less than three full days before "the venerable" William Bramwell suddenly went to glory—he had a company of earth-saints around him. He talked to them on prayer, saying: "The devil hates prayer; and if by any means he can prevail with us, either to neglect this duty or to be less fervent in it, he gains his purpose. Sometimes business will call off our attention, and we neglect it once in the day. At night we reflect on our folly, and lament our loss, resolving, is spared, to be more diligent on the morrow. We sometimes attend to the hours which we have set apart for the performance of this duty; but our hearts are not there, they are wandering to the ends of the earth. At other times we are conscious of having done some evil, which causes us to be ashamed of appearing at the footstool of our heavenly Father. Thus, by one means or another, Satan obtains his desire, and afterwards reproves us for it. But where we live in a habit of constant, fervent prayer, our grand enemy flies, and our souls prosper."—Ex.

A Marvel.

Baptist missions in Africa are being wonderfully blessed of God. At one sta-

tion, Emendi, in a single week 203 adults were baptized. One Sunday in one meeting more than 4,000 came to hear the gospel. One missionary reports that a five days' meeting had just been held. They gathered at a central station and waited upon God after the sort of the Pentecost. From day to day converts were baptized. One day they had communion of the Lord's Supper. Eight dollars in offering was given, and besides these were given beads, hoes, rings, bracelets, sixty-seven fowls, two goats, two sheep 233 pounds corn and potatoes and pumpkins. All this from new converts from heathenism, but now clothed and in their right minds and sitting at the feet of Jesus. This, says the missionary, is another marvel of missions in these last days.—California Independent.

TEMPERANCE.

The Mother's Warning.

Touch it not—ye do not know,
Unless you've borne a fate like mine,
How deep a curse, how wild a woe,
Is lurking in that ruby wine.

Look on my cheek—'tis withered now;
It once was round and smooth as thine;
Look on my deeply furrowed brow—
'Tis all the work of treacherous wine.

I had two sons, two princely boys,
As noble men as God e'er gave;
I saw them fall from honor's joys
To fill a common drunkard's grave.

I had a daughter, young and fair,
As pure as ever woman bore,—
Where is she? Did you ask me where?
Bend low, I'll tell the tale once more.

I saw that fairy child of mine
Linked to a kingly bridegroom's side;
Her heart was proud and light as thine—
Oh, would to God she then had died!

Not many moons had filled their horn,
While she upon his bosom slept;
'Twas on a dark November morn,
She over a murdered husband wept.

Her drunken father dealt the blow—
Her brain grew wild, her heart grew weak;
Was ever tale of deeper woe
A mother's lips had lived to speak?

She dwells in yonder darkened halls;
No ray of reason there doth shine;
She on her murdered husband calls—
'Twas done by wine, accursed wine.
—SELECTED.

What Moved Her.

Lady Henry Somerset has told how she was first drawn into temperance work. She had seen two children a boy and a girl sip wine at their father's table, and heard the guests laugh at the precocious little ones. She has seen the boy go to the drunkards grave when twenty-four years old. "But what of the girl?" she went on. "The girl was happily married and became the mother of lovely children. The fatal seed has been sown, however. The young mother became a slave to strong drink. I prayed with her and wept with her. She asked me one day if I would be a total abstainer if she renounced strong drink forever. The proposition was a strange one and I asked twenty-four hours for consideration. When I saw her again she said it was too late. I felt that, if I had given her promptly the answer she would have received, she might have been saved. Today her home is shattered, but I resolved to do in future all I could for God and humanity."—Onward.

I know much is said about the prudent use of ardent spirits, but we might as well speak of the prudent use of the plague, or fire handled prudently around among powder, or poison taken prudently every day, or vipers and serpents introduced prudently into our dwellings, to glide about as a matter of courtesy to visitors and of amusement to our children.—Lyman Beecher.