

October 15, 1912.

Temperance.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

We have written much upon this theme, and yet it is very fresh, because there is so much of human history and experience wrapped up in it. A little boy was taken by a city missionary with some other boys to the country, to find homes. He was well clad and had a new hat given him; but while the missionary was getting the other children ready to go, this boy went into the corner and took the hat that he had thrown off and tore the lining out of it. The missionary said, "What are you doing with that hat? You don't want it. What are you tearing the lining out of it for?" "Ah!" said the boy, "that was made out of my mother's dress. She loved me very much before she died, and I have nothing to remember her by but the lining."

And so the boy tore it out and put it in his bosom.

An incident in the life of a student is thus related: Coming home from years of study abroad, a young man one evening, in conversation with his only surviving parent, shocked him with a sneer against the religion of Christ. Not a word of reproach came from the grieved father. He took his little lamp and went to his chamber. All night that young skeptic heard the tramp of the feet of that sleepless sire, and the sound was the knell of sorrow, the cause of which the son well knew. In the morning the father brought to his son the well known Bible of a sainted mother and desired him to read and compare its teaching with his memories of her life. He read, and found a tear-stained verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Conviction seized him. The beauty of her character, the patience, purity and fidelity she had shown were convincing evidences of the unspeakable superiority of Christian character over the hollow fruits of skepticism. He cast away the foils of the tempter, knelt and consecrated his life and his splendid talents to his Saviour.

Wendell Phillips, returning from one of his lectures, seated in a railway car, "a man about sixty years of age," he says, "came to sit beside me." He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and carried on board like a dog. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.'

"He said: 'I laid my hands in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kinds of life, and men; they laughed at me as a milk-sop and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet anchor; I owe it all to that. Would you like to take the pledge?' said he. My companion took it, and added, 'it has sav-

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

ed me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and have helped others."

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness; how many more! He who sees all can alone tell.

Mothers of earth, when you rear your sons,
With such loving and tender pride,
How little you know where feet will stray,
In the paths of the world so wide!
'Tis a merciful hand that holds a screen
'Twixt the baby days and life's closing scene.
—Ch. Standard.

AFTER MORAL WRECK.

After a man has made a complete moral wreck of himself, what then? To hear people talk, one would get the idea that there is nothing to do then but to let him go, an admitted and abandoned failure.

It is fortunate that God does not treat us that way. It was fortunate for the world that he did not treat Judah that way after she had "gone so far down that she had to reach up to touch bottom." It was after that that the Remnant was so purified that Jesus Christ could be born from that stock. Out of the complete moral wrecks of the world have come the John B. Goughs, the Jerry McAuleys, the S. H. Hadleys, and tens of thousands of others not less blessed and blessing.

If you have a friend, or know a man who has now apparently completed his moral wreckage, this is the time to hold on in undiscouraged, unquenchable faith and prayer. God has not let him go; why should you?

The time never comes, if he is still in this life, when you will need to, or have any right to, let go of one whom you have been trying to let Christ save through you.

And the same is true of our own moral failures, when we seem to have come to an unrecoverable end in pitiable collapse of character. "While an hour of life remains, life is in the making."—S. S. Times.

ACQUAINTED WITH GOD.

There was an old woman in Leicester, England, whose custom it was to carry flowers to the hospital and talk about their souls to patients, nurses and even doctors. One of the doctors, standing in the doorway one day, remarked:

"Do you believe God will hear your prayers? I'm hard up. If I asked Him would He send me £5?"

The old lady answered: "If you were introduced to the Prince of Wales, would you put your hand in his pocket at once?"

"No," he said, "not till I knew him better."

"You will need to be a great deal better acquainted with God before you can expect such an answer to your wish."

But we may be so well acquainted with God that it will be perfectly natural to bring to Him, as our nearest and best friend, every need of our souls.—Selected.

A man who is too timid to oppose anything but ancient evils or condemn distant sins is too timid to be a herald of the Lord.

Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? Very well; that is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in the world.—Joseph Cook.

The Home.

THE HOME CENTRE.

The religion of the home should be in harmony with its clearly defined aims—growth in grace and knowledge; conversion, instruction and Christian nurture of children. There should be the center about which all the home interest should radiate. You will see the force of this point when you reflect upon other things that sometimes form the centre of the family interests; money making, dress, place in society. One or more of these often control entirely the forces of a home.

The religion of a home has very little influence upon the children when it is out of harmony with the daily life and interests which apparently absorb father and mother.

Children will not bring sacrifices to the true God while parents are burning incense to the god of this world. Men pray feebly for the conversion of their children, but labor eagerly and hopefully to get money and gain rank in society. Women toil in the kitchen or at the sewing machine, seeking always to adorn the bodies or gratify the tastes of the children.

How shall these children learn that the absorbing subject with the mother is their conversion?

WHAT MOTHER RECEIVED.

"Mother gets up first," said the new office boy. "She lights the fire and gets my breakfast so I can get here early. Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"What is your pay here?"

"I get three dollars a week, and father gets three dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

"Mother!" he said indignantly, "why she don't have to work for anybody."

"Oh! I thought you just told me she worked for the whole family every morning."

"Oh, that's for us! But there ain't no money in that."—Exchange.

A certain mother in one of our small cities was very fond of playing "progressive euchre." One evening she received a fine silver cup for being the most successful player in a group of society friends. She was much delighted with her success, and on showing it to her family the next morning, her son, in his early "teens," said, "Huh! I can beat that, for I made ten dollars at the pool table last night!" Immediately the eyes of the mother were opened in more senses than one, for in the first place she had no idea that her son had thus been spending his time, and in the next place, partners in sin, how could she condemn him? It taught her a lesson once for all.—The Presbyterian.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kinney, of Fort Fairfield, Me., spent several days at Fredericton last week. We join their many friends in wishing them a very happy and prosperous journey through life.

Brother and Sister W. L. Estabrooks, of Marysville, expect to go to New York the last of this month to spend the winter with their son.

"Faith is taking God at His Word, and asking no questions. The truest faith is often associated with the very limited knowledge."