

She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated housework." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things need sleep." She milked five cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer and his five children and two farm hands sat down to breakfast and she poured the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast if she cared for any. Then came a washing and ironing, scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun!" she would say.

There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. It was a large farm and the men were hearty eaters. She "laid down" great quantities of meats and canned and dried vegetables.

After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer read, the young people visited the neighbors or gathered at one end of the porch, chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with the great basket of stockings.

She would look at them smiling.

"They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun, too, but she never joined them. They were with friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides, she had not time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys she worked until midnight.

One evening her youngest girl read her a story, which she thought would suit her mother's intellect. It touched and pleased her greatly. She spoke of it for a year afterward.

One of her days was like all others except for the Sabbath, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, but especially when they sang any hymn which she had known as a girl she would join scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked that she was growing thin, her children replied that it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body. Her appetite failed, the very smell of salt meat and cabbage which she cooked nauseated her. She used to listen eagerly when they talked of the fruits which could be bought in the city. But nobody noticed it. "Mother had always the motive power, which had kept the whole machinery in motion. It never occurred to anybody that the power could be exhausted."

One day, however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed, still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew

how much they had loved her. Their grief was sincere and deep. They never wearied in talking of her unfailing gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any effort of theirs they could have kept her with them still loving, patient and unselfish.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

Just a word from this part of the vineyard. We have been having a gracious time here in special meetings at Meductic, and at Greenbush. Brother Howe preached the word faithfully without fear or favor. Twenty-seven were forward at Meductic, twenty-three at Greenbush. Some real good cases of justification, and some real definite cases of sanctification. Praise the Lord! We give him all the glory. On May 7th I had baptism at Meductic, and on May 28th I had two baptisms at Greenbush; am planning another at Meductic June 25th.

We began our special meetings at Middle Southampton June 1st which will continue over June 18th. Brother Howe has gone to Wood Island to the dedication of the new church at that place. Will be back the 8th inst. D. V. Pray for us.

Yours truly,

H. S. AND MRS. MULLEN.

Meductic, N. B.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway; it is very precious to me. I thank the dear Lord for the help I get spiritually from reading the Highway.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. BERT O. CLAIR.

Gordonsville.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed find renewal for the Highway. I enjoy reading it very much; would not like to do without it. I like the letters from the missionaries and Christian workers everywhere.

Sincerely your friend,

MRS. EDMUND KIERSTEAD.

Apohaqui, N. B., R. R. 2.

Dear Editor:

Enclose please find postal note for my renewal for the Highway. I do not want to do without it. My testimony is, Jesus is precious to me.

MRS. CHARLES G. AVERY.

Windsor, R. R. 1, Car. Co., N. B.

HE THOUGHT OF MOTHER.

A boy who afterwards became governor of the State of Massachusetts once came near being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing was capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile; but finally reached the shore in safety; and when he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim, she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. He replied, "I thought of you, mother, and kept on swimming."

The thought of mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and to the nation.—Sel.

For several miles the road that the pedestrian was following ran near the railway track. There was a long upgrade, and as he walked along a freight train with two engines rounded a bend behind him and started up the slope. A small engine was in front; behind it was a powerful engine with eight heavy drivers. The train had gone only a short way when the small engine began to puff and tug; it seemed to be putting into work every bit of power it had, yet even so the train moved slowly up the grade.

The man was astonished, for the train was not long; the big engine should have been able to pull it easily.

Then he realized what was the matter. The big engine was dead; there was no fire in its furnace, no steam in its boiler. To be sure, the big drivers were pounding round and round, so that it appeared to be doing its share of the work; but as a matter of fact it was doing no work at all and was a mere dead weight on the small engine.

As the pedestrian strolled on he thought many times of the train with the dead engine. It reminded him of homes in which one partner leaves the cares and responsibilities to the other when both should share them. It reminded him of churches in which a few carry the burdens that ought to be distributed on the shoulders of many. It reminded him of the nation in which even in high places there are shirkers who do little to increase the prosperity and dignity of their country.

But most of all it reminded him of the kingdom of heaven in which we ought to work for righteousness side by side with the Master. How kind and willing He is! How ready to help! But how unworthily we fill our places at his side! How often we shirk our duty. But, bearing with our weaknesses, Christ, the True Friend, not only carries on the work of the kingdom but also as an added burden carries us, who alas! hinder more than we help, and brings us at last with Him to the journey's end.—Youth's Companion.

Now it is usually little things that cause us to stumble. I do not fall over a beer barrel, but I slip over a piece of orange peel. I have never stumbled over a bale of cotton, but if one flaw in the pavement projects a third of an inch I may be brought to grief. I can avoid the bigger things; I am careful about the trifles. The little things cause me to stumble. "Look carefully, how you walk," recollect the importance of details. Life is made up of steps and incidents and trifles.—Dr. J. H. Powett.

A man's idol is not necessarily an image of gold; it may be a child of clay, the fruit of his own loins, or the wife of his bosom; it may be wealth, fame, position, success or business—anything which absorbs unduly the affections and attentions. Against all such the Almighty pronounces the decree, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and hurls His resistless missiles of destruction. Either ourselves or our idols must be destroyed.