

The Last Message.

BY SARAH K. DOLTON.

I SAID to a mother of noble birth,
"What would you tell to your darling
son,

If time were measured for you on earth,
And the sands in the hour-glass nearly
run?"

A shadow darkened the sunny face,
As she mused on the parting sure to come:
The smile, with its witching and tender
grace,
Died out, and the soft, sweet voice grew
dumb.

And then, as she thought on the thousand
things
That wrestle for speech in the dying hour,
When we long to bear, as on angel's wings,
The life of our life—the richest dower

God gives to woman—she slowly said,
"My words would be simple and plain and
few:
'Remember, my boy, when I am dead,
To keep your faith that the world is true.'

"I would have him believe in his fellow-
men,
For trust is the sweetest of human needs:
And hope, like the Star of Bethlehem;
"And 'Love one another,' the best of creeds.

"I would have him honest, and brave, and
pure;
Living a life that he would not rue;
But whether in sorrow or joy, be sure
To keep his faith that the world is true."

A Story for Mothers.

THE Fullers—we do not give the
real name—were an influential family.
They were wealthy, cultured people,
and amongst the most prominent mem-
bers of the principal church in the
Western town in which they lived.
Every Sunday they filled their pew,
gave liberally to church and other
charities, and the minister was always
welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian
woman. No one acquainted with her
daily life could question her sincerity.
But she was peculiarly reserved and
sensitive, with an extreme dislike of
obtruding on the reserve of other
people. Her son was her constant
companion as he grew to early man-
hood—a clever, spirited boy, keen of
apprehension, and eager for knowledge.

His mother discussed every subject,
but that of religion, freely with him.
He had been sent constantly to Sun-
day-school, and had been taught the
chief facts in Jewish history, and all
that relate to the life and mission of
Christ. But she had never asked him
to consider the relation in which he
himself stood to God, or urged him to
take Christ as the guide and model of
his life—his Friend and Master.

There had been times when she felt
almost driven to do this; but when
the lad was at her side, and they were
surrounded by the atmosphere of every-
day life, her courage had failed her,
and the subject had been deferred.
He was a handsome, perfectly healthy
young man, a noted athlete, with a life
full of plans and hopes before him;
there was plenty of time, she felt, for
such counsel and entreaties.

Last October the boy was struck

down by diphtheria. On the second
day the physician told him he had not
an hour to live. While he lay stunned
and silent, some one spoke to him of
Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought
about him!" he cried. "He is no
Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't
you talk to me of him?"

These were his last words. In a
few moments his senses were clouded,
and before the hour was over he was
dead.

Every mother will understand the
intolerable legacy of remorse that was
left by these words. Yet how many
mothers, although religious women in
their profession and habits of life,
never break the silence between them-
selves and their sons on this subject!
They defer it to a more convenient
season, and soon the tender boy is a
hardened man, and has left home and
passed from under their influence.

If a man's mother has not cared for
his soul, who will?—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

Punishment of Children.

SOMETIME ago, as I was coming up
the street, I met a young married
friend, holding her little boy by the
hand. The child had evidently had a
fall, for the pretty suit he wore was
covered with splashes of mud.

"Just look at Willie's new coat,"
she said, in aggrieved voice. "It is
perfectly ruined, and I have had such
trouble to get it made. Is it not too
bad?"

While I was expressing my sympa-
thy, the little fellow looked up into
my face with a woeful expression on
his own. "And mamma is going to
whip me just as soon as we get home,"
he cried.

"I certainly am," she said in the
same indignant tone. "I have told
him at least fifty times to take hold of
my hand and he never will do it, and
this is the consequence."

"It seems to me," I answered some-
what dryly, "that if you have con-
doned the sin of disobedience for forty-
nine times, it is for the sin of falling
down that the child is to be punished;
for if the accident had not happened,
I imagine that the fiftieth act of dis-
obedience would also have passed with-
out comment."

Her cheek flushed for a moment,
then her honest hazel eyes met mine
steadily. "Your reproof is a just
one," she said; "and I shall not soon
forget it."

I would like all our young mothers
to carefully consider this question of
punishment, for it is a most important
one. While grave moral faults are
often passed over carelessly, a child is
frequently very severely dealt with for
the tearing of a dress or the breaking
of an ornament, or any other fault
that involves trouble or expense, even
though the mischief may have been
unintentionally done.

Shocking as the statement may

sound, is it not true that when the
angry mother relieves her annoyance
by punishing the object of it, she is
really revenging herself upon it for
the trouble it has occasioned?

Certainly it is very provoking to
have beautiful things broken, and
work that has been the result of much
patient labour destroyed through heed-
lessness and carelessness, yet some time
ago, when I heard a child who had
torn a handsome dress, answer sagely
to another who had told her that "her
mother would whip her for tearing it,"
"No; my mother never whips for
clothes," I felt sure she was in wise as
well as loving hands.

In Our Father's House.

OUR Lord allayed the heart-trouble
of his disciples by assuring them that
in his Father's house were many man-
sions, and that the parting which
caused them sorrow was for their good;
that though he was going from them,
it was to prepare a place for them,
and that he would surely return to
receive them & himself, that they
might abide with him forever.

Our Lord speaks of heaven as home:
"Our Father's house." What a con-
trast to the gorgeous imagery employ-
ed by servants is this sublimely simple
familiarity of the child. Inspired
men are overawed by the distant vis-
ion of the Paradise of God, the Cele-
stial City, Jerusalem, with its pearly
gates and streets of gold. It is as if
a poor cottager, after visiting a royal
palace, tried to describe the unimag-
ined splendours of a place which
members of the royal family simply
knew as home. How in harmony with
the high claims of deity asserted by
and for him! The disciples were not
to be troubled on his account. Al-
though betrayed, condemned, crucified,
he was going home. "Let not your
heart be troubled." And because of
their intimate union, they were not to
be troubled for themselves.

If heaven is Christ's home, it is
ours also. He is our Elder Brother.
"He is not ashamed to call us brethren."
He said, "I ascend to my
Father and your Father." We are
"joint heirs with Jesus Christ." His
Father's home is ours.

Home promises rest. There the
wearied limbs or wearied brain repose
after the day's toil. So amid the mul-
tiple cares and labours of the present
life, we look forward to "the rest that
remaineth for the children of God."
There will be occupation, but no pain-
ful toil. "Blessed are the dead that
die in the Lord; they rest from their
labours."

Oh, the rapture of meeting again
and being forever at home with the
dear ones we have loved on earth, all
made perfect in the presence of the
Elder Brother, whose likeness all will
bear! Oh, the bliss of holiest, deep-
est, constant sympathy with Christ
himself, and so being in the fullest
possession of "at home" in heaven! There

by grace alone and yet by covenant
right; not strangers, nor visitors, nor
mere residents, but children at their
Father's, having "a right to the tree
of life;" penetrating every recess of
that paradise, entering every chamber
of that palace, and feeling, "It is all
mine, because it is all his!"

O believer, your hope is no idle
dream! That city does glow with
splendour. That paradise is radiant
with beauty. That home of perfect
love is preparing for you. Earthly
hopes perish, human promises fail;
but expectations of believers shall be
more than realized, for they are based
on the truth and love of him whose
silence should have sufficed. "If it
were not so I would have told you."
—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

Stage Coach.

"ALL wanting the same place makes
a great deal of trouble in this world,"
said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I
tell you a little story about it—some-
thing I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" chimed the children.

"It is a very sad story, but I will
tell it to you," she went on, "and the
next time that you are tempted to be
selfish, stop and think of it." Once,
long ago, there were four children
playing stage coach, just as you have
been doing now, and, just like you,
they all wanted the first place. Instead
of playing on a log, however, they were
in the spreading branches of a willow
tree.

"I want to drive," said Lucy, set-
tling herself in the driver's seat.

"No, let me drive," and Harry
climbed up beside her. "Let me sit
up there."

"But Lucy did not move.

"Let me sit there," repeated Harry,
giving her a slight push, and crowding
his way on the same branch where she
sat. "You must let me drive."

"A moment more, a sudden crash,
and they were on the ground. The
branch had broken.

"Harry was on his feet instantly,
trying to raise his sister, but there was
a sharp cry of pain, then she lay very
still. Mother and father came run-
ning out of the house and gently lifted
the little fainting form, from which
the arm hung limp and broken. There
was sorrow and crying, but it was all
too late; nothing could turn aside the
weeks of suffering and pain that must
be borne before the little girl could
take her place again among the other
children. I think they all learned a
great lesson of loving unselfishness in
those weary days, each trying who
could bring the most brightness and
happiness into the dreary hours. I
was that little girl, and I learned to
appreciate little kindnesses as I had
never done before. It was then that
I learned something else, too—some-
thing I want you all to remember," and
mamma looked long at the little group.
"It is, 'Even Jesus pleased not him-
self.'"—*Exchange.*