

NONE OR ALL.

"Lord, I will follow Thee," I said
 "And give to Thee my heart.
 And for the world and self will keep
 Only a little part;
 A little part what time my soul
 Grows weary, worn, and sad;
 A little spot where earthly joys
 May come to make me glad.
 But on my ear it seemed to me,
 I heard a whisper fall:
 'I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
 Give none to Me—or all."

"But, Lord, the world is fair," I said,
 "I would not go astray;
 Yet sometimes may I pluck a flower
 Outside the narrow way?
 Yet sometimes may I sit serene,
 Nor spirit-conflicts share,
 Just shifting for a space, the cross
 I am content to bear?"
 Yet once again, it seemed to me,
 I heard the whisper fall
 "I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
 Give none to Me—or all."

"Ah, Lord, my very hope," I said,
 "On Thee my soul doth rest,
 And I am sure the very way
 Thou readeest me is best;
 And if I've thought too strait the path,
 Too stern the hindering vows,
 Teach me that naught of real bliss
 Thy service disallows."
 More softly still, it seemed to me,
 I heard the whisper fall:
 "I will not halve My heaven with thee,
 Then give to Me thine all."

Sel.

HIS MOTHER MADE HIM.



WEALTHY business man not long ago paid a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address a Sabbath-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early

struggles! You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did—so I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there she did did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you educated yourself—"

"Oh no! not all. Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and hangers, into the fire and she burned her hands in pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that, as soon as you had saved a little money, you bought some fruit, and began to sell it at the railway-station?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sabbath-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for sale were specked and wormy, I had been cheated by the man of whom I had bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They look very well on the outside.' I thought and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones."

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me."

"Ned," said she in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those specked apples?'

"Se—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said promptly. 'Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!' Then she cried and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sabbath that their mothers are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that their mothers may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for the children—for mine didn't."