

selves, with the toys and indestructible picture-books provided, and even the babies seem to have learnt how to restrain themselves, for they seldom cry. For that one afternoon at least, mothers and children seem alike happy, and we would fain hope that its influence spreads sunshine all the week through, in not a few of their homes, and that through it, God's dear Son is loved and honoured in homes which formerly knew Him not.

Not one mother has been removed by death since the meetings were organised, but nine of their tender little flowerets have been removed from the cold winds of earth to the perpetual sunshine and genial clime of our Father's home above, where we hope, through the merits of Jesus, their parents will one day recognise and rejoin them, to part no more for ever.

The first break in the meetings has just occurred, in the form of three Mondays' holiday. This was deemed advisable, to give the Bible nurse a little holiday, and on account of some of the ladies wishing to go out of town. Last year one lady conducted them alone for some time, but it was thought only right to give her an opportunity of taking a little change and recreation also. To-day they re-assemble, and I hope it will be found that none have drifted away in consequence. I think most are too much attached to the meetings to be easily led away now.

Once a year a free tea is given them by the three ladies presiding, and this they thoroughly enjoy, the tables being liberally supplied with cakes and other dainties. The second was held on January 30 of this year, when fifty-four mothers were present. After tea, short addresses were given by the pastor, one of the deacons, and two city missionaries connected with the chapel, after which, in consequence of engagements, all the gentlemen retired, and the ladies had the field to themselves. So well did this answer, that I, for one, think it desirable that after making their speeches, the gentlemen should retire from our meeting each year, since the mothers then feel more at home, and the ladies at liberty to address them. Several hymns were sung between the ladies' speeches, and at the close two of the mothers who have been led to Christ, got up and spoke, declaring before their compeers how much they were personally indebted to the meetings, and their influence on their children, and thanking the ladies again and again for what they had done for them. Then followed last words, again, and yet again, the mothers loath to leave, and at last slowly and reluctantly shaking hands, and departing to their humble homes.

H. D. ISACKH.

THE DANGERS OF MANHOOD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Youth, whose ingenious spirit, just and kind,
Looks from that gentle eye, that open brow,
Wilt thou be ever thus in heart and mind,
As guileless and as merciful as now?
Behold this streamlet, whose sweet waters wind
Among green knolls unbroken by the plow,
Where wild flowers woo the bee, and wild birds find
Safe nests and secret in the cedar bough.
This stream must reach the sea, and then no more
Its purity and peaceful mood will keep,
But change to bitter brine and madly roar
Among the breakers there, and toss, and leap,
And dash the helpless bark against the shore,
And whelm the drowning seamen in the deep.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

IT was a glorious consciousness which enabled St. Paul, when about to take leave of those among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of God to say, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men." May this consciousness be ours, my friends, in respect, at least, to the blood of drunkards! May not one drop of the blood of their ruined souls be found at last spotting our garments! Are we ministers of Christ? Are we servants and followers of Him who taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Let us see that no blood-guiltiness attaches to us here. We can take a course which will embolden us to challenge the closest inspection of our influence as it respects intemperance; which will enable us to enter without fear, on this ground at least, the presence of our Judge. May no false scruples, no fear of man which bringeth a snare, no sordid spirit of self-indulgence, no unrepenting and unreasoning prejudice, deter us from doing that over which we cannot fail to rejoice when we come to stand before the Son of Man!

ONLY.

BY JESSIE GORDON.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wonderfully clad;
And the tired heart grew stangely glad,
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more;
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

THE GOSPEL IN THE MISSIONARY WORK.

THE interest of man in man, always sublime, divine, comes from God, and God is love. There is nothing more magnificent than a heart loving a heart whose tastes, prejudices, customs and traditions are absolutely repulsive. Yet this is the missionary spirit. It "flings down its gold," equips its men, prints its Bibles, sends its ships to heathen nations, to bestow upon those we have never seen, and shall never see, the blessings of the Gospel. The vast machinery and systematic method by which the Church is doing it is not the result of an accident, but of a mighty conviction that this world can be converted. It is an inspiration—a clear, strong faith that the conversion of the world is not the fancy of a bewildered brain, but a majestic possibility—a fact toward which the great ages have been silently but truly marching—a possibility fully warranted by the inherent forces and adaptation of the Gospel. When Christ left His disciples He requested them to tarry at Jerusalem, to be endued with power from on high. This power is in the Gospel still, and in the heart of the Church.—*Dr. Hurst.*

Works of love are more acceptable than lofty contemplation: art thou engaged in devoutest prayer, and God wills that thou go out and carry broth to a sick brother, thou shouldst do it with joy.—*Tauler.*