

MOTHER.

A touching incident occurred a short time ago at the distribution of prizes in the English School of Science and Arts at Keighley.

The Bishop of Manchester gave the prizes. To the pupils and most of the large audience, the bishop occupies the place of a father to his children; not only revered as a man of God, but as a liberal, practical thinker, one of the leaders of opinion in England in all matters which influence the elevation of humanity.

Surrounded by the boys and their parents, the good bishop suddenly was led to speak of his own mother, and told the story of how she, "not a clever managing woman," had been left a widow with seven children; how her great love and trust in God had helped her to live, sacrificing not only luxury, but comfort, to make a home, bare of all but the most meagre necessities, bright and happy as that House Beautiful, whose chambers were called Peace, and from which could be seen the hills of heaven. Most of her children through her efforts rose to positions where they could help to make the world wiser and better. "She is now," said the bishop, with broken voice, "in my house, paralyzed, speechless and helpless; and when I looked at her sweet face this morning, I thanked God who had given her to me. I owe to her all that I am."

Goethe, it is said, always declared that to his mother he owed not only his genius, but his strength.

There is a period in the life of most boys when they feel themselves immeasurably wiser than their mothers; the little knowledge they have acquired from books intoxicates them like new wine. Probably they find the good woman at home, who gave them life and has sacrificed herself for them daily, is ignorant of their hobby—mathematics, Latin, or base ball—and they are too apt to shew their contempt in rude disobedience.

When a man reaches the position of Goethe or the Bishop of Manchester, he is wise enough to appreciate a mother's unselfish love at its real value. *Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

The Epistle to Philemon becomes the practical manifesto of Christianity against the horrors and iniquities of ancient and modern slavery. From the very nature of the Christian Church—from the fact that it was "a kingdom not of this world"—it could not be revolutionary. It was never meant to prevail by physical violence or to be promulgated by the sword. It was the revelation of eternal principles, not the elaboration of practical details. It did not interfere, or attempt to interfere, with the facts of the established order. Had it done so, it must have perished in the storm of excitement which it would inevitably have raised. In revealing truth, in protesting against crime, it insured its own ultimate yet silent victory. It knew that where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. It was loyal to the powers that be. It raised no voice, and refused no tribute even to a Caius or a Nero. It did not denounce slavery and preached no fatal and futile servile war. It did not inflame its Onesimi to play the part of an Eunus or an Artemio. Yet it inspired a sense of freedom which has been in all ages the most invincible foe to tyranny, and it proclaimed a divine equality and brotherhood which while it left untouched the ordinary social distinctions, left slavery impossible to enlightened Christian lands. —*Farrar's St. Paul.*

TO YOUNG MEN.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A great many hopeful young men reach middle life before they come to realize what life means.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

How much larger would life be if men would start aright and never let go the one purpose of making all they can of themselves in this world.

When a young man sneers at the back-woods town in which he was born, and its old-fashioned ways, he has lost the best part of his manhood.

There are so many men of large promise, who give hope of being truly great, then go out in darkness, it throws a shade of sadness over human life.

The most of men who fail in any undertaking blame the weather, the system of trade, the rascality of other men, anything but their own stupidity and prodigality.

It is a good sign when a man who by waste or neglect, loses his position or his business, is willing to go down to the root of the matter, and throw the blame on himself, where it belongs.

When a young man away from home cannot find time, at least once a week, to write to his mother, he is cutting loose from the strongest tie that can hold him in the hour of temptation.

There are a great many good, sensible Christian people in every city who would be glad to make the acquaintance of as many young men as they can, coming strangers to the city; but the young men must put themselves in the way of forming such associations.

When a young man goes from the country to the city, he should carry his home with him, in following its teaching, in selecting only such companions as he would invite into his mother's parlour, in spending his Sundays and spare hours in such a way as he would be willing for the folks at home to know how they are spent.—*Golden Rule.*

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

Tell me about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west;
But my heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child's for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of His earthly obedience sweet;
How He wrought at His father's work-bench,
And washed His disciples' feet.
For my hands are so tired of toiling,
Work seems such a wearisome thing;
Yet, once 'twas ennobled and hallowed
By the service of Jesus the King.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the flood of His anguish,
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
The mountains before me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs that He freely forgave;
Of His mercy and tender compassion;
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,
Or pain, or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.

—*The Atlantic.*

RULES FOR SPOILING A CHILD.

1. Begin by giving him whatever he cries for.
2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable.
3. Tell him that he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.
4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother.
5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping machine.
6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother.
7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.
8. Let him read whatever he likes.
9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evening—a good school for both sexes.

10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life, and let him have plenty of money to spend.

11. Be not with him in hours of recreation.

12. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice.

13. Let him run about from church to church. Eclecticism is the order of the day.

14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirement you lay on his shoulders, touch not one with one of your fingers. Preach gold and practice irredeemable greenbacks.

These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CONCERNING FUSSY PEOPLE.

If the "Country Parson" ever wrote about fussy people it has escaped my notice or passed out of my memory. They are not a very large class in any community except in their own estimation. For their weakness in numbers we give most hearty thanks. From their conceit of their own importance we pray to be delivered. They resemble somewhat the last flies of the season, those that thaw out in the sunshine and make such a disagreeable buzzing upon the windows. They are, however, more like the solitary mosquito that sings just over your head after you have put out the light, and yet never comes quite near enough for you to wreak your revenge upon him. Fussy people, while annoying, are yet so full of good traits that you can't get quite mad enough to sling bad words at them, even supposing you are acquainted with the talk at the fish market. The good housewife does not mean to worry her guest, when she says for the third time, "Do take this arm-chair or rocker," though the guest has assured her that he prefers the hard seat. She does not mean to make him uneasy, when she begins to make apologies at the table for this and that, and wishes she had something better to set before him. The coffee is excellent and she knows it, but if he declines the second bowl, she fears that it is not as good as usual, and so the fussy woman keeps on till the guest prays to be let alone. One can endure a woman of this class, in any place except that of a nurse, or at least look upon her with compassion; but a fussy man is beyond pity. He is great in little things. He will fly around all day in a bushel measure. If he has anything to do he will let everybody know it, and will talk of nothing else, not even the weather. The congregation sometimes has a fussy parson. He is not simply nervous and dyspeptic, as are too many, but he is full of notions and has hobbies. He has two or three subjects upon which he talks until he tires everybody out except himself.

He scolds those present because there are so many absent. He frets about the conduct of the young people in the choir, and Monday morning he is running about to find out why Mr. A. or Mr. B. were not in church on the Sabbath. On the other hand, there are fussy people in the congregation. The deacon or trustee belongs to this class, and he can worry a minister so that all hope of usefulness is cut off. Every day he will audaciously drop some word, reporting what Mrs. Prigg says about the way he enters the pulpit, or shewing him how hard a matter it is to keep up the finances since Mrs. Grumbleton and Mr. Sorehead have taken offence at one of the sermons and will hereafter pay only ten dollars per year. The fussy sexton can be endured, but the fussy deacon or trustee can neither be endured nor cured except by casting him out, and then he will buzz in another field.

There are many others of the same class, and not by any means wicked people. Some of them claim to be very good. They think they are enthusiasts, but there is as much difference between their enthusiasm and that which is real, as there is between the aimless flitting and buzzing of a fly and the activity of the honey-bee.

Nervous or even irritable people may do some good in the world, but the fussy people rarely accomplish any great work. From all such may the good Lord deliver us, save as they are used to try our faith and make perfect the work of grace in the heart.

BE HONEST.

I tell you, brethren, be honest in your dealings; take no advantage, even of a child. Be conscientious in your bargains. Have a single eye and a single heart. Seek not to be shrewd. Be not ashamed to be called simple. And let me tell you a secret, seeing it is written in the Scriptures, that your whole body will then be full of light, and this in every kind. You will actually see further, and see clearer, than shrewd and cunning men; and you will be less liable to be duped than they, provided you add to this another part of character which is proper to an honest man—namely, a resolution to protect honesty, and to discountenance every kind of fraud. A cunning man is never a firm man; but an honest man is; a double-minded man is always unstable; a man of faith is firm as a rock. I tell you there is a sacred connection between honesty and faith; honesty is faith applied to worldly things, and faith is honesty quickened by the Spirit to the use of heavenly things.—*Edward Irving.*