

## His Mother's Songs.

BREATH the hot midsummer's sun  
The men had marched all day;  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;  
"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,  
"There's none but true men here;  
To every mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
Amid unwonted calm,  
"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause!"  
The very stream was stilled,  
And hearts that never throbbled with fear  
With tender thoughts were filled.

Faded the song; the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night.  
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;  
The soldier bent his head.  
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,  
Sweet as the bugle call,  
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell  
As on the singer sang;  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard;  
But ah! the depths of every soul  
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Rises the prayer the mother taught  
The boy long years ago.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## The Mother's Blessing.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

It was the gray dawn of a winter's morning. A mother stood in the doorway of a New England farm-house with her hand upon her eldest son's shoulder. He was a tall boy and she was a little woman, with a fresh young look in her face, notwithstanding her forty years. Albert Morrison, her first-born child, was standing upon the threshold of his old home, ready to pass out of the door into the great broad world, and take his place among its countless workers. His overcoat was buttoned tightly up to his throat, for it was a very cold morning, and his travelling-bag stood by his side. The team was waiting in front of the house and his father sat in the sleigh, looking for his coming through the open door, for it was almost time to drive his son to the station.

As the words, "Hurry up, my son, or we shall be late!" fell upon the mother's ear, she lifted up her face for the good-by kiss, and when her much-loved boy bent down to receive it, she put her arms around his neck and said: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

After giving his mother a succession of loving kisses, he bounded out of the door and was gone. His mother went and stood by the window and watched the retreating form of her boy until he was out of sight, and then she went

into the empty room, and kneeling down by her bedside, she committed him to the Lord.

A few days afterwards the young man stepped off the train that had just stopped in the large depot of a western city. He was going to take a position in a wholesale business house in that city, and after a few hours had passed, he reported at the desk of the senior partner of the firm, and was assigned to his immediate post of duty. He was a young man of great energy and an apt scholar, and soon became quite familiar with his particular duties. He had taken a room in a boarding-house where there were a number of other young men, with whom he was thrown in close companionship. The first few Sundays after he came to the city he attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon he wrote long loving letters to his mother. But his young companions did not go to church. They told him no one in the large city churches took any interest in strangers; besides, as they worked all the week they needed that time for rest. It was not long before Albert fell into their ways of thinking, and spent his Sundays with them, lounging about in the parlor, reading the newspapers, or wandering about the streets of the city. His employer paid for one of the highest priced pews in the largest church there, but he never inquired where his clerks attended church, or even if they went at all.

It was then for the first time that Albert heard arguments made and opinions expressed unfavourable to the truth of the Bible. His mother's teaching from that holy book had been so plain that hitherto he had "walked by sight," so implicitly did he believe in them. But now the child of faith was beginning to take the first steps away from the little fence of trust which had hedged in his pure life. "The first steps are these that tell." Soon Albert began to accompany his companions to places of resort that would have brought a blush to his face had his mother looked in upon him. He had already begun to take the "social glass." He was a generous, whole-souled fellow, and of course he must treat his companions and be treated by them. All his companions spoke of "wild oat sowing," as a necessity to be gone through with in order to reach a high degree of manhood. Of course they expected to reform by and by. They never calculated upon the harvest this "wild oat sowing" produces.

Albert Morrison was faithful to his business trusts, but when the office was closed for the day, he thought it his privilege to go where he enjoyed himself the most. His mother's letters came to him every week, full of loving counsels. When he read them the consciousness that he was travelling far away from his mother's teachings made him resolve for the moment to do as he knew his mother firmly believed he was doing, honouring her name and her loving counsels. But the thought of what his companions would say was too much for his foolish, wicked pride to overcome.

The "social glass" began to become a necessity to him. He found at certain hours that he could not resist "taking a drink." One Saturday night, after he had treated to an extra drink, he started to go to his room. When he left the saloon his step was unsteady, and in making an attempt to cross the street-car tracks, he fell in front of the

wheels of a coming car. The driver instantly stopped the car, but it was only just in time to save the prostrate man from being instantly killed. Albert Morrison was taken up in an unconscious state and carried into a drug store. He was recognized, and his companions had him carried to his room.

When he recovered himself the sound of church bells, calling the worshippers to God's house, came in through the window of his resting place. In a moment the scenes of the past night came to his mind. Then he listened to the solemn sound of the bells; their sacred music filled his heart with anguish and remorse. He thought of the little church at home; of his dear mother sitting in the pew—perhaps at that very moment with bowed head thinking of and praying for him—and then he remembered he had a letter, still unopened, from his mother, in his overcoat pocket. He took it from its neglected hiding place and opening it read it with tearful eyes. It began with bright pictures of the home life, and the loved ones there, and their pleasant talks about the absent one; then followed the bits of news in the neighbourhood and then some kindly loving counsel. The letter closed with the same words the mother had spoken in blessing when she bade her son good-bye. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Oh, how vividly the scenes of the morning when he left home came before his face. The sweet words wounded in his ears just as they did when they fell from her loving lips. He buried his face in his hands and repeated: "The Lord be gracious unto thee." How much he needed grace and mercy! Then he prayed, as he never prayed before, that the light of God's countenance might shine upon him and give him peace—"For Ourist's sake and my mother's sake, O God, turn me not away!" It was a true repentance.

When Albert Morrison resolved with the strength of his mother's God to take up the new life, he felt that he must leave all his old companions and begin entirely anew. But on second thought he felt assured that right there was the very place for him to stay and do a great work for others as well as for himself. It was a bold stand, but his influence was slowly gaining ascendancy as day by day passed. Success was never gained by easy stages. There are failures many times—discouragements, oh! so often. It is a constant warfare, but to the persistent soul God giveth the victory.

A year afterwards Albert visited his old home for the first time, and when his mother sat alone with him in the golden twilight of the summer's day, he told her all his temptations, and how God had helped him to resist them.

"I couldn't get away from my mother's God and my mother's blessing, even in that distant city!" he said, as he concluded his story, and imprinted a loving kiss on his mother's tearful face. —Christian at Work

"ARE you in favour of enlarging the curriculum," asked a rural school director of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing!" replied the old gentleman; "the building's big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

## Do You Attend Sunday-School.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

It is likely most of those who read this question will be prepared to answer *Yes*, as it is into the hands of those who attend Sunday-school this paper is most likely to fall. But it is not unlikely that many will see this who seldom see the inside of a Sabbath-school room. A word to those, in all kindness and with only one motive, namely, to do you good.

If you are a father, do you take your children to the Sabbath-school where they will be carefully instructed in spiritual things and taught the way to heaven? If not, *why*? But perhaps you say you *send* them. Well, that is better than keeping them away, I admit, but how much better to *take* them. If all were to do as you do, what would be the use of sending them? Who would be there to teach them? But perhaps you say you can't teach. Well, you may think you are right, but I think you are wrong. Surely there will be some at the school whom you can teach. But even if you don't teach, go and encourage by your presence and approval those who can and do. Now, don't lay down this paper and forget all about it, and don't try to make any excuses in defence of your habit of staying away; but rouse up, do your duty, and you will never repent so doing.

Young men, do you attend Sabbath-school. If not, *why*? Has it no attractions for you? I trust you are not so far gone in the sins and follies of the world as that would intimate. It is a sad condition for any young man or woman to get into when they have no relish for the Sabbath-school. Do you say you are not wanted there? Great mistake. That you not needed there? But you are. All are needed, and are wanted either to teach or to be taught; to pray, and be prayed for; to sing, or to hear others sing; to fill some office, or to sit and look on and encourage the rest.

Children, come to the Sunday-school; youths, come to the Sabbath-school; parents, neighbours and friends, come to the Sabbath-school, and you will be benefiting both yourselves and others, and honouring the cause of God.

Cobden, Ont.

## Drink.

It is easy to sum up and deliver to a jury consisting of all manhood, and womanhood, a charge against the tempter, the betrayer, the home-curse, the disease producer, the soul-destroyer, blighting mauling, ruining, wherever it obtains power; the fiend that negatives all prosperity, that baulks the teaching of virtue, the guidance of religion—the revealed, and natural, faith in hereafter. The curse of drunkenness is the everwhelming curse of our country—of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It fills our poor-houses, insane asylums, and jails. It is the fertile source of crime; almost the only source. There is not a judge, a coroner, a magistrate, who will not tell us it gives him incentives of the work he has to do. There is not a physician who has not testified to the misery it induces, and for which he has no cure. It is the existing, but it is also the hereditary curse. The children of the drunkard are recognized by emaciated forms, diseased constitutions, and predisposition to crime!—*Retrospect of a Long Life, by S. C. Hall.*