

## HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

BENEATH the hot midsummer 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—  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
Amid unwonted calm:

"Am I 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.

Ended 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 was stirred.

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

—Mrs. E. V. Wilson, in *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## HOW TO LIVE.

FIRST and absolutely, a person is not to try to do everything. He is to do that which he can do best, if no one else is doing it, and, as between two enterprises of equal necessity, he may choose that which is the more agreeable to him. But he is not to take into consideration his likes and his dislikes, unless the necessity is equal in the two cases before him.

To begin with, then, let it never be forgotten that the family in which it has

pleased God to place you is the place of activity for which He trained you. A man of much experience once said to me that he had to consider not simply whether he were to accept a new part, but whether his old part were done with him. Now, one is never done with his part in the family. Even if he travel far, there is always an electric cord connecting him with pleasures or with duties there. It is to centre there, but it is not to be confined there. Charity, or love, begins at home, but it does not end at home. Our first question recurs then, Where and how shall a man's brotherly affection pass beyond his own household into the need of those brothers who are "of the same blood"? Let a man remember, then, that what he does in public spirit is to be done from principle, and not from impulse. He does it because he ought, and not because a pathetic appeal has been made to him, and he finds the tears starting from his eyes. Let him make up his mind in advance how much money, how much time, how much thought, how much care, he ought to give to bearing his brother's burdens. Let him determine how he can concentrate this work so as to save wear and tear, save steps, save time, and save money.

We shall do best what we are most fit for, but we have many other things to do which we do not want to do. "Do the thing which you are afraid to do" is one of Mr. Carlyle's rules. Once done, you will find that you do not fear it so much again. Any man who thus selects his lines of life finds out, indeed, sooner or later, that he has done a thousand things more than he purposed. He planted, and God gave the increase. It does not do for me to leave all my work of charity or public spirit to this or that well-knit organization, however wise may be its plans. The world wants not mine, but me, and, besides directing soldiers how to fight, I must throw myself somewhere into the battle. Personal presence moves the world, and only personal contact carries with it the promised gift of the majestic triumph of the Holy Spirit.

There remain the duties to the public in which one engages as a member of an association. We expect that the same skill and diligence which build up a man's inventions or business, which he shows in the books he writes, the speeches he makes, in the cure of his patients or the care of his farm, shall be shown somewhere and somehow in the care of deaf or dumb or blind or hungry or naked, of the prisoner or of the stranger. The same rule

applies here as in the personal kindness which one renders his neighbors in need. What we try to do, let that be well done.  
—Edward Everett Hale.

## ETERNAL LIFE.

STERILE the ground, but fresh and sweet th rain;  
Refined the pleasure, sanctified the pain;  
To heavenly wisdom we by grace attain;  
Patient in hope, not deeming all things vain;  
Our loves controlled and made no more our bane;  
The blood of Christ removes the curse of Cain;  
Burning the chaff, but garn'ring precious grain;  
Worthy the labor that exerts the brain;  
The Spirit's growth within, life's solemn wane;  
The final scene, the broken earthly chain;  
Vict'ry through Him who died and rose again.  
—James J. Hatch.

## ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WOMEN WORKERS.

WHAT a debt of gratitude does England not owe to her noble army of women workers and reformers, who waged continuous warfare against every form of social injustice! The life-work of Elizabeth Fry, who, from 1809 until her death (which occurred in 1845), worked unceasingly for prison reform. She found the prisons of England for women human hells, and left them freed from the disgusting and brutalizing influences. She found some 300 women and children herded together within two wards and two cells, with no furniture, no bedding, no arrangements for decency or privacy, no female warders—in fact, left to themselves, a seething mass of vice and corruption, to spread and to contaminate all that they came in contact with. Yet for this purifying work Mrs. Fry was subjected to opposition, to abuse, and her motives impugned. The movement was for bettering the condition of those who needed it, God knows. But when we read the names of those who opposed this work of social improvement, we blush for our manhood. Mary Carpenter, the mother of our Neglected Children's School, had to undergo the same from brutal ignorance and prejudice raised against what was called unwomanly work. Women should be seen, not heard, was the ignorant dictum of a prejudiced bourgeoisie. It is to Mary Carpenter's indefatigable work that we owe the reformatory and industrial schools established. For twenty years she labored incessantly until she saw her efforts crowned by the Youthful Offenders' Bill receiving the royal assent in 1854. The work of Florence Nightingale, who shall estimate it?