

LAYING ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT.

A successful worker in one of our rescue missions is a lady who was formerly a society belle, but who has now consecrated her brilliant social and intellectual gifts and her beautiful voice entirely to the Lord's work among the lost and degraded. She once remarked that she clung to dancing and card-playing for years after she made a profession of religion; and that her real joy in the Christian life did not come until these things had been given up altogether. One evening about two weeks after she had made this full consecration, she went into a little mission room, and was there asked to say something helpful to a poor wreck of a man who had been for many years a gambler. The man looked at her suspiciously.

"Do you play cards?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you dance?"

"No."

"Do you go to the theatre?"

"No; not now."

"Very well," he said, "then you may talk to me. But I won't listen to one word from you fine folks who are doing, on a small scale, the very things that have brought us poor wretches where we are."

"Can you not believe," added the lady who told the story, "that the joy of being able to teach the way of life to that lost soul was more to me than all the poor little pleasures I had given up for Jesus' sake?"

AN HOUR A DAY.

The key-note to the character of the young is the way in which they employ their leisure time. A writer to the "Sunday School Herald" tells what an ambitious boy did with one leisure hour a day. There is encouragement in the story for all honest young people.

A few years ago, two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain sea-weed from the rocks, which, when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books, and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

Fifteen years after, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."—Sel.

THE INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER.

Not long ago an old man lay dying. For days he had lain almost unconscious, only rousing himself to take a little nourishment. Suddenly his strength seemed to return. He raised up in bed. "Mother," he called. "Oh, I thought I heard my mother," and frequently thereafter until his death he talked to those about him of the personal appearance, manners and life of the mother who had died when he was nine years of age.

Think how strong an impression was made by that mother in the brief years her boy had been under her control. He had grown to manhood without her, had taken part in the business, social and political life of his native place, yet at the last, business cares, social pleasures, political triumphs, were forgotten. His mother and his early life at home alone remained in his thoughts. It seems remarkable that mothers so often fail to realize the impressions they are making on their children.

"He will never remember," said a mother lately when her conscience smote her over some acts of injustice to her seven-year old boy. But that boy will remember, and his mother's influence will be weakened by just so much.

A young officer was asked recently how it was he was able to live so noble a life in the midst of such tremendous temptations. His answer was, "I had a good mother."

Another well known man in London society was remarked upon as taking a strong line of his own, both moral and religious, and the question was one day put to him, "By whose preaching did you become the man you are?"

"It was nobody's preaching, but my mother's practicing," he replied. "Her daily teaching and example were enough to influence her children."

This magic power of influence is one of the greatest of God's gifts—and it is in a special manner granted to mothers—only they cannot exercise it if they are giving too much time to society, to visiting, to travelling, or to philanthropic work, which takes them away from their home, and if they decline to give up many pleasures for the elementary duty of devoting themselves to their children's training in the first years of life.

Wherever souls are being tried and ripened in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for His Temple.—Phillips Brooks.