

A MOTHER'S RESOLUTIONS.

A LOVING and pious mother framed for herself the following, which may serve as a hint to other mothers :

"That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to God, especially for strength and wisdom to properly instruct, guide, and govern my child.

"That I will never permit my child to willfully disobey me, or to treat me with disrespect.

"That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see and truly perform my duty to my child.

"That I will devote a certain portion of my time each day to self-instruction, in order to be able to properly instruct my child.

"That I will watch over my temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my child, that I might thereby gain his love.

"That I will devote my time especially to those pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my home and forward the best interests of my child.

"That I will study the health of my child, reading on the subject, and asking the advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

"That I will not yield to discouragements from failure, but will persevere, putting faith in the promise of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully strive to do their duty."—*Christian Herald*.

DESPISE not little duties ; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility.

Mr. Potter's Thank-Offering.

"WHAT am I going to give to the Lord for a thank-offering on Thanksgiving day?" said Mr. Potter, looking at Mr. Elwell, the new pastor, in amazement. "Not anything, as I know of. I rather calculate I've earned about all I've got, and I don't see any particular sense in making a thank-offering of it."

"But," pleaded Mr. Elwell, "don't you want to show your gratitude for the many blessings you have that you could not possibly get for yourself, only as they are freely given to you by your heavenly Father?"

"I might, perhaps," was the reply, "if I had any ; but I've worked hard all my days, and I guess I have earned all I got.

I'll leave the thank-offering for those who have things put in their laps without lifting their fingers."

"I wonder," thought Mr. Elwell, sadly, as he walked home, "if I cannot in some way help him to realize how much that makes his life prosperous and happy is God's free gift to him?"

"Thank-offering ! Humph ! I think I see myself making one," was Mr. Potter's inward reflection as he sat down by his own fireside in his big easy chair, with the paper before him. "There I was, a poor little beggar boy almost, without a cent to my name, and I've worked, and scratched, and saved until I've gotten enough to be comfortable with, and he wants me to make a thank-offering for it ! I'm free to confess I don't see any particular necessity for any such proceeding on my part, and I guess I will omit it until I do."

And Mr. Potter unfolded his paper in a very self-satisfied way. He was what he called a "self-made man," and somehow he had grown to feel almost that he owed nothing to God or man.

Mr. Potter had but one child—a son, Harry—and he was the very apple of his eye. In fact, they were all in all to each other, for the wife and mother had slept in the churchyard for many years. Harry was a bright, lovable boy, and his father's heart was bound up in him. His every thought was for him. He worked hard early and late, he saved and economized, that he might have more for him. He could hardly wait patiently for him to get through his college course and be at home with him.

But to-night, in the middle of the night, the bell rang, and a telegram came—"Harry only just alive." Only four words, but they turned Mr. Potter's heart to stone. His Harry, for whom he had hoped so much, only just alive—perhaps—no, he could not say that ! Why, the thought that he could die had never once entered his mind.

He made his preparations, and started at once. He would get doctors, the very best, and all there were in the city. Some of them would save—they must. He would pay them anything willingly if only they would save his boy's life. The fast express seemed to crawl ; he longed to get out and run, it seemed to him that he could get there so much quicker.

He did reach there at last, however, and then he thought the pain before was nothing to what it was now, seeing that still, white face on the pillow.

"Get doctors, all you can find ! Tell them I will pay them anything they ask if they will only do something to help him !" he implored.

But the college president shook his head sadly. "Everything has been done that can be done," he said. "He is beyond human help. We will turn to the Great Physician in his behalf, and it shall be well with the child."

Then, even in that moment of supreme anguish, Mr. Potter remembered his pastor's words. Ah ! was not this dearly-beloved son a gift of God ? He had said there was nothing for which he need make a thank-offering ; now it seemed to him if he could only have him well again, it would be his constant thought to discover new ways of showing his gratitude.

He dropped on his knees, sobbing like a child.

"O God, forgive me ! I do not deserve him ; I do not deserve anything ; but if it can be Thy will, spare my boy to me !"

It was many long hours before there was any change, then there was a ray of hope, and slowly but surely the tiny ray strengthened until the doctors said : "He has passed the crisis and will live."

Then Mr. Potter went away by himself, feeling as he had never felt before in his life—utterly worthless and humbled.

"I do not deserve it. O Lord, I know it ! I could do nothing myself, but Thou hast spared him to me, and I thank Thee, from the depths of my heart I thank Thee !"

Thanksgiving day came, bright and clear. Mr. Potter and Harry had reached home the day before, and Mr. Potter appeared at his pastor's door early that morning.

"I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted you to know that my eyes have been opened. I've everything to be thankful for, everything. I see now—why, I couldn't have done a thing only as God gave me everything to do with, and blessed and prospered my efforts. I was puffed up, filled with conceit and ingratitude, but He has dealt tenderly with me, tenderly and mercifully. I tried to think of some suitable thank-offering, but nothing seemed good enough until Harry asked me if he might give his restored life to God's service, and I have given my consent to his going as a missionary. It is the happiest and thankfulest Thanksgiving of my life, even if it does sometimes seem as if my poor old heart would break to part with my boy."—*Zion's Herald*.