

April 26, 1900.]

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Harker just planted them and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds nor helped the stalks to grow right."

"Yes, that's just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overgrown with weeds and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden beds, and they must be tended even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think it right for me to neglect my garden as Mr. Harker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father, your garden is a good one, but Mr. Harker's is all overrun with weeds and briars."

"Or, my son, do you think it would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Harker neglects his, allowing him to run wild, and his mind, uncultivated, to become overrun with weeds?"

Harry made no reply, but he understood what his father meant.

SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR MOTHER.

Girls, never forget to show your love for your mother. If you do not in your youth, it will rest like a weight upon your age. The heart of man or woman must be made insensible by reason of its sinning that does not know what it is to cry out for a mother and a mother's love. No less a personage than Lord Macaulay says:

"Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—loved, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncarving world for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet, tonic suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to be asleep; never her kiss of peace at night."

What heart does not echo to this sentiment from a man who won, by the grace of his head and heart, power beyond others? The love of her babies is very sweet to

the mother's heart; but the watchful care of the men and women who are privileged to say "mother" to the one who nursed them through infancy, is still more prized.

THE ECHO BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother, and said, "Mother, while sister and I were in the garden there was some boy mocking us. I was calling out 'Ho!' and the boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' I said, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'show yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and went into the woods; but I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' and he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said 'Your voice

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is sweet, he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you say to him he will say back to you. When you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by-and-by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

THE HARPER.

A man, who used to play upon his harp, and sing to it, in wine-shops and other small places of entertainment, was led by the applause which his efforts met with there to desire a larger sphere in which to display his talents. He fancied if he could only be once allowed to play and sing upon the stage of the public theatre, renown and fortune must assuredly follow. He tried long and hard, and at last gained the necessary permission, but in such a vast place his strains seemed so weak, thin, and wretched that he was unanimously hissed off the stage.

THE RIVER FISH AND THE SEA FISH.

A large overgrown pike was carried out to sea by a strong current. He gave himself great airs on account of what he considered his superior race and descent, and despised the sea fishes among whom he found himself. "You value yourself at a great price," said a little stranger, "but if ever it is our fate to come to the market, you will find that I am thought a good deal more of there than you."

—He who is too busy to find time for prayer is busier than God asks him to be, and the fruit of such labour is a poison unto death.

—Some consciences are like hay-scales that will not weigh anything under ten pounds; others are like the delicate scales of the chemist that are sensitive to the hundredth part of a grain.

—A saint is not free from sin; that is his burden. A saint is not free to sin; that is his blessing. Sin is in him; that is his lamentation. His soul is not in sin; that is his consolation.—Secker.