

manner, he gave all the information in his power to the old gentleman.

"You're a minister, are you?" he asked after awhile.

"Yes, my friend, I am a minister of the Church."

"Indeed!" he cried, "why, my mother's a member of the Church; and when I get home, I'll tell her about you;" and strong filial love beamed in his eye.

"Then your mother is a professing Christian—is she a good woman?" asked the minister.

"Indeed she is, sir," replied the affectionate son. I owe her everything. I don't know a single thing which she did not teach me."

"Are you sure of that, my young friend?"

"Yes, sir, for my father died when I was small, and left us poor. We were three or four miles from a school, and as I was her all, sir, she could not trust me so far from her all day; so she taught me at home, till we moved away from there; and then I was old enough to go to work. Yes, sir, I will tell it to her credit—she taught me all I knew."

"Did she teach you to swear, my son?" cried the old gentleman, clapping his hands heavily on the driver's shoulder.

"Tell me, did your mother teach you to swear?" The youth looked thunderstruck. He coloured deeply and hung his head in silence. "My son," said the minister, "you have told me that your mother is a Christian; I want to know whether she is the right kind of Christian or not—did she teach you to swear?" The young driver now looked up. There was none of that dogged insolence, which we sometimes see in persons who have been justly reprov'd; no look of defiance which said, plain as words could say, "I can swear if I please; I'm my own master now, and it's not your business who taught me to do it." No, even in his sin the rough driver showed the gentle touches of that humble mother's hand.

"I'm mortified, sir," he said; "I was very tired, and was very anxious to reach the next stage."

"And did your horses feel the oath more than the whip, my young friend?"

"Of course not, sir. And as to my mother teaching me to swear, she does not know that I ever took a profane word on my lips. I hope she never will know it; for I believe it would break her heart. I know as well as any minister can teach me, that swearing is a low and wicked, as well as useless practice; but I've been thrown into a good deal of bad company by my business, and have fallen into the habit, hardly knowing when I do it. I forget, when I lose my patience."

"Do you forget, when at home with your mother?"

"Never; her presence forbids it. I could not swear in my mother's hearing."

"And yet you can do so in the hearing of the God you insult, of the Saviour who died for you!" replied the aged minister. "God forgive the child of a praying mother for such impiety!"

"Sir, you have heard my last oath," said the young man, deeply moved.

He was never after heard to use a coarse or profane word. O what a mighty power does a Christian mother still exercise over her beloved wanderers, restraining them from sin, or drawing them out of its meshes when once ensnared!—British Workman.

THE SONG OF WATER.

Sparkling and bright, and gushing and clear,
My rippling melody falls on the ear
Like a song for ever new;
The victim of wine I restore to health,
And safely return him his wisdom and wealth,
And this is what I can do.

Fresh and free from my Maker's hand
I flowed through Eden's flowery land,—
A boon by nature given;
And the world's great father ere he fell,
Oft quenched his thirst at the crystal well,
And joyed in the gift of heaven.

I bathed the brow of the fainting child,
Till he looked from his wilderness couch
and smiled

A beautiful princely boy;
And the man whose arm made Philistia bow,
Was enjoined by an angel the Nazarite vow,
Lest wine should his strength destroy.

Now, in order to conquer the scourge of our land,
Let us train up a young and victorious band,
To keep far aloof from the snare;
Their beginning was small, but they speedily grew,
They are pledged to the cause and their hearts are true,
And their spoils are rich and rare.

—British Workman.

Opposite Influence of the Sexes.

Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those women who have been brought up chiefly among men, who have had no sisters, who have lost a mother in early life (doubtless for many reasons a sad affliction to a girl), who have been dependent on fathers or brothers for society and conversation, should turn out the most fascinating of their sex? Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the boy who is educated solely by his mother becomes a triumphant man in after life? Perhaps the opposite influence of either sex is beneficial to the other; perhaps the girl derives vigorous thoughts, expanding views, habits of reflection—nay, more—charity and forbearance, from her male associates, as the boy is indebted to his mother's tuition and his mother's companionship for the gentleness and purity of the heart which combine so well with a manly and generous nature, for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which adorn true courage; above all, for that exalted standard of womankind, which shall prove his surest safeguard from shame and defeat in the coming battle—a shield impervious so long as it is bright, but which, when once soiled, slides and crumbles from his grasp, leaving him in the press of angry weapons a naked and defenceless man.

THE SMART FEMALE STAGE DRIVER.

A FACT.

No happier school girls could be found than our company of ten, fresh from the long vacation, and ready for the active duties of another term. We found the stage awaiting us at Hamilton, but were too weary to be conscious of our tedious ride to the western seminary. Soon it was growing dark: and, looking out, we observed that we were travelling a new road. Our hearts sank within us when we remembered the bloated face of our driver.— Could it be that he had fallen asleep, and left us to the mercy and wisdom of the unguided horses?

It was even so. Our now clumsy vehicle jolted hither and thither over the rough stones. Above were the signs of a heavy shower. We were in a gloomy forest. Its topmost branches seemed bending over us, as if inquiring into our sad condition. When could we emerge from its impenetrable depths? What new danger was before us? On one side was a deep ravine, the road narrow, and the horses seemed already to have lost all presence of mind. I was the youngest but the largest of our company. Should I see danger and not be their protector? Heaven forbid! I hurried to the horses, and led them by our immediate danger. The driver was stretched across his seat in a state of sound intoxication, and the reins were on the ground. After several attempts, I succeeded in climbing up the seat. With a great effort I removed him to one side, but this awoke him. The rain now poured down.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"The protector of these horses, this stage, yourself, and these young ladies," I answered.

"Who called you to this office?" he half vacantly asked.

"Stern necessity," I replied. Yourself asleep, the reins on the ground, and the stage on the verge of a steep descent impelled me to be the driver."

"I'll drive myself," he said.

I told him that he was incapable of the attempt, for he had already taken us on the wrong road.

"Call me incapable?" he said.

What should I answer? My feelings were aroused to the reality of our situation. An intemperate driver, now half recovered from the effects of his dram. Never before had I discovered the merit of that beautiful verse—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." I told him that rum made a king incapable. Before I was aware he was sound asleep. The rain was falling fast, but my sister handed me an umbrella. With the reins in one hand, and the umbrella in the other, I drove as best I could.

The restless driver soon awoke, and called for "his bottle." Having found it, he was about to drink, when I stayed his hand, and said, "Do not drink it. It is destroying your body, and if persisted in, will destroy your soul."

"Who made you a judge?" he said.—

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