

When Mother Came to Kiss Me.

Is the many recollections that he scattered
through the years,
Are some that find me smiling and some
that make me weep,
But the nearest one, the dearest one, be-
dimmed with smiles and tears,
Is when mother came to kiss me before I
went to sleep.

When I lay awake and listened in the slowly
deepening gloom,
Until I heard her footstep come softly up
the stair,—
When the knowledge of her presence seemed
to light the sombre room,
And the very thought of mother was in
itself a prayer.

The cool, white hands that lingered, the
loving finger-tips
That in the darkness found me and rested
on my brow,
The starry eyes that sought me, and then
her dewy lips
That clung to mine so purely—I seem to
feel them now.

"Our Father"—"Now I lay me"—and
"Hallowed be thy name."
These words are a mockery, an echo from
the dead,
Yet they sounded so familiar in the days
when mother came
Through the shadows, like an angel, to
stand beside my bed.

Peccavi! Aye! Peccavi, thus the voice of
conscience rings
As an echo's sound is wafted o'er the
bosom of the deep,
Yet somewhere, in the after days, a waiting
siren sings
Of Death, who comes to kiss us before we
go to sleep.

Still in my soul is living what fate can ne'er
destroy;
A light from out the days gone by that
sorrow cannot dim,
When love holds up in fancy's guise a per-
fect cup of joy,
Where beaded memories gather, all smil-
ing at the rim.

I drink to happy moments that never fade
away,
Which blossoming in my heart of hearts,
their fragrance always keep.
Dear God! when in my innocence, a little
boy I lay,
And mother came to kiss me before I went
to sleep.

THE TRUTHFUL PIONEER'S BOY.

NEARLY sixty years ago, a gaunt,
awkward boy of sixteen, looked in at
the open door of a small log cabin, on
the outer edge of one of our Western
frontiers, and pleasantly inquired,
"Any chores you wish done, mother?
I came home early on purpose this
evening, for I want to begin that job of
chopping to-morrow, and I want to
take an early start."

"You are a good son, Abram, to
think of me," replied the woman,
proudly, turning at the sound of his
voice.

"I am sure I know of no one who
has a better right to be in my
thoughts," the boy returned.

The woman smiled upon him pleas-
antly, and then handed him a couple
of buckets, saying, "If you are a mind
to give a lift, you may fill the tubs
with water from the spring, as to-

* I have slained.

morrow will be washing day; and
then if you would just see where the
cow has strayed and bring her in and
milk her, I assure you I would be
greatly obliged."

"I'll have her pailed in good time,
mother; never fear. Come, Sallie,
and ride down to the spring," he con-
tinued, perching his little seven-year-
old step-sister on his broad shoulders.

I am persuaded that very few of my
young friends ever looked upon such
an ungainly specimen of humanity as
was this tall, awkward prairie boy, who
went striding to the spring, chatting
merrily with his little sister, who de-
clared that he was far better than real
brothers, who were always teasing
their sisters.

I am sure the tired woman who
watched him from the cabin door
thought him very beautiful, in spite of
his homely features and uncouth ways.

"Come, Sallie," called her mother,
just as the little girl mounted her
brother's shoulders for a fine race
through the tall grass in search of the
cow. The child not wishing to be
cheated out of the sport, showed no
disposition to obey, until her brother
placed her on the ground, saying:

"Mother called, Sallie. Run and
see what she wants."

The little girl hung her head, but
obeyed her brother without question-
ing.

"God bless the boy! He could not
be any better to me if he were my
own. I do not know how I could get
along without him."

"Without him! I don't know as
you need worry about that, mother,"
replied her husband. "Abram will
not leave us for many a day."

"I hope he will think it best to
make his home with us; but, take my
word for it, that boy will not be shut
in by hewn logs much longer. You
will be proud of him yet, father."

"I am in no way ashamed of him
now," the old man returned, "May-
hap he will take a place for himself in
the world yet, for he takes to book
larnin' like a duck to water."

"You will hear from him if you live
long enough, father; never fear," the
woman responded, with an emphatic
nod of her head.

Long before the sun was up, the
boy had completed his work in and
around the cabin. Sallie was anxious
to go with him to the woods, but her
mother objected, and he set out alone.
With his axe slung over his shoulder,
he made long strides over the trodden
path, whistling merrily as he went.

When over a mile from home, he
was startled by a little figure spring-
ing from the wayside thicket, with
"I beat you, Abram;" but the laugh
had changed into a piteous cry, for
the little girl had struck the axe and
cut a deep gash just above her ankle.

"Sallie, how came you here when
mother told you to remain at home?"
inquired her brother, as he tried to
stop the flow of blood by applying
broad plantain leaves. After he had

partially succeeded, he tore half the
sleeve from the coarse white shirt he
wore and bandaged the injured limb
as gently as her mother would have
done.

"There now, sis! Tell me how you
got here?" And the girl told how
she had cut across lots in order to
frighten him.

"You frightened yourself much
worse than you did me," he said with
a smile; "but the saddest thing about
it is, you disobeyed mother."

"You won't tell, Abram?" sobbed
the child.

"No; you must tell her all about
it yourself, Sallie. First, tell the
truth, no matter what happens," he
said, as he lifted her in his great,
strong arms and walked rapidly home.
Placing her on the door-step, he whis-
pered, "Now hop in and tell her the
truth; better be whipped than tell a
lie. Now, good-by; I must be off, for
the morning is running to waste."

Sallie did tell the truth, and re-
ceived her mother's forgiveness; nor
did she ever forget the two lessons—
those of obedience and truthfulness—
that her brother tried to teach her
that bright autumn morning. I need
not tell that honest Abraham Lincoln
preserved his truthfulness and integrity
even in the most trying hours of our
country's existence, for a boy with his
sterling principles may always be
relied on. Always tell the truth, no
matter what may happen.—*Christian
Standard.*

**A SERMON FROM A PAIR OF
BOOTS.**

THERE lived forty years ago, in
Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit
of speaking harshly of all his neigh-
bours who did not feel exactly as he
did about religion. The old minister
of the parish in which the shoemaker
lived heard of this, and felt that he
must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for
the shoemaker one morning, and when
he came in said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a
pair of boots."

"With pleasure, sir," answered the
shoemaker. "Please take off your
boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoe-
maker measured his foot from toe to
heel, and over the instep, noted all
down in his pocket-book, and then
prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the meas-
ure the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a
pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure.
Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the
pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you
can make my boots and his from the
same last."

"But, sir, that will never do," said
the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you to make my son's on
the same last."

"No, sir, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But it is not possible, if the boots
are to fit," said the shoemaker, think-
ing that the old pastor's wits were
leaving him.

"Ah, then, master shoemaker," said
the clergyman, "every pair of boots
must be made on their own last, if
they are to fit; and yet you think
that God is to form all Christians
according to your own last, of the same
measure and growth in religion as
yourself. That will not do either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then
he said:

"I thank you for this sermon, and
I will try to remember it, and to judge
my neighbours less harshly in the
future."

A Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again!
I offer no reward,
For, till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever!

But when the sea and land
Like burning scrool have fled;
I'll see it in his hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when, for scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

BRAVE TOM.

BY EDITH CORNFORTH.

TOM is six years old. He is such a
queer boy. He is round-faced, and
square in figure. He is so curious.
He likes to know things, and does not
mind how patient he has to be if by
waiting he can learn. He loves music.
I have known him sit beside the piano
quite still for more than an hour.
He frowns and looks so cross if folk
talk when anyone is singing or play-
ing.

Last week Tom's tonsil was so
swollen that the doctor said he must
cut it. Tom was so very curious how
his throat could be cut that he was in
a hurry to have it done, so the doctor
fetched his instruments and did it.

Tom stood before him firm as a
rock, opened his mouth very wide, and
let him snip off the swollen piece.
Tom never winced. He says it did
not hurt at all.

The doctor declares that out of a
thousand patients in all, the big people
as well as children, he could not find
anyone braver than Tom.

Tom says he wanted to know how
it was done. Now he knows. Brave
Tom!