

A REMEMBRANCE OF A MOTHER.

There are many connecting links in our lives that are woven out of the remembrance of a song, or a flower, or a loving word. Among the reminiscences of a great statesman, Daniel Webster, it is related that on one occasion a public reception was given him in Boston. Thousands of his country's citizens crowded together and paid him homage. Bursts of applause had been sounding all day in his ears. Elegantly dressed ladies had thrown bouquets of the rarest flowers at his feet. But as he ascended the steps leading to his mansion, crowned with the honors of the gala day, a little, timid girl stepped up and placed a bunch of old-fashioned garden pinks in his hand. At sight of these old, familiar flowers, and their well-remembered fragrance filled the air, the old memories were stirred. Just such pinks used to grow in his mother's garden when he was a child. Instantly that sweet face of the loved mother came to his vision; her tender, gentle voice sounded once more in his ears. So overcome was he with the tide of old memories that crowded into his heart, that he excused himself, and went to his apartments alone. 'Nothing,' said he, 'in all my life affected me like that little incident.'

A worker in the Young Men's Christian Association says 'There is nothing that will touch the heart of a young man who has wandered from the way of right-doing so powerfully as to speak about his mother. When all else fails to bring him to see the evil of his way, the allusion to his mother's love and care for him, will bring the tears of repentance.'

John Newton, in his worst days, could never forget his mother, at whose knees he had learned to pray, but who was taken to heaven when he was but eight years old. 'My mother God, the God of mercy, have mercy upon me,' was often his agonizing prayer in danger, and we all know how it was answered.

It has been said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his direct difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his affection and memory in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother as she instills her lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her boy, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may pass away, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office. Years of sin may come but the memory of the mother's earnest prayers may soften the

heart and prepare the way for better things.

Some one has written 'Blessed is the memory of a good mother.' It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her will echo in our souls forever. Other facts will fade away and be forgotten, but her's will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own.

When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the western window, just where we, long years ago, knelt at mother's knee lisping 'Our Father.' How many times when the tempter lured us on, the memory of those sacred homes, that mother's words, her faith and prayer saved us from plunging into the abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love. S. T. P.

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education to boys is to 'teach them what they ought to know when they become men.'

1. To be true and be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in attention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences, and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart, and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach boys that truth is more than richer, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish, To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite, to be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age.

Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor, or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. *Ed.*