

For the Monthly Record.

## Hope.

THERE is a beacon fair and bright,  
That beams upon man's clouded night,—  
A gentle soul-inspiring ray,  
That tells him of a brighter day.

Oft when his brow is shadow'd o'er,  
And smiles enwreath his lip no more,  
Yet, still that star, with glad'ning ray,  
Will bid him dream of a brighter day.

Though friends may coldly pass him by,  
When clouds o'ercast his sun-ner sky;  
And fortune wing her flight afar,  
Yet sweetly beams that cheering star.

And when far out on the stormy sea,  
Where the roving mariner loves to be;  
And death looks up from the dark'ning wave,  
There is a light still gleams to save.

'Tis the star of Hope that cheers his soul,  
And still 'twill beam while ages roll;  
In the hour of Death, 'twill be his stay,  
And lead Him on with its quenchless ray.

'Twill point afar to that world of light,  
Where there's neither sorrow, tears or night;  
And he'll calmly breath his farewell sigh,  
In the hope of a brighter home on high.

H.

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## My Mother.

THERE'S a pillow, we know, where the weary  
may rest,  
Where lov'r's tide doth flow through a kind mo-  
ther's breast;

'Tis softer than down, 'tis purer than snow,  
Warm as the sunshine does its tender tide flow.

The bright Angels smile from the blue plains  
above,

When our weary heads rest on this pillow of love;  
As the sun shines above us, rove where we will,  
So doth our dear mother's love follow us still.

This lone plant of Eden blooms sweet o'er the  
earth,

Through all the wide world, or at home on our  
hearth;

What heart but will tremble, what spirit but  
move.

Rejoicing and glad in a dear mother's love?

'Tis most noble and pure, and blest be the land  
Whose mothers are guarding the young house-  
hold band.

Where warm prayers ascend from her heart's  
altar fire,  
And bring down a blessing on children and sire.

Old friends may forget, and the world may prove  
cold.

While we wander, heart-weary, from home's  
happy fold.

But a dear mother's love will never depart.  
While life's current throbs through her warm-  
loving heart.

When the pulse of my heart flutters faint and  
low,

And death bears my soul where no mortal can go;  
When all but thy love grows dark to my ken,  
My mother! dear mother! oh! pillow me then.

H.

## A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

## The Children that helped their Mothers.

MRS. HALSTED was a widow. Her health was poor, and she had three small children to take care of, and to support with her needle.

Little George and Katie were very bright, pretty children; but they had never been to Sabbath-school, because their mother thought they were too young. But, one pleasant afternoon, Miss Perley, one of the teachers, called for them, saying she could teach them something, if they could not read. They behaved very well in the school, and she talked to them about Jesus and heaven, and told them that they must be good children, and the Saviour would love them. When they were returning home, she said to them among other things:

"You love your mother very much, I hope, children?"

"O yes ma'am," they both replied in a breath.

"That's right, children, for she is a dear, good mother to you; she works very hard for you to get food and clothes; and do you try and help her?"

"O we can't, we're too small," they answered at the same time.

"O no, you are mistaken, my dears; you are not too small. To be sure you can't work much to help her, but I will tell you what you can do. When your mother is sewing, if she drops her needle or thread, you can pick it up for her; or, if she wants anything, you can run and get it for her; and you can rock the baby and play with it, to keep it from crying; and you can keep your feet clean, so that you won't track the floor; and you can put your play-things all away, when you are through with them, and not leave them, as I saw them the other day, all scattered about the room; and you can take care of your clothes, and be careful and not soil them. O, children, you can do a great deal to help your mother."

"So we can," exclaimed George, earnestly.  
"Yes, you can, indeed, if you'll only try," replied Miss Perley.

"Well, we'll try, won't we, Katie?"

"Yes, we'll try," rejoined Katie, with a bright smile.

And they did try. When they reached home, their mother was just going to the spring, to get a pail of water to fill the tea kettle. "O, mother, let me bring the water!" exclaimed George, attempting to take the pail from her hand.

"Why, you couldn't carry it child," replied Mrs. Halsted, putting him aside.

"O, but I can go with the little pail a good many times, and bring it till I fill this one."

"Well, you may try, George, for I don't feel well this afternoon, my head aches so."

At this moment the baby commenced crying, and Katie ran in, not waiting, as usual, for her mother to take it up, and going to the cradle, she lifted the little one out, and sat it