

## THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVENING was falling cold and dark,  
And people hurried along the way  
As if they were longing soon to mark  
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind  
A woman with bundles great and small,  
And after her tugged, a step behind,  
The bundle she loved the best of all—

A dear little roly-poly boy,  
With rosy cheeks and jacket blue,  
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,  
And here's what he said (I tell you true).

"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."  
A voice as clear as a forest-bird's,  
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause  
To utter the sweet and the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day  
Washing or scrubbing, perhaps she sewed;  
I knew by her weary footfall's way  
That life for her was an up-hill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear;  
Think what a comfort you might give  
To the very best friend you can have here,  
The mother dear in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,  
In task or play, for a moment's pause,  
And tell her, in sweet and winning way,  
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."

## WILLIE'S PRAYER.

WILLIE was the chore boy on Mr. Gould's farm. He had no father or mother, and no one but good Mrs. Gould to be kind to him and teach him what he needed most of all to know.

Willie had a great many bits of work to do; he must run here and there to wait upon the farmers; he must be regular with certain kinds of doing every day. In all this he was required to be faithful. That was right. If Mr. Gould had allowed the boy to be careless in his duties it would have been no kindness to him.

One of the happy times in Mrs. Gould's family was the Saturday night talk she had with the children. When the work of the week was all done, and the lessons and the chores were finished, she talked over the events of the week, and said any good words she thought were specially needed. Then they all knelt, and mother and children told anything that was in their hearts to say to him.

One Saturday night Willie seemed quite unhappy. When his turn came to pray, he broke down into tears and sobs. This is what he said in his prayer:

"O Lord, I haven't been a good boy all this week. One day I was disobedient because I wished to go and play with the boys. Mr. Gould told me to fodder the oxen, and I was in such a hurry I didn't give them but half enough. And when he asked me if I had fed them, I said 'Yes, Sir,' and that was telling half a lie. O Lord, I am sorry I didn't be a good boy, and mind Mr. Gould; and I am sorry I acted a lie when I went to play, and I will always feed the poor oxen enough; and I'll try to mind Mr. Gould and Mrs. Gould, too, and tell all the truth when they ask me."

That was the right kind of a way for Willie to pray. It confessed his sin just as he knew it and felt it; and it asked God's pardon just as he felt the need of being pardoned.

Mrs. Gould was glad to have Willie sorry for his sin. She talked kindly with the little orphan, and comforted him with the great promise which he could read in the word of God:

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

There was a right way to pray, and there was a wrong way also. God desires exact truthfulness in his children, both when they speak to each other and when they speak to him. He is better pleased with a humble prayer in broken words, out of one's heart, than with any fine words that do not say what the heart thinks and feels and is. It was God's Spirit who put it into Willie's heart to be sorry for the wrong he did, and then moved him to confess it and ask forgiveness.

## A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My children brought their contributions to the missionary cause," we heard a mother say one day at a woman's conference; "but it dawned upon my mind that they did not bring their interest, their *hearts*. How was I to awaken the interest of my boys and girls in this far-away work that I considered of such vital importance? I resolved to have a missionary evening once a week; the time set apart is now tea-time on Sabbaths, when we make a family collection for missions. All through the week my eyes are open for an anecdote or bit of news bearing on the subject; these I mark or cut out. By Sabbath I manage to have quite a store of missionary reading, and the children have grown to expect and enjoy it. Now they know our missionaries' names, and eagerly follow their work. All this means trouble, but the children say to themselves: Since mother has taken all this trouble, this matter must be worth thinking about, and we will begin to look into it."

## A WORKING BAND

THE "working band" is made up of girls, eleven, twelve and thirteen years of age. They like to play and have "good times" as well as other girls, but when I tell you what they did one summer vacation not very long ago, you will see that they have learned something about self-denial. These are all school girls, and when the hot days came on it was very pleasant to think about vacation. You know how that is, boys and girls, and so you are better able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which led these girls, as soon as school was closed, to unite in a working band, which was to meet every Saturday afternoon. A dear lady who had long been an active worker in the Lord's vineyard won these young hearts to the work, and they met at her house.

We will not tell you about their meetings, but we will tell you about this, that in the autumn they sent away a barrel of warm, serviceable clothing which they had made or collected from friends who were willing to help the good work, to a home for poor, old people who had no children to love and care for them, but who were tenderly cared for by one of the Lord's children. Among the articles in the barrel were three quilts pieced by the school-girls and tied with their own hands. So you see that these same hands were doing something besides fancy-work.—*S. S. Advocate*

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

WHEN it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through coloured glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have some other thing than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest, that it is principally parlour.

"I am sorry that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," said another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else than he receives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.