

HOUSEHOLD.

These Ought Ye to Have Done

Little Mrs. Marshall was completely tired out. The weather was so hot, so many of her fellow-workers were away from home, there was so much to be done that she had been on the 'go' from ten o'clock Monday morning till the present time—three o'clock Thursday afternoon—that she was conscious of absolute exhaustion. She had a raging nervous headache, but she must preside at the Women's Club that evening, and had come to her darkened room, seeking a little rest in the meantime.

But try as she would, sleep would not come. The active mind quickened unusually by the throbbing pain, recalled all the week's work. First had come the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Marshall, being chairman, of course, must be present. Then the Russian Mission superintendent had urged the ladies of the church to meet and discuss plans regarding the continuance of this work among the miners in a neighboring village. The Women's Christian Temperance Union held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Marshall was appointed one of a committee to secure signatures to a new petition urging the City Council to close two saloons dangerously near to a public school. The work must be done at once, and Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning were taken up by it. The missionary meeting came on Wednesday afternoon, the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, the Society for the Propagation of Social Purity met on Thursday at one o'clock. She had attended them all, and to-night the Women's Club would discuss 'The Social Settlement as a Means of Uplifting the Masses.'

Mrs. Marshall's paper was ready, but oh! her poor aching head! She turned over with a groan. She hoped the children were in no danger, but no! she could hear them singing.

And then all grew indistinct for a little, but finally the singing grew louder and clearer. The throng that swept along was a strange one to Mrs. Marshall, who could not recall exactly where or how she had joined it. But ah! there was a face she knew indistinctly and here was another and there was a third. They seemed to crowd around her, black and white, Chinese, Hindus, Hottentots, Europeans of almost every nationality, but all children. In the midst of her wonderment they all swept up to a great white throne, and she knew him that sat thereon and bowed herself before him.

'Lord,' she said, for something in the quiet gaze compelled her to speak, 'Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me in answer to my prayers and work.'

And the Lord looked searchingly over the throng, and spoke gently, but piercingly:

'But those that I gave for thy very own—Maggie and Lulu, Willie and Neddie, and little Grace—where are they?'

Terrified, she cast her eyes about her and could see none of her own children, except little Grace, but when she attempted to draw the child forward, Grace clung to the hand of her Sabbath-school teacher.

'I can't, mamma,' she said, pleadingly, 'I must stay with Miss Taylor; she brought me here.'

The distracted mother turned again toward the throne.

'Lord, are my own children not here? Will they not be here? Thou knowest I meant not to slight my own, the best-beloved of all. Thou knowest how hard I have worked for thee, and through my instrumentality lo! all these have come to thee.'

'But those that I put directly under thy care to be trained for me. What hast thou done with them? These ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone.'

Lifting herself up and glancing around, Mrs. Marshall caught sight of Jamie Allen, her Neddie's bosom friend.

'Oh, Jamie,' she cried, chokingly, 'where is Neddie?'

And the boy could not bear to look upon the anguish of her face, but sought to com-

fort her. 'I belonged to your Boys' Temperance Brigade, Mrs. Marshall, don't you remember it? You saved me from being a drunkard.'

'But, Neddie! Lord, I cannot find my Neddie. Is he not here?'

And the Lord looking down pityingly, spoke softly.

'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, or worketh abomination,' and she fell upon her face weeping.

Then they brought forth a crown blazing with jewels, but there were five dim places. Catching sight of them she pushed away the angel, which held the glittering emblem, and extended her hands toward the great white throne.

'Give me a little longer, dear Lord,' she entreated, with streaming eyes, 'Let me go back again, just for a little while, that I may not return without my own children. What will the joy of heaven be to me, dear Lord, if these other children are all saved, and my own are lost?'

And crying, she awoke.

An hour afterward her husband coming home from work, met her on the stairs.

'Why, my dear,' looking at her searchingly, 'you've been crying.'

'I've been talking with the Lord,' she answered softly, 'and I have made him a promise to be a better wife to you, and a better mother to the children he has given us. I have been so much taken up with helping other people's families, that I'm afraid I've been neglecting my own. "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."—Duneden 'Outlook.'

A Plea for Better Gardens.

If the many farmers who look upon garden work with so much disfavor, would only make their gardens rich, their feelings would undergo a change. The average garden is so poor and flat, that it does not get dry enough to work in it until the fields are ready to plough and at this time of year the work of fitting it for planting is grudgingly done. Now if it had been so ploughed in years past as to make a large bed of it, high in the middle so as to drain quickly, and then heavily manured every year, it would be in shape to plough almost a month earlier, before the rush of spring work came on. A good way is to plough deeply in the fall, and cover with good manure, let it lie till early spring, harrow thoroughly with a disc harrow and then plough again. A well drained garden thus manured will stand double cropping, and if managed rightly will be the most profitable spot on the farm. The vegetables will grow rapidly, and be crisp and tender. The man who grudgingly works among the puny plants in a poor, late garden, will work with zest in a rich one, where the plants are vying with each other to see which shall grow the fastest. Another thing, plants in straight rows have an effect upon a man's enthusiasm out of all proportion to the extra effort required to make them so. I never saw a man with nice vegetables growing in straight rows, but what was enthusiastic and glad to have visitors inspect his garden. He likes to get out early in the morning to hoe in it. On the other hand a poor garden is always an eye-sore. In it nothing seems to flourish but weeds. The children shun it, and the boys hate it, and no wonder. It is hard to work, slow to dry off after a rain and not profitable anyway. Obvious as these facts are, a large majority of gardens are very poor and grow less than half what they should, and what is grown is of an inferior quality.—L. A. Stockwell, in 'Prairie Farmer.'

Conversion of Children.

I believe in the conversion of children. I believe that upon them—and likeliest upon them—the birth from above may fall. I believe that quickest of all the little child will adjust itself to this demand of the Lord Jesus for the new birth. More than that, I believe that so easily may a little child be molded, so facile is a little child to a rightly-directing touch, that a child may even unconsciously meet this demand of the Lord Jesus and almost from earliest consciousness, yielding its childhood to Christ as Lord and Master, grow up in Christ. Rightly asks another, 'What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him,

that you do not expect him truly to love and obey God until he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong? Nay, seek to turn the child Godward at the earliest moment and so forestall and prevent the years of inundating wrong.—Wayland Hoyt

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