

I stayed with her all that day, for the doctor said at once she could not live, although she might linger a week. At night my sister sat up with her, and I went home to rest and be ready for the next day.

The following morning when I slipped softly into the tiny, dark room and stood by her bedside, I saw on her face at once a look which made me feel that the last great change was approaching.

She smiled up into my eyes as she whispered: "It be fer the bes', missy-somebody else can take my money and go. Five dollars is a heap er money, an' hits all here."

I slipped my hand under the pillow and got the worn handkerchief, tied in a hard knot in the corner, which held the money. She smiled, and, though the old sad look was still in her eyes, it seemed to me I could catch a glimpse of the joy and endless peace that was drawing near to Celeste's soul.

She said little after this, but at noon, as I sat by the bed still holding her hand, I saw her eyes fixed above my head, while the light of another world shone on her face as she whispered: "I done the bes' I could, O Lord; I done the bes' I could." And with these words on her lips she passed into that other land.

As I put the worn unchildlike hand softly down, the prayer arose in my heart that I, too, when called away, might be able to utter the words of this simple, little girl, who had been so faithful to her trust: "I have done the bes' I could."

### THE EVENING AT HOME.

Did you every notice how much of the curiously fitted yet fascinating mosaic work of memory is made up by evening scenes? And the brightest and most precious pieces of it are bits from the hearth-stone. Evenings at home are the greenest and most refreshing spots in all the backward landscape of life. Cheerless, indeed, must be the retrospect which is destituted of these fireside gleams. The presistency with which memory clings to such scenes shows something wonderfully sweet and satisfactory in them, nor would it be difficult to find and formulate the causes of the blessedness of the evenings at home—rest from day's toils; companionship of earth's dearest and most trusted ones; absence of these who tempt or trouble us; the slumber of the restless ambitions, and over all the solemnity of night. And

thero evenings at home are as helpful to the soul as they are grateful to the sense. Boys do not go astray while spending their evenings at home; husbands and wives become not unfaithful while loving evenings at home, and one of the surest symptoms of incipient moral malady is a distaste for these scared seasons.

It is not strange, therefore, that Satan has exhausted invention in devising allurements to break up the evening family circle. The saloon, the theatre, the club, the dance, the billiard room, and other agencies, are in a grand conspiracy against the happiest and holiest home hour. There certainly ought to be something paramount in importance and pressing in necessity pertaining to the occasion which requires the breaking of the family circle at the only season when it could be complete. Yet there are husbands whose rounds of club engagements, wives whose rounds of social engagements, and sons and daughters whose undisciplined passion for amusement, make evenings at home a habitual impossibility. Are there not seven evenings in the week?—and at least three of these might be made "home evenings," with every member of the family at home if possible. Not at home with father in the library, mother in the nursery, Matilda in the parlor and John up stairs in his room moping or smoking, but at home with and to one another. Let them be "with one accord in one place." It was an evil day for happy family life when the rooms in the house were so multiplied that each member was accommodated with a hermit cell of his own. The remedy is to make a domestic chapel of the "sitting room," for sitting together in a very heavenly place of sweet communion of all members of the family; and let this be in the evenings, and as often as possible.—[Christian Standard.

### Makes the Best Man After All.

What a blessing to man and woman-kind is "mother's boy." He is the boy who goes to mother with all his little trials and troubles of boyhood, and as years come to him he does not grow too worldly to take to her the same troubles, grown in importance with his years and position in life. Mother's boudoir becomes to him a place of refuge when all the outer world seems crossways and twisted, and in that room he finds an influence of which he is until then unaware. It sheds its rays

about him, not as a flaming headlight, blinding him to all other objects, but as a mellow light in which he sees things in their true sense, and with eyes of justice and wisdom. The influence of his early boyhood lingers around him in after years when he has taken his place among the lawyers, politicians and business men of the world. He is helped upward on the ladder of success by the firm and conscientious principles which become a part of his being, while yet he was "mother's little boy."

It is he that guides the great ball of social and political questions into the sunlight of enlightenment and civilization. Policy and public opinion seldom swerve him, for he sees the path of duty before him and is guided on by the silken cord of conscience so strongly developed in "mother's boys." Anything about which he would hesitate to tell his mother is beneath us, thus the love he has for the one who nursed him oftentimes becomes the invisible power to stay him from deeds which would muddy his conscience and push him on in the course of a tough and hardened man.

In "mother's boy" is always found a touch of soul refinement, a something which lies beyond the outward show and may be described as a love for all that is true, beautiful and good. No matter how old and hardened a man may grow in contact with the busy world there is still a trace of "mother's boy" in him, and his heart will vibrate with the vigor of youth when the silvery hairs or hands which smoothed the rugged way for little feet are brought to mind.

It is no disgrace to be called a "mother's boy." Abraham Lincoln was one. So was Garfield, and when the news of his election reached him, his first act and thought was to carry the glad tidings to a little mother who waited at home ready to share either joys or disappointments with her boy.

It is said no boy is wholly bad who still loves his mother, and it may be added that no girl will be wholly unhappy who trusts her future to the man who carries his mother's picture in his inside pocket.

Friends should at all times be prepared to fill out an application form, if you kept one in your pocket book you could do so at any time.

The Order has "rolled up its sleeves and spit upon its hands," preparatory to a big fight. Let every member "be in it."

### They Know Better.

Many men who ought to know better neglect or refuse to protect their lives for their family by joining a beneficiary organization. There can be no excuse for such negligence or obtuseness, for no one was ever able, or will ever be able, to give a good reason why it is not a man's duty to make such a provision for his family.

The fact is, few men attempt to excuse themselves, for they well know what they ought to do, but they procrastinate, and put the solicitor off with promises. This procrastination often results disastrously, for sickness and death come; then it is too late. The dead man may not know or feel the consequences of his criminal neglect, but his innocent family is the sufferer.

Men know better if their attention is called to the necessity of a wise provision for the future. The trouble is that when in full bloom of manhood, earning fair wages, they feel that they can provide for their dependent families as they go along; no fear for sickness, old age, or inability to earn money.

It is the other fellow that will be unfortunate; the other fellow that will die; and so men go on day by day, until lo and behold! they are up in years—limbs not so supple; aches and pains occasionally go through their bodies; hope begins to get dull; confidence somewhat shattered; cares accumulate; earnings are neither so profitable or easily made; in a word, he is an old man suddenly, has passed the time of life when insurance can be obtained, and regret, oh! vain regret, seizes hold of him, but he is old.

### Do You?

Do you wish the membership to increase? Secure the applications of your friends and neighbors for membership.

Do you wish to increase your influence for good? Procure one or more new members during the year.

Do you wish to lessen the expenses of the Order generally? Secure the names of as many as you can for membership.

Do you wish to lessen your individual expenses? Prevail upon your neighbor and your neighbor's wife to join in with you.

Drones to the rear. Workers to the front is the motto for 1892.