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THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

My boy, my boy is far away.  
I think about him night and day,  
And far across the wide, wide sea,  
My boy, I know, still thinks of me.  
Ah, me! when will his ship come home,  
White sails across the winter foam?  
God knows—who hears a mother's prayer—  
What anguish mother's heart can bear.  
But when my boy comes home again,  
I shall forget these months of pain,  
God only knows with what keen joy  
A mother's heart will greet her boy.  
When winds are rough and skies are grey,  
His name is in the prayers I say;  
And when the sky is blue and clear,  
Oh, how I wish that he were here!

IN COUNTRY PLACES.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Have you ever held meetings in the school-houses about town, in the various districts?" asked Parson French, who had left his large village church for a few days while he went out into the country to help his friend and classmate, John Webb, who was pastor of the little church there, and who was now taking his very welcome visitor for a drive over the rather rough but picturesque township.  
"No, I made up my mind there would be little use in it," said the pastor. "If people wanted to attend religious services they would

come to church. There is nothing to hinder them and they very well know they are always welcome."

"Nothing to hinder them, only their minds have not been turned in that direction. Do the majority of the people living

in these dwelling houses we are passing attend your church?"

"Oh, by no means."

"Then why not call at the houses and invite them to come up to the extra meeting we are to hold?"

"It would do no good. They would not stir a step. They are crusted over with a lazy indifference as to religious matters; in fact, they are rather inimical to our little church and its handful of worshippers."

"Very well, but here is a school-house.

Let us call at the dwellings as we go along and tell the folks that a service of one hour will be held every afternoon in their school-house, and ask them to kindly encourage us with their presence."

"All right, but it will be seed sown in stony places indeed," with an expressive nod towards the masses of stones and boulders by the road side and in the adjoining fields. "Stony hearts, stony, hard working land in this my poor little parish! I don't know but I should settle down myself into the same indifference were I in the place of one of these hard-working, discontented farmers."

"I appreciate the situation, I assure you, but rather let us call it sowing seed by the wayside, and we will have faith that some time it will take root in some heart."

"Brother French is determined to hold services every afternoon in the Brush Hill school-house," confided pastor Webb to his wife, "and we shall have to start early and carry kindlings



"My Boy, I Know, Still Thinks For Me."