

rendering of the six days of Creation, but that is an 'extinct Satan' with all but the most ignorant adherents of the old verbal inspiration theory. In all that is the truest essence of

the religious spirit, in reverence, candour, and love of truth, not the least valuable lesson has been given to our age by the life and labours of Charles Darwin.

## YOUNG PEOPLE.

### 'FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.'

BY EMMA CARSON JONES.

'I'M done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him henceforth and forever.'

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of the early springtime all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

'Oh, James,' she entreated, 'remember, he is our son.'

'I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine.'

'But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State prison?'

'Let him go—he deserves it.'

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise. Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say 'No' when temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting down he got from his over-severe father; but he did not mend his ways. Nevertheless his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

'He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his wild oats in, and do better after awhile,' they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

'Here, Dick,' said that gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, 'I want you to take this, and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Covington. You know the place?'

'Oh, yes, sir.'

'Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely.'

Dick put the envelope into his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington in the next train.

He reached there a little before night-fall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah me! if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of their earnings and their honour. Dick went in, and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

'Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my soul! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it.'