

ous girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only let her stay."

"Daughter, you must have nightmare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and the professor that I must be excused to-day, for I'm going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I hate to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma, dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all of the languages or church socials in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from the daughter usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation." Marion smiled at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need, I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested, I will take charge of the house and give up all the societies except one that I'll have by myself if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later, one of the woman suffragists remarked to her:—

"We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown up daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."

#### Falling into the Pit.

As long as the time of Solomon, it was observed that he who digged a pit for another, was likely to fall into it. And the Germans have an expressive proverb, "He that takes soup with the devil must have a long spoon." We need no more apt illustration of this than can be found in the terrible mortality which attends dealers in strong drink, as a class. So exceptionally great is the death rate among them that some Life Insurance Companies have utterly refused to insure them at any price. Dr. James Edmunds says:

"Some years ago, a number of publicans, feeling annoyed at the brand which was placed upon them by various Life Assurance Companies, proposed to establish an Association among them-

selves, by which they thought to show that the prejudice against them, in this respect, was unfounded. The Society was established, and called the Monarch Life Assurance Association.

"Now, what was the fact? The Society was only in existence some five or six years, and then it became insolvent. Other societies which impose an extra rate of payment upon drunkards, and gave exceptional advances to abstainers, showed large profits. From the blue books from the year 1853 to 1860 inclusive, it would be found that if they took carpenters, bricklayers, and ordinary workingmen, seventeen out of every thousand die during the year; if they took publicans, the deaths were thirty in every thousand per year."

From this it appears that the death rate among liquor dealers, who live an easy life, and whose exposure to weather, accidents, etc., is much less than that of ordinary labourers, is, nevertheless, nearly twice as large as the death rate among ordinary honest, toiling people.

A man who has an offer of a position as bar-tender will do well to note this fact. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?" If a man counts his life worth anything, he had better keep out of the rum business. If he wants to die, let him sell strong drink; and he will be pretty sure to fall into the pit that he digs for his neighbour, and learn by experience that he who handles the devil's money, may expect the Lord's curse.

#### The Hem of His Garment.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

If I may but touch the garment He wears,  
But touch His robe's hem as I kneel,  
These wounds from stonings of pitiless years  
That instant of nearness will heal!

If I may but touch His robe, through the tread  
And press and deep pause of His path,  
Where He heals the leper, lifts the prone dead,  
I shall lose the soul-scar of wrath.

This cruel rent of one envious sword  
Where my heart's blood leaps forth in pain,  
Calm shall be knit! Like His own seamless robe,  
Life's garment will wrap me again.

If I may but touch His robe's hem when He hears,  
As I drift with tides of the world,  
I shall feel my pulse beat with far-throbbing spheres,  
His grandeur of impulse have hurled.

I shall be made whole! Though dead at His feet,  
If His robe's hem but touch my cold breast,  
I shall wake, I shall live, in His life complete,  
And bathed in the beams of His rest.

#### The Fruits of Drink.

ON January 4th, Kersteman J. Inman, once agent of the Inman Line of Ocean Steamers, and a near relative of the owners of the line, died in the cells of the Toronto police station. Inman was well connected and well educated in England. Cause of his ruin—Drink.

On January 5th, in the Town of Milton, O'Rourke was hanged for the brutal murder of an old man and his daughter. Cause—Drink.

And these are but samples of the fearful evils caused by the greatest curse which affects mankind. Boys and girls, learn to hate it, and seek by influence and example to banish it from the earth!

#### Christian Work.

FRANCES.

As the Christian looks out upon the world with its millions of devotees walking the broad way that leads to death, that might by Christian counsel, prayer, and example, be won to paths of virtue, usefulness, and happiness; as the vast theatre of Christian action, with its many channels of noble activity, looms up before his vision, his spirit is stirred within him, he longs to plunge into the fiercest of the conflict with sin and wrong.

But how many there are who bear the name of Christian, who seem to have no concern for the salvation of others, who live in selfish ease and pleasure, and indifferent of the condition of those around them. But this is not the spirit of the gospel. Bishop Janes says: "You are mistaken when you suppose that you are converted simply or chiefly for your own salvation. Your happiness is but an incident of God's plans in your conversion. No; sing and shout and get to heaven; but the real object is greater and grander than this. You are brought into the vineyard as labourers. You are to give up your whole life for the salvation of the world. There is no such thing as getting to heaven alone. You must save others or fail. Your way to heaven is through prayers, and struggles, and tears, and labours, for the salvation of others."

Look at the example of the Great Teacher. Did he spend his life in self-indulgence, in careless ease, and indifference to the wants and sufferings of those around him? Let us emulate His example who went about doing good, who, though he was equal with God, yet took upon himself the form of a servant. That only will endure which we do for others. All selfishness is utter loss. And what is more noble, more grand, than to sacrifice the interests of self to those of others, to cast self a living sacrifice upon the altar of our common humanity, to live for the good that we can do, to bless and uplift the world.

"Though we climb Fame's proudest height;  
Though we sit on hills afar,  
Where the thrones of triumph are;  
Though all deepest mysteries be opened to our sight,  
If we win not by that power  
For the world another dower—  
If this great Humanity share not in our gain,—  
We have lived our life in vain."

And there is work for all. God never meant there should be idlers in his vineyard. With a diversity of talents he has given a variety of work. And if all the talent of the Church could be utilized the world would be evangelized in a comparatively short time.

But the words of our Saviour, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few," are just as true of this age as of the age in which they were first uttered. As we look out upon the whitening harvests, as we listen to the Macedonian cry coming up from the four quarters of the globe—the prayer goes up from our hearts—Lord, raise up labourers in thy vineyard.

"See India, China, Ethiopia wait,  
The fields are white; oh! who will help to bring  
Those sheaves, an offering to their Lord and King!"

And there are ample fields for labour at home, reaching to our very door.

The home missionary work, the temperance movement, the Sunday-school and all the various departments of Church work demand the attention and support of each individual Christian.

And besides the regular channels of church work there are many ways of doing good. The word of timely warning, the Christian counsel, the cheering smile, the encouraging word, and the wise distribution of Christian tracts, and temperance and missionary leaflets among those with whom we come in contact and through epistolary correspondence. The last day only will reveal how much good may be accomplished in this unostentatious manner.

We need not always wait for opportunities for doing good to present themselves. We can many times make opportunities. And when we come to stand in the presence of the King, laden with precious sheaves, and hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," when we first behold the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us, decked with its stars that shall shine as the sun forever and ever,—will we regret that we laboured and toiled and suffered here?

"Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Work till the last beam fade,  
Fadeth to shine no more."

#### A Glasgow Factory-Boy.

A LITTLE way above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the river Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered the cotton-factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. His parents were very poor; and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar-schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college-studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

The boy was Dr. David Livingstone.