

THERE IS NO PAST.

It was a favorite saying with Mother Henson, "There is no past." She was far along in years, with faculties undimmed by age, except that her eye had just lost somewhat of its lustre.

"Grandm," said Julia, "what do you mean by saying so often, 'There is no past!'"

Grandma Henson paused a moment, and then replied: "When I was a little older than you are now I was overturned in a carriage and had my left arm sprained. In a few weeks it got well, and for forty-five years I forgot all about it. Then the lameness began to come back again, and whenever I take hold of any weight in a certain way, the whole panorama—the day, the landscape, the carriage, those who were with me at the time of the accident, everything connected with it comes back to me and is as the present, and I say to myself: 'There is no past; it is all present.'"

"Do you see how your little sister Mary is learning to read? How she is teaching herself? Your Aunt Carrie did just that way. She would take her reader and sit down and read till she came to a strange word, and then spell it out loud and ask what it was. When Mary does just as my little Carrie did, those days all come back again, and I am in the midst of my little children, and I say to myself; 'There is no past; it is all present.'"

"When your father comes home from the office tired and worn, I see his father as he used to come home to me, and live over those happy days and forget for the time how long he has been gone from me, 'The past seem the present.'"

Julia grew more and more thoughtful as her grandmother went on, and at last she said: "You've had a great deal of trouble in your life, grandma; does that come back to you also?"

"Sometimes," replied Grandma Henson; "but I see how much good it has done me to have trouble, and so there is no sting in the remembrance of it. It hurts me most to see the consequences of the sins I have committed and the mistakes I have made, but even those I hope may have some good come out of them to me or somebody else. I have wasted many an hour in vain regret over mistakes and errors and sin, but I hope He that has promised to restore the years that the caterpillar hath eaten forgives and restores. He blots out our transgressions, and why should we remember them but only to forsake them? Yet their consequences remain with us through time and to all eternity. There is no past in one sense, it is all present."

Not long after this talk Mother Henson passed beyond the bounds of this life. Julia never forgot this conversation; and the enquiry kept rising to her lips as she engaged in her tasks or was tempted to do something of the propriety of which she was doubtful: "Do I wish to remember this when I am old? Can I carry the consequences of this act through all my life and beyond?"

CONNIE'S DAY.

A New York mother whose wealth, position and kind heart fill her life with social and charitable occupations, tells how a chance word opened her mind to the fact of pressing duties at home.

"One day, last March, my little daughter Constance, who is twelve years old, came in to my room as I was hurriedly dressing to drive to a director's meeting of one of the charities of which I am interested. It was just after her birthday, and she had a game, one of her presents in her hand.

"O, mamma," she cried, full of eagerness, 'this is the loveliest game; do try it with me!'

"Her request, in my haste and absorption, seemed trivial to me.

"'Nonsense, Connie, you know I cannot,' I replied rather sharply; 'this is board day at the hospital, and I am shockingly late now.'"

"I was standing in front of the mirror, and saw in the glass how her face fell and the life died out of it at my words.

"'I wish,' she said, wistfully, 'you would sometimes have a day with me, mamma.'"

"The child's speech went through me like knife. I had never received so stinging a rebuke. Was it possible that in the pursuit of other duties I was neglecting the one that should be chief? My drive to the hospital that morning was full of serious introspection.

"Connie has had her day ever since. Saturdays my daughter and I spend together, and no other engagement can draw me away that day, for the child looks forward to it all the rest of the week."—*Youth's Companion*.

Trust in Christ brings peace amid outward sorrows and conflicts. When the pilot comes on board, the captain does not leave the bridge, but stands by the pilot's side. His responsibility is past, but his duties are not over. And when Christ comes into my heart, my effort, my judgement are not unnecessary, or put on one side. Let Him take the command, and stand beside Him, and carry out His orders, and you will find rest to your souls.—*Dr. Alexander Mc-Laren*