

the quiet lakes, the peaceful vales, and the noble forests, shall remain forever ; there the angels reside, and wreaths of flowers are twined by happy children."

"Oh yes, I will go with you where the bright heaven is," said the child joyfully.

Then the angel took him by the hand, and they ascended far up where the little stars twinkle, and where everything is joyful and happy.—*Olive Branch.*

A Mother's Love.

The other day I was listening to the words of a mother, who was talking to me with much affection about her children. She had three sons, who were then in different parts of the world, all of them doing well.

But though at that time they were doing well, and she was rejoicing on their account, in former years they had given her much trouble, and caused her to shed many a bitter tear. She advised them, prayed for them, bore with them, and sorrowed in secret; and though sadly and sorely tried, her love for them never failed. At last her affection prevailed, and they became all that she could desire.

While I was talking with her she took a letter from her pocket, written by her eldest son, which breathed the very spirit of filial affection. Her eye, while she read the letter, beamed brightly, and her face lighted up with a smile of delight.

"It was well," said I, "that you were enabled to bear with them, or they might never have seen the evil of their ways."

Her reply to me was, "The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never charges, never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers may become bitter enemies; but a mother's love endures through all, in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's reproach, a mother still loves on; still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with delight, the merry laugh,

the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy."

While she thus spoke, I could not help thinking, that if such was the love of a mother for a child, what ought to be the love of a child for a mother!

Have you a mother, and can you read this account without feeling that you love her more! Has she borne with you, and will you not bear with her! Has she striven for your welfare, and will you not try to make her happy? O, put a smile on her face by your love! Light up her eye, and fill her heart with pleasure by your affection.

Among the things that are most valued in this world by a mother, are the happiness and affection of her children; and among the bitterest pangs that reach her heart is the bad conduct of an undutiful child.

By and by there may be a tombstone in the churchyard with your mother's name graven upon it, and should this be the case, the remembrance that you have dearly loved her, and added to her happiness, will afford you much consolation; but should it be, though I trust it never will, that you have thoughtlessly caused her sorrow, the knowledge of this will prove as a thorn in your side, and an arrow in your heart.

Be to your mother what she is to you—a comfort, a joy, and a blessing. Say to yourself, "I will do what my mother desires me to do; I will be what she wishes me to be."

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to prove

A joy to one another;

I know my mother loveth me,

And I will love my mother.

—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Missionary News.—The May Meetings.

In the month of May, in Exeter Hall, London, the yearly meetings are held of the great English Societies for advancing the cause of Christ in the world. Most of these meetings we have this year had the happiness of attending. It was gladdening to turn aside from