

and ingenious questions, but she varied from her first statement in nothing material. The truth, as spoken by that child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence. But, before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villany to pieces like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God Himself, and the prisoner was convicted.—*The Mother's Magazine.*

A LESSON FOR DAUGHTERS.

MARION'S NEW SOCIETY.

"Can you help me a few minutes, daughter?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can. The tone was not impatient but hurried. I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head, I guess I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" said the stern, strong-looking angel to the weaker, sadder one. Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of every-day life. That sigh comes because this mother feels neglected and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the *Musical*. These feet are so weary because of their careless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely, the girls help too?"

"What they can, but their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "So many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industrious 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 to take an active part in life have no time to care for the mother 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 buttonholes 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 the language 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 soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance 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, a friend 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 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."—*Myra A. Goodwin, in Zion's Herald.*

Temperance Acts.

BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

RECEPTION TO MRS. YOUMANS.

On Thursday evening last a number of well-known friends of Temperance assembled in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, on the invitation of the British Women's Temperance Association, to welcome Mrs. Youmans, from Canada, ex-president of the Ontario Christian Women's Temperance Union, and well-known as a powerful temperance advocate throughout the Dominion.

After two hours had been spent in social intercourse, the chair was taken by Mrs. Margaret Lucas, president of the Association, who mentioned that Mrs. Youmans had been deputed to attend their anniversary in May, but had not arrived in time, and hence it was resolved that she should be welcomed at that meeting.

Mrs. Youmans responded to the welcome offered her in an interesting address. She came here, she said, to represent Ontario, and claimed to be a British woman. The Canadians were England's youngest pet children. In Canada everything was protected but the homes, which were at the mercy of the liquor sellers. In Canada they wanted the moral sentiment to back up the prohibitory law. Hence their first care was to get hold of the children. That meeting, she said, was an international one—Scotch, Irish, American, and Canadians were all there. Their work was uniting nations and churches, and would certainly triumph.

Short addresses were afterwards delivered by Mr. R. T. Booth, Mr. Wm. Noble, Mr. Francis Murphy, and others.—*Temperance Record.*

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The forty-ninth annual conference of the League was opened at the Temperance Hall on Tuesday morning, when delegates from all parts of the country attended, the chair being taken by Mr. James Barlow, J. P. (Bolton), the president. After the usual preliminaries, the hon. Secretary, Mr. Councillor J. C. Clegg (Sheffield), read the annual report of the Executive Committee, which stated that they now had five agents, and the pages of the *Advocate*