

that gets along very well as far as looking after its internal affairs go, but neglects missions, is as useless as a very handsome 60-mile-a-minute locomotive would be if it were unable to pull a single car. The President of the C.P.R. doesn't want such an engine as that, and God doesn't want a church that only looks after itself. Bank stock and railway stock are very good things in their way, but the best stock in the world is stock in the conversion of the world. I have found out there's a thousand things better than money.

## A GREAT COLLECTION.

Sam Jones then made a direct appeal for ten \$100 subscriptions, and after considerable coaxing and urging, and a promise that if anybody bankrupted himself by giving too much to the mission fund he would take him down to Georgia with him and find a place for him in his orphan's home, he succeeded in getting nine \$100 subscriptions and one for \$200, besides many for smaller amounts. The \$200 and \$100 subscribers were: Mr. R. I. Walker \$200; Messrs. Wm. Gooderham, T. Thompson, J. H. Beatty, F. W. Walker, J. Ogden, R. J. Wilkes, N. G. Bigelow, R. I. Tackaberry and Mayor Howland, \$100 each. The sum of \$450 was subscribed also in \$50 and \$25 amounts, making a total of subscriptions of \$1,771, outside of smaller amounts, and subscriptions yet to come in. The plate collection was \$114, making in all \$1,867. In the vestry Mr. Johnston was jubilant, and said he was sure the total would be over \$2,000. It was, we believe, \$2,600.

## Words.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A LITTLE, tender word,  
 Wrapped in a little rhyme,  
 Sent out upon the passing air,  
 As seeds are scattered everywhere  
 In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,  
 Breathed in an idle hour,  
 Between two laughs that word was said,  
 Forgotten as soon as uttered,  
 And yet that word had power.

Away they sped, the words,  
 Out like a winged seed,  
 Lit on a soul which gave it room,  
 And straight began to bud and bloom  
 In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,  
 Borne on an evil air,  
 Found a rich soil and ripened fast  
 Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast  
 Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words,  
 Passed by and marked, one day,  
 The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,  
 The baneful flowers thickly set,  
 In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;  
 One smiled, and one did sigh.  
 "How strange and sad," one said, "It is  
 People should do such things as this;  
 I am glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word  
 To reach so far, so high!"  
 The other said, "What joy 't would be  
 To send out words so helpfully;  
 I wish that it were I."

## Beecher on the Training of Children.

THE practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that parents should do for their children, though they would not do them for themselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night, to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless their parents can go with them, until they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness or night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.

I aver that there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through a man's brain. As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

If I wanted to make the destruction of a child sure, I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You cannot do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at night.

I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body and lacerating his nerves and scarring him and tattooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnations of wit, to see its infernal wickedness, to see its miserable carnalities, to see all those temptations and delusions that lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live they live as men that have been burned.

I thank God for two things—yes, for a thousand; but for two among many: First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them, for that which they unceasingly

gave, by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness. I know a great deal about it; for if I hear a man say A, I know the whole alphabet of that man's life, by which I can imagine all the rest. If I see a single limb, I have the physiologist's talent by which I know the whole structure. But I never became acquainted with wickedness when I was young by coming in contact with it. I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of these wicked things, which I have gained in later life in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me. To all husbands and wives whom these written words may reach, I say, if you have children, bring them up purely. Bring them up with sensitive delicacy. Bring them up so that they shall not know the wickedness that is known, unfortunately, by the greater number of men.

And if there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under, and if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world, you will have occasion, by and by, to thank God for that, more than for silver or for gold or for houses or for lands.

Keep your children at home at nights. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heartbreaking parents would give the world if the sod did lie over them. What a state that is for children to come to, in which the father and the mother dread their life unspeakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things that is, where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children! Then, I say, take care of your children at night.

## Cruelty.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relation of temperance to his own safety and prosperity and that of society. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form

of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great abominable curse dominates the world. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better it will be for them and for the world.—J. G. Holland.

## A Mother's Influence.

THE Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a sermon on "Motherhood," related the following interesting story, adding to it a pertinent reference to "Hannah and her son Samuel, as recorded in the Bible, and concluding his discourse with some good and timely advice to young men:

"One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them do you suppose assigned as a means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty. Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of Heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press a child down.

"A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: 'Oh! stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost \$500, and you may wear it next week to that party.' The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments she said: 'Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500.' The mother thought it a very strange request; but she brought it to please the dying child. 'Now,' said the daughter, 'Mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed;' and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: 'Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!' Oh! what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

"Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the 'governor,' the 'squire,' or the 'old chap.' Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her 'maternal ancestor,' or the 'old woman.' The eye that mocketh at his father and refraineth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.