



A HOUSE IN IKONDU.

Mother.

BY REV. JOHN W. NEELY.

THERE is a spot in another land,
Where memory loves to roam,
Amid the scenes of by-gone days—
That spot was my mother's home.
Unsullied were my youthful joys,
When sheltered by its care;
But alas! how vacant is the place—
My mother is not there.

The house is there—'tis just the same,
Though altered slight by age,
And the poplar tree 'neath which I played
Writes mingled scenes on memory's page.
Nature is lovely yet, the roses give
Sweet fragrance to the air;
But, alas, thou hast no charms for me—
My mother is not there.

How happy the days in that home made bright
By a mother's love and care,
How often at even I knelt at her side
And said my infant prayer;
Then laid away in my trundle bed,
Or rocked in the old arm-chair!
But hallowed spot thou hast lost thy charms—
My mother is not there.

In the silent tomb her body lies,
Her voice no more I'll hear;
My mother dear, best friend on earth,
At her grave I'll drop a tear.
And mother's God, I'll trust and serve
Till free from toil and care,
I reach the bright eternal shore
For oh! my mother is there.

The Old Woman's Appeal.

THE inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number—if any—of spirit licenses the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided; and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and, after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour.

The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once

been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor! I ask where are they now? In yonder burying-ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons; and, oh! they are all drunkards' graves! Doctor! how came they

to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm!

"And you, too, sir," addressing the parson, "would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

"Deacon! you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property—and you got it all by the drink!

"And now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poorhouse, for that is my home. You, reverend sir—you, doctor—and you, deacon—I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God; where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who—through your means and influence—fill the drunkards' graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting: "Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Dear reader! while your heart is still heaving with deep emotion, and your eyes are suffused with generous tears, resolve "To abstain from all appearance of evil."—*Selected.*

Let Your Light Shine.

DURING a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry: "It's all right: he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only by timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian workers! never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light. Let it "so shine" "that men may see," and in the bright resurrection morning, what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have un-awares "saved some soul from death!"

Educate Your Boy.

HERE is a fine mingling of enthusiasm and logic, as we read it in the *Raleigh Advocate*:

How rapidly your boy is growing! It seems but yesterday when he was in long clothes. But now he is in his teens, full of life, hope, and stirring enterprise. He is beginning to think what big things he is going to do when he becomes a man. But he little knows, and cares less, of how many hard battles he has to fight before he establishes a manly character and achieves success in the calling he may select. How shall you make a successful man out of him? *Educate him.* Give him the best Christian education possible. The young man with a sharp scythe, though it cost time and money to sharpen it, will cut a cleaner and broader swath through life than the one with a dull scythe.

Generally, the men who are the ablest and best educated lead society in the great enterprises of life. They both manufacture and lead public opinion on the vital questions of the day. They are the shepherds, while others are sheep following their leadership. It is so in statesmanship. The educated, the strong, the intelligent, make and execute the laws of the land. Now and then we find ignorant men in our legislative halls, but they are there to be laughed at, because of the blunders arising from their illiteracy.

Educated mind rules in Church as a general rule. Moses never could have been so successful in the difficult leadership of the Israelites had he not been "learned in the wisdom" of the Egyptian schools. Paul's brilliant career as the great Gentile missionary and the epistolary writer was founded on his thorough education and ample stores of Hebrew and classical knowledge. Luther's learning made him a thunderbolt in conducting to a successful issue the Protestant Reformation. John Wesley, the great organizer; Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer; Whitefield, the unapproachable pulpit orator, were all grandly successful because of their intellectual training and rich stores of knowledge. In all these Church leaders we see God's endorsement of education.

The transcendent value of educated mind is seen in Newton discovering the law of gravitation, in Copernicus discovering the solar system, in Columbus discovering a new world, and in all the inventions of steam and electricity.

Educated mind is ruling the world. "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind." But what is mind uneducated? It is a pearl at the bottom of the sea—it is gold hid in the mountain—it is an acorn closed up in the box of ignorance where it can never grow into the storm-defying oak. Then, educate your boy, let it cost what it may. A thousand dollars given to a boy may be soon spent, but a thousand dollars given to a boy in education is a treasure incomparably rich, that can't be spent, yielding its hundred per cent. interest annually. It is a shame in this country, so full of educational facilities, to send your boy or daughter out to battle with the world without intellectual equipment. It is like sending a soldier to war without a gun or sword. It is like sending a man to build a house without tools. It is like sending a boy to cross the stormy ocean in a leaky canoe. It is the old Egyptian task of making brick without straw. Educate your children. If you have to live on bread and water to do it, then don't hesitate. If you have to sell land to do it, sell it with joy. Give all diligence to secure an education for your boy.

CHILDREN who roam the streets will learn much that is evil, and that will unfit them for the duties of good citizens.