

MOTHER.

A touching incident occurred not long ago at the distribution of prizes in the English School of Sciences and art at Keighley.

The Bishop of Manchester gave the prizes. To the pupils and most of the large audience the Bishop occupies the place of father to his children: not only revered as a man of God, but as a liberal, practical thinker, one of the leaders of opinion in England in all matters which influence the elevation of humanity.

Surrounded by the boys and their parents, the good Bishop suddenly was led to speak of his own mother, and told the story of how she, "not a clever managing woman," had been left a widow with seven children—how her great love and trust in God had helped her to live, sacrificing not only luxury, but comfort, to make a home, bare of all but the most meagre necessities, bright and happy as that home Beautiful, whose chambers were called Peace, and from which could be seen the hills of heaven. Most of her children through her efforts have risen to positions where they could help to make the world wiser and better.

"She is now," said the Bishop, with broken voice, "in my home, paralyzed—speechless and helpless: and when I looked at her sweet face this morning, I thanked God, who had given her to men I owe to her all that I am."—Gold.

PARDON.

The first joy the Christian feels is the knowledge of his sins forgiven. A little girl knelt to pray, but the memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room. "Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her voice, "I have come to tell you something I did that was wrong to-day. I want no ask you to forgive me." "My dear child," was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me; I forgive you freely without." He dried away her tears and sent her back rejoicing. As she knelt once more for her Heavenly Father's blessing the readiness of her earthly father to forgive her was to her a type of the divine forgiveness. She realized that "God pardons like a father who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness."

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"What is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy, in Sunday school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?"

"What is bearing false witness against your neighbor?"

"It is telling falsehood."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a falsehood about yourself."

A very little girl then said:

"It is when nobody did anything and somebody went and told of it."

"That, will do," said the teacher, with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer; but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.

THE BIRD'S LESSON

"Try! try!" chirps mother bird to the little ones in the nest. "You can fly if you only try. Watch me and do as I do."

So the birdies spread their weak little wings and flutter and fall to the ground, but they try again and again until they learn to mount up in the free air and fly far away.

"Try? try?" is what other mothers say too, and little children hear their homes as well as little birds in their nests.

Try to be pure! Try to be good! Try to be loving! Try to be true!

Right thoughts and deeds are like wings that lift our lives higher. God, who gives the birds power to fly, gives far more to his own dear little children—power to rise to a good life and to a happy home in heaven.

RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayer. Heb. xi, 6.

2. Never neglect daily private reading, and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John. v. 39.

3. Never profess to ask God for any-