

Mother's Girl.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny, little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says, when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say,
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny, little lass!
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek with smile and nod,
And softly asks, "Does you know God?"

And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny, little lass!
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass—
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny, little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's Girl!"
—*Good Housekeeping.*

Keep the Home Pure.

I was a guest once at a beautiful home in one of the Eastern States. Nothing that wealth and taste could provide was wanting to beautify and adorn it. The father was a man of business and immersed in its cares; the mother was a refined and cultured lady, who moved in the first circles of society. They had two children, one a young girl of some fifteen years of age, and the other a young man of more than eighteen years, who was attending the college in the town, and whom his fond parents designed for the profession of the law. The home was a hospitable one, and its hospitality had been conducted on the old-fashioned lines of what was called polite society. No entertainments were more elegant, no table more daintily supplied and none had costlier wines than were to be found in the home of this foremost business man. The latter were used to no excess in the private life of the family, and were dispensed with refined hospitality to the family guests. Father and mother, daughter and son drank of them with their guests, and, so far as could be seen, drank of them sparingly and prudently. Once or twice the young man had been noticed to fill his glass more than once, but neither father nor mother dreamed that excess would ever mark his conduct. He was brought up to use wine as a gentleman, and would never so far forget himself as to allow it to master his self control. So thought father and mother, if ever the matter became a subject of thought.

But who can answer for consequences when once the subtle spirit of drink and the warm blood of youth are mingled. The facts unseen by all was that the wine cup had already fatal charms for the youth. Often, when no eye saw him, did he quaff the extra glass, or take the half empty bottle to his chamber. And often, when his father and mother thought him with his student companions busy at work, was he to be found with companions, not at work, but playing the exciting game and drinking the still more exciting draught.

I had arisen early, and was reading in the pleasant little library, when an anxious, hurried step was heard in the dining-room, and through the half open door I caught the quick tones of a woman's voice, saying: "Where's Tom; his bed has not been touched last night, where can he be?" It was Mrs. A's voice. To it replied the slower, more careless words of the husband, "Do not be anxious, dear: Tom's all right. He has likely gone home with one of his friends; he will turn up presently." We sat down to breakfast, but the whole atmosphere was disquieted. I could notice the listening ear and the glancing eye of that stately mother as each step sounded near, or a form passed the window. But no Tom came. Breakfast had just ended when a servant brought in a note and handed it to Mr. A. He quickly opened it, turned as quickly pale, and then, with a hurried, anxious look at his wife, left the room, followed by the frightened mother. A half hour later I learned it all. Tom had been arrested the night before and taken to the lock-up, and the note was from the kindly keeper who wished to spare the respected family the disgrace of a public trial. I shall never forget the face of that mother. Pride, shame and love chased each other over it in varying light and shade, but love conquered and lighted it up with a sad, pitying, merciful glow. It was settled that she should go to the lock-up, and that I should accompany her. We alighted at the forbidding door, we entered the still more forbidding passage way, and were conducted to Tom's cell. With a cry of unutterable love and mingled bitterness the mother flung her arms about the neck of the boy whom she had nurtured so delicately, and wept hot tears of shame and pity. "Oh Tom, my son, how could you disgrace me so?" she uttered between her sobs. The answer came slowly, bitterly, almost defiantly, cutting into the conscience of that mother with the sharp, remorseless edge of retribution. "Mother, oh my mother, why did you teach me to drink? But for the wine on your own table, curse it, I should never have been here. It crept into my blood, fastened upon my will, and chained me fast. What I did last night I know not. I was mad drunk. Oh! if you had but kept it from me years ago."

That mother's face is before me now. Pale as death, agonized beyond possibility of description, every line of reproach for the wayward boy turned into a deepening furrow of self-reproach. She spoke but once. "Forgive me, my boy, I see it all now. And may God forgive me."

Tom was taken home. The disgrace was not suffered to become an open one. That night a lengthy and solemn conference took place between the proud mother and the wealthy father. And the next day no vestige of strong drink was to be found in the princely home. The evil spirit was cast out, but, alas! not before it had well nigh possessed the only son of those who had so thoughtlessly harboured it.

I have visited that house since. Wealth and refinement mark all its appointments as of old, hospitality reigns as royally, but the lesson of chastening is to be read in the absence of all that can intoxicate, and in the tender care and constant prayer that the Heavenly Parent may repair the error well nigh irrevocably wrought by the loving earthly parents.

Yes, dear reader, keep it out of the home. Have no deceitful ally within, working hand in hand with the guilty confederate without. Keep it out of your kitchen, away from your table, make the family circle secure.

It may be that some member of your family will fall a victim to the terrible power of the drink appetite, but what a pitiable and almost unendurable thought it would be to haunt you forever, if your conscience accused you of making it easy for the first step to be taken. If the lightning must strike your home, don't, for pity's sake, prepare the rod which draws the destroying bolt upon you.

Cider, beer, wine, may sound and seem harmless, but all these contain the subtle spirit of destruction, the fatal alcohol. They are the easy steps, the alphabet; once allow them to be learned, and you cannot stop the going forth and forward toward destruction.

Make your home pure. It is the cradle of youth, the refuge of middle life, the asylum of the aged. Whatever may be the temptations and the dangers without, give no place for them within.

Keep the drink out of the home.

The stately homes of Canada,
Long may they proudly stand,
Begin with kindly temperance,
The glory of our land.

Try every day of this year to make somebody better and happier.

A LITTLE girl who had a thoughtful Christian mother, overhearing her little brother saying his evening prayer in a careless manner, said to him, "Willie, if you do not mind how you pray, God will not hear you. You would not ask mamma for anything you really wanted in such a careless way."

Out of the Depths.

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

It was all very well while the sun shone, and the winds blew gently, and the ocean was calm. They could discuss all the modern phases of skepticism with perfect equanimity. They could express their admiration of Darwin and Ingersoll, and read extracts from infidel authors, to listening groups. They could make jokes of very solemn things, and go to prayerless pillows, after hours at the card-table, without one twinge of conscience. They were a wonderfully congenial set of travellers, making the return voyage from the South American coast. Most of them hailed from Valparaiso, Chili; and, to judge from their conversation, they had not found in it the "Val of Paradise"—its name would lead you to expect. Some had spent years there; others had gone out in the government service; and one was a distinguished scientist, who had been studying the wondrous Flora of that tropical land. The three best talkers among them were avowed unbelievers in our holy religion. True, there was no bitterness in their feelings toward it. They simply regarded it as an amiable delusion, something fit for the consideration of women and children; but unworthy the attention of a man of the world—a man who had not only read, but thought for himself.

It happened that they had picked up, at an obscure port, a young missionary, going back home to recruit his health. The deadly miasma of the South American climate had paled his cheeks, and shattered his nerves; but the spirit was yet strong within him, and he never missed an opportunity of putting in a word for his Master. There was not a man of more culture in the group that gathered round the captain's table; but his faith was as simple as a child's. He had read many volumes high in favour with those who scoff at revealed religion; and still, he daily searched the Scriptures with ever new delight. He was young, and some of his fellow-voyagers were wont to call him an enthusiast; but there had been more real heroism in his brief life than in all theirs combined. He had taken his life in his hand when he went to South America. His immediate predecessor had died of malignant fever in less than three months after his arrival; but that sad fact did not daunt his earnest soul. In spite of the tears of his mother, and the disapproval of a large circle of friends, he said to the Board: "Here am I—send me." The dreadful malaria of the undrained swamps spared him only to fall into the violent hands of a Jesuitical mob; and though life was left in him, he did not gather strength sufficient to go on with his work. The physicians had sent him home, hoping much from the ocean voyage; and, in the little company, there was not a more popular companion than this lowly servant of Christ Jesus. He was always courteous