

THE GATHERING HOME.

The following lines by the daughter of an English Baptist missionary in Calcutta, seem to us worth preserving:

They are gathered homeward from every land

One by one,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand

One by one,

Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead

One by one,

Before they rest they pass through the strife

One by one,

Through the waters of death they enter life

One by one,

To some are the floods of the river still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled

One by one.

We too shall come to the river side

One by one,

We are nearer its waters each eventide

One by one,

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream,
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go

One by one.

YOUR MOTHER.

BY THE REV. A. L. STONE.

Young man, have you a mother living still on God's earth? What is she to you? An old woman with wrinkled face, and gray locks, and plain cap, high-waisted dress, and form bowed and crushed together with the weight of years, altogether uncomely to your fastidious eye. Ah, look again. Each of those wrinkles is a sublime poem of self-devotion; each furrow on that face some long-enduring care has ploughed; the silver lines in those dark locks have changed their hue in busy household thoughts, the patient toil of day, the wearying nightly watches, and burdens borne for you, as well as others, have lain more heavily on her head than the pressure of years. Can there be another face that can match that wrinkled face in beauty to your eye? Do you touch any hand with such tender deference as that with which you lift that trembling clasp of age to your heart?

Where dwells this mother of yours? In the old early home, with but few of the voices that have once been musical there left to cheer her gathering loneliness. The ashy gray evening is coming upon her. What lights do you keep burning there to drive the gloom away? Does the frequent post carry her filial greetings from you? Do little tokens, precious to her heart, not because of the cost, but of the

loving remembrance they attest, go from your hand to hers? Does she know she is forgotten in your bright, busy career? As of as Providence permits, does your face break in upon her solitude? Are you repaying to her uncheered age, the debt your early years contracted? The dear friends of long ago have most of them left her side; do you feel that, and feel it for her? Does she have it to muse upon in the brooding hours of her long twilight, how thoughtful this great, grown boy of hers is of her comfort? She never complains of you, I know. That she would not do. But silently, like a cancer, neglect, your neglect, would eat into her heart.

Or is she beneath your own roof? Has she the seat of honour? every available comfort there? Does she feel in your way there?—Are you more deferential to her will than even in childhood's days? To her does your voice ever utter impatience, your eye look reproach or anger?

Oh, how soon will the inexorable gate ring its sharp clang between you! Then memory will sit down with you every evening to rehearse to you the story of your filial life—what you have been as a son! If you have brightened and gladdened that life's decline, that evening's recital will be as heavenly ministrals to your spirit. If there is one painful recollection, no grief can be so bitter as that in which you groan out, "Oh, if she could but return!"

Let the ministers of the Gospel remember that they are called the friends of the Bridegroom, a dignity infinitely superior to all the honours of this world. No one is fit for this employment, unless his heart burns with love to Jesus Christ. Hence arises their faithfulness, to lead the bride to Jesus Christ alone, and to have no other joy than to see her united to Jesus Christ, and living in tender communion with Him.

By faith we embrace Jesus Christ, and are so united with Him, that we are in Him, and He in us. As He was pleased to take upon Himself all our miseries, and make them His own, so by faith He has made ours; His obedience is ours, His innocence, His righteousness, His holiness; nay, all that He has