

## Patchwork.

IN an ancient city dwelt a king of wondrous power,  
Whose domain was far-extending, and whose  
wealth grew hour by hour,  
Till he planned to build a temple like the  
wise old king of yore,  
That his fame might be eternal, and might  
sound from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and ear-rings they  
build up the arches high,  
But could find no painted window that could  
please the monarch's eye;  
And a solemn proclamation was re-echoed  
far and wide  
By his own right-royal heralds, and prince  
and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message, "'tis  
the king's most gracious will  
That a great reward be offered for the painter  
of most skill,  
And whoever makes a window most artistic  
in design  
Shall receive a crown and kingdom which  
shall second be to mine."

So from all those wide dominions came the  
artists, one by one,  
And they worked with care unceasing till  
the windows all were done,  
And were lifted to their places in among the  
arches tall,  
For the king to give his judgment which was  
grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly; there  
was still one empty space,  
And no time was there to purchase a new  
window for the place,  
When some one of them remembered a poor  
workman who, in fear,  
Humbly begged the coloured pieces of the  
crystal lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting, using up  
the fragments small,  
He had made a patchwork window that was  
plainest of them all;  
And its many coloured figures—every shape  
and size and style—  
Made the workmen jeer and cavil, made the  
skilful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening, and amid  
so much beside  
It would stily pass unnoticed, till its place  
could be supplied;  
So they set it like the others, in its frame of  
carvings rare—  
For the king was then approaching, and the  
shouts rang through the air.

On he came, in all his glory, gazing up on  
every hand,  
At the saints and martyrs holy; at the old  
apostles' band;  
And the calm, sweet-faced Madonna, with  
her wondrous child and Lord;  
And the angels bringing tidings with their  
white wings spread abroad.

But before the patchwork window paused the  
king in great amazement,  
For the setting sun was shining with a rare  
and ruddy blaze

Through the scarred and criss-cross tracing,  
and he watched the sunbeams pour  
A hundred brilliant rainbows on the tessellated  
floor,

While the nave was filled with glory, with  
a splendour from on high,  
And the people bowed in silence, for the  
Lord seemed passing by.  
"Bring the artist!" cried the monarch:  
"his shall be the crown and gold;"  
And the workman, humbly kneeling, gained  
a wealth and power untold.

From this legend, full of meaning, shall we  
not take courage now  
That our work will be accepted, though it  
seem but poor in view?  
In our weakness bring we offerings, prayer  
and labour, money, time,  
But at least we make but patchwork when we  
aim at deeds sublime.

But we know that in God's temple all our  
work shall find a place,  
Though we mourn because our neighbours  
build with greater power and grace;  
But when through our patient life-work  
shines our Heavenly Father's love,  
It will glow with matchless beauty, and be  
fit for heaven above.

—S. B. C., in *Light and Life*.

THE people blessed of the Lord must  
stand at the head of nations in order to  
impart a blessing to all.—*Calver*.

## John and His Mother.

THE late Dr. James Hamilton, of  
London, used to say that he never lost  
hope of a lad so long as he revered  
the Sabbath day and loved his mother.  
Here is a lad who does both. John  
T—'s father, and brothers, and sisters  
are all dead. He is now the only son  
of his mother, and she is a widow. Her  
home is in a village of the west, where  
John served his apprenticeship in a dry-  
goods store. He is now in a merchant's  
office respected and trusted by his em-  
ployer. Every Saturday night he goes  
home till Monday morning. He was  
offered a situation abroad with a large  
salary. But his mother is feeble and  
sorrowful, and John will not leave her as  
long as she lives. He remembers how she  
"taught his infant lips to pray," and  
all her care and toil for him and his  
brothers and sisters in their childhood;  
and nothing now sweetens his work  
more than to think he is working for  
his mother. His fellow-clerks chaff  
him for not taking that capital situation.  
John does not mind. Love to Christ  
has made him love his mother more  
than ever.

"What do you remember about your  
mother?" said Dr. Todd to one of his  
sister's two orphan boys, at their  
mother's grave.

"Oh, everything."

"But what in particular?"

"Oh, this, uncle—that there never  
was a day since I can remember in  
which she did not take us to her room  
and pray with us, unless she was sick  
on the bed."

Many of our readers can say the  
same. Dear young friends, ever be  
obedient and loving to your mother as  
long as you have her to love. A saucy  
word, a mocking look—these will be as  
thorns in your memory after she is  
gone; while it will be sweet, even  
when you are dying, to think you did  
all you could to make your mother  
happy. An old man lay insensible on  
his death-bed. Wife, and children, and  
grandchildren, were around him, but  
he did not know them. Rolling his  
head he tried to speak, "Mother! I  
want mother! why doesn't mother  
come?" His mother had been dead  
nearly fifty years! When a child, he  
had his little troubles, and he would  
carry his little griefs to his mother,  
for he knew she would sympathize and  
comfort him.

Motherless little ones! you know  
how true all this is. Do you not often,  
when you are alone, find your mother's  
countless little kindnesses coming up to  
your memory?

Sam Jones on Choosing a Wife and  
on Drink.

I BELIEVE a Christian girl runs a  
great risk when she marries a worldling.  
I said to my wife:—"I never danced,  
and frolicked, and caroused around  
with other girls, but when I wanted to  
get me a good wife I came to prayer  
meeting and hunted her up." I said,  
"Is that not strange?" "Yes," she  
says, "I wish I had as much sense as  
you had." And then she laughed and  
said:—"Thank God, all's well that  
ends well." I tell you she ran a risk  
that like to have broken her heart, and  
I tell you with the deepest sense of  
regret and sorrow to-day. In three  
years from the day my wife left her  
home, mother, and friends to be my  
wife, my life of transgression had caused  
the rose to fade from her cheek, and it  
has never come back any more. God

forgive me, God forgive me. I tell you  
women to day, young ladies especially,  
you had better be careful; you had  
better be careful. The girl that will  
marry a boy whose breath smells with  
whiskey is the biggest fool angels  
ever looked at—except the one that  
marries him and stirs his toddy for  
him. Down in a town in Georgia  
a whole lot of young girls married a  
drunken lot of young men to reform  
them, and now there are more little  
old whip-poor-will widows in that  
town than you can shake a stick at,  
and they look as if they weighed from  
sixty to ninety pounds each. God pity  
the woman that has no more sense than  
to marry a man that drinks. What an  
awful thing it is. If there is anything  
in this world that whiskey is a direct  
enemy of, it is woman. If there is a thing  
on earth that whiskey has troubled the  
life out of, it is woman. If there is a thing  
on this earth that the whiskey barrels of  
this country have rolled over their  
heads, it is the women of this country,  
and yet there are women that not only  
will drink and pass it to their husbands,  
but will have it on their tables. God  
pity the woman that has no more  
sense, to say nothing else about her,  
than to do that sort of thing. If I was  
the wife of a king, he should not keep  
his brandies and wines in my house.  
You say, "Why, you would be obliged  
to submit." Mistress President Hayes,  
of America, would not touch it. She  
would not handle it, or let it come  
into the White House of America  
while she was the President's wife.  
Law me! it ain't whose wife you are,  
but what sort of a wife that fellow has  
got where you live. That's it. Sister,  
if I was you this morning I would go  
home; I would ransack my cellar and  
closets; I would get every bottle of  
everything and carry them out into the  
back yard and have them broken all  
to pieces. When husband comes to  
dinner I would say:—"I have thrown  
the liquor into the back yard. It is the  
worst enemy we have in this world,  
and it shall never come through our  
back yard any more." A wife wrote  
me the other day:—"I have a good  
husband. He is a good business man.  
I have drunk wine with him at our  
table. I enjoyed seeing him drink, till  
one day the conviction came upon me  
that husband came home that night a  
little full of whiskey. The next morning  
I said, 'Husband, I have made up my  
mind to this; no more brandy or whiskey  
will be drunk at our house forever. If  
you come home again and I smell it on  
your breath, I am going to pack up my  
duds and go away from home, and you  
will never see my face any more.'" And,  
she said, "From that day to this my  
husband has never drunk one drop of  
whiskey; and now he is a live business  
man in this town." And I believe if  
that woman had not taken that step he  
would have been found lying drunk in  
a gutter one day or would have been  
buried in a drunkard's grave. She said,  
"I said to my husband, 'If you ever  
drink another drop, and I smell it on  
your breath, I'll pack up such few  
things as are my own, and go away  
from you, and you'll never look in my  
face again while you live.'" And she  
meant it, too. Law me! If your  
husband loves whiskey better than you,  
you had better get away from him, the  
sooner the better.

Dew, corn, wine, are symbols of the  
blessings of the kingdom of grace and  
glory.—*Calvin*.

## "As Many as Touched H'm."

BY MRS. HELEN B. S. THOMPSON.

WONDROUS words about a wondrous  
Saviour, and a living testimony of Jesus'  
power and willingness to save. The  
same Saviour who eighteen hundred  
years ago lived on earth, ministering to  
the diseases of men, is nearer of access  
to thee, weary, sin-sick soul, than if to-  
day He walked in Palestine.

A young lady from my Bible-class  
came to my study a few days since with  
the earnest inquiry, "How shall I find  
the Lord?" After talking with her a  
few moments, I saw she was looking  
for "a more excellent way" than the  
one marked out by the cross. Seeking  
for cleansing, she yet deemed it too  
simple to "wash and be clean." She  
"must do something to prepare" her-  
self. She feared that she was "too  
sinful."

After a silent, earnest prayer, I re-  
minded her of Christ's own words,  
"They that are whole need not a  
physician, but they that are sick." "I  
came not to call the righteous, but sin-  
ners to repentance."

In great distress she exclaimed,  
"I don't understand how to find Him.  
Where shall I go?"

"My dear Mary," I replied, "He is  
here in this room, tenderly waiting to  
receive you." As she sat weeping,  
there came to my mind this passage,  
which I repeated at once: "As many  
as touched Him were made perfectly  
whole." She raised her head eagerly,  
and said, "Is that all?" and with  
beaming face extended her hands, cry-  
ing, "My Saviour, my dear Saviour!"

"Think you not there was joy among  
the angels when Jesus proclaimed, as  
He did on earth, 'Some one hath  
touched Me,' and wrote with His own  
hand the name of another Mary in the  
book of life? Ah! how simple, how  
free, how beautiful, the plan of sal-  
vation! Poor sin-sick soul, will not  
you also touch Him? Then shall  
you be made perfectly whole.—*Sunday-  
School Times*.

## Help Your Mother, Boys!

ONE who became a very noble and  
influential man, used to help his mother  
by scouring knives and forks every  
day before he went to school, and  
wiping dishes as well. It would do our  
boys good to know how to sweep, to  
sew, and be helpful about the house.  
Be polite to your mother; lift your hat  
to her, open the gate for her, bring a  
chair for her, save steps for her, be  
proud of her. Many a weary day and  
night she has watched over and worked  
for you; now let your care for her fill  
her life with sunshine and her heart  
with joy.

## A Touching Incident.

A poor little newsboy, while attempt-  
ing to jump from the tramcar the  
other afternoon, fell beneath a waggon  
and was fearfully mangled. As soon as  
the child could speak, he called piteously  
for his mother; and a messenger was  
at once sent to bring her to him. When  
the bereaved woman arrived, she hung  
over the dying boy in an agony of  
grief. "Mother," whispered he, with  
a painful effort, "I sold four news-  
papers, and the money is in my pocket."  
With the hand of death upon his brow,  
the last thought of the suffering child  
was for the poor, hard working mother,  
whose burdens he was striving to  
lighten when he lost his life.