

She'll make him careless about the feelings and comfort of others, and change about, and change a generous spirit into a selfish churl; and she'll be a very fortunate woman if the selfishness—if the disregard for the feelings of others—she is instilling into him now does not come back to her to give her sore trouble in after life."

There, in that boy, was the sterling metal of a true gentleman—considerateness for others—a gentleman who would be a gentleman to his parents, to all belonging to him, and to the whole community—there was that sterling metal being moulded unwittingly and unconsciously by his own mother into that repulsive thing—an intensely selfish man—entirely regardless of the pleasure, the comfort, or the rights of anybody else than himself.

It was a noble impulse in the little fellow to give his seat to the poor burdened woman; it was a perversion of manhood to pull him back and compel him to hold on to his seat for himself, and to regard the poor soul he felt a desire to be kind to as a mere creature who had no rights that a person in his station was bound in any wise to respect.

What else than trouble and sore mental distress could be expected to come to the mother who was suppressing such a manly impulse, and perverting such a nature? The thorns which such parents reap in later life are of the tree which they themselves have planted. The thorns have torn them and they bleed; they might have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.—*Public Ledger*.

MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The woman who works should remember that her children need her first of all—need her more than anything else in all the wide world, and she has no right to put anything between herself and them, whether it be a mountain of work, an ocean of selfishness, or—a grave.

Give the children bread and butter to eat, plain clothes to wear, a simple home to live in, but let them have their mother.

Do you know any of the children who run about the neighbourhood because mother is too busy to notice? The clothes and the table and the house are above reproach, but the children?

Yes, I know you have to work; so do I. I fail, too, in my duty, many and many a time, so do you. But all the same, my sister, you can do with less work.

The house ought to be cosy, pleasant, and clean, the food wholesome, and the family garments comfortable, but the trouble is that you aim farther than just that. You attempt to go beyond what is necessary, and so in many instances nothing is accomplished. You have lost your time and your labour, and—who shall say what beside?

Common sense, next to Christian love, is what we want, my sisters, in this world—is what we need most. When you come to think of it, we have precious little of this commodity.

We have no right to injure the bodies that God permits us to use, for a while. Why, they belong to Him! And there are the little bodies that are placed in our special care. What of these?

And if our bodies belong to God, what of the intellect—the soul? Ah, I tell you, these are questions that we must look squarely in the face. We are not beasts of burden—not dumb driven cattle, but we are actually and truly the children of the King. No task that He has set us can be unworthy, but in the task we must not forget the taskmaster.

In this matter of work each woman must make her own laws. She must be wise in choosing the real duties and in setting aside such things as have by practice and custom come to be accounted necessary. One mode may suit you, quite a different one your neighbour.—*Womankind*.

NO TIME.

A busy man, recently approached upon the subject of religion, said: "I really have no time to spare from my business for religion. I wish I could get time, and hope to do so in a few years from now." This very same answer is so often given by the careless and the indifferent that we must tell the fol-

lowing story picked up from some forgotten source. It carries its own moral and will bear repeating:

A pious farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favourable. He called them early and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned to their work. The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in his haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband. "Why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat."

"Haven't time to eat! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as you can live without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers every morning, no matter how busy we are nor how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten.—*Selected*.