

Literary Notices.

The second, the March issue of the *Theo-ogy* is before us, and worthily succeeds its worthy predecessor. The contents of the present number are

Foreknowledge and Foreordination, by Principal MacKnight.

Robert Browning, by J. S. Sutherland.

How to write and speak the Gospel :—by Rev. L. G. McNeil.

A strange worthy, (a story of Claverhouse) Spirit mutterings.

Editorials.

College notes.

Book Reviews. *Imago Christi*, by Rev. David Sutherland,

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February has as its first article "Life among the Congo Savages," by Herbert Ward, illustrated. This is of special interest now when Stanley's march is attracting so much attention.—"John Ericson, the Engineer",—"A day in Literary Madrid",—"Through three Civilizations",—"An Archaeological discovery in Idaho," with several stories serial and complete.

The March issue of the same contains—"In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" illustrated. Expiation, Chapters vi-ix; "A Forgotten Remnant" by Kirk Munro;—"In the Valley" Chapters xxi-xxiv, by Harold Frederic,—"John Ericson the Engineer" concluded; "The Blackfellow and his Boomerang" illustrated;—"A Deedless Drama", etc.

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THE MOTHER'S HAND.

There is no instrument so efficient in producing the highest polish on wood or glass as to be compared with the human hand. Lenses, after every other appliance has exhausted its utility, receive their finishing polish from the hand. Piano frames, after having been "filled" and sand-papered and "floated" with varnish, receive their final polish from the hand.

In the family the mother's hand is the great polisher. It keeps little faces and hands clean it keeps little knickerbockers and dresses clean; it closes holes over knees and toes; it fills hungry mouths with

wholesome and palatable food; it tucks in the sleeping children at night and keeps out the cold; it soothes weary limbs to rest, and presses aching heads gently till they forget to ache; it binds up cut and burned and bruised fingers; it holds the cooling draught to fevered lips; it gently closes the eyes that look upon the sun no more;

In a figure the mother's hand polishes the minds and characters of her children. Her finger points out the letters on the blocks in the primer, the page in history, the noble ideal to be attained, the far-off goal to be reached, the rocks to be shunned, the malestroms to be avoided.

A youth during the war lay very sick in a hospital. His mother had been sent for and came at midnight. The lights were turned low and she begged that she might take the place at his bedside, promising to keep perfectly quiet, as any excitement might be fatal to her son. He moved as if in pain, and she laid her hand silently on his forehead to soothe him to rest. At that touch he started up and exclaimed, "Turn up the lights; let me see who this is; that hand must be my mother's!" Ah, how many a brave man in that terrible struggle longed in vain, to feel his mother's hand laid on him as in childhood.

The loving, gentle hand of the mother, how it restrains and curbs and guides, and that restraint is felt not less but more when "the wrist is parted from the hand" that caressed and corrected the growing child. Said an old lady, "My mother influences me more now than ever as to my consciousness of her influence. As I go back and back over my childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and mature life, what she was comes out clearer and more clear, and I find myself growing into her likeness and image. I remember what she told me of her mother and her household ways, and as I go about my house attending to this thing and that thing, I say to myself, 'Thus did my mother; thus did my grandmother; that must have done her mother,' and the couplet sings itself through my head.

"We are travelling home to God,
In the way our mother trod."

—Sel.

We are always sinning, though if we are Christians rightly improving our opportunities, our desire to sin will be constantly diminished. Our sorrow for sin, also, will be more quick and keen, both because we have a more acute sense of the dishonor we do to God, and a deeper shame that we are trapped by temptations it was our purpose to master.