

Saturday Night.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,  
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;  
Washing wee faces and little black fists,  
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;  
Putting them into clean garments and white,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,  
Laying by shoes that are worn thro' the toes,  
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—  
Who but a mother knows where to begin?  
Changing a button to make it look right,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,  
Hearing them hup forth their soft evening prayer,  
Telling them over that story of old,  
How the dear Lord would gather the lambs to his fold,  
Watching, they listen with childish delight,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,  
After the little ones all are asleep;  
Anxious to know if the children are warm,  
Tucking the blankets round each little form;  
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,  
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,  
Praying, as only a mother can pray,  
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

ON THE WAY HOME.

A SHORT time ago a Christian gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was driving home from a mission meeting—one of a series that had been held at a village some miles distant. The evening was well advanced, and, after they had driven some little distance, they overtook a youth, walking slowly, and with an air of utter weariness and dejection. The gentleman pulled up, and asked:

"Where are you going?"  
"I am on my way home, sir."  
"Have you far to go?"  
"No, sir, just to B—."

"Well, it is not worth while giving you a lift for that short distance," said the gentleman, to which the young man replied:

"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I'll easily walk." And so the gentleman drove on.

But he was impelled, surely by the Holy Spirit, to stop after he had gone on some little distance, and, looking round, he found the lad running close behind. Waiting until he came alongside, and feeling sure he was dejected and sorrowful because he was not sure of heaven being his home, the gentleman said:

"Are you really and truly on your way home?"

"No, sir, I am not," was the honest confession; and then, as he was asked to get into the trap, he added, in a tone of anguish, "I must get saved; my sister was saved last night, my brother the night before, and I am left out!"

"Well, said the gentleman, "if you are willing to be saved, Christ is far more willing to save you. You have but to go to him just as you are."

Without another word the lad fell on his knees and cried, "Lord, Jesus,

take me as I am. I am unworthy; but Jesus died—Jesus died."

The plea was sufficient, the prayer was heard and answered. After a few minutes' silence he said to the two Christians:

"I am saved; won't you praise the Lord with me?"

And they did praise the Lord; for, making a halt, they knelt by the wayside, and beneath the star-lit sky their praises re-echoed in the courts above. After they had exchanged farewells, the lad cried:

"I am on my way home now. I'll go praising him."

Reader, there are two ways—one to the home above, the other where there is weeping and wailing. On which are you going? Jesus died for you. God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. 3: 9.)

THE OFFICER'S DOG.

MANY stories have been told of dogs seeking the assistance of neighbour-dogs to punish others for injuries they have received from them, which shows that these animals possess some means of communicating their wishes to each other. Of these stories the following strikingly illustrates the fact:

In the neighbourhood of the city of St. Andrews, in Scotland, and about a mile distant from each other, lived a retired officer, a farmer, and a miller, each of whom possessed a powerful dog. These dogs, whenever they met, growled and snarled at each other, and sometimes fights took place. The officer's dog, besides guarding his master's residence, went every forenoon to the village, a distance of half a mile, to purchase bread, carrying with him a towel in which the requisite money was tied up.

Each time on his return he was immediately served with his dinner, after which he mounted guard over the house for the rest of the day. In the village were a number of idle curs—bullies, and, of course, cowards—who banded themselves together to attack peaceably-disposed dogs. One day, on the outskirts of the village, they assaulted the officer's dog on his way to the baker's shop. In the struggle the towel was torn from his mouth and the money was scattered on the road. The curs then retreated. The dog picked up the money, executed his message, and returned home; but instead of eating his dinner, which, as usual, was placed before him, he, after laying down his burden, trotted off straight across the valley to the farmer's house. The labourers, on seeing him, thought he had come to quarrel and fight with their master's mastiff, and were much surprised at seeing the two old enemies meet not only in a most friendly manner, but trot off, after a short consultation together, side by side, along the road that led to the mill. If the men at the farm were greatly astonished, the

miller was more so when he saw his bull-dog receive the four-footed visitors as if they were his most intimate companions. The three held a brief council, and then set off in the direction of the officer's residence, followed at a distance by the miller, where, instead of taking the road which led to the village, they entered it by a circuitous route, and put to the tooth every cur they came across. They then separated, and each dog returned to its master's abode, to be once more, strange to say, as bad friends as formerly.

Heart of Jesus.

Heart of Jesus—meek and lowly,  
Beating in thy infant breast,  
Teach me to be pure and holy,  
That I may within thee rest.

Heart of Jesus—ever pleading,  
Through thy childhood's silent years,  
For my soul, sin-soiled and bleeding,  
Now accept my contrite tears.

Heart of Jesus—peaceful dwelling,  
Far away from worldly strife,  
Love of vain ambition quelling,  
Let me live a hidden life.

Heart of Jesus—sunk in sorrow,  
I, too, caused thy bitter pain  
On the eve of that dread morrow,  
When thou wert for sinners slain.

Heart of Jesus—wounded, broken;  
All thy blood for me was shed;  
Art thou not a deathless token,  
That thy grace is round me spread?

Heart of Jesus—full of gladness,  
In thy glorious risen life,  
Cheer me when, o'erflowed with sadness,  
I grow weary of the strife.

Heart of Jesus—yet abiding,  
Pilgrim, guest and prisoner here,  
In our very hearts residing,  
Be to me each day more dear.

Heart of Jesus—still pursuing  
Sinners with a restless love,  
May my soul, thy mercies viewing,  
Nevermore ungrateful prove.

"THANK YOU" WITH THAT.

PEOPLE generally are only glad when they have things given them, and that is quite different from being thankful. A poor converted African I have heard of would set an example to many in Christian lands. He had been very sick, but he came one day after his recovery to the missionary and laid down the sum of two pounds for the Lord.

"I want," he said very earnestly, "to tell God 'Thank you' with that." He had expected his yams to turn out very poorly, he had been able to give them so little care, but God had taken care of them for him, and he had an excellent crop. It had yielded him fully two pounds more than he expected, and so he brought that as a thank-offering to the Lord. It was not a common thing to do, but it was a right thing. People would prosper more in riches of the soul, and in earthly riches too, if they would oftener bring in their thank-offerings.—*Children's Record.*

He must needs go that the devil drives.

SOUND CHRISTIANS.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

GOING up town to-day, I overtook two little boys. The largest boy had a basket on his arm containing a few apples. The other little fellow was asking for one, and the boy with the apples handed him one, which the little one refused, saying, "I don't want that, it's half rotten." The other boy then gave him another, which was not rotten, but the little fellow still seemed dissatisfied.

"What's the matter now?" said the big boy, "don't that suit you either?"

"No, Willie, it don't, 'cause you said you'd give me a real, good, nice apple, and this one ain't sound, for it's got two specks in it; 'tain't rotten, but there is specks, so it ain't sound."

"Oh, Eddie, them specks don't hurt it,—they are only kind of dry rots; the apple is just as good."

"Well," answered the little fellow, "I think when apples ain't all over sound they're not nice, anyway, if they are called good."

Dear young Christians, these little fellows, by their talk, set me to thinking. I thought, what a good illustration was this, taken spiritually. We, as God's children, must be sound Christians, if we would be good and nice. We need a Christian experience that is all over sound.

Let us think of this every day, and try to keep the specks out of our Christianity. Remember, if we get angry, that is a nasty speck upon us. Our friends cannot think us nice if we get provoked at every little thing that don't suit us. Every time we speak unkind that is a speck upon us. If we speak a word wrongly against any one, that is a very ugly speck upon our religion. If we indulge in light, trifling talk, we shall thus bring many specks upon ourselves. Whatever we do that is wrong, is a speck upon our Christian character; and when we leave our duty undone we do wrong, and therefore are not sound in our Christian experience.

When we stay away from the means of grace with only a slight excuse; when we neglect secret prayer, and reading God's word, we stain our Christianity.

Oh, my young friends, how easy for us to become full of specks or flaws, for every wrong act is a flaw in our religion, and if we have these flaws we are not good Christians.

Let us examine ourselves and see if we have any now, and if we find little specks of unkindness, or ill feeling, or anything wrong in us, oh, let us not rest until we have them all washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and feel we are cleansed and made perfectly whole. And then let us watch daily that our religion is not stained by little specks. Oh, let us endeavour to live day by day under the blood, that we may ever keep a sound, Christian character.