

MOTHER'S OLD HYMN.

THROUGH the trembling folds of the twilight dim I can hear the strains of that grand old hymn, Which mother, whose heart is now still and cold, Sang amidst her cares in the days of old.

There was something about it, undefined, that charmed into quiet the troubled mind, O'er the bleak hearts breathed with a spirit bland, Like a warm south wind o'er a frozen land,

And crowning it all with a strange, deep chord, Like the throb of the heart of the blessed Lord, That shed through the fainting soul abroad A sense of the pitying love of God.

The songs of the singers that fame has crowned; In the flood of the years are lost and drowned; But mother's old hymn, every pause and tone, With the growth of time has the sweeter grown.

And it seems not out of the past to come, And echo only of lips that are dumb— But down from the home of the glorified It has always come since the day she died.

We know not the music that spirits hear, As earth is receding and heaven draws near; But treading death's valley of shadows dim, I ask but to hear my mother's hymn.

"JUST FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

"Miss WILMOT, have you room for another little girl?"

The speaker was Mr. Holt, the assistant superintendent in one of the largest Sunday-schools in Philadelphia. Miss Wilmot was a teacher with six little girls grouped around her. At the sound of Mr. Holt's voice she looked up, and with a pleasant "Oh, yes, plenty room and plenty welcome," she moved aside, and made room for the timid little stranger. Miss Wilmot's girls all loved their teacher very dearly, and she loved them; but when Nettie Stone (for that was the new scholar's name) took her place in the class, six little faces clouded over, and showed their disapproval as plainly as if they had said: "We don't want another scholar; the class is large enough."

To be sure there was quite a contrast between Nettie's plain chints dress and brown straw hat and the fine embroidery and feathers and ribbons worn by the others, and a pained look came across the teacher's face as she saw Lulu Lyster move down and draw her pretty sash closer to her, as if afraid to have it come in contact with Nettie's plain dress.

Just then the bell sounded from the superintendent's desk, and the opening hymn was announced, and, as the notes of the organ died away, the room rang with the happy, childish voices, as they sang with much earnestness: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." After the hymn came silent prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert; then the lesson was read over, and after singing another hymn, the teachers drew their scholars closer to them and proceeded to explain the lesson, and draw from it some practical points to be carried out in everyday life.

The "Golden Text" for the day was: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." After the girls had repeated it to Miss Wilmot she asked: "Now will you tell me what it means?"

Beattie Ferris thought it meant "to be a foreign missionary and tell heathen people about Jesus." Lettie Shaw thought it also meant "to hunt up poor

children and bring them to Sunday-school." Each one expressed her opinion as to its meaning, and then, turning to the new scholar, Miss Wilmot asked, "Nettie, what do you think it means?"

Very softly, Nettie answered, "Living just as God wants us to, and being kind to everybody just for Christ's sake."

The teacher's eyes filled with tears at the words, "Just for Christ's sake," and she tried to tell the girls how Nettie's words revealed the whole meaning of the text. "And now, girls," said she, "for some time we have been trying to find a motto for our class, something we can use every day and take with us wherever we go. How would you like to have Nettie's words: 'Just for Christ's sake'?"

"But I don't understand it," said Ada Randall. "Could we use that at home, or at school, or at any place we go to?"

And then Miss Wilmot enlisted the sympathy and love of seven little hearts by telling them in her own happy style the beauty of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and even little Lulu seemed to forget all about the pink sash and plain dress, as she whispered to Nettie: "Won't it be nice if we all have the same motto?"

"Yes," said the teacher who had overheard the remark, "and you can find a dozen different ways of using it every day. When mamma asks you to do something you don't want to do, just think of the motto, and say: 'I'll do it just for Christ's sake,' or if you want to go to the park, or take a walk, or go to see a little friend, when mamma wants you to go to school, there you can use the motto again, so you see it can be used at any time or any place."

Just then Nettie was taken to the library to select a book, and Miss Wilmot improved the opportunity by saying: "Girls, I would like you to begin using the motto this very afternoon by welcoming Nettie into our class; if you can't do it for her sake, or for my sake, do it 'just for Christ's sake.'" And at the close of school as the girls crowded around to kiss their teacher good-bye, Nettie was warmly welcomed by all, and all her timidity seemed to vanish when Ada Randall put both arms around her neck, and as she kissed her, whispered: "We all feel glad that Mr. Holt put you in our class, and we're glad you thought about the motto, for we want to begin working right away, and we'll do it 'just for Christ's sake.'"

A HAPPY HEART.

My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then, so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma. If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart! And that made me think of a little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless

little Freddie tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: "Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make."

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—*Young Reaper.*

BREAD SEEN AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY THE REV. E. HARRAES, M.A.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman and his wife, both of whom have for many years been members of the Methodist Church, and also active Sunday-school teachers, were tarrying all night at a hotel in Toronto. They observed that as soon as the hostler saw them he looked at them both very earnestly, so much so that they were not a little concerned as to why he should act in such a manner, and they both began to fear that surely the young man contemplated perpetrating some deed for which they should be prepared.

At length the young man, addressing them, said, "Please excuse me, but are you not Mr. and Mrs. —?" "Yes," said the gentleman, "but who are you, and why do you ask such a question?" "Ah," said the young man, "do you not remember me? Why I am Harry." "Harry, Harry, but what Harry?" said the gentleman. "Harry—, who was in your Sunday-school class at —." Ascertaining that the gentleman and his wife were going to remain at the hotel all night, he asked as a special favour that he might go into their room and converse with them, after he had provided for the horse and rig.

In due time Harry was in the room of his former Sunday-school teachers, to whom he soon unbosomed his heart. His history was in brief this: They knew that he was an orphan boy whom a farmer had adopted, "but," said the young man, "I was made to work harder than my strength would allow, and I never knew what it was to have a kind word said to me. Indeed," said the young man with deep emotion, "scarcely anybody has treated me other wise than roughly since you left B—, and so in an evil hour I resolved to run away from the farmer. If I could only have had somebody to have advised me I would not have done so, for hard as my lot then was, it has been harder since."

On being asked why he was in his present situation, he said that he had taken it that he might have some place to stay; "for," said he, "nobody seems to care for me, and if I could only have such kind friends as you were to me, I would give anything." Thus the poor young man proceeded. His old friends advised and counselled him, and then their interview was brought to a close, much too early for the hostler, who appeared as though he was desirous to spend the night with his old friends.

Reader, have you a home? Prize it; there are many who have no home, and who do not know what home means. Is it any wonder that they often sigh and wish for some place which they could call home?

Are you one who has adopted an orphan child, or taken a waif into your service? Treat the poor child kindly. Act the part of a human person, not one who treats the servant as though he was a brute.

Are you a Sunday-school teacher? Be sure to sow the seeds of truth with kindness. An impression for good will thus be made which time cannot efface.

Are you a poor orphan child? Take God for your Father. Pray to Him, and He will direct you.

A STRANGER.

AN old man went by the window, Shrunken and bent with care; He'd a scythe swung over his shoulder, And white were his beard and hair.

My little one earnestly watched him Up the billy road; he climb,— Then said, in a tone of conviction, "Mamma, that was Father Time!"

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy.

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender, when the boys were alone again.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?" "Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school re-assembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud:

"Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

A SHORT HISTORY.

DR. GUTHRIE once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion, after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

WHEN God's love is realized by the soul, his commands are cheerfully obeyed.