

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean, If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad, And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive whatever you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day, A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

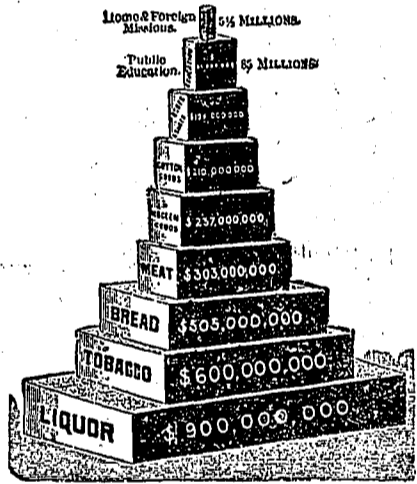
-M. E. Stangster, in Youth's Companion.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR MISSION BANDS.

Of course you do not think this a beautiful picture, but it is one that is worth studying. It tells its own story, and we will let it preach its own sermon. As they study it, I am sure that all our Mission Band workers are resolving very earnestly that the monument built from the census of 1900 will not have liquor for its broad foundation if they can prevent it.

But we said we would let the picture preach its own sermon, so we will simply tell how a band of boys, with its help, gave an object lesson to the good people of their church.

An exercise had been promised, but what it was to be, no one knew. You can imagine how puzzled and surprised every one was when two of the largest boys entered, carrying between them the great foundation slab, marked in large black



letters, "Liquor, \$900,000,000." Then came the tobacco slab, then the others, the smaller ones made of paste-board, until the little cube, hardly large enough to contain the single word Missions, was placed at the summit of the pyramid. Do you not think that those who watched the building, felt that it was an unworthy monument to be raised in a Christian land where thousands of voices sing

"Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal."

-Children's Work for Children.

ON THE HOUSE TOP.

I am sitting on the top of the house. But do me not the injustice to imagine that I am astride the ridge-pole. The roof is a flat one, made of earth and gravel, rolled very hard. The edges are bordered with grass and little plants, as our sidewalk edges often are at home, though the hot Syrian sun has pretty well scorched the tender blades. I wish I could open the window for the sick ones and let them see what I do. Abeik is built on the steep side of one of the mountains of Lebanon. The mission house, on whose roof I am seated, is at the top of the village, and as I look down on the flat roofs of the little square, one-story stone houses which file down the mountain, I feel as if I could almost descend by them, as by flights of steps. You cannot think how odd a chimneyless town looks. On a roof near

by, a woman has just come out and lifted a heap of something she intends to dry. I can imagine that it is Rahab, come up to see if the spies are still under the flax, where she hid them last night. On another roof sits a woman cross-legged. She is beating the wool which fills the mattress on which she sleeps. She has washed the cover, and is getting the lumps out of the wool before putting it back. Another has washed some wheat, to free it from the dust of the threshing floor, and has brought it to the roof to dry. She is walking about, arranging the corners of the sheet on which it is spread, while her children are running across it with their bare, brown feet, and evidently find it great fun.

The house-top is a favorite point of outlook, when there is anything going on in the street, if the little narrow, stony foot-paths between the houses can be called streets. The other day I saw from my window scores of people gathered on the roofs to look at a funeral procession. A young bride was being taken to her last home. She was arrayed in her marriage dress and veil, and carried through the streets in an open, board box, hung with shrieking, wailing, gesticulating friends. Illness and death are so dreadful in a Christless land.

Had I come up a little earlier, I might have seen people here and there lifting the mats on which they had slept; for on a hot night the roof affords an agreeable change from the close room where men, women and children sleep all together on the floor, and which is often infested with vermin. The Arabs spend but little time on morning and evening toilet. They lie down with their clothes on, only the more advanced removing the outside garment. Sometimes one sees a woman with her dress sewed on, like those unsatisfactory dollies, whose clothes do not take off. The hair is combed only occasionally, and then the operation is a severe one. Not unfrequently the teacher of the Mission school asks the reason for the absence of a pupil, and receives this reply, "She is having her hair combed," as we would say, "She is cleaning house."

A few weeks since I stood on the roof of the house which occupies the site of that in which it is said Simon, the tanner, lived, in Joppa. You will remember that Peter went to the house-top to wait, while his food was preparing in the room below, and while there he had his wonderful vision. Each one of these earth-roofs we are looking down upon, covers a home, where not only the sleeping, but the sitting, eating, and working are done upon the floor. There is no table; and even bread moulding is done by a woman kneeling over or sitting beside the pan which holds the dough. Sometimes one finds chairs, but they are very new fashioned and the natives do not take to them. One woman hung hers on a nail against the wall to keep it out of the way. The windows are mostly without glass, and in winter little light enters, except at the open door. But the material darkness of these homes is nothing to the spiritual. The windows of the soul are still closed to the true light. It is to bring this light that the missionary has come, on whose roof I am sitting. In the rooms below me, scores of children gather daily for instruction, and on Sunday they are filled with a school of one hundred and thirty pupils. A church has been formed, and it is a blessed thought, that beneath more than one of these flat roofs which I am looking upon, the morning prayer is ascending; and that among the many busy mothers there, there are some Marys, who have bidden the Christ come in that they may sit at his feet. -Mary Gordon, in the Open Window.

FAMILY WORSHIP must be regarded as having a place among the tests of true godliness, and where it is vainly looked for there is not the best evidence of genuine piety. A religious profession with this deficiency is, to say the least, considerably discounted. It is related that a professor of religion married a wife who made no such profession, and, in deference to her, dropped his custom of family prayer. At length she told him she thought she was marrying a Christian; but she had come to doubt it, for Christians pray with their families. He excused himself on the ground of his regard for her, to which she

replied that that had nothing to do with his duty; and that she thought to see those making such a profession as his faithful and consistent; nor would she rest until the family altar was restored to its place. This may not be a solitary case in which family prayer has been more than unnecessarily neglected. -Watchman.

THAT CHURCH MEMBER who has so far fallen from his former spirituality as to affirm that he can frequent the theatre with a "good conscience," needs to recollect that a good conscience is not necessarily a pure and guiltless one. St. Paul said, "I verily thought I ought to do many things against the name of Jesus." His conscience not only did not condemn, but actually approved actions for doing which he subsequently confessed himself to be "the chief of sinners." Hence the silent conscience of a worldly-minded man is no proof that he is doing right when he sits with an ungodly crowd feasting his lower nature on the frivolities of the stage. Perhaps his conscience might give a different testimony if he would place it awhile in the light of the expressive fact, that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God... a friend of the world is the enemy of God!"

AN OLD CHINESE woman came one day to the missionary with the tears rolling down her cheeks; she said she loved the Lord Jesus, and he had forgiven her sins, but she had heard that he said; "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," and she was nearly seventy years old, and blind, so she could not go! But she was willing to tell her neighbors, and maybe she could walk to the next village and tell them; would the dear Lord accept this from her, since it was all she could do? When the missionary explained that this was just what Jesus asked of her, she wiped away the tears and said: "Then I am ready to be baptised; I belong to Jesus."

If You Wish your children to think well of the church, speak well of the minister who serves it and the people who belong to it. Constant criticism of the church is a poor method to get people into it. -Western Christian Advocate.

Question Corner.-No. 14.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

43. A general was afraid to lend his men to battle unless a woman went with him. (a) Who was the General? (b) Who was the woman? (c) What nation were they fighting with? (d) Who was the King? (e) Who was the leader of his armies?

44. What four commandments were broken by a king to obtain a piece of ground? (a) Who was the king? (b) Who was the owner of the ground?

In reply to several questions we would say here that it is not absolutely necessary to send the answers to each set of these questions separately. If more convenient, the answers to three or four sets may be sent together. The competition began with the January 13th number. The question of the Biblical Scer in that number is one of the prize questions also.

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