

## A MOTHER'S KISS.

A child whose infancy was joy,  
A little boy of noble mien,  
Now tossing gaily many a toy,  
Now romping through the garden green;  
His parent's blue-eyed little pet,  
He tripped one morn, and down he fell;  
His mother cried, "Come Willie, let  
Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss hath power to cure,  
Her love is balm for every wound,  
Her gentle smile, her words so pure,  
Can heal the bruise and make it sound.  
And if there comes a bruised heart,  
And bitter tears arise and dwell,  
A mother's love still soothes the smart,  
A mother's kiss will make it well.

My mother's hair is gray, and mine  
Is slightly touched with silver streaks,  
I am a full-grown man—but Time  
Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks,  
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm  
Upon my brow imprinted well,  
Through all my life it hath a charm,  
My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day  
In sickness, sorrow and mistrust,  
Her gentle words drive care away,  
And lift my spirit from the dust.  
She tells me that the angels call,  
That she must go with God to dwell;  
My broken heart! if such befall,  
No mother's kiss will make thee well.

## HOW CHARLIE RAN AWAY.

"I declare it's too mean for anything, mamma," said Charlie, angrily, his forehead knit into a thousand cross little wrinkles. "If I can't do like the other boys, I'll just run away altogether."

His mother looked very sorrowful, for Charlie was her only boy, and his naughtiness sent a sharp pain through her heart. He was only nine years old, but of late had become so headstrong and wilful that he was almost beyond her control, and this threat of running away had been oft repeated. That night she went to sleep, and a sudden idea came into her mind. It was a very curious plan by which she hoped to cure Charlie of his wilful ways.

The next afternoon her boy came rushing in after school, dashed his books down, and was rushing off again when his mother called him back.

"Where are you going, Charlie?"

"Only out for a row on the pond, with Jack, mother; I'll be back by tea time."

"But it's beginning to rain, and your throat is still sore, my son. Suppose you ask Jack to come in and take tea with you instead. I'm afraid to have you go, while it is so damp."

Charlie's face flushed angrily. He threw his cap down and muttered: "No, I won't have him come at all! It's a shame I'm so tied down. I've a great mind to run away, I have so."

His mother did not speak for a minute, then she said quietly, but very firmly: "You cannot go out again to night, my son."

Charlie went to his play-room very sulkily. At tea he did not say a word, and after tea he studied his lessons gloomily without the usual bright questions and talks with his mother. He rose to go to bed, but his mother called him back.

"Charlie," she said gravely, taking his hand in hers, "you have talked a good deal lately about running away, and now I think, that as you don't seem very happy at home, perhaps you had better go. So I've told Charlotte to have an early breakfast so that you can start at seven, and I'll tie up some clothes in a bundle for you. You can take your father's knotted cane, and Charlotte will give you some cold biscuits to put in your pocket. I'll call you at half-past six."

Charlie could hardly believe his ears. Was his mother in earnest? That wasn't the way boys ran away! He felt very tight and queer in the throat, but he was too proud to cry, so he only muttered in a shaky voice, "Very well, I'll be up in time," and went to bed. She called him back to put his school-books in the closet as he wouldn't need them any more. This was almost too much, but the child obeyed without a word, and then went slowly upstairs.

That night his mother lay awake many hours, full of anxious fears as to the result of her experiment. Charlie, too, felt very sober about his prospect for the next day, but it was too late now to retreat, and he determined not to give in. Nevertheless, he was sound asleep when his mother came to give the forgotten good-night kiss. She saw the mark of tears in his face, and her heart grew a little lighter.

Charlie was up early in the morning, long before his mother called him. It was a cloudy, chilly day, and the warm breakfast would have tasted very good, if he had thought about it, but he never could tell what he ate that day. When it was over his mother said in a very commonplace way:

"Now, my son, you had better be starting. Your best clothes are tied up in this bundle, and I have put some of Charlotte's soda biscuits in with them. Good-bye, and be a good boy, wherever you go."

They were on the front steps. His mother kissed him very affectionately, exactly as if he were going on a long journey, watching him go down the steps, and then went in and closed the door, and Charlie was left to go his way alone.

He walked very slowly down the street to the corner, stopped there, and looked up and down. It was early, and nobody seemed in sight. A great feeling of loneliness and longing for his dear lost home came over Charlie, and he would have given worlds to be back again in the warm, cosy sitting-room looking over his lessons before school. He turned the corner, and walked a block, then turned once more and went slowly along, his head down, and a feeling of entire forlornness getting worse and worse all the time. What was his mother doing now? Washing up the glass, no doubt; he hoped they would not forget to feed Billy, the little Scotch terrier. Ah! he would probably never see Billy again!

Just then, Charlie came plump against a fat black woman carrying a pitcher of milk. He looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, Charlotte!"

"Why, Master Charles!" said Charlotte, who had slipped out of the back door just when our boy left the front steps, and had never lost sight of him for a single moment.

"Oh Charlotte," repeated Charlie, bursting into tears, and seizing her hands, regardless of the milk pitcher, which fortunately was empty, do you think mamma will ever take me back again?"

"Just try, honey, I'd go and ask her right away," said good old Charlotte, her own eyes rather misty.

Charlie's mother was sitting by her work table, when she felt two arms around her neck, a warm cheek wet with tears, against her own, and a voice choked with sobs said:

"Oh, mother, if you'll only forgive me, and take me back, I'll never want to run away again—never!"

She held her boy close to her happy, thankful heart, and kissed him many times. Her experiment had succeeded, and that was the last that was ever heard of Charlie running away.

## THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

We should not let an opportunity pass without putting in a few words for the 200,000 men who, to-day, stand on the very inner edge of that vortex of everlasting ruin into which drunkards are ever plunging, and for the millions who are ever drawing nearer and nearer.

How shall such men emancipate themselves? There are multitudes, feeling their danger, who would gladly reform, but they fear the struggle before them. They know their weakness, and they dare not hope to gain the victory.

The church, therefore, ought to proclaim openly and emphatically, that where sin abounded, grace much more abounds. Let us preach and proclaim that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can redeem a man, body and soul; take him from the gutter, clothe him, cause him to stand before God in his right mind, and walk upright as a son of God.

Let us say, as a Christian worker recently did to a man who feared that even if he became a Christian, he would fall back through the drink, "kneel down this very moment and pray God to take from you all your appetite;" and these unfortunates will rise as he did, and from this time forward pass every liquor saloon without the slightest inclination to touch the accursed thing.

This, and this alone, is the sure salvation for drinkers.

## THE SILVER BELLS.

In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these gold apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel tree there grow melodious blossoms; sweeter bells than those which mingle with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest; holy feelings, heaven taught joys; and when the wind bloweth where he listeth, the south wind waking, when the Holy Spirit breathes upon that soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, where gentle tones and joyful echoes are wafted through the recesses of the soul. Not easily explained to others, and too ethereal to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward; the lull of sinful passions, itself ecstatic music; an exulting sense of the security of the well-ordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness, and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to say, "Abba, Father;" all the delightful feeling which the Spirit of God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost."—*Ex.*

CARDINAL ANTONELLI died on the 6th inst.

DAVID says: "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice before Him with trembling." Let some one make this rhyme for me: "To rejoice," and "to fear." My little son Hans can do this with me, but I cannot do it with God. For when I sit and write, or do anything, he sings a little song to me the while! and if he makes it too loud, and I tell him so, then he still sings on, but makes it softer, crowing on with a sweet little subdued voice, slyly watching me all the time. So would God have it with us, that we should be always rejoicing, yet with fear and reverence before him.—*Luther.*