

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children.
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the 'Mother has had her day!'

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence;
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim:
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day:
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me isn't fair.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

'WATCH AND PRAY LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION.'

MAE MURRAY.

Yes? We used to be Christians, at least we called ourselves such. We went to church and the class-meetings, and were always found Thursday evenings in our accustomed place at the cozy little chapel. But when we came away up here to live, everything was so different. There wasn't any church, no prayer-meetings. Yes? I had my Bible and—what? Didn't I know God was here as well as everywhere? Yes, but oh! everything was so unlike what it had all been before. Yes, sir, I could pray, but somehow God seemed so far away, not coming close up to your heart like.

And John didn't seem the same either. He would wander around when Sunday came, and act as if he didn't know what to do with himself. And such Sundays! They were more like a day of moving in and moving out. An addition to the perhaps too small house, a summer kitchen, some new wall paper put on—all these things would be going on. They were only board houses, you know, and the men all worked in the mills, and had no time for this during the week. Then others would make the day one of hunting and fishing.

It seemed as if everything went wrong with John and me from the first. The children got sick, that dread scourge, diphtheria, came, and when it left us we had laid our little Bess and Jim under the shadow of the tall pine trees, where the wind moans and sighs all the day and all the night, with just a board fence around to keep out anything that might trample on the little mounds that were daily wet with my tears. Does it seem strange we forgot to pray? Well, maybe it does, to you, I don't know, but one day—oh, how long ago it seems! Sir, can you tell me just how much misery can be crowded into one day?—they brought my John home,—hurt, they said, while trying to stop a runaway team which was madly tearing down the one street we had, and directly towards some little children, that were playing in the sand and sawdust. What! Oh, yes, he was a hero, my John. But what did that matter to me? He was my husband, and he was going away from me, and I shrieked in my misery. Then I thought of the great eternity, and had he gone all unprepared, as I felt him to be now? But he was not dead, they told me, badly

hurt, that's all. 'Thank God, there's time for repentance,' I cried. The men who had brought him in then went out. Then I crawled close up to the bed where my husband lay and tried to pray. But oh, I couldn't, I had been such a traitor. Now when trouble came, how quick I felt my need of Him I had neglected so long. Did you ever notice how many do that, sir? John moaned and opening his poor dear eyes says, 'Can't you pray, Mary?' Then I knew he felt the same as I did—that we had been slipping backward, backward, and although the dear Saviour kept reaching out his poor pierced hands to us, we had been turning our backs on him and his great love. Oh, it was a miserable time, sir. No doctor, no minister to talk with him, no praying brother or sister in the whole place.

Just then some one knocked at the door, I opened it. A lady stood there whom I knew to be a stranger.

'Won't you please give me a glass of water? I am so tired and warm,' she said. 'Come in and rest a moment, while I get the water,' and placing her a chair I went out. When I came in John was moaning away by himself.

'Have you some one sick?' she asked, in such a quiet, sweet tone.

'My husband—hurt,' I answered, and hurried on into the bedroom. But she rose and followed me. I felt hard at first to think a stranger should see us in our misery, but when she went up to John, and brushing back the hair from his forehead with her smooth, white hand said, as she leaned over him, 'My poor brother, you are badly hurt, aren't you?' then she raised her eyes to mine, and I saw they were full of tears. I broke down then, sir. It was the first time I had had any sympathy shown me, and oh, my heart was aching so. The neighbors meant well, but they didn't think of such things, you know, and they were all so busy.

'Do you think he is going to die, miss?' I cried.

'I'm afraid so, my dear.'

John was looking up at her with such a great longing in his eyes. I thought I could read the question in them.

'Oh, miss, can't you pray? Pray for my husband, and may God have mercy on us both.'

John smiled at me, and I knew I had asked the question that he could not.

'Do you feel your need of a Saviour, brother?' A spasm of pain swept over his face as he thought of the dear Saviour he had neglected so long.

'Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' and 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Do you believe this?

'Yes, yes,' he gasped.

'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And 'Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.' 'Believest thou this?' We both whispered yes, while the tears were running down John's face and mine too, sir.

'Let us pray,' and kneeling down by poor John's side, she began in a sweet, low tone that brings angels nearer and closer, sir. Then, 'Dear Heavenly Father, I pray you for the dear Christ's sake to come and take possession of these two dear hearts. Show them how thou hast loved and cared for them all the weary way. Give them a glimpse of that love which no man hath greater than this, that he lay down his life for them. Show them, though only in part, the things thou hast in store for those who put their trust in thee. One, we believe, is going soon to dwell in one of those mansions thou wentest to prepare for him, dear Jesus. Grant that he may know that he is accepted of thee, and that though his sins may have been like crimson, they are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb. And we will give thee glory and praise forever, dear Father.'

Rising, she commenced singing in the same low, tender voice:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

John gave a sigh. A sweet smile stole over his face, and closing his eyes, which had in them that look which 'only such as the ransomed ones know,' he went quietly

to sleep, and we know he had gone with that plea in his heart and on his lips,

'But that Thy blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

MRS. MORGAN'S QUARTER.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

'Only twenty-five cents.' It seemed so very, very small to Mrs. Morgan when she thought of what the others would give, though when she remembered the barrel of flour that they must have, the shoes for Kit, the medicine for Janie, and Tom shivering without an overcoat, it seemed much larger. When she thought of all those things it seemed to her that she could not spare even twenty-five cents for missions.

'I don't believe that I will go to the Circle,' she said to herself, 'and then I won't have to give anything. My poor little quarter won't amount to anything; the ladies will laugh in their sleeves to see me put it in the box with their five and ten dollar bills. The Lord knows I'd be glad to give more, but I honestly and truly cannot, so I'll just stay at home and sew.'

But somehow Mrs. Morgan did not feel comfortable in her mind as she settled herself to work.

'You know you're a coward,' whispered her conscience, very distinctly. 'You know, even if you hadn't but one cent to give, that you ought to go and give it. What if they do all give more; it won't be any excuse for you not doing your duty, will it? A quarter isn't enough to do any good? How do you know that? A dollar is only four quarters, and 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Suppose everybody who could only give a little should not give at all, wouldn't it make a difference? Besides, remember the loaves and fishes; ask the Lord's blessing on your gift, and though it may be small, yet it may have a power that a much larger one without his blessing would never have. Sarah Jane Morgan, you know that you ought to go to that Mission Circle meeting and give your quarter; so put up your work and go.'

And Mrs. Morgan put up her sewing, went to her room, took the despised quarter out of her pocket-book, and knelt by the bedside. 'Dear Lord,' she prayed, 'this is all I have to give to help thy cause. Thou knowest my heart and seest that I would gladly do more if I could. I humbly and earnestly ask thee to bless my little offering for the dear Christ's sake. Amen.'

Somehow that quarter seemed very different to Mrs. Morgan when she rose from her knees, and putting on her bonnet and shawl started for the meeting.

'I believe I'll stop for Mrs. Carter,' she thought, as she went along.

'N-o,' said Mrs. Carter. 'I've about given up going. I can't give much, for it's been a hard winter with us, and most of the ladies can give so much that I feel mean putting my mite in the box.'

'Just exactly the way I felt at first,' said Mrs. Morgan, laughing, 'but it isn't the right way. We must everyone do our own part, no matter how small it is. Now there is my Kit; she can do ever so much to help me, and Tottie can't do anything but take steps, but she oughtn't to refuse to do that because she can't do as much as Kit, ought she? And then the little steps do help wonderfully, after all, sometimes.'

'That's a good word, Mrs. Morgan. Thank you ever so much, and I'll remember it. Just wait a minute and I'll go right along with you.'

'John,' said Mrs. Thompson that noon to her husband, 'I want some money. The Mission Circle meets this afternoon, and then I want to do a few errands, so please give me ten or fifteen dollars.'

Mr. Thompson counted out fifteen dollars.

'I suppose the most of it is for the Mission Circle,' he said, laughingly.

'I'm not going to give but a dollar, anyway,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she dressed for the meeting. 'And I will stop at Leonard's on my way home and get that lovely lace scarf. I don't know but it is extravagant to pay ten dollars for it, but I do want it so much. Dear me, what would my dear, good mother say to me!' and Mrs. Thompson sighed as she remembered how far she had strayed from that mother's teachings.

Now it happened that Mrs. Morgan and

Mrs. Carter sat directly in front of Mrs. Thompson at the meeting, and she watched them curiously.

'I wonder what they find to be so interested in,' she thought.

'I am so glad that those two are out,' whispered Mrs. Allen. 'I do like that Mrs. Morgan so much; I believe she does more for missions than any of us, for she gives out of her poverty and prays over what she gives, which is more than some of the rest of us do, who don't deny ourselves any in giving either.'

Mrs. Thompson made no reply, but somehow she thought more and more of that dear mother. She had loved the cause of missions and prayed for it, and like Mrs. Morgan she had had but little to give.

'What would she say to me!' thought Mrs. Thompson for the second time that afternoon.

A little incident which, she had not thought of for years suddenly came to her remembrance. She had discovered that her mother was denying herself some little comfort that she might have more to give, and she had tried to persuade her to use the money on herself.

'Will I offer to the Lord that which cost me nothing?' quoted her mother, earnestly. 'No, dear, it is a comfort to give-up something for his sake.'

What if she should give up the coveted lace scarf—what if she should? How the strange question kept ringing in her ears! But after all it was Mrs. Morgan who decided it. Mrs. Thompson saw her take out her poor, worn little pocketbook—plenty large enough, though, to hold all Mrs. Morgan had to put into it. She watched her open it, and saw that it held only a quarter and a very little small change. She saw her take the quarter and drop it in the box with a joyful, wistful expression, and the hot tears filled Mrs. Thompson's eyes.

'She finds the comfort just as mother did,' she thought.

A minute later and a crisp ten dollar bill dropped softly from Mrs. Thompson's hand into the box.

'But my mother and Mrs. Morgan gave it,' said Mrs. Thompson to herself.

Mrs. Morgan never knew of her part in it, but what did that matter? She knew that she had done what she could.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

The liquor traffic has been reduced by it to at least one twentieth of its former magnitude. In all our rural districts, in our smaller towns and villages, the traffic is practically unknown, where formerly it was universal. The condition of things extends over more than three-fourths of our territory, containing more than three-fourths of our population. Before the law there was no hamlet or settlement in Maine so small or so remote that the liquor traffic did not find it and plant a grog-shop there. We have not now in Maine a distillery or brewery; formerly we had many. The people of Maine used to consume in strong drink the entire value of all their property of every kind in every period of less than twenty years, the result of which was that our State was undoubtedly the poorest in the Union, while now it is among the most prosperous.—*Neal Dow.*

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

In what body do they come? not in the body of flesh and blood. Rather is it reasonable to suppose that, as there is a natural body and also a spiritual body, so the latter or its immortal germ, is even now tabernacled in the former; and that at death it is disengaged from its companion clay, and stands forth at once unharmed by fire or sword, by accident or disease, its texture and organization finer and more delicate than we can now conceive. And this is the resurrection. Nor in the 'house from heaven' with which the soul is thus 'clothed upon,' does it lose for a moment its sure identity. Character gives to these earthly lineaments its own appropriate moral expression. More fully yet shall it shine through and reveal itself in the spiritual countenance.—*Alfred P. Putnam.*

ONE COPY of the newspaper does for a whole village in India, as it is passed from one family to another until it is literally read to pieces.