

## TO CARELESS FATHERS.

It is from eight to sixteen that boys begin to break away from parental control and the restraint of the fireside. It is then that they seem to feel that they know more than those who bore them, it is then that they begin to assert the liberty of the street, and taste its delusions, its vices, and its crimes. Said an English jurist of great distinction. "A large majority of all the criminals who are brought before me have been made what they are by being allowed to be away from home evenings between the ages of eight and sixteen." What a testimony is this, dear mothers and sisters! Surely one of the most practical studies in this temperance work is how to keep the young away from temptation, and pleasantly and profitably occupy the evenings. Guard your own door. There is one sort of a drinking house that no state enactment can touch, and that is a private house with a decanter in its cupboard. Good friends, guard your own doors with tectotalism! A foolish rich man, who died lately, disinherited his drunken son. In that same will he bequeathed his "wino-cellar" to certain heirs. That father most insanely tempted his own son to drink, and then on his dying bed gave the boy a last kick into open disgrace! The most effectual of all home protection is to guard our own home. From such temperance homes will come the power to close up the public drinking dens.—*Cuyler*.

## THE POWER OF RELIGION.

A Western captain lay on the battle-field at Shiloh, suffering greatly from a fatal gun-shot wound through both thighs, and from thirst. He said: "The stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God who had given his Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there—up above the scene of suffering, and I felt that I was going home to meet Him and praise Him there, and I felt that I ought to praise God, though wounded and on the battle-field. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn commencing: 'When I can read my title clear,' and," said he, "there was a Christian, in the bush near me, I could not see him. He took up the strain, and beyond him, another, and another and we made that

bloody field ring with that hymn of lofty cheer."

## A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she said about children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at the moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady. "Children, as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions, which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping-cough and measles in the physical life, and if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who cannot understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put cap on nail, and books on shelf, as an orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own gentle self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a great deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have at home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-growing plants.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the British and French missionaries. The missionaries themselves are in imminent danger, and have sent to Zanizar for assistance.