

Mother's Way of Resting.

I OFTEN marvel why it was I gave so little thought To all the helpful lessons which my patient mother taught. Now older grown, and she has gone, I often long to tell Her how they all come back to me, each one remembered well.

For in the work and cares of life that come from day to day, I find I stop to ask myself, "What was my mother's way?"

There never seemed to be with her a drudgery of life; She got along so quietly with its cares and strife. She always sang about her work, and 'mid perplexing things

The farmhouse walls re-echoed, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

I never heard old "Amsterdam," but that I think how oft It bore my mother's soul from earth to unseen things aloft.

When sitting in her rocking chair, her lap with mending piled, She used to say, "I want to rest, now read a Psalm, my child."

I learned by heart about "the hills" and "tinting up my eyes;"

Those pastures green and "waters still" the Shepherd's love supplies:

And all about "abiding 'neath the shadow of his wing;" For "God our refuge" is, our strength," I read in every thing.

Sometimes I hurried through the Psalm, telling but little heed, And then her thanks, so kindly said, encouraged me to read

Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that was mother's way:

To read from Psalms and gospels both upon the busiest day;

For at such times she needed a much longer rest, and so While but a child I learned her favourite passages to know.

Those precious words of quiet come to my own soul, now I,

A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties ply. I sing her hymns when fretted with my ceaseless rounds of care;

I repeat the Psalms and gospels when in my sewing-chair. I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am each day That my mother's way of resting was such a helpful way.

NO SALOONS UP THERE.

DEAD!

Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one; but their combined appetite they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and when he had been a "perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew, and the taste grew, and when his father was taken, all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So, all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her his mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some mad spree or wild delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice creams, jellies, and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear, but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me, and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be safe."

As death drew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me in heaven." And so his voice responded, "I will, mother—I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank— thee,—oh, Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the spree was over he bade a crony "take that old book out of my sight."

That old book! the Bible he had seen his sainted mother reading morning, night, and often mid-day, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home, and brought him back to soberness, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly, and became active in Christian work, and raised all the urging "to just step in and see some of your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired we doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and worst of all, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day, when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said, sadly.

"Forever, I hope," said I, cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after, I met a physician.

"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia; but his old drinking habit has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! My wasted life! God cannot forgive it."

He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face and "mother" on his lips, he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat, and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of these two little words, I bowed.

With a voice full of pathos he then said:

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on, repeating to myself: "No saloons up there! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A POINT OF HONOR.

A REPORTER called to a little bootblack near the city hall to give him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came rather slow for one of that lively guild and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said,

"Here! you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to "clear out."

"Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply; "I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital fur mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can. Savy?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead;" and as the bootblack plied the brush the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't a such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys gives up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying,

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer.—Here, Jim!" He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond.

In this big city there are a good many such lad with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

THAT early discipline which makes the prompt performance of duty a habit in childhood is indeed the quickest relief to parental anxieties, and the firmest foundation for the fortunes of one's children. Can any parent afford to be neglectful in this matter?