

your other children's brow, and went to your knees in confidence to pray for him.

"I'm going to the ball, mother," said one such to her who had sought the good part alone for him, and saw him partly choose it, and draw back again. She told him all the truth once more, but the age for prohibition was past. She spent much of that evening alone; then she welcomed him home again herself, far in the morning, and gave him these lines:—

"Go, tread yon airy scene of joy,
If joy indeed it seem to be;
But while its charms thy thoughts employ,
A mother's prayers shall go with thee.

"Amid the dance, the laugh, the song,
Each serious thought afar may be;
Yet as the moments sweep along,
A mother's thoughts have flown to thee.

"Yes full of life, and free from care,
Thy youthful breast may dance with glee;
But there's a heart thou know'st not there,
A mother's heart is fixed on thee.

"While all around wear smiles so bright,
And joy lights up each face you see;
E'en on this gay and mirthful night,
A mother's tears are shed for thee.

"Nor think me gloomy, dearest boy,
If scenes of mirth seem vain to me;
How my heart pants to share heaven's joy,
A long eternity with thee!"

He went abroad. He would not take any introduction to a missionary; he went to the cathedral, lived at the club, took a ticket for the fancy ball, and got a dress for it. But he awoke one night with chills, and in pain cried out, "My God!" It was his first prayer for a long time back. It was the beginning of a life-long communion with the Father through the Son. Recovering soon, he went out to visit the mission. He did not say why he came, but the missionary guessed; for as he stood by a young disciple gained from heathenism he said sadly, "Do you think this will last?" His visit was returned when he expected no one. The missionary found him cutting a velvet cover for his New Testament from the purple velvet jacket purchased for the ball, which was not yet over. Did he not remember his mother then? She that tarried at home did divide that spoil.

When Moses made demand for Israel's departure from Egypt, he said, "Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not be one hoof left behind: for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God; and we know not with what we must serve the Lord until we come thither." The Christian mother may utter in faith the same challenge before him with whom she contends: "Not one hoof of all that is mine shall be left behind." "THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE." Shall our faith rise to the entireness of the unconditional promise?—*The Soul-Gatherer, by M. F. Barbour.*

SEIZE THE ROPE.

Three years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara River in a small boat, many miles above the Falls. They were young and light-hearted. They had a merry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada side, and then embarked for their return. All went well until they neared the centre of the stream. Just then there came down upon them a fierce gale of wind, rushing down the mighty river. The boat shot forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than their's held them within that dark line of swiftly-moving waters.

They left the landing they aimed for behind them. They looked with speechless lips into each others' white faces.—They knew that they were going down the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only breast the current for awhile, relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold gone. Never a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face.—Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely, they were going down with the dark current.

Two of the five were Christians, and they gave me the joyful assurance that when the first great terror was over, they fell back upon hope and faith, and that to them the near prospect of death was swallowed up in victory.