

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

BY DAISY.

Dear mother, you from us have gone
To that bright home above,
To sing around the Golden Throne,
Where all is peace and love.
Each day, dear mother, as we go
Our worldly rounds of care,
We feel the anguish and the woe,
The silence of despair.
We turn and listen for your voice,
We pause to see your smile,
Which always made our hearts rejoice,
And did the hours beguile.
We gather all our little band
Around our lonely hearth;
We ask about the Spirit Land,
And long to flee from earth.
Yes, mother, we do often pray,
That angels soon will come,
Our tired hearts to bear away
To you bright happy home,
To that home of bliss above.
This cold and hollow earth;
Here envy poisons gentle love,
And hatred owns its birth.
Oh, mother! of the spirit now,
Return to earth again—
Come soothe this burning, aching brow,
This tired, earth-worn brain.
Your child is lonely, and to-night
Sad tears are falling fast
Upon her heart—they dim her sight—
Yet she clings to the happy past.

To those bright and joyous by-gone hours,
When I an infant gay,
Knew not of thorns, but gathered flowers
To scatter in my play.
Oh, yes! sweet mother, flowers then
Were scattered in my path—
I knew not of the world and men—
I knew not of their wrath.

I knew not of the bitter scorn,
The malice and the art,
That meets me now both night and morn,
And stings my aching heart,
My troubled brain does often dain;
As on the thorus I tread;
"Cast them aside?" Ah! 'tis in vain;
I'll wait till I am dead.

I'll wait till God calls to His breast
Your tired, weeping child;
He then will give me quiet rest
From struggles fierce and wild.
Oh! mother, will I never hear
Sweet words of tenderness
From lips that were so very dear,
Your weary child to bless?

I have not where to rest my head—
I have not where to weep—
Life, hope and joy will soon be fled,
And oh! I long for sleep.
This cruel world can never give
A solace for our grief—
A broken heart may sometimes live,
But ah! its life is brief.

Yet far beyond the bounds of death,
There is a Golden Gate;
Dear mother, for your tired child
Will you—will you wait?
Yes, mother, you'll be standing there
To let us enter in—
Cleanly washed by faith and prayer—
Cleansed from all our sin.

LITTLE TOTTYS PRAYER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Totty sat before the fire, her bare brown ankles visible beneath her scant print frock, her flaxen curls in a tumble, her pretty face wearing a very sober look. 'Totty,' called her mother's feeble voice from the bed, 'isn't there any tea at all left in the caddy?' 'Not a bit, mamsy,' answered Totty. Mamsy was Totty's pet name for mamma, just as Totty was her mother's pet name for her little girl. They were very fond of each other, this poor sick widow and her little daughter. 'And not a mite of bacon, I suppose, or even a herring?' continued her mother. 'No, mamsy,' answered Totty; 'we had the last bit of fish this morning. There's nothing but the dry bread, now.' The child's voice was very sad,

and so was her mother's, as she replied. 'Well, my dear, it can't be helped; you must toast a slice or two of bread, and—and—well, we can have some water. Totty, maybe we'll manage to get a little soup to-morrow.' 'Poor mamsy,' murmured Totty. 'I wish she had some soup to-night; she's so hungry.' The tears rose in the little girl's blue eyes, and began to trickle down her round cheeks as she sat on the hearth and watched the blazing faggots. She was very hungry, too, poor little Totty, and tired besides. She had been gathering pine-knots all the chill November afternoon, and carrying them across the desolate moor to her mother's poor cottage; and now she must go to bed so hungry, and poor mamsy needing some soup so much. She rose up from the hearth, with a sobbing little sigh, and climbing on a chair, took a bit of loaf from the corner cupboard. She cut three slices, two for her sick mother and one for herself, and sat them before the coals to toast. This done, she took the brown pitcher, and ran out into the moonlight, and down to the spring for water. A little below the spring, under the shadow of a giant elm tree, her father lay buried. Little Totty paused, the brown pitcher poised upon her curly head, and looked across at his grave. A year ago he was alive, and mamsy was well and they had plenty of everything. Poor Totty's little heart ached with pain, as she stood there in the chill, white moonlight, and looked at her father's grave. 'I wish we were both dead, mamsy and me, and lying down there with papa,' she sobbed. Then all at once she called to mind her father's last words. 'Come here, Totty,' he said, as he lay on his death-bed. 'Papa is going to leave his little girl, now; but she must be good, and God will be her Father. Remember that, Totty, God will be your Father, and whatever you ask of Him He will give to you, just as I would.' These were her father's last words. She whispered them over, standing there in sight of his grave. 'I wonder if I ask God to send mamsy some soup to-night, if He would?' she thought then. Presently she took the pitcher from her head and knelt down on the frost grass. 'Oh, Heaven!' she prayed, looking up with trusting eyes at the shining stars; 'when papa died he said you would be my father. Will you please send poor mamsy some soup to-night, she is so sick and hungry?' Then she jumped up, took her pitcher, ran home. 'Totty, the bread's toasted brown, isn't it, dear?' asked her mother. 'Yes, mamsy, but we'll wait just a little while, please.' Mamsy wondered why, but she said nothing, and Totty sat down before the blazing faggots and waited for Heaven to answer her prayer. Five minutes went by, then the little girl got up, and tiptoeing across the floor unclosed the door, and peeped out to see if anything was coming, never doubting in her sweet child's faith. Something dark lay on the step, and over it crouched Muff, Totty's big yellow cat. 'Oh, Muff, what is it?' cried Totty. Then she gave a joyful little

scream. 'Mamsy, darling, it's a pheasant—a big, fat pheasant. I asked Heaven, just now, to send you some soup; and oh, mamsy, only see! It has sent this by Muff, and now I'll put on the kettle and have you a bowl of soup this very night; won't I, darling mamsy?' And while her mother wept softly, and Muff purred before the fire, little Totty dressed her pheasant and prepared her savory dish, her innocent heart full of loving gratitude to Heaven for answering her prayer.

ALECK'S SAFEGUARD.

A TRUE STORY.

Aleck Forbush was having a grand game one day last summer at romps with the waves, as with a merry ripple they rolled up the gravelly beach. Jolly fun, he thought it; and yet, when there came a call from the little cottage, it was a bright face he took up to the door.

'Here Aleck, run quick to the 'corner,' and buy me two lemons,' said his mother, rolling six bright pennies in a bit of paper, and putting them in his hand. Away went the nimble feet to the little store.

'Two lemons if you please sir.' And the pleasant-faced man behind the counter picked out two of the nicest he could find; for Aleck was a favorite in the village.

'Three cents apiece, and two for five cents,' said the store-keeper.

So Aleck had a bright new penny left, and his mother did not expect it. Here was a temptation—the penny in his hand, that his mother would never inquire for, and right there in the show-case, such delicious candy! The temptation grew stronger.

'I guess if mother knew, she wouldn't care,' he said to himself; 'and then she never need know.' So he began to unfold the paper in which he had again wrapped the penny. Something gave him a little start, and the next minute he walked quickly out of the store towards his mother's cottage.

'Mamma,' he said, as he entered, almost out of breath, 'I am glad you put the pennies in that piece of tract.'

'Why?' she asked, taking the lemons from his hands.

'Because, if I hadn't seen those words on it, 'thou God seest me,' I should have been a thief.'

Then he told her the story of his temptation, and how fast he had run away from it, the moment he saw those words.

'I am glad, too,' said his mother, when he had finished; 'and glad my boy heeded the words. I should have felt sadly enough if he had come home a thief and a liar.'

'I didn't think of telling a lie, mamma,' and Aleck looked up surprised.

'But you didn't mean to tell the truth. You meant to act and talk just the same as if the lemons cost the entire six cents, which wasn't true. You would, at least have acted a lie, which is quite as bad as telling one with your lips. There is one thing you will find almost true, that wrong things seldom go alone.'

Aleck looked very sober, and was silent for a few minutes. Then he said:

'Mamma, I think I'll keep this piece of tract. Maybe I shall be tempted to do some wrong thing again, and this might keep me from it.'

'I don't doubt you will have many more temptations to wrongdoing, Aleck; but I think you had better keep these words in your memory. Have them engraved on your heart. Then they will be always with you. The bit of paper would soon wear out and be lost.'—*Young Reaper.*

"SOMEBODY MUST BE IN."

Here is a little story which tells better than a dictionary can the meaning of the word "disinterestedness."

The late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of 'Fire' was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor quickly following, found them thus engaged; at the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river; he was delicate and he looked consumptive.

'What!' cried Mr. Hare, 'you in the water, Sterling? you so liable to take cold!'

'Somebody must be in it,' the youth answered; 'why not I, as well as another?'

The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doing. Cowardness and coldness, say, 'Oh, somebody will do it,' and the speaker sits still; he is not the one to do what needs doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, 'Somebody must do it; why not I?' And the deed is done—*Chat-terbox.*

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