

MOTHER'S HYMNS

Hymns are those little, dainty, simple hymns that we sing at home at last; While I sit gazing at her arm-chair, And think of thy long past.

The girls still school, with the old-time music, An singing grand and low, Those grand sweet hymns, the Christians sing, the rock it and from the rock it goes.

Hymns that sing out the heart like shouts of triumph, "Or loud-toned trumpet's call, Hallelujah, people shouted full before Him."

"And crown high—Lord of all."

And tender notes, filled with melancholy, rapture.

That leaned upon his word, Home those strains of gloom, deep affection.

"Lie thy kingdom, Lord."

Hymn hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages."

Thee farewell to fear, Turn thy Lord would gladly lead her,

She read her title clear,

Joyful she sang "From Greenland's icy lair,

The gospel ring unfurled;

And know by faith "The morning light

O'er Jordan world.

"There is a fountain now the lone, lone

Rose in victorious strains—"

"With that precious blood, for

Drawn from Immortal veins."

Dear child, in heavenly manhood long since folded,

Safe in God's fostering love,

His home with rapture in the blissful charms.

Of those bright choirs above,

There, where no tears are known, no

Sighs beyond Jordan's roll,

His love forever with her blessed Jesus,

The Lover of her soul.

Boston Journal.

The Lady of the Carnations

Blanche Gertrude Robbins

DURK was falling on the prairies, already proving monotonous to the travellers of the Canadian North-West.

Elizabeth, in a place by the window of the crowded tourist car, examined the little watch at her belt. The way was stretching out interminably to the west. The last resting before in Winnipeg, she turned back, and her mother at Montreal, far away. And yet there were those back in the most luxurious cars who were contrasting themselves on the quickness with which the journey was being made.

Leaning her head against the seat Elizabeth closed her eyes.

"Good-night story!" And Elizabeth felt the pressure of baby hands upon her dress.

Then came in quiet tones as the hand was drawn away, "Story lady tried to sleep."

Without opening her eyes, Elizabeth could see the protecting attitude of little Elsie, toward the curly-headed tot.

"But baby wants story," came in grivous tones. And hearing them, the head against the seat was lifted, and hands shaking back the tendrils of hair from off her face, laughingly said,

"Baby come! Bring, baby, and I'll tell you a baby story. Good-night story!" And Elizabeth felt the pressure of baby hands upon her dress.

All who were eyes from Elizabeth, now. She was her, beaming, beautiful self—the Elizabeth to be relied upon, the Elizabeth that was her mother, and who, drawn into the background were Elizabeth's thoughts of home, and now she saw only little Nini's blue eyes as they were fixed in the window upon the "Story Lady." Room was filled for Durk and Elizabeth, with Elsie standing by the entrance to the seat, and other children, came crowding up, and Elsie stood back give them place. The conductor, looking down upon the little group as he was passing, laughed. He and Elizabeth had many very good friends, but all on the train were friends of Conductor Cameron.

"A real school of little fish, waiting to be caught, looking at Durk."

"And what has it to do with Conductor Cameron?" Elizabeth asked.

"The first that comes to hand—it all goes to the children, the door shut with a snap."

And over the prairie the train was making its way through long, helping rays from the sun dropping below the horizon, and the day was near, as Elizabeth opened her arms and the children settled around her, ready to more than one there in that last, last, last evening, who could not help the wonder as the children were listening to with bated breath, looking at the scene, felt a contented feeling, a home taking possession of them. As little as he was beginning, the mother of little Nini, but, indeed, an older girl, "Mama, you will stay and put the baby to sleep when we get to our destination."

Little later, the children scattered to their various mothers, and Elizabeth was free to take her thoughts back to the home, where but a little time ago the young wife of the city of the Beloved, had tended her ailing house. The mother, with a sturdy helper, was now caring for the flowers, and Elsie, who had covered the bold scheme of going where others were going—out to the West.

"It is overcrowded here with teachers, I shall find more chances out in the West, and when I am ready, I will go to the children, the door shut with a snap."

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"It is overcrowded here with teachers, I shall find more chances out in the West, and when I am ready, I will go to the children, the door shut with a snap."

"The dolls will help you if they can. But with no children or their own, I know. But they will let me stay with them until I can reach out for myself. Their hearts are good and kind, and their home is open to me."

And the mother had yester, and now here, with Elizabeth, walking the way alone to a new field. Would she find a school? "Would she have to wait long? Would the people be nice?"

"All these things were filling through her mind, as the shadows fell over the plains, and the light of the engine outlined the steel track ahead before they reached them. In the distance, Elizabeth was seeking no bright light outlining the way ahead. Still the heart of the brave is hopeful, and Elizabeth Kirk's heart was, indeed, brave.

Across from Elizabeth's seat a man, who had removed his coat and was resting, content in his gray sweater, lit his paper draw upon his fingers, as his eyes rested upon the

fatigue of the long day's strain. All the day she had thought of others instead of self. He reached under the cover, and drew out two from it a box. Removing the cover, a cluster of grapes in tissue paper was exposed. Inverting the cover, he laid the bunches of fruit in a smile, reaching across to Elizabeth, saying:

"My lady, let another give to you what all these you have given to us all this time of refreshment."

Elizabeth turning quickly from the window, saw that the speaker was the jovial man, who had driven during the day, and whom she had met, and who was now laughing gaudily toward her. Her eyes gave quick apprehension to this rather unusual sight, and more questions, but at last the gentleman by the window beside Elizabeth said,

"Love begets love," he answered, "such attentions deserve kind attention. The children side by side, with the window, and Elizabeth, the waving wings of their "Story Lady." Then he added, "I have two cups of my own, ma'am, in the home kitchen."

Elizabeth, having heard his answer, turned to the ray of the bushes above her seat, and Elizabeth enjoyed to have the full thoughtful attention of her near neighbor.

"Father, boyish in being a good brother, thought as she partook of the grapes, and recited the day with its many pleasant incidents for all its fatigues. "And then we shall have a home," he said, "and we shall have a home."

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