

MOTHER.

Mother, a name so dear on earth,
Because in Heaven it had its birth.
Mother, a song, a sweet refrain,
Each beating heart holds close the name.
In Greenland's icy mountain home,
As dear as in the torrid zone.
A Savior's love within thy heart,
An angel's smile thine to impart.
Thy hand love's starry flag unfurls,
Thy gentle foot hath trod the world.
The daughter nestled in love's home,
Still, still, she is her mother's own.
The sorrowing heart still turns to thee,
The prisoner in thy arms is free.
The sailor sees his mother's mien,
And heaven is mirrored in his dream.
A mother's glance meets soldier's eye,
He can but bravely do or die.
A mother's kiss on field of death,
Brings back, restores the parting breath.
The fills of life we bravely bear,
Because a mother's love is there.
Thus God's best gift to us is given,
A mother's love links earth to heaven.
—D. H. KEMT.

THE FATAL WARNING.

When I was a divinity student at the university my most intimate friend was Jarvis Blair, whom I loved with the devotion of a brother.
There was one subject, however, that we frequently discussed, and which was a great cause of discussion. He believed that departed spirits sometimes returned, while I discredited such a possibility. When I was about to leave college he brought up the old discussion again and promised to prove the truth of his belief by coming to me should he die first.

We separated from that day and I only heard of him by letter. Then I married and settled down. In the postscript of one of his letters I read this:

"My Dear —: You may see me sooner than you think. I intend to visit Virginia."

I was greatly pleased, and so was my wife, for I had talked to her of Jarvis very often. In expectation of his coming she now furnished our spare room, and one day called me to look at it.

"Do you think Jarvis will like it?" she asked.

"How could he help it?" I answered, kissing her. "Your hospitality is something he will appreciate, you dear little Virginia woman, even if he does not understand the beauty of the chintz and the delicacy of the embroidery on the pillow cases."

My wife was contented.

However, we waited two or three weeks, and heard no more of Jarvis Blair.

One Saturday night it occurred to me to add something to my sermon. I felt that I had not quite expressed my thought. My wife retired early, and the children were always safe in bed at 9 o'clock. I heard old Minty fastening up the shutters, and afterward creak up the stairs to a little attic bedroom she had, and Sam, her son, with the small boy, Bill, were whistling their way to their sleeping place in the coach house.

All was very quiet except for an occasional shriek of the train. There was a station less than a mile away, and I was writing rapidly, when a sudden impulse made me turn my head, and I saw Jarvis Blair standing in the doorway.

He had arrived and been admitted by Jim without my knowledge, I thought; and I was about to rush toward him, but found myself incapable of moving.

For his part, I noticed now that he was curiously pale.

"James, you believe it now, don't you?" he asked.

"What?" I gasped.

"This," he said. "I am not dead yet, but I am going to die. I have slipped out of the body. They think me asleep, but I can return to it for a little while. I was on my way to see you, but at Richmond I fell ill. If you travel fast you may reach Richmond before I die."

He was gone.

A horror possessed me that I never felt before in all my life, and I rushed away to my room, leaving the sermon on the table and my lamp still burning.

In the morning I told my wife of the event.

"I know it was a nightmare now," I said, "but it seemed very real to me."

To my surprise she answered:

"My dear, I think you must go to Richmond at once."

"At once?" I said. "Why, this is Sunday morning."

"My dear James," she said, "Mr. Garner will preach at any time for you." (Mr. Garner was an old clergyman who was too feeble to take charge of a church, but who liked to be called upon to read a sermon at times. He was our neighbor.)

She took out her watch, called Jim, and sent him with a note to the Garners. An answer was returned at once.

"The thing is done now," she said. "Go, my dear. The train starts in twenty minutes. The carriage is at the door. I'll get a lift from somebody."

"This is preposterous," I said.

"My dear husband," she answered, "there is no doubt in my mind that your dying friend has called you."

Accordingly, I was on my way to Richmond in half an hour. I felt ashamed of myself, but after all, I

nothing came of it, I knew the secret would be between Kitty and myself.

When the train reached Richmond I alighted, and took my way straight to the hotel where travelers from the North usually stopped. The clerk was an old acquaintance of mine.

"How do you do, sir?" he called to me.

I advanced, and with a curious feeling of certainty that the reply would be in the affirmative, said:

"I am told a friend of mine, Dr. Jarvis Blair, is here. Is he?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "but I am sorry to say he is very, very ill."

"I should like to see him," I said.

The clerk called a waiter, who led me along the halls and up the stairs, until I reached a certain room, on the door of which he rapped softly. A nurse opened the door. To my whispered inquiry, she replied:

"Going fast."

And entering I saw my old friend once more; lying motionless on his pillow, his eyes closed his face pale as in my vision of the night before.

"He may not wake again," said the nurse; "but we thought him gone last night, and he returned."

She paused and gave me a peculiar half-frightened smile. "It seemed like a return rather than awakening," she added.

"Perhaps it was," I said.

The tears filled my eyes. I took my dear friend's hand and touched my lips to it. It closed on mine, and his eyes opened.

"James," he said, "that wife of yours is a dear good creature. Tell her I am glad she hurried you, or else I should not have seen you again. God bless you—and me."

With those words on his lips, he closed his eyes again. This time he never returned. I have had no more experience of this sort, but I never scoff at those of others now, however impossible they may seem.

SHOW PUPILS.

An Ingenious Teacher Whose Class Always Made a Good Record.

There is a cruel story in circulation concerning a certain teacher in one of the public schools who has been highly complimented because of the success attending the examination of her pupils, says the Washington Critic. It was noticed that her class of boys seemed to be able to solve all problems. When a question was asked every boy's hand in the class was raised. The principal of the school was putting the questions, and the teacher would call on a pupil to make the answer. Although more than a score of questions were asked, in no instance was there an improper answer given.

The principal was so pleased at the result that he made special mention of Miss Dash's proficiency as a teacher in each of the class-rooms that he visited. Probably envy was caused by the fact that in no other class-room did the pupils seem to be so well up in their studies. One of the teachers, whose pupils did not acquit themselves very creditably, made an investigation, and by a judicious use of candy succeeded in gaining the confidence of one of the boys under Miss Dash's care.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "how is it that all you boys know the answer?"

"We don't all know," said Johnny, munching a caramel.

"But you all put up your hands as if you did."

"Miss Dash tells us to put up our hands when the question is asked. We boys who don't know the answer put up our left hands, and the boys who know the answer put up their right hands, and then Miss Dash only asks the boys who have a right hand up."

"POOR MAMMA."

She Had Never Experienced the Felicity of Wearing "Pants."

Not many things in the life of a boy seem more important to him than his first getting into trousers, says the Youth's Companion. It is to be doubted indeed if he is likely to find much in his after life that will give a joy so keen and unmixed, and when Master Jamie, having reached the mature age of "most 5," as he put it, was given his first pair of knickerbockers, the whole family were naturally called upon to rejoice with him.

It was after his first transports of delight were over and he was able to speak of the great event with calmness that Jamie came to his mother, and, after parading up and down before her two or three times, said, in a tone of perfect satisfaction:

"Oh, mamma, pants make me feel so like somebody. Don't I look grown up, mamma?"

The mother smilingly told him that he certainly did, and that she could not feel that he was her baby any more.

"Did it make you feel grown up, mamma," Jamie began, "when you—"

He stopped short. It had evidently come to his mind that his mother had never known the deep delight which so filled his soul. He looked at her a moment, an expression of the deepest pity coming over his face, and then he took her hand in his and laid it against his cheek.

"Poor mamma," he said, softly.

"Poor mamma! If you'd been my little girl, I'd have let you wear pants just the same as if you'd been a boy."

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