

THE HOME.

MOTHERHOOD.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their
gown.
Or that the footsteps when the days
are wet
Are ever black enough to make
them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
A cap or jacket on my chamber
floor.
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once
more.
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the
sky.
There is no woman in God's world
could say
She was more blissfully content
than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my
own
Is never rumpfed by a shining head.
My singing birdling from its nest has
flew.
The little boy I used to love is dead
But now it seems surpassing strange
to me
That while I bore the badge of
motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
My little child, who brought me only
good.

Mary Clemmer Ames.

SHE HAD SEEN IT BEFORE.

Our new generation of little people,
who are having such delight in reading
Miss Alcott's "Little Women" will
be interested in reading Sallie Joy
White's pretty story in "Success,"
about one of her experiences in Bos-
ton library:

One day a very pleasant-faced lady
came in and asked for something "very
nice and new" to read. A copy of
"Little Women" had just come in, and
I had it under my arm. I liked this
woman, and I was moved to give her
the best I had. So I took the little
volume from under my arm and
handed it to her, telling her that it
was the neatest book we had. She took
it from my hand, looked it over, then
tossed it down, saying:

"I've seen that before."
"Isn't it just beautiful?" I exclaimed.
"It's a good enough thing, I dare
say," was the indifferent reply.

That was too much for me, and I
sprang to the defense of the volume.
I had been given the book to review
for Boston paper, and I am afraid,
in my indignation, that I quoted the
entire review to my helpless victim.
She smiled sweetly, and then turned
away. I went up to the desk to send
my rejected volume to some one who
did want it, when the head librarian
spoke to me.

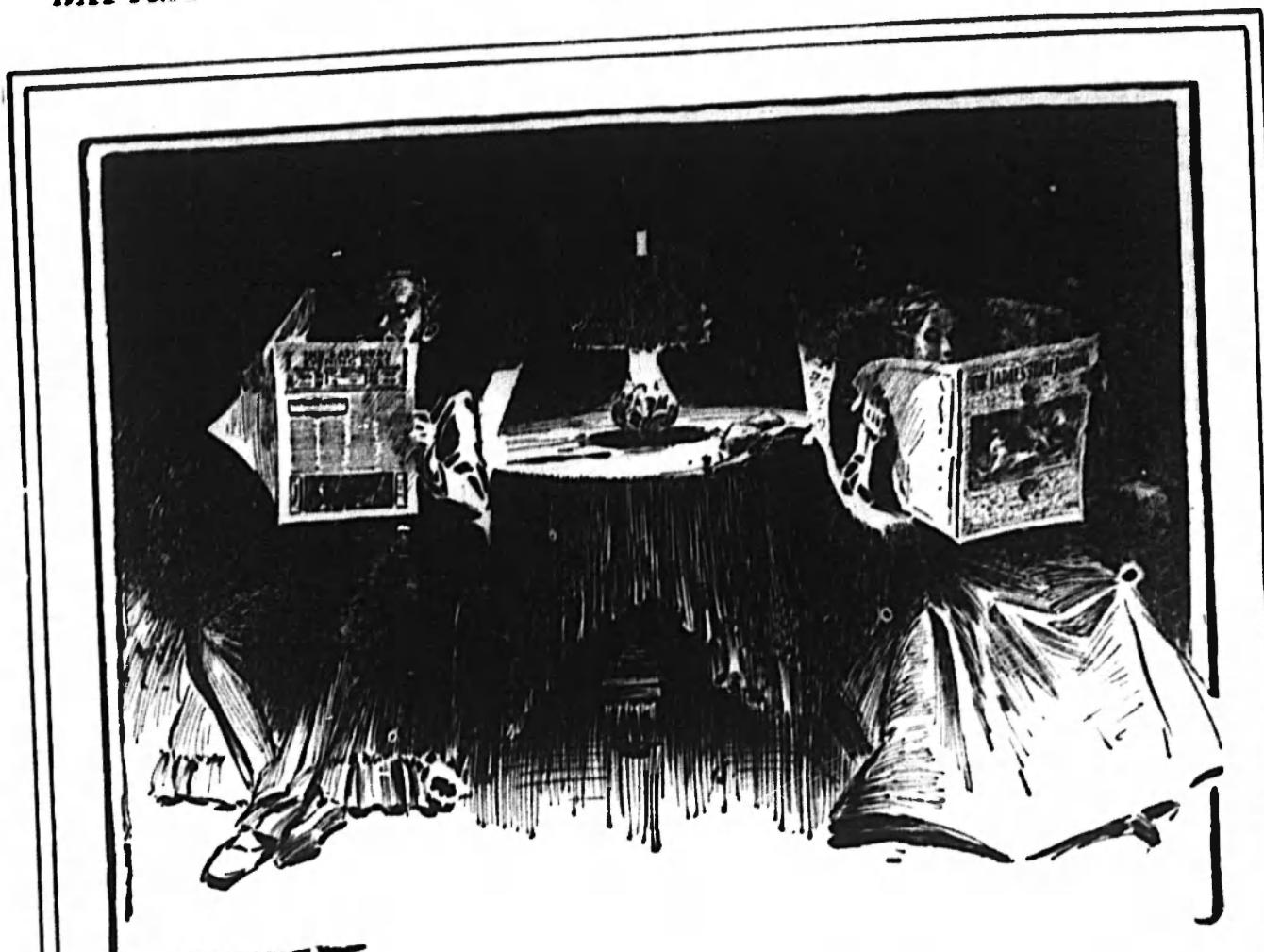
"Do you know who that was whom
you were serving?"

"No," I said; "I'm sure I don't."

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PRICE'S
CREAM
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IN THE OCTOBER LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, author of "A Minister of the World," begins a new story called "THE MINISTER OF CARTHAGE," depicting a young clergyman's high sense of duty battling with love and something akin to ambition.

Josiah Allen's Wife

Has written another story for the JOURNAL readers. She tells in it about a sickly sister girl, and what brought her to her senses and good health.

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

are to be found the best serial and short stories the world can produce. The handsomest illustrated weekly published

We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the next issue (October number), to January 1, 1899, also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, for Twenty-five Cents, for the purpose of introducing our weekly with our well-known monthly.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

"Well, it was the author of 'Little Women,' Miss Louisa Alcott."

I fairly gasped.

"And I have been abusing her because she wouldn't take her own book from the library."

Just then I heard a ringing laugh, and, looking down to the front of the library, I saw the lady to whom I had been reading a lecture on her lack of appreciation of my cherished book in close conversation with the proprietor. Both were laughing, and just as I turned both looks in my direction and the proprietor beckoned me to come to him, I was presented to Miss Alcott, who took my hand in hers and said to me:

"My dear, that was the choicest and sweetest compliment I have had paid you little book. I thank you for it."

And that was the beginning of the most cherished friendship of my whole life.—E.K.

"My dear, that was the choicest and sweetest compliment I have had paid my little book. I thank you for it."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots plumed, his clothing filthy.

It is a flat contradiction, it is a moral dishonor, for the church with one hand to excommunicate rum-sellers and with the other hand to legalize rum-selling.—Joseph Cook.

STICKING TO JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots plumed, his clothing filthy.

It is a flat contradiction, it is a moral dishonor, for the church with one hand to excommunicate rum-sellers and with the other hand to legalize rum-selling.—Joseph Cook.

"Then, was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

To put the love of God into a man's heart is the same thing as to make him a missionary, in the broad sense of the word. Why, you see that in all your ordinary experience, in all matters of daily life; where a man has a deep conviction about anything, it is a misery to him to hold his tongue. It will come out of him. So a man filled with a truth of any kind is restless and feels a consciousness of burdening weight until he has been able to speak it. So in the region of religion as in the region of general conviction; a man whose heart is all glowing with affection knows that there is nothing so delightful as by any means to express that affection. Every man who has got a personal hold of Christ up his Savior will be restless, will feel a burthen, and have a word shut up in his heart like a fire until he has opened his lips and spoken it to satisfy body.—Alexander MacLean.

YOUNG SOUTH.

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should be addressed—Young South
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Mission subject for September, THE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD.

A Chinese Kindergarten.

Dr. Bryan's youngest daughter, Eliza Yates, began a little work this week that I think you children will be interested in. She asked her mother if she might take her play hour once a week and have a kindergarten class for the very small Chinese children. She had four at her first meeting—tiny tots, not more than five years old. She provided cards and colored cotton, did the drawing and puncturing herself, and then tried to teach the little fingers how to work them. They did very well, and I think the little teacher felt paid for her trouble. She has singing and callisthenics in her course, and I am sure she will not forget to teach them to pray, for she has much faith in prayer herself. I wish some of your little ones at home could see this little class, for it would be a strange sight to you. The little ones look so cute with their half-shaved heads and their tiny queues. —*Lotta W. Price, Shanghai, China, in Foreign Journal for September.*

Young South Correspondence.

I am sure you will be glad to hear first of all from our soldier boy this morning. Dr. Garrett has kindly given me a letter from him, received since his return to his Northern home, in which he says:

"I am at home once more! I left Lytle at 8 o'clock, and after a long lay over at Cincinnati and Columbus, reached my home on Monday morning. I am a little better today, but I have to keep very quiet. My furlough extends to October 1st. I came up on a hospital car and found things very comfortable."

FRANK B. HEADLEY.

He was compelled to return to camp before he was at all able to do so, in order not to forfeit his pay and transportation, and as he spent the first night in a tent through which the water ran in streams in that hot very heavy rain, we felt very much concerned about the effect on his health. But God is good to these poor boys. It is wonderful what they endure—and live! The great park almost deserted now, save by the sad occupants of the three hospitals. We are still caring for the sick and convalescent in the Baptist Hospital, and we find our hands full of work. So far we have had no deaths, and numbers have rested and grown stronger and gone on their way rejoicing.

The first letter I open comes from Grand Cane, Louisiana:

"Enclosed please find \$1 for Mrs. Maynard from Dayton Sample, my little four-year-old, the youngest of 8 children, and the namesake of Mrs. Eakin's esteemed father. Where can I get a copy of 'Grace Truman' by Mrs. Stelle Rochester Ford?"

MRS. G. W. SAMPLE, JR.

I think you will be interested in reading this sketch of the beloved representative of the Young South in Japan. I take it from the last number of the *Foreign Mission Journal*.

"MISS MARGARET BARLOWE MAYNARD was born at Salem, Virginia, June 4, 1881. Her parents were among the early residents of Salem, and two of the constituent members of the now flourishing church at that place. Her early training was that enjoyed by many of the highly-favored children of Christian parents in America today; the example and instruction of God-fearing parents, who ask no higher privilege than to train their children for the Lord; regular attendance upon the services of the church and Sunday-

school.

The next is from our indefatigable little girl at Watertown:

"Enclosed please find 25 cents for the little orphans in our Nashville home. Cold days will soon be here and they will need so many nice warm clothes. I hope we may all help to make up a winter box for them."

MAGGIE BASS.

The next brings up memories of last

summer. This young Memphis friend registered at "Young South Headquarters" during the meeting of the B. Y. P. U. A. in Chattanooga last July. We are so glad he continues to work so successfully for us, and we thank him most heartily. He says:

"I send \$1.50 for Mrs. Maynard, to be credited as follows: Mrs. A. F. Kilpatrick, \$1; Brooks Kilpatrick, \$1; Lewis Kilpatrick, 50 cents; George Kilpatrick, 40 cents."

RROSIE HOLLINGSWORTH.

We are so much indebted to these bright "Sunbeams" for their constant, steady shining on our little corner. May they grow in number and strength! I wish we had a score of such faithful circles. Who will start one, or interest one already begun?

The next message is from Nashville:

"Please tell the *Young South* friends to listen to Clarksville:

"You have not heard from our Sunbeam Band for several months, but we have been working along quietly, and today send you \$2 for our missionary. We sent her some picture cards last June. During the summer we have had nine boxes to drop our pennies in, and yesterday we brought them in. We are going to help the Sunday-school and Colportage Board to put Bibles in destitute homes and organize Sunday-schools."

FRANCIS F. FOX, JR.

That's a grand Band doing grand work! Don't stay away so long again though, please. We are so much obliged for this coveted assistance.

The next letter is marked "strictly confidential." Isn't that too bad? I would like to share it with you, for it is sweet and kindly, and expresses appreciation for our efforts in every line. It contains \$1 for Japan and there will be more when eggs and honey are disposed of. We could not spare our Autochthonous Band.

The last brings 88 cents from the Primary Class of the Central Baptist

