

## Our Young Folks.

### OUR MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one mother, the wide world over.

—The Advance.

### THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares.  
Patiently take the minutes of pain—  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while we stay—  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell;  
Who uses minutes has hours to use—  
Who loses minutes a whole hour must lose.

—Susan Trall Perry.

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING.

In visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile, said:

"We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire."

She stopped, while her face became grave. Then it lighted up.

"I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing I ever saw in my hospital experience. I don't need to think long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate her story, she began thus:

"It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed that the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation."

"Tell me," he said, bravely, 'am I to live or die?'

"The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We hope for the best; but it is extremely doubtful.'"

"As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite of himself, the tears forced themselves down his smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man."

"As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating room, he summoned up his fast failing strength, and said:

"If I must die, I have a request to make, I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her I would. I have kept putting it off all this while."

"We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on:

"I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die."

"We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was dispatched for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating-room. There we laid him on the table. By this time the minister arrived breathless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor

band. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses and others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began:

"I believe—' he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said:

"I believe in Jesus Christ—His Son—Our Lord—and Saviour—"

"He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips, then formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly:

"I believe—' With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away.

"The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician had to take the poor boy's case into His own hands. That sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing I have ever seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."

—Youth's Companion.

### OUR BEST.

The poorest gift, the smallest offering, are acceptable, if they really are our best. The spirit with which Christ receives the gifts and services of those who love Him is beautifully illustrated in the following, which shows how the gift may be worthless and the services may avail nothing, but the love that prompts them should cause them to be received with gladness.

A poor Arab, traveling in a desert, came to a spring of pure water and filled his leather bottle to carry it to the caliph. A long way he had to go before he could present it to his sovereign. The caliph received the gift with pleasure, and pouring some of the water into a cup drank it, thanking the Arab and rewarding him. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but the caliph strangely forbade them to touch a single drop. When the poor Arab had departed with a joyful heart the caliph told his courtiers why he had forbidden them to taste the water. In the long journey it had become impure and distasteful in the leathern bottle. But it was an offering of love, and as such the caliph had received it with pleasure. But he knew that if any other should taste it he would have shown his disgust, and thus the poor man's heart would have been wounded.—Weekly Welcome.

### BEE HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

In Australia, the native adopts a very peculiar plan for discovering wild honey. He knows that bees never wander very far from home, seldom more than two miles; and he also knows that when a bee is laden with honey it makes, as nearly as possible, a straight line for home. All that is necessary, then, is to find a bee that is well laden and follow it, but that is more easily said than done. Any boy who has tried to follow the big and gay-colored bumble-bee to its nest knows how great a task it is. But that is a mere trifle to following the sober little honey bee, which can be lost, like a dream, against a gray-colored hill-side.

In order to be followed, the bee must have a distinguishing mark that can be easily seen, and with such a badge, the Australian provides it. He gums a small tuft of white cotton to the bee's back, and thus follows it with comparative ease.

But the question now comes up, how is the cotton to be put upon the bee's back? The gum is quickly found—it is on almost

any tree; the cotton grows right at hand. The bee, too, is found in almost any sweet flower, buried head first in the dusty pollen, drinking in the nectar and showing quite plainly whether its honey-sac is full or empty. It moves a little in its eager haste to secure the delicious liquid, but perhaps a quick dab will fasten the cotton on its back. Do not try it. As the little boy told his mother, the bee is a very "quick kicker."

Watch the Australian, and he is a very stupid fellow, too, in most things. He fills his mouth with water, has his snowy tuft of cotton ready gummed, finds his bee, gently drenches it with water spurred from his mouth, picks it up while it is still indignantly shaking itself free from the water which clogs its wings, and with a dexterous touch he affixes in an instant the tell-tale cotton.

Very much out of patience, no doubt, with the sudden and unexpected rain-storm, the bee rubs off the tiny drops from its wings, tries them, rubs again, and soon—buzz! buzz! away it goes, unconsciously leading destruction and pilage to its happy home.—From "Honey Hunting," by John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas.

### RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross, nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant, but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said: "This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes, wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—Selected.

### WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

All boys wish to be popular and wield as large an influence over their fellows as possible. A writer gives the secret of popularity in the following:

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. During the war how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. A boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy.

Shall we tell you how to become a popular boy? We will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honour, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.

### PRESBYTERY MEETING.

SARNIA. This Presbytery held its regular meeting in St. Andrews Church, Sarnia, on March 18th. Mr. Elliot, Moderator, in the chair. Mr. Arch. McDiarmid, of Napier, was appointed Moderator for the next six months. Dr. Thompson intimated the death of Rev. Alex. Urquhart, after a lingering and painful illness, on Sabbath, the 3rd of March. Mr. Currie intimated the sudden demise of Rev. George Haigh, late of Adelaide and Arkona, on the 14th ult. The Presbytery expressed its sorrow and regret at the sudden, startling, solemn intelligence, which had been intimated. The Presbytery appointed Dr. Thompson, Messrs. Pritchard, Nichol, ministers, and Messrs. Hunter and Towers, elders, to draft a minute in reference to the matter and submit the same at a future sederunt. Mr. Pritchard, on behalf of the committee on the State of Religion, gave in an admirable and comprehensive report which was received and adopted. Application from the Rev. J. Hale, a minister of the Church of England, laboring in Point Edward, was laid on the table asking to be received as a minister of this church. It was agreed to refer the matter to a committee to confer with Mr. Hale and report at a future sederunt, which it did most favorably, and, in terms of the recommendation, it was agreed to take the usual steps to have the application presented at the General Assembly. Dr. Thompson and Mr. Jordan were appointed to support the application when it comes up for consideration. Mr. McKee, on behalf of the committee on Sabbath Schools, gave in an elaborate and detailed report which was received. A circular was read from the Board of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, intimating that it was their intention to proceed with the appointment of a Professor to fill the chair of New Testament Exegesis. It was agreed to let the matter rest with the local authorities. There was read an extract minute from the Presbytery of Chatham requesting this Presbytery to resume the occupancy of the mission field organized in Dawn by this Presbytery two years ago, but disallowed by the Chatham Presbytery. The clerk was instructed to inform the Presbytery of Chatham that Mr. Bird, of Bridgen, is ready and capable of supplying the field till the meeting of the Synod in Woodstock, at which meeting this Presbytery invites a conference between the two Presbyteries in the matter. The Rev. Prof. Gordon, of Halifax, was nominated as Moderator of next General Assembly. Mr. Nichol, on behalf of the committee on Temperance, gave in an excellent report, which was discussed and adopted. Dr. Thompson, on behalf of the committee appointed to draft the minute in reference to the deceased brethren, gave in a report which was adopted and ordered to be entered on the records of the Presbytery, and copies of it to be sent to the families and congregations. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Nichol to preach and declare the congregation of Corunna and Mooretown vacant and act as Interim Moderator of Session, and Mr. Currie to preach and declare the congregation of Adelaide and Arkona vacant and act as Moderator of Session. Messrs. Nichol, McPherson and Cuthbertson, ministers, and Mr. Towers, elder, were appointed to visit the whole field, consisting of Burns church, Knox church, Corunna and Mooretown, Courtnight, Sombra and Duthel with a view of reorganizing these into workable congregations and report in April during the meeting of the Synod. It was further agreed to ask for \$100 supplement for Corunna and Mooretown. Mr. Currie, co-venter of the Home Mission Committee, gave in the half yearly report from the 1st of October, 1894, to the 31st of March, indicating the work done, claims for said work from Home Mission and Augmentation Funds amounting to \$78 for mission stations, and \$358 for augmented congregations. In terms of the recommendations of deputations from the various fields, it was agreed to ask \$150 for Albert Street congregation, Sarnia, \$100 for Point Edward, \$100 for Corunna and Mooretown; \$100 for Napier and Brooke; Inwood and stations, \$2 per Sabbath; Martha-ville, \$1 per Sabbath; Mr. Daly was appointed Interim Moderator of Martha-ville. The report was adopted and application ordered to be made for students' and other supplies during the summer months and the Moderator instructed to sign the necessary schedules as directed by the General Assembly. It was agreed to ask from the committee of the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund one year's grant to the widow of the late Alex. Urquhart who had been sick and infirm during the period previous to his death and the clerk was instructed to explain the case. Delegates to the General Assembly appointed in order of the roll were Revs. Messrs. Hector Currie, John McKee, Ph D., W. G. Jordan, and, by ballot, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Graham. The following elders were appointed:—Thos. Towers, Thos. Heeston, P. A. McDiarmid, John Hunter and Thos. Banks. In reference to ministers and licentiates giving a year's labor in the mission field previous to settlement, the Presbytery agreed to disapprove of the proposal. Regarding the Hymnal remit the Presbytery agreed to approve of the action of the Hymnal Committee as passed by the General Assembly. Mr. Eadie, on behalf of the Committee on Sabbath Observance, gave in an interesting and exhaustive report. After discussion the report was received and recommendations adopted, and the clerk instructed to forward the same to the Synod's convener on that question. GEO. CURRIERSON, Clerk.