

day, 'thousands of bees were giddy with clover,' butterflies flitted around, the goldenrod was in its glory. At least he would wait half an hour for the next car; or perhaps an hour. A lake shone in the distance like a mirror of steel, while tall trees drew a shadowy curtain around it. He plunged into a narrow path through the brushwood and started a rabbit. Then he ran off in chase, taking more than one turning. At last he came out on a beautiful lake with a sloping bank of grass and wild flowers on either side leading downward to the water. Here he sat down to rest, and lulled by the hum of a distant mill wheel, fell asleep.

He was roused by a child's cry. He rubbed his eyes and looked round. Coming towards him, up the narrow incline, was a man with a swarthy face and wicked black eyes. He was carrying a little girl almost a baby, whose clothes though rumpled showed strangely white against his shabby shoulder. Even as Frank saw them she uttered another little cry of pain or terror, quickly stilled.

Every generous feeling in the boy's nature was stirred. It was more than he could bear.

'Don't hurt that child!' he cried.

The man started. He had not noticed the figure in the long grass. Quickly recovering, he answered insolently:

'Who's takin' orders from you, I'd like to know?'

His look was so fierce that Frank quailed, but the little girl stretched her hands to her new friend in swift appeal.

Suddenly the man came towards him with a course threat.

'Look'ee here, my young cock-a-doodle-doo,' he said with a hiccup, 'I'll sell the kid to you for that ticker—pointing to the chain, an' what loot there is in your pocket.'

Had the watch been his own Frank would have given it then and there for the child's release, but it was not, he only held it in trust. And if his pockets were searched the money would be found, and he had promised not to loose or spend it. He had sprung to his feet, and now put himself on the defensive. As he hesitated, the man plucked the little girl down by the roadside, and rushed it him with outstretched hands.

But his steps were unsteady, he had been drinking. Just as he was about to grab the chain his toes struck the edge of a half-sunken stone, and he was pitched forward on his face and hands.

Frank, who had darted aside, went past him like a flash, catching up the child as he ran. The clinging fingers gave him strength. Down the steep decline he sped—a race for rescue—perhaps for life. Dimly he saw some men in a field ahead. Oh, could he but reach them!

Hello! shouted a strong voice from the other side of a fence. 'Who's after you?'

Frank came to a standstill. He could not speak but held out the child. A big, middle-aged man took her tenderly.

'Puir wee lamie!' he said, falling into his native Scotch. Then turning to two younger men, 'Give the laddie a lift ower, boys. He's maist spent.'

The run-aways were now in charge of three stout defenders, who might have withstood a host of tramps, but no enemy was in sight. A pleasant faced woman came from a farm house near, and carried the little girl off to be soothed and fed, until worn out with what she had gone through, she fell asleep on the motherly bosom that sheltered her.

The farmer sent one of his sons to the nearest police station from whence the news of the little girl's whereabouts was flashed over the city. An hour later she was in her own mother's arms. Another son escorted Frank home. It was not quite such a dignified return as he had hoped for, as he needed a protector, but with a sense of relief and joy over the little girl's safety, he never thought of that.

'Well, Mister Make-Believe,' Mr. Clyburn exclaimed, as his son entered. But one glance at the boy's eager face checked further speech.

When the father and mother heard Frank's story their joy and gratitude knew no bounds. Mr. Clyburn was very much excited.

'Why it must be little Edith Jarvis,' he cried, the daughter of Judge Jarvis. She was missing this morning. Mother, think of that! Our boy found and rescued her at the peril of his life. He has played the man in earnest.'

And the mother fell on the boy's neck and wept.

'Papa,' said Frank that evening, 'I came mighty near paying for wearing that watch and chain by getting a broken head. But didn't I come off well?'

'Bravely!' replied Mr. Clyburn. 'Keep the money my son, you have earned the right to it, and I will buy you a watch.'

'Oh, thank you papa; I'd like the money, but I don't want a watch until I fairly earn one. I'd—'

Say on, my boy. Don't be afraid.

'Papa,' said Frank stoutly, 'I'd rather have a pony a good strong pony, you know.'

And before the boy slept that night he had the promise of being as well off as Red Cap.

Frank learned a good lesson by the days adventure. He grew to be a strong man, yet with a tender heart ever ready to help the weak and oppressed. When old enough to enter college his chums named him 'Genuine' because he never went beyond himself in what he said, and his religion was as much a part of himself as breathing, without any pretense about it.—New York Observer.

* The Young People *

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Preston St., Halifax

We are glad to name Rev. Dr. J. W. Brown as the writer of the May Topics.

Easter-tide thoughts are with us again. I am glad of the growing tendency to recognize and emphasize Easter ideas. It occasions a depressing influence to dwell on death and suffering as suggested by Gethsemane and the tragedy of Golgotha. But we lift up our head when we read of life and triumph, as exemplified by the matchless Saviour, and let the careful thinker not forget we live with Christ.

Too many of us cultivate the far away look of Christ in the future, of the life beyond, let us put our thoughts in the present tense.

'We must live with him now. If we are dead to the world we shall certainly live in Christ.'

'He is risen.' Do you not see the white throne gleaming through the mist and dust?

Do you not behold the great conqueror reclining in majesty? Do ye not know that ye are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, and whatever possessions, whatever victories, whatever glories, whatever joys belong to them, belong to you and me?

Oh the triumph, the eternal victory of our Risen Lord. May Easter, 1905 find you with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love for Jesus the risen Lord.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

BY IDA KAYS.

Slowly the wheel of time goes round,
As the years are passing, one by one—
Earth's budding flowers are strangely sweet,
In the glistening dew of the morning sun.

Faster and faster, revolves the wheel,
As we pass the zenith, 'neath noonday sun.
Life's field is golden with ripening grain,
Which we haste to glean e'er the day is done.

Dizzily whirling, the wheel goes now—
Is the harvest gathered? Or battle won?
A crash, a groan—the wheel stands still,
And the race of a human life is run.

—Sel.

A FATHER'S EXAMPLE.

I remember once speaking to a friend of mine in Brighton who, giving me his experience of his own childhood, said: 'I can remember when my mother cried when she cut the bread for our breakfast, keeping none back for herself, for it was the last crust she was dividing. I, the eldest born, inquired the reason why this was done. She said: "My lad, your father has been dismissed from his situation because he would not lie, and we have come to the last loaf, but I am proud of your father, and you must grow up like him too."'

"And," said my friend. "I have tried to do it."

Spiritual imagination can be cultivated as poetic imagination can be cultivated. The culture of the imagination is the culture of the ideal. It is the culture of faith and the culture of prayer. If we imagine the love of God, if we pray for the mind of the Master, if in every difficulty we stop to think what he would have done and said, if we keep ever the vision of Christ before us, if we make his teaching and will and life the test and example, we will live the imaginative life not always down among the dust and sordidness of the world, but sometimes among the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, and the dear Lord who has taken captive our hearts and imaginations.—Hugh Black.

To whatever worlds he carries our souls when they shall pass out of these imprisoning bodies, in those worlds these souls of ours shall find themselves part of the same great Temple; for it belongs not to this earth alone. There can be no end of the universe where God is, to which that growing Temple does not reach,—the Temple of a creation to be wrought at last into a perfect utterance of God by a perfect obedience to God. Phillips Brooks.

When will men learn the lesson that has been taught by all the ages that sin is slavery and that in the service of Christ alone is freedom? Let us listen to this word from

F. W. Robertson, "Now see what a Christian is drawn by the hand of Christ. He is a man on whose clear and open brow God has set the stamp of truth; one whose very eye beams bright with honor, in whose very look and bearing you may see freedom manliness veracity, a brave man—a noble man—frank, generous true with many faults it may be; whose freedom may take the form of impetuosity or rashness, but the form of meanness, never. Young men, if you have been deterred from religion by its apparent feebleness and narrowness, remember it is a manly thing to be a Christian."—Presbyterian.

We cannot climb by the steps that are behind us, though they be of the purest marble. Let thine eyes look straight before thee. There is not a stair that rises before us but must be mounted by our own endeavor. Each step calls for an act of the will. Duty bids us examine each stone upon which our foot is to rest. Each new condition of life makes an additional draft upon our judgment. Victories that are past cannot tell us what our plan of campaign shall be in future battles. We must meet the crisis when it arrives with the wisdom of the hour. The appeal to experience may help, but it cannot master.—The United Presbyterian.

OUR NEED OF CHRIST

Daily life in fact brings us not a few disturbances, some of them depressing, and we need to cheer up. Most men have some power of rallying their courage and hope, and throwing off depressing thoughts, but there are few who are not glad of cheerful company, to help them do this. This is a well-known reason why it is not good for man to be alone, and a man and his wife, of whom that was first said, grew to be so much alike and to feel so much the same depressions that it is worth a great deal for them to have another voice, sometimes of their children, sometimes of a friend, whose cheery word may turn the scale of feeling which was weighing down too much on the side of soberness. It is a blessed thing that all people do not take themselves with equal seriousness and still more blessed that a good many look habitually on the bright side of things, and do not pitch their voices in a minor key. Against our too common abnormal despondency, we have reason to rejoice that there is a positive force of hope and gladness which tries to spread light and joy.—Treasury.

THE PRAYER PERFECT.

Dear Lord, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness,
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again.
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
The vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley, The Reader Magazine.

HE IS NEAR.

The day is long and the day is hard
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a light to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis he who nerves our arm
He turns the arrows which might do harm,
And out of the storm he brings a calm.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for he works too;
The days that are long to live are his,
A bit of his bright eternities,
And close to our need His helping is.

Susan Cokridge.

Every Christian ought to be a Christ, where he lives. Once Jesus was in the world, and for three years went about among the people, blessing helping comforting. Now he sends us. The only hands Christ has to minister to human needs are our hands. The only voice he has to speak words of cheer and encouragement is our voice. The only feet he has to go on errands of love and helpfulness are our feet. We are to represent Christ in the world, and our life should be so true, so pure so unselfish, so gentle that whoever sees us will see Christ.—J. R. Miller.