

Just think, papa," she said, "that is the first time I ever saw her smile; I don't believe she ever did smile before."

The next morning Hazel was out bright and early sowing her seeds. But she was not too early for the little girl in the window. "She looks happier already; doesn't she, mamma?" Hazel asked eagerly. "And I know when the plants begin to grow she'll like to watch them. Just think, there hasn't been a thing that was pretty for her to look at."

Her mother smiled and stroked back the brown curls tenderly. She thought her little girl's sunshiny face would make almost any one happier.

The days went by and Hazel spent a large share of her time working in the garden, and the little girl in the window watched. They always smiled at each other now; but that was all. Hazel's cheeks were growing rosy and brown with the exercise and fresh air; and the pale little face in the window was losing its listless and growing almost happy.

The plants grew finely, and at last one morning there was a blossom. The little girl in the window saw it first. The window was up now and when Hazel came into the yard she was leaning out, breathlessly watching to see what Hazel would do.

What Hazel did was to clap her hands and dance all about the garden. Then she dropped down on her knees and buried her small nose in the heart of the flower. She looked up to see if the other little girl had seen it too. "O, aren't you glad!" she cried. That was the first time the child had ever spoken.

After that blossoms came thick and fast. Hazel picked a big bunch a few days later. She looked up at the window thoughtfully; then her face brightened. You tell your mamma to give you a long string," she called; "then tomorrow you can let it down and I'll tie the flowers to it and you can pull them up."

So every little while a big bunch of flowers went up to the window and was put into a glass of water on the stand. The little girl looked and looked at them and buried her pale face lovingly in their fragrant depths and talked to them, telling them everything that was in her heart, just as if they understood. She was not lonesome any more.

One evening in the early fall Hazel went out into the back yard and looked up at the window as usual. Then her eyes grew round with surprise, for the little face up there seemed fairly shining with happiness. "What do you suppose?" a glad little voice called down; then ran on, too eager to wait for a reply, "The doctor says I'm going to get well!"

Hazel clapped her hands. "O, I'm so glad!" she cried. "And what do you suppose he says cured me?" the eager little voice went on.

Hazel shook her head; she could not guess. "He says the flowers cured me!" She pressed her cheek lovingly against the big bunch of blossoms beside her.

Just then her mother came to the window and put a work-hardened hand on the fair hair, her face shining with a great happiness. "Indeed they did cure her, Miss," she said, smiling down at Hazel. "The doctor said she was all run down and never would have got well sitting here alone all day with nothing to interest her. He said she would have died before this if it hadn't been for those flowers. But she has got stronger every day since she got interested in them; they seemed to be such company. And now the doctor says she is really going to get well." There were tears on the mother's thin cheeks, but they were happy tears.

"O, I'm so glad, so glad!" Hazel's own eyes were shining almost as brightly as the two pair of eyes in the window above. She flew into the house to tell her mother all about it. "O Mamma, you don't know how glad I am I had my flowers in the back yard this summer. Isn't it just lovely!" she concluded, breathlessly.—Congregationalist.

Chinese Etiquette.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher, it is done this way, according to one missionary writer.

When the Chinaman arrives at the school, he is escorted to the reception room, and he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea."

The Chinaman sips and puffs for some minutes before he says to the teacher, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honorable kingdom?"

"The small petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." (These are the teacher's own children.)

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers." Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow who had been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it.

The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room and so forth.

At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day;" to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no; I have dishonored you." As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone, I am gone."

Etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."—Ex.

* 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.

Officers.

President, Rev. A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

The Convention.

The Truro Convention is now a matter of history. We cannot soon forget the crowds, the marked seriousness, and spiritual tone, that characterized it. The echoes of the platform meetings are still ringing. The writer has no hesitation in declaring it to be one of the best in all respects ever held.

Many of our strongest young men found time in the rush of business, to attend the B. Y. P. U. meetings. With great solemnity and unusual seriousness the crisis was faced, and discussed. The new President, before taking office asked for the privilege of prayerfully considering the matter during the afternoon. Then at the evening hour he came, with smiling countenance—and a look of determination, born we believe near the "mercy seat" and readily declared his purpose, with the help of our young Baptist hosts, to "keep the banner flying." Never did a general speak more hopefully of the future, than did our new president of the outlook. Young people throughout our great inter-provincial constituency we ask of you sympathy, prayers, and the best possible all-round support you can render.

Put your ear to the ground, do you not hear the rumblings of the oncoming hosts who have but one word written on their banners, Victory—and greater things will I do."

Nothing but profound appreciation was expressed by the delegates, for the magnificent service rendered by the officers who have carried all the burdens of executive administration during the past year, very special were the spoken words of appreciation concerning the editorial service of Pastor Dykeman.

The new editor with trembling hand takes hold of the pen and asks "what of the future?" Fellow Unioners your help please, give this column; which has already entrenched itself in the hearts of our Baptist young people) a still larger place in your affections.

Next week we shall have a further word of importance to the constituency.

Sec. Lawson no doubt will furnish the column next week with a minute of the Truro meetings.

President Wall will speak often and to the point; during the year from this department which is the pulpit of our Young People's interests.

Past Editor's will I am sure lend the helping hand, whenever possible. There is one word that will weigh heavily on our minds for the next twelve months; that word is "Copy."

The B. Y. B. U. will be asked to give themselves with renewed devotion to the work of raising "our missionaries salary."

The following original poem was written by the editor's special friend:—

The Bible.

This little book, I'd rather own
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarch's coffer shone,
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diadems the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

How baleful to Ambition's eye,
His blood-run spoils must gleam,
When death's uplifted hand is high,
His life a vanquished dream.

Then hear him with his gasping breath,
For one poor moment crave:
Fool, wouldst thou stay the arm of death,
Ask of the gold to save?

No, no, the soul ne'er found relief,
In glittering hoards of wealth,
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief;
Gold cannot purchase health.

But here a blessed balm appears:
To heal the deepest woe,
And he that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here He that died on Calvary's tree,
Hath made that promise blest,
"Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise:
My burden's light, and all who take
My yoke shall win the skies."

This is the guide Our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day,
A star whose lustre gilds the grave,
The light, the life, the way.

Here is a special message in poetry to all our Unioners who have the special burden of raising "our missionary's salary" upon their hearts, and to the greater number who have not as yet responded:

Is it Nothing to You?

By G. P. T.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Lam. 1: 12.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That millions of beings today,
In the heathen darkness of China,
Are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the story
Of the loving Lord who saves,
And "fourteen hundred every hour
Are sinking to Christless graves!"

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That in India's far-away land
There are thousands of people pleading
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?
They are groping, and trying to find him:
And although he is ready to save,
Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into a Christless grave!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed Gospel light?
The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves,
And seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will ye pass by and say,
It is nothing, we cannot aid them!
You can give, or go, or pray;
You can save your souls from blood-guiltiness,
For in lands you never trod
The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare ye have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for the light;
And is it nothing to you?

The Easy Yoke.

It is better to obey Christ's commandments than to set ourselves against them. For if we will take his will for our law, and meekly assume the yoke of loyal and loving obedience to him, the door into an earthly paradise is thrown open to us. His yoke is easy, not because its prescriptions and provisions lower the standard of righteousness and morality, but because love becomes the motive; and it is always blessed to do that which the Beloved desires. When "I will" and "I ought" cover exactly the same ground, then there is no kind of pressure from the yoke. Christ's yoke is easy because, too, he gives the power to obey his commandments. His burden is such a burden (as I think one of the old fathers puts it) as sails are to a ship, or wings to a bird. They add to the weight, but they carry that which carries them. So Christ's yoke bears the man that bears it. It is easy, too, because "in," and not only after or for, "keeping of it there is great reward;" seeing that he commands nothing which is not congruous with the highest good, and bringing along with it the purest blessing. Instead of that yoke, what has the world to offer, or what do we get to dominate us, if we cast off Christ? Self, the old anarchy self, and that is misery. To be self-ruled is to be self-destroyed.—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Happiness as a Duty.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble with so jolly an air that he sent everyone he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere, but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the liveableness of life.—R. L. Stevenson.