

This is a story of beginnings, not of endings, so there is little more to tell. The roses came on Memorial Day morning.

Emma's bed was drifted deep with them for the wonderful half hour while she and Miss Laetitia separated and wrapped them with the notes. Then the little brother's cart was carefully packed with its fragrant load and he set out with the bag of cookies to sustain him on the way, and Miss Laetitia went back home. She supposed that was the end of all she could see; for the answers to the prayers that went with the flowers she never expected to know—that would be between God and those whom she wished to comfort. But late that afternoon when she was in her garden Rob Ashford came down the street. There was a rose in his button-hole, and the boy held his head bravely and looked the world in the face, as he had not done in all that bitter year. Some one—some one was proud of him—had not the note said so? He would yet overlive that terrible word, thief; he would deserve the trust.

Miss Laetitia stepped up to the fence to speak to him. He saw her glance fall upon the rose. "I've got a friend, Miss Laetitia," he said exultantly, and then something choked the words; never before had he known what it could mean—that great, generous, splendid word.

Miss Laetitia nodded across at him and spoke briskly. "Well, I'm glad your eyes are open at last, Rob Ashford. Now you've discovered one maybe you'll begin to see the others that you've been treating so badly. You've got a whole village full of friends—that's what you've got—you just see to it that you don't make them do all the giving of it!"

"Why, Miss Laetitia!" the boy cried. She shook her head positively. "Don't argue about it, Rob Ashford—I won't be argued with! I'd just advise you to take a long walk and think it over and then come back ready to make people glad of your friendship—that's what I advise."

"Thank you, Miss Laetitia," Rob answered gravely. "I'll do it."

He swung off towards the river with a long, vigorous, hopeful step. Miss Laetitia looked after him joyfully.

"If I'd paid five dollars for the one rose he wore in his buttonhole it would have been cheap," she thought to herself, and the thought was a prayer of thanksgiving.

She went back into the house, but she was too happy to work, and when the dusk came in upon her her hands had long been idle. There were so many things to be glad of, she was thinking, so many beautiful things—so many brave, strong, patient hearts, so much of high courage and royal service! Why, the world was full of heroes! Soft, fragrant breaths stole in from the garden and blew about the room. From somewhere down the street a child's laugh drifted, faint but joyous. Miss Laetitia sat almost in the shadows, but she did not know that she was alone for her happy heart was keeping its Memorial Day.—Interior.

### Why He Stayed.

It was six o'clock, and the city offices were being rapidly deserted; but in a certain railroad office one man remained—he himself could scarcely have told why, for his work was done—yet the minutes sped away while he lingered over some unimportant detail of business.

Half an hour before, miles away, toward the outskirts of the same city, a deaconess had been hurrying around attending to a few of the "last things" that would finish her afternoon's work. Suddenly she stopped.

"There! I haven't had the date changed on that ticket! Only five minutes to six! What can I do?"

She signalled a passing car and got on board. It was useless, she almost knew. The office closed at six. How could she have been so thoughtless? But the Lord knew how much she had on her mind. She must commit the matter to him. So the car rumbled along, the deaconess prayed, and the man in the office waited.

"Oh, please, sir, are you the passenger agent, and can you change this ticket for me?"

The words came breathlessly, and he turned to survey with businesslike disapproval the young woman whose pink cheeks, roughened hair and small deaconess bonnet, ever so little askew, told of her hurried journey. Seeing the eager face, he unbent a trifle, but answered:

"It's after business hours, miss."

"Yes, I know; but I tried so hard to get here, and the business is very important. You see, the ticket is dated Saturday, and the lady wants to go tonight."

He took the ticket, on which was conspicuously stamped in red ink the word, "Charity."

"Whom is it for, and why was it not used on the day for which it was issued?"

"It's for a helpless old lady that I'm sending to her own daughter in Cleveland. She was not well enough to start Saturday, but I promised to meet her at the depot to-night with the ticket. We've had such trouble to get it, and to make all the other arrangements; she'll be broken-hearted if she can't go."

The magnate turned to his desk to make the change, but wishing to impress his caller with the greatness of the concession, he remarked:

"You're lucky to find me in at this hour. The office is generally locked up before this."

"Yes, but I prayed all the way down Sullivan Street that the Lord would keep you here till I came."

This was an unexpected view of it to the man of business. He looked up curiously, but the blue eyes were quite matter-of-fact in their expression.

"You belong to some sisterhood, do you not?" he asked, gently, noting the severe simplicity of her garb.

"To the Methodist Episcopal deaconesses. Here is my church card; if you choose to come I can promise you a cordial welcome and a good sermon."

"Thank you. I'm not much of a church-goer, but I may drop in."

Then, as the last glimpse of the black dress vanished through the door:

"It was a little odd; I suppose that girl thinks it was her prayer that kept me here to-night. I wonder if there is anything in it anyway?"

But the girl said that night in the Home: "I have been thanking the Lord in my heart all the evening for such a direct answer to prayer."—The Message.

## The Young People

EDITOR.

J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—June 25th.

Spiritual Growth, Mark 4: 26-32.

Jesus in this lesson, as usual, resorts to the natural world for means to set forth spiritual truth.

Growth is characteristic of the spiritual. Jesus makes this plain as the all important feature of his figure is that the "seed should spring and grow up." It is new life we possess in Christ not new death. The apostle therefore said "grow in grace." So he reproves believers in his epistles that they are still babes in experience when they ought to be full grown.

Gradual is this growth, too. The husbandman saw it in its various process as he rose "night and day." There was "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." As in nature perfection of the fruitage is not reached instantaneously so in grace we are to go on unto perfection. We must have patience in order to attain.

Divine germination is characteristic of the growth. We cannot say the husbandman's seed grew unconsciously to him. But how it grew was beyond his knowledge. He saw it grow but it is written "he knoweth not how." The God who made the seed and the earth into which it falls alone can understand why it grows and he alone can make it grow. Our responsibility ends with the selection of the seed and the preparation of the earth. Neither should we perform the childish feat of pulling it up to see if it is growing. "God giveth the increase."

Surprising to the natural man is this growth. This Jesus enforces by the figure of the mustard seed which "is less than all the seeds that be in the earth." But it sometimes grew so large that a horse could be driven under it, and birds frequently lodged in the branches thereof. This does not set forth the comparative size of the mustard seed, which was very small. There are no doubt seeds smaller even than it is. A current proverb was "as small as a grain of mustard seed." Jesus uses this proverb in setting forth spiritual truth. From such a small source there came forth a remarkable issue. Thus it is in the kingdom. What in human eyes is but small and "least" is attended by magnificent results. He was only Jesus of Nazareth but he is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Human expectation will always stand in astonishment at the issue of the truly spiritual.

Middleton, N. S.

C. W. CORRY.

### Among the Societies.

PARADISE, N. S.

We are glad that we can report progress in the different departments of our B. Y. P. U. work. The prayer meetings are well attended and interesting. A few months ago we decided to observe the monthly Conquest meeting. The knowledge of missions gained through this medium has been most valuable and we believe will result in earnest consecrated effort in missionary work. From the several Sacred Literature classes conducted by our pastor throughout the church during the winter, one hundred examination papers have been sent to headquarters. Of these about fifty were written by members of the classes in Paradise and West Paradise, the remainder being sent by the Union at Clarence. We hope to win the Associational Banner back to our church this year, but should we fail in this, we are sure that in the benefit received from the study of the C. C. Course we have been amply repaid for the time and effort expended. Last Sunday evening our pastor took for the subject of his sermon the words of our motto "Culture for Service." It was a very helpful sermon well calculated to give the young people a fresh impetus in Christian Culture work. We hope to take up the work for the coming year with new zeal and more earnest purpose.

June 14th.

TRYPHENA LONGLEY, Cor.-Sec'y.

DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

The B. Y. P. U. here finished the regular lessons in the Sacred Literature Class, some weeks ago and about 12 papers were sent in. A few took the Bible Readers' Course in addition. We have decided to raise \$25 before the end of the Convention year for the church offering for denominational purposes, \$10 of this amount being already secured. We cannot report any marked improvement in the devotional services but are praying for a deepening of the spiritual life of each member of the Union.

M. H. CHALONER, Sec'y.

June 9th.

What Some of the "Buffalo '98" Party Have to Say.

Miss Jennie McLatchey, President of the Lower Canada B. Y. P. U., writes: "I take it as a kindness on your part to bring the B. Y. P. U. Convention of '99 to my memory, and I will say 'thank you' although you have made me quite miserable; for an intense longing has been with me ever since to go to Richmond, and I fear it will be impossible. After reading your letter I felt like going out in search of friends and prevailing upon them to go. I feel that the money spent last July was well invested and will do all in my power to persuade some to go this year."

Rev. E. A. McPhee of Kingsboro, P. E. I., writes in part as follows:—Superlatives are not always in order, nor are they always suitable but I can safely use them in describing both the trip and Convention of the B. Y. P. U. A. at Buffalo '98. The trip over the C. P. R. was all that could be desired; the comfort and convenience of the party were well attended to by Mr. Foster, Traveling Passenger Agent of the C. P. R., who accompanied us, and proved courteous and obliging under all circumstances. The Convention no words of mine can describe. It was grand, inspiring, elevating, educative, etc. It was truly a season of spiritual refreshing. I don't think I shall be able to go this year, but I consider it money well spent by those who will go.

Very truly yours,

E. A. MCPHEE

This letter speaks for itself.

Auburn, N. S., May 29th.

DEAR BRO. MORGAN:—As the time draws near for the B. Y. P. U. A. Convention which is to be held at Richmond, it is with pleasure and I must add profit, that I review the trip of last year to Buffalo. I was proud to have the honor of being enrolled with such an intelligent company, and if I were wholly selfish I should certainly be one of your number this year. But I feel that I must give place to my wife and daughter, being well assured that a good time is in store for them.

Yours sincerely,

G. W. EATON.

After going once and tasting the enjoyment in which those who go always participate, it seems almost impossible to remain at home, when another season rolls around. I enjoyed the Buffalo trip very much, and nothing could give me more pleasure than to have the Richmond Convention in view, and be able to visit the cities en route with the Maritime party. Hope to hear of a large number availing themselves of this opportunity of visiting a few of the American cities, and of attending one of these large and profitable Conventions; but regret that it is not my privilege to be among the number.

Yours sincerely,

HULDAH A. DURLING.

Another letter from a B. Y. P. U. president says:

Miss Avora B. Dickey of Lower Canada, N. S., writes: "I can very truthfully express my appreciation of our most delightful trip to Buffalo. It certainly surpassed any previous trip in my life. I have very little hope of attending the Richmond Convention but my heart will be there, and all possible inducement on my part will be used to persuade others to go. It means so much to come in contact with these large bodies of consecrated men and women, and catch a little of their broad-mindedness and enthusiasm."

The total cost of the round trip to Richmond, including railway fare, sleepers, meals, lodgings, etc., etc., will be approximately \$50 from all points in the Maritime Provinces. The C. P. Ry., I. S. S. Co., and D. A. Ry., offer a one fare return rate to Boston, from which point the return fare to Richmond will be \$15.33. The Maritime party will be made up in Boston on Tuesday, July 11th, and leave for New York at 3.30 p. m., by the Fall River Line. For further information write to the chairman of Transportation Leaders, John Burt Morgan, Aylesford, N. S.

It is not trouble that troubles, but discontent. It is not the water without the ship, but the water that gets within the leak which drowns it. It is not outward affliction that can make the life of a Christian sad; a contented mind would sail about these waters. But when there is a leak of discontent open and trouble gets into the heart, then it is disquieted and sinks. Do, therefore, as the marines, pump the water out and stop the spiritual leak in thy soul, and no trouble can hurt thee.—Thos. Watson.

Every noble act of devotion to truth, every pure life unstained with evil, every word of pity, every instance of forgiving goodness, helps us to a better faith in that divine and eternal goodness which has no variableness or shadow of turning.—James Freeman Clarke.