

The B. Y. P. U. Reception and Social.

To the great disappointment of many the disagreeable weather rendered it impossible for the Aylesford B. Y. P. U. to hold their birthday reception and social on Friday evening, the 12th inst., according to arrangement. It was consequently postponed until the following Tuesday evening. But even then the clouds were so forbidding during the early part of the evening as to keep all timid souls at home, especially those who lived at a distance. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, however, a hundred or more of the invited guests presented themselves, bent upon having a good time. After a pleasant hour of social intercourse a short musical and literary programme was rendered, which was much appreciated by all present. Refreshments were then served by the committee of entertainment, after which all joined heartily in the singing of the national anthem, and the company dispersed to their homes, pronouncing this pioneer social a decided success. Nearly \$25 was realized, clear of all expenses, which amount will be devoted to furnishing the rooms in which the social was held, for B. Y. P. U. purposes. This is intended to be but the beginning of a series of similar gatherings under the auspices of the Aylesford B. Y. P. U. during the coming winter months.

The invitations, which were issued to the number of 250, were neatly printed on card-board, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and tastefully tied together with ribbon. The front card contained the following invitation:—

"The Young People's Union of the Aylesford Baptist Church cordially invite you to be present at a birthday reception and social at the B. Y. P. U. Rooms (Ray's Building), on Friday evening, Nov. 12th, 1897, at eight o'clock."

Within each invitation was placed a small muslin bag, as the companion of the following request, printed upon the second card:

We ask a small favor,
Pray, don't think us bold,
Drop herein a penny
For every year old.

Be honest in counting,
'Twill never be told.
You'll make us all happy
If you are quite old.

But if you should think
The pennies too small,
Just drop in some dimes;
We have need of them all.

R. S. V. P. If convenient, in rhyme.
Proceed toward furnishing B. Y. P. U. Rooms.

Many interesting responses were received. From these we take the liberty to present to our readers a few selections, without attaching the names of the authors:—

These pennies are quite few,
Only fifteen in all;
But take them, and use them
To help fit up your Hall.

Your kind invitation with pleasure received,
I answer with greatest delight;
If all things work together, at least for my good,
I'll be there on time Friday night.

'Tis with very great pleasure
I accept your invite,
But if for each year
I should cast in a mite
'Twould in bankruptcy surely involve me.
But to think for a moment
To cast in a dime,
'Twould ruin me surely
Not only for time,
But eternity also, I fear me.
But as often in business
They make compromise,
So I to my conscience
Will reason this wise,
For fifty per cent you'll not prick me.

With pleasure I come this evening,
My fourteen pennies to bring,
Although they are not as many
As though my age were
"Sweet sixteen."

The mud and dirt in which I have to work
Is not conducive to the best of thought,
I fear;
But patient labor brings its own reward,
The time for rest I hope is drawing near.
As brains are scarce, and fun is poor,
My rhyme will not be good;
But still I hope to-morrow night
To see some of Ray's best wood.

Your kind invitation for this Friday evening
I accept with unmeasured delight,
And all home-like cares leaving,
Will hasten to Ray's Hall to-night.

Politely you ask for a penny
For every year I am old;
Dear, dear, I will have to give many --
The number I fear will get told.

However, 'tis best to be honest,
So I'll give you the pennies my share,
For in furnishing B. Y. P. U. rooms
You'll need a great many, I'm sure

Your request we've considered,
And now will easily
To respond, as you've asked,
In poetic lay.

As to rhyme we're not given,
The attempt is quite bold,
But our presence and pennies
We will not withhold.
With thanks for your kindness,
In conclusion we'll say,
That Friday will find us
Wending our way
To your rooms in Ray's building,
Where we know we will find
Food and refreshment for body and mind.

To accept your invitation
And present myself to-night,
Gives to me not pleasure merely,
But a very great delight.
For the motive is a good one,
And the means,—a social time,
And the only drawback, truly,
Is to answer well in rhyme.
But the muse is very fickle,
Very like some coy young dame,
For if you are very anxious,
Don't you, mark me, show the same,
Or she surely will turn from you,
Turn to some less anxious one;
That's the truth, for now she wavers,
Wavers more, and I am done.

I am not a poet S,
I scarce have a trade,
But I've been asked
My nil to parade.
And not only this,
But something more,
My lucre to give
As well as my lore.

If giving the gold
Were all it meant,
But getting my age
Seems their main bent.

However I suffer
I'll not stay away,
My feelings I'll hide,
Say what they may.

Who Was It?

The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But, amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!" — *Aberdeen Journal*.