

this one, an' I'll jest cuddle yours a little mite of a speck. It'll go right to sleep."

The exchange was made in grave silence, and presently, the tiny wailing ceased.

"Come, we'll lay 'em both in Lois Ann's crib, Micah; it's wide enough. It's in the north chamber. I brought it down. Come, Micah."

And in the moonlight they laid the sleeping babies side by side in their dead mother's crib. The kiss of the gentle light, was on the tiny faces and on the solemn old ones above them. They stood there together, and in some sweet, inexplicable way, all old things became new and the anguish and grief in between faded out of their souls. Their tremulous old hands crept together.

It was long into the night when the explanations were made and they too could sleep. Selinah had her little story to tell; but Micah's was more wonderful. The sight of the tiny, lonely figure in the clothesbasket as he drove past, the hunger to know if it was Lois Ann's baby; the closer inspection and the tiny, warm clutch on its finger. "I couldn't stan' that, Seliny," he said huskily. "It was little Lois Ann clutchin' me tight. I couldn't take my finger away. I knew it was Lois Ann's baby, an' I fetched it home. I couldn't make up my mind to let you know. I was ashamed to."

Selinah slipped to her knees, with her gentle face to the moonlight. "Dear Lord, it's all right. We thank you—me an' Micah. There's only one thing more, dear Lord—if you'll jest let Lois Ann know."—Young People.

"Who Lives Over There?"

Perhaps some of you have heard of the lovely "West-side Fruit and Flower Mission" and the wonderful good it is doing in its sweet ministry among the poor invalids of New York City. Its name, however, may be misleading, as many things beside fruit and flowers are distributed to the "least of these."

Miss Darby belonged to this mission, indeed, she was one of the most active members, ever going about in loving ministry. Late one November she took a severe cold and by the advice of her physician she went to a dear old friend of her dead mother's to rest. Looking out from one of the back windows one day she caught a glimpse of a pale, sad face at an open door.

"Who lives over there in that small brown house?" she asked the old lady.

"I don't know," was the answer. "I often wish I did, for there's some one sick there. I am sure. I see the doctor go there every few days."

The doctor went into the small brown house while they were talking. Miss Darby's sweet face grew serious. With her sympathetic nature she could not help wishing that she too could visit the inmates of the little house. She wondered if she were not needed there.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. In the small brown house a gray-haired woman was weeping. On the bed lay her only child—a man of middle age, slowly recovering from an attack of rheumatism. The ladder was almost empty. There was no money coming in. A sad state of affairs, truly!

"It doesn't seem right," moaned the gray-haired lady. "Now, if you'd been a drunkard, Fred, and had squandered all your money, you'd be getting just what you deserve, but seeing you've always been a temperate man, doing your best, it doesn't seem right."

"What doesn't seem right, mother?"

"That we should be so poor. Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving, Fred, but we can't keep it."

"Why not?" he questioned.

"With a piece of salt pork and some dry bread?" she spoke bitterly.

"Is that all there is, mother?"

"That's all."

"I am sorry," he said, "but we must be thankful for that. We must keep Thanksgiving, mother. I find much to be thankful for. I am thankful that the Lord has spared you to me for one thing."

He reached out his thin hand and stroked hers gently, and presently her face grew peaceful.

"Do you remember the last Thanksgiving we had in our old home?"

"I'll never forget it," he answered.

"What did you have for dinner, gran'ma?" asked little Dora eagerly.

"Oh, everything good," clasping her hands at the thought, "a golden brown turkey, a—"

There was a rap at the door. Dora opened it and a sweet-faced lady entered the room.

"I'm Miss Darby," she said. "I thought some one was sick, and I came to see."

"I was sick and ye visited Me."

After a long talk, Miss Darby went back to the old lady with whom she was staying and told her tale.

"It's wonderful to see the trust that sick man has in his Heavenly Father," she said. "I wish it were in my power to give him such a Thanksgiving as he deserves."

"It's in my power," was the old lady's answer, "and I'll give it to him."

Early on Thanksgiving morning Miss Darby ran over to the small brown house to "borrow the baby," she said. When she returned him he was dressed in a pretty white dress and was smiling and cooling at a great rate.

With Miss Darby went a boy carrying a large market basket which he placed carefully upon the floor. Johnny eyed it anxiously. If you only could have seen what it contained and how carefully it was packed!

The sick man's mother unpacked it, while tears filled her eyes. Out from the basket she took a good sized roast turkey, a mince pie, vegetables, jelly, fruit, and other things to make a feast for the sick and well.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" cried the sick man, tears of joy filling his eyes, "bless Him forever!"

It is nearly three years since Miss Darby carried the Thanksgiving feast to the small brown house. The sick man recovered long ago, so did the invalid mother, and if you could see the happy family now it would make you joyful.—H. H. Farley, in Youth's Temperance Banner.

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—March 12.

B. V. P. U. Topic.—Fellowship in Christian Service, Nehemiah 4:6, 16-23.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, March 13.—Ezekiel 11:14-25. A new spirit to aid in self-mastery, (vs. 19). Compare Ps. 51:10.
Tuesday, March 14.—Ezekiel 12:1-16. An example in the midst of rebels, (vs. 2). Compare 1 Samuel 12:3, 4.
Wednesday, March 15.—Ezekiel 12:17-28. Results of non-self-mastery, (vs. 19). Compare Ps. 107:33, 34.
Thursday, March 16.—Ezekiel 13:1-5. Way to avoid self-mastery, (vs. 3). Compare Jer. 23:16.
Friday, March 17.—Ezekiel 14:1. Self-responsibility unavoidable, (vs. 14). Compare Prov. 11:3.
Saturday, March 18.—Ezekiel 15.—Of little account at most, (vs. 5). Compare Ps. 8:4.

Prayer Meeting Topic—March 12.

Fellowship in Christian service, Neh. 4:6, 16-23.

This topic is easily deducible from the story of the building of Jerusalem's walls as recorded in the passage indicated, for assuredly Nehemiah and his co-workers rendered service to God and their countrymen in thus fortifying the city, while the mutual and hearty fellowship of the builders is apparent to even the careless reader. Though the service we should render unto God and our fellowmen is not of the character of Nehemiah's, it is none the less real, nor is fellowship in it less needful.

I. This service consists in—

1. Illuminating dark surroundings. "Ye are the light of the world . . . let your light shine." By teaching and exemplifying the truths of religion we illumine. Wherever Christians are who truly serve darkness in the form of ignorance and sin is dispelled more or less completely.

2. Witnessing to truth. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth." A young woman in our prayer service quoted Phil. 4:19 and then testified, "I have proven that for myself." Witnessing to truth which we have verified in our own experience is part of our duty.

3. Seeking and saving the lost. "Whoso converteth a sinner . . . saveth a soul from death." It is not sufficient to build churches and maintain pastors to preach to such as may choose to come. Lost sheep and wild sheep cannot be expected to seek the fold, they must be sought out and run down. This belongs to the Christian's service.

4. Giving our life for the redemption of men. Jesus fed, healed, forgave, comforted, instructed, helped men, so giving his life which was finally exhausted on Calvary. He has left us "an example that we should follow in his footsteps." How much of our life are we giving to others of life's sympathy and love and energy and earning?

II. The Fellowship in this service should be—

1. Mutual. In Nehemiah and his workmen we have this illustrated. While there may be division of labor according to gifts bestowed, mutual interest and appreciation should be manifested. "The eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet I have no need of you . . . the members should have the same care one for another."

2. Hearty. Such was fellowship between Nehemiah and his workmen. The faint-hearted and half-hearted instead of adding to, subtract from the courage and zeal of those they associate with—"whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

3. Real. Let not pretension or deceit find place among those who serve the Lord. Judas, with the kiss of friendship, betrayed his master. Mutual, hearty and real may our fellowship in Christian service be.

Parsonage, Kentville, N. S. B. N. NOBLES.

Softened Anger.

We are too kind to ourselves in calling anger our infirmity. We have a charming facility in using lenient language towards our own weaknesses, while describing those of other people with the severity of a true blue Puritan. It was Drummond who said, "Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just." Yes, sometimes. But in the majority of cases it is the mean infirmity of selfish and proud natures. Most of the hottest anger in the world comes from injuries, supposed injuries, from slights and criticisms by which vanity has been wounded.

Jesus Christ once exhibited anger, only once so far as the record tells us. It was of a peculiar quality, for we

are told it was blended with grief. He "looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their heart." It was not the expression of resentment, or of wounded pride or irritation. It was indignation unstained by hate or malice. Any one who loves the right will hate the wrong. Love and hate are blood relations. It is worthy of notice that Christ did not speak to them with whom he was angered. He simply looked on them. The tongue is a dangerous thing to turn loose when hot passion is in the soul. His lips were silent. Blessed calmness! What troubles we should escape if we did likewise. 'Tis said of one of the Emperors that in moments of provocation he would recite the alphabet from A to Z before he made reply. The quarrels and wranglings of life would have a precarious existence if all followed his example. The tongue under the emotion of anger is like a highly mettled horse that feels the prick of the spur in his side. Are we not too lenient towards those things which we in superabundant charity call our infirmities? It is our way of half-excusing what we should wholly condemn. What makes greater havoc in homes and churches than temper? Yet who classes this amongst the greater sins? When we inquire into the causes of backsliding, decayed religion and divided churches, we enumerate a hundred things, but leave out one of the greatest of all—temper. This produces alienations and separations, silences prayer, destroys the charm of fellowship and frightens away the dove of peace.

Anger that is mellowed by grief is not an evil thing, but good. In our higher moments we know something of the blending of these emotions. We are angered at a wrong and have a pity for the wrong-doer at the same time. We hate a crime, but as we think of the infatuation, weakness and suffering of the criminal we are mellowed by grief. A truly Christian feeling leads us to look on the worst men with sympathy. There is a touch of sadness in all wickedness. The dying Christ interpreted the malice and cruelty about his cross in the light of the ignorance in which the people acted. If we only think a little we shall always find something that will turn anger into pity and prayer.—The Commonwealth.

Sayings of General Gordon.

To be happy, a man must be like a well-broken, willing horse, ready for everything. Events will go as God likes.

If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you. But, if not, you have infinite power against you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and a jealous Protector.

Oh, be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your warfarings.

We have no conception or idea of what God will show us if we persevere in seeking him, and it is he who puts this wish in our hearts.

Make him your guide; you do not want any other. He has said, "I will teach you all things," and, depend on it, you will find it the shortest course to pursue.

In one word, live to God alone. Keep your eye on the "Pole Star;" guide your bark of life by that.

Do we believe Jehovah to be the Almighty—namely, the Ruler of all things, supreme in all, and against whose will no power can act? Or do we recognize Baal—namely, the various events, accidents, and circumstances of life, as acting independently of God, and, therefore, to be considered in the walk of life?

If we live in the Spirit, we shall hear his voice minutely and always.

How unlike in acts are most of so-called Christians to their Founder!

What is it if you know the sound truths and do not act up to them? Actions speak loudly, and are read of all; words are as the breath of man.

Anything said against you is infinitely less than ought to be said.

When you get well down in your own opinion of yourself, it is remarkable how well the world thinks of you, and how worthless are its thoughts to you.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

The Difference.

A stranger, in Boston, I paused for a moment after service at the door of one of the city churches to look about at the wonderful carvings and the beautiful stained-glass windows. As I stood there, my eye fell upon a plain little woman who was venturing to speak to a richly dressed dame whom she had met face to face in the aisle. I noted that there was no response. The would-be grand dame simply drew her furs more closely about her, and sailed majestically on, her chin in the air. The little woman flushed, her lips trembled. At this moment a hand grasped her hand warmly, while a sweet voice said, "Mrs. Jenkins, how glad I am to see you!" The speaker was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," a woman honored and revered throughout the civilized world.

The little woman looked up. Her face seemed metamorphosed. Those few words had changed the aspect of the whole world to her. Some one did care to speak to her, some one was glad to see her!

As I turned homeward I pondered upon what I had just seen; and I felt that perhaps there was no better illustration of the difference between the truly great and the would-be great.—Eleanor Root.