

"ONLY A BOY."

About thirty years ago in Scotland, a faithful pastor was met by one of the leading members of his church, who said to him, "Pastor, there must be something radically wrong with your preaching and work, for there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy." "I feel it all," the pastor replied, "but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for results." "Yes, yes," said the elder "but by their fruits ye shall know them;" and the one new member, and he too only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of truth faith and zeal." "True," said the old man, "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Aye, there you have it: 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy—Robert. Some seed we sow bear fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to his pulpit that day with a heavy heart. He closed his discourse with tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the redeemed about the throne of God.

While lingering in the churchyard after the service, as he thought alone, he was surprised to see a boy coming towards him, the very one they had been speaking of before the service. "Well, Robert?" said the minister. "Do you think that if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?" "A preacher?" "Perhaps a missionary?" There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes. He had brought a province to the Church of Christ, had brought into the light of the Gospel savage tribes, had translated the Bible into their language, had enriched the scientific knowledge of the world, had honored the humble place of his birth, the old church, his country and the missionary cause. And yet he was once "Only a boy."—Sal.

DUTY OR FEELING.

Feeling is a poor guide of conduct. A large share of our duty is the doing of what we do not feel like doing, and the not doing that which we do feel like doing. If a boy or man is set to a task within his ability, it is no excuse for his failure to do it that he did not feel like doing it. No court would acquit a prisoner of guilt on the ground that he felt like stealing. A man may at times write well, or preach, or sing well, or perform well on a musical instrument, or fight well in the hour of battle while he feels like it, but most men have to do these things when they do not feel like it. The world's best work is done by those who are not at the time under the influence of impelling and controlling feeling in that direction. If you feel like doing a thing, or like not doing it, consider whether you ought to do it or ought not to do it, in spite of your feeling, and then be guided by your duty rather than by your feeling. It may be to your discredit that you cannot feel like doing what you ought to do, but it is never an excuse for your not doing.—Great Thoughts.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

The Lord Jesus said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., says the most beautiful thing in the world is the expression of surprise and wonder on the face of a child. It is not seen on the faces of the children of the rich; it is banished from them. Whatever they ask for is given them; education is made for them. They are old and worn out before the roses are in bloom in June. We hear of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children of the poor. We need societies for the prevention of cruelty to the children of the rich. Their life is eaten out by gifts and things done for them. Come with me to the home of poverty, and I will show you more happiness bought for 25 cents than can be had for \$25 in the home of the rich; where a toy lasts six months, while the rich child's costly toy is soon thrown aside and some-

thing else is wanted. Why? The poor child knows the key of happiness. He shares his gifts. If you can turn the tide so that the rich child does not think of self but the other one, then happiness will come. The son of a wealthy New York family has turned his back on luxury and gone down on the east side to live. A friend asked him why he had done it. He replied: "To quite being selfish." Now he will be happy. The Dead Sea drains Genesaret and the Jordan and only adds to its own bitterness. Genesaret pours its life out as fast as it comes. Genesaret is always singing songs of happiness.

Giving is happiness because it is made like God. God has need of nothing but to give, give, give. The glorious gospel reveals a happy God; he gave his only begotten Son. God might have stripped heaven of the angels and it would not have impoverished him.—Ex.

LEAVE TO-MORROW WITH GOD.

Would it not be better to leave to-morrow with God? That is what is troubling men; to-morrow's temptations, to-morrow's difficulties, to-morrow's burdens, to-morrow's duties. Martin Luther, in his autobiography, says: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, who preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops to a little tree close by and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth."—H. W. Webb-Peplow. Ex.

KEEPING HER TROUBLES TOGETHER.

A hard-working woman whose ready help and abundant sympathy for the troubles of others make her the best of friends, lately gave her receipt for cheerfulness.

"Why, it's no credit to me to keep cheerful," she said to a doleful visitor one day. "It's only that I have got in the habit of having all my uncomfortable feeling at one time. Mornings, after my husband's started off, I do the breakfast dishes before anybody else is likely to drop in; and if there is anything worrying me I just attend to it then. If I don't get it thought out enough, it has to go over to the next day."

"You select a few minutes like that in the early morning when you're fresh, and do up your worries for the day, and then put 'em out of mind, and you'll find it's the easiest thing in the world to keep cheerful the rest of the time, and be ready to attend to other folk's troubles."—"Youth's Companion."

THE DUTY OF GIVING COMFORT.

When we go to those who are in sorrow, we should rather carry to them the strong consolations of God's word. We should not linger with them upon the sad phases of the experience through which they are passing; but should turn their thoughts to the promises of God, to the truth of immortality, and thus lift them up toward strength and rejoicing. The word "comfort" means to give strength; and we should always try to make our friends stronger, that they may be better able to carry their burden of sorrow. Trouble should never crush a Christian; on the other hand, the Christian should rejoice in God, and sing songs in the night.—Westminster Teacher.

THINGS THAT COME NOT BACK.

Remember, three things come not back: The arrow sent upon its track—It will not swerve, it will not stay its speed, it flies to wound or slay; The spoken word, so soon forgot By thee, but it has perished not; In other hearts 'tis living still; And doing work for good or ill; And the lost opportunity That cometh back no more to thee, In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn, Those three will nevermore return.
—From the Arabic.

Make my heart, I pray, of kindness
Always full, as clouds of showers;
Keep my immortal eyes from blindness;
I would see the sun and flowers.
From temptation pray deliver;
And, good angel, grant to me
That my heart be grateful ever,
Herein all my askings be.
—Alice Cary.

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