

him; it seemed to close the story of his father's life, leaving room for no regrets.

The village doctor met him at the station, and they walked up to the farmhouse together. "I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour; but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasingly."

"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life. There were no others," said the doctor.

"Last Spring? O yes; I took my family to California."

"I urged him," said the doctor, "to run down to see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No. He never felt at home in the city."

The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. The old gentleman did not fit into the life of his family, who were modern and fashionable. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars; and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.

The farm-house was in order and scrupulously clean; but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant, sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor; "but she's deaf. I don't suppose she spoke to him once a week. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then, beckoning to Martha, went out and closed the door.

The judge was alone with his dead.

Strangely enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those laced wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and pored over them!

Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in his face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk were a bundle of old account books which showed the part he had played. Records of years of hard drudgery on the farm, of work in winter and summer, and often late at night, to pay John's school bills and to send John to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold to keep John while he waited for practice; to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the ground was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this was the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. If he would come back! It would be so easy to make a little home for him in the city, to go to him every day with gossip of his cases, or to take him to hear music, or to see noted men—to make his life happy and full! So easy!

"O father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

My Psalm.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of the heart
I open to the day.

The Young People

EDITORS, J. D. FREEMAN.
G. R. WHITE.

KINDLY ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT TO REV. G. R. WHITE, FAIRVILLE, ST. JOHN.

Prayer Meeting Topic—July 31.

B. V. P. U. Topic.—Conquest Meeting: Europeans in America.

Alternate Topic.—True Repentance, Isaiah 1:11-17.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, August 1.—Isaiah 3:1-15. Fair play for all, (vs. 10, 11). Compare Obad. 15.

Tuesday, August 2.—Isaiah 3:16; 4:6. The future contrasted with the present, (vs. 2). Compare Zech. 6:12.

Wednesday, August 3.—Isaiah 5:1-19. The means exhausted, (vs. 4). Compare 2 Kings 17:13, 14.

Thursday, August 4.—Isaiah 5:20-30. Perversion of the good, (vs. 20). Compare Ps. 111:7.

Friday, August 5.—Isaiah 6. Isaiah's answer to God, (vs. 8). Contrast Jonah 1:3.

Saturday, August 6.—Isaiah 7. Promise unheeded by Ahaz, (vs. 11, 12). Compare Mark 7:9.

Love's Work.

The best and most abiding work in the world has been done for love without the least thought of worldly profit or glory. Such work returns the largest dividends. All true service for God must be love service. If we unite with the church because of any other motive than sincere love to Christ, we are playing a part. If we are what is called "active" in the church or Sunday School, our activity must be prompted by sincere solicitude for the souls of others, and not because we wish to be prominent. There is far more real love to God and man expressed in trying to bring some poor soul out of the darkness of sin into God's light, than there is in constantly running up and down the aisles during the Sunday School hour or ushering at church. Love's work is done quietly, and unobtrusively. It seeks no reward but that which comes from the consciousness of having done right. It has not always a pleasant task. It demands self-denial, self-sacrifice. It is often work that few are willing to do. God takes loving note of such service as this. It is written in the book of his remembrance and he will reward it richly.—Com.

Living by Our Wits.

He who attempts to gain a living dishonestly by his wits needs a larger stock than if he put them to a legitimate use. The purpose of organized society is to verify the Scripture declaration, "The way of the transgressor is hard." The man who attempts to get a dollar by raising his hand against his brother must be made to work harder for it than if he moved in harmony with his brother. The same mental ability which enables one to steal a dollar should enable him to earn two or ten. The dishonest man may succeed in spite of his dishonesty, just as the honest man may fail in spite of his honesty; but, in the long run, the man who is clever enough to break a safe could make a fortune building safes. Sanctified wits pay better than prostituted wits.

Respect Won From an Infidel.

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, on one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied, quietly:

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday."

"You know the rules."

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work; but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier."

And he was appointed.

For a Quiet Hour.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate indolence, oppression, injustice, hate Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—wilt sleep, living, Godlike hatred.—F. W. Robertson.

The gold and diamonds of Brazil are of enormous value, they are earnestly sought and much talked about, and

yet the exports of sugar and coffee, from that country in one year are of more value than all the gold and jewels found in the territory in fifty years. It is much the same with our moral life—the profit lies in the daily homely things and experiences, not in the tragedies and triumphs which are moving and splendid exceptions. Common people, things, tasks, duties, ups and downs; herein, properly improved, is found the immortal wealth of faithful souls.—W. L. Watkinson, D. D.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the events of life—either our own or our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so unjust; and he who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into his each day, walk trustingly over the day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—Phillips Brooks.

Our Juniors.

Write It.

[Miss Frances E. Willard recommended every young person to learn and speak these verses].

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copybook,
That the young may often look,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the rum-slain dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passers-by,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on our ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
In the hearts of every hand,
On the laws of every land,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

—Northwestern Advocate.

My Little Part.

There, where the hosts of darkness lie,
And the brave battle rages high,
Give me my post to live or die,
With fearless heart!
Thou, Lord, alone may'st plan the fight,
Alone array the battle right,
Mine but to do with all my might,
My little part.

Not mine to choose my work or fate,
Whether to die with hope elate,
Or live the triumph to relate
In after years.
Enough to battle in thy name,
For truth and right, but not for fame,
And ne'er thy holy cause ashamed
By coward fears.

And if it be my lot to fall
Unnoticed and unknown of all,
Named only in the great roll-call,
So let it be.
Give me my weapon and my task—
Tumbrel, or sword, or water-flask;
To know my task is all I ask,
And to serve thee!

—Selected.

A little innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place.

"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-double i-t-e-n," said Mabel.

"Kitten has two i's, then, has it?"

"Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."—Our Girls and Boys.

A new pair of shoes came home for Davy, aged five. He was delighted with them until they had been put on his feet. Then he exclaimed, with a pout, "Oh, my! they're so tight I can't wink my toes!"—Harper's Round Table.