

for" sighed Grandma Reuben, "but we must go to bed for the men'll be here early to kill the pigs and fowl."

"And that's all the good it did," Maria said to herself as she went upstairs.

A busy week followed, but Saturday night Grandma Reuben called Maria into her bedroom and shut the door mysteriously. "Look here, child," she said in a half whisper, "you've done splendid, picking the fowl and trying out the lard, and everything and I'm going to pay you two dollars for what you've done, and—and I've thought a good deal about those poor girls, and there's another two dollars you can give Anna Brown to send to Injy along of the rest, and I want you should read some more about 'em sometime.—Religious Intelligencer.

Aunt Mary's Diary.

The hall door opened and before Edith could close it an inquisitive breath of the crisp evening air stole into the cozy sitting room. Aunt Mary laid her book on the table.

"Did you have a good meeting, Edith?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know; rather good perhaps. But the new minister isn't a bit like Mr. Foss. I suppose he knows enough, has a college education, and all that, but his pronunciation isn't always correct, and that's enough to spoil any sermon."

"He may not pronounce all his words as you do, dear; still, he may have equally good authority. Wasn't his address good, and weren't you made better by it?"

"I don't even remember what he said," and Edith laid her gloves on the table.

As soon as Edith had carried away her wraps, Aunt Mary drew the little wicker rocker up beside her.

"Let me see dear," she said, slowly, as Edith took the proffered chair; you've been to one afternoon tea this week the lecture on Shakespeare, a missionary meeting and this evening service."

"Yes, auntie, but what of it? That isn't much you don't think I'm neglecting my work?"

"No dear; but I've a little report I'd like to read if you're willing."

Aunt Mary reached across the table to her writing desk, and took out her brown-covered diary.

"Monday, Edith attended an afternoon tea at Emma Duulap's. Missed much of the social pleasure because the table decorations were not in harmony with the hangings and the tint of the dining-room walls.

"Wednesday. A lecture on Shakespeare was given at the Second Parish church. Edith and I attended. The subject was: 'Accidents in Romeo and Juliet.' I spent a very enjoyable evening; learned many new facts. Edith was disappointed; didn't get much benefit from the lecture. Objected to the speaker's voice; said it was pitched too high.

"Friday. The monthly missionary meeting was held at Mrs. Benson's. Had an excellent report of the state convention by the local delegate. Felt a greater determination to do more in the line of the Master's service. Edith complained that the speaker was confined too much to her notes; said the report would have been more impressive had it not been written."

Aunt Mary reached for her pencil. "I've another entry to make of this evening's service," she said.

"Please don't, auntie," and Edith looked up, pleadingly. "I—I—didn't know before what was the matter—why I haven't been getting more good out of my opportunities. It—it's because I met them all in a spirit of criticism. I'm always on the watch for something to criticise, and so lose the good I otherwise would get. If you'll not make this evening's entry I'll see that those in the future are less painful for me to hear."—Forward.

Stop and Think.

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth by anything within the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it, so the wicked, by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity; to know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them, but above them. "When all move equally," says Pascal, "nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail," and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.—Rev. C. C. Colton.

The Young People

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

Officers.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.
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Human disappointment is sometimes divine appointment. It is not more than probable, that this has been realized in the history of our Maritime B. Y. P. U. Some are whispering in audible terms, we need a new mission, we have it in the acknowledged pledge to support our Brother Freeman. Let this be the rallying point, shall we hear from your work and results in the months of the current year?

Past failure should prompt to renewed effort, if emphasizing the prayer meeting feature of our work has in any degree failed of success in the past, it is hoped that there will be such an effort or series of efforts in the achievement of the present plan and purpose as will result in pre-eminent success.

Have we faith in Missions? By what visible standard shall we measure that faith? Must we not declare that faith is quick to discern the Lord, and quick also to obey him, sons and daughters make it possible to declare that you have exercised a quick obedience in responding to the claims of our Maritime work in India.

That there are multiplied calls upon us—in these days of constant endeavor no one will deny. But the "Go ye into all the world" of our Divine Lord, makes it imperative for us to conclude that obedience should be prompt and full, though the command be hard and mysterious.

Young people should ever cherish the fact that Christ's eye is on the believer to keep, and bless; and that it is on the unbeliever to judge and to punish. Do we not know? are we not assured that there is a responsibility for service, as well as for guilt. Let us get a firmer hold on the ropes, that those who are in the mine (of India) may know that they have our utmost help.

The B. Y. U. of the Milton Baptist church, held their annual business meeting Oct. 31st. Officers retained. Meetings of the year have been well sustained and a good interest shown in the work. In June twenty-five dollars were pledged towards our Missionary, S. C. Freeman's salary, part of which has been paid. On Nov. 7th we extended fraternal greeting to the B. Y. P. U. of Liverpool inviting them to meet with us. A social evening was spent and an address by Rev. W. B. Crowell much enjoyed. We trust that a still greater interest may be shown in the work.

ANITA G. FORD, Com. Sec'y.

Giving is Living.

The strength of a union consists not in its numbers, but in the Christ spirit it possesses and manifests.

When our Lord left as his last commission, "All the world and every creature" he must have meant it for every union and every disciple.

Some one says Brother Editor our church is small and necessarily our union is small, we do give and it takes all we can raise to meet current expenses. This was not the argument of the lad on that far away Judean mountain, by the musical waters of Galilee. He was a listener to the Saviour's words, his heart had grown large and his faith strong. When the request was made for the barley loaves and fishes, put up as a mere lunch, by a thoughtful mother's hand, he did not think of his own need, he gladly surrendered it for the hungry multitude. This small offering in the hands of Jesus provides a royal feast for 5,000.

So your pennies and dimes in the Lord's treasury can work wonders. Unioners? "give and it shall be given you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over." To you Jesus Christ is saying, "I have compassion on the multitude because they have been watching and waiting for nearly 1900 years to be fed, many have already fallen by the way, waiting for the Bread of Life. In God favored Canada there is money enough, in our Unions, there are members enough, but is there enough of Faith?—of self-denial and self-sacrifice?"

Sips From Wayside Springs.

Mr. H. C. Vedder, in "The Examiner," makes the following sensible remark regarding a much abused fact of Scripture: "Let us give the widow's mite a well earned rest in discussing this question of beneficence. The widow was commended in that she gave 'all her living.' When we have given to God all that we have, every bit, we have given the widow's mite, and not before. There are not many of that kind of widows in these days."

Knowledge is Responsibility.

Degrading the Sabbath to uses of personal pleasure, is the first step in the process that will reduce it to a day of toil.

Some of the modern Baals are, money, worldliness, pleasure, selfish ambition.

We shall never know the sweetness of Christian service till there is removed from it every motive except for Christ's sake."

The following beautiful lines from the pen of the late Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of *My Country 'tis of thee*—were given to the press as the venerable author's welcome to the Christian Endeavorer's in Boston 1895:—

BY REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D.

Greetings to all the host
From mountain, vale and coast,
River and sea.
Where'er our bands are found,
Send the glad tidings round,
Echo the joyful sound
On every breeze.

Greetings to old and young,
Greetings in many a tongue,
Lowliest and best.
Break forth in holy song,
Roll the blest tide along,
In accents sweet and strong,
With south, east, west.

Onward with purpose brave
To seek, to lift, to save,
For God, for man.
Not ours to seek delay,
Or squander one brief day,
Not ours to waste in play
Life's fleeting span.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Fulfil thy gracious word,
And take thy throne.
Like watchman at the gate
Thy youthful servants wait,
Assume thy legal state,
And reign alone.

—Boston, July, 1895.

Pray Without Ceasing.

There is a class of animals—the cetaceous—that inhabit the deep. It is their home they never leave it for the shore; yet they have ever and anon to rise to the surface, that they may breathe the air, or they would not exist in the element in which they live. Something like what is imposed on them by physical necessity, the Christian has to do by a spiritual one. It is ever and anon ascending to God, by rising through prayer into a purer region for supplies of divine grace, that he maintains his spiritual life.

"The Lord Shut Him In."

Noah did not close the door. There are works that God keeps for himself. The burden of them is too heavy for the back of man. To shut that door on a world about to perish would have been too great a responsibility for a son of Adam—the stress of it would have borne too heavily on a human heart. Another moment, and another, and another, might have been granted by the patriarch, and the door might never have been shut at all. And would he have done the work conclusively, even if he had in the first instance closed the door? Who knows but that, when the waters rose, and he heard the wailing around, and friends whom he loved held towards him their little ones, and shrieked to be taken in, he might have relented, and opened, and a rush might have been made, and the ship that carried the life of the world might have been swamped? He dared not open a door which God had shut; perhaps he could not open it. We never heard that he opened the door, even when the earth was drying. God told him when to go out.

And so it is in the ark of salvation. It is not the church, it is not the minister, that shuts or opens the door. These do God's bidding; they preach righteousness, they offer salvation, they gather in; it is God that shuts and that opens the door. And what a sound was that when, in the listening, ominous hush of earth's last evening, God shut the door! There have been sounds as well as sighs to make the boldest heart quail and the flintiest heart melt; the cry has gone up from cities given over to fire and sword, the shuddering throes of earthquakes which hurried myriads to death; but, except the cry on Calvary, which corresponded to it, no more solemn and melancholy sound has been heard by human ears than that which passed into the evening stillness when the broad green earth was left to be the grave of mankind, and God shut the door of the ark.

Once again God will shut the door. Man will not do it. Angels will not do it. But, oh, what a sigh and shudder will pass through the listening universe, when God will shut the door of the heavenly ark upon the lost!—Rev. Alexander Stewart.