

ful to his mouth, and was staring with distended eyes at—the new maid. The next minute he was on his feet shaking her cordially by the hand.

"No apology is necessary," his wife heard her say. "I am glad it happened, for I have learned as I should never have done otherwise how sincere you both were in wishing to make my visit enjoyable, without thought of repa-ration."

"Oh, Jack! is this Aunt Helen? What have I done?" "You have ruined the prospects of a certain hospital, my dear," replied Aunt Helen, "and made your husband my heir. But before we proceed any further I would like to state 'me intinshuns of lavin' yer service mum.'"
—Woman's Home Companion.

"Their Father in the Jug."

"Deaconess, oh, deaconess!" It was a woman on the street running after me. I stopped at the shrill call and a moment later the panting woman reached my side.

"There are two children very sick down in that house there by the railroad track. They are in the basement, back. Just go through the gate and knock at the kitchen door. Their father is in the jug and their mother ain't got no money, so I guess they need somebody to look after them a little."

I thanked my informer and made straight for the home. Other calls could wait. But two sick children, with a friendless, penniless mother, must be looked after at once. The children I found, had malignant diphtheria, and there was no card on the door. Before many hours elapsed a physician was at the house, and so was food and money for medicine and such help as it was possible to give. In a few days the older child died. I could not get the county to help, so I myself became responsible for the coffin and the poor burial expenses.

In a few days I was sent for again. It was night before I could go, but I did not dare wait. I found my way in the dark to what I supposed was the right house. Knocking at the door I was met by a man wearing a slouch hat and unspeakably dirt, clothes. His beard was long and dirty. His eyes stared out of a white, drawn face as he looked at me bewildered. I thought he was insane.

"I thought Mrs. H. lived here," I said, "but I must be mistaken."

The words seemed to bring him to his senses. "Oh, yes," he said, "come in. The baby has just died." It was the father just out of jail.

I entered the little kitchen. The mother was sitting in a chair with her arms hanging lifelessly down, and was crying just as rich mothers cry when their babies die. There were two children left—a little boy who was sitting on the floor by the dead baby, and a little girl, too young to understand what it meant. On a rough bench lay the little form, the gray shade of death just settling over the pretty features.

"Can you get somebody to come and help us?" the man moaned, thinking I was afraid to stay.

"I will help you," I said, "I am a servant of Jesus Christ, and I want to help you just as he would if he were here."

First of all I got down on my knees in that terrible place and asked God's help. I did it as much for my own sake as for theirs. Then rising I smoothed back the hair of the distressed mother, and tried to comfort her by telling her that the Lord had taken the little boy away from this sorrowful world to be with himself. Then I took off my jacket, turned up my dress, put on an apron, and, fortunately having disinfectants with me, I went to work in good earnest. I washed the little body and straightened the limbs. The mother found a little white gown. There was a little store-room in the house empty and windowless. I carried the form into this room, laid it on the leaf of a table I found there, and spread a white cloth over it. Then with a few more words of comfort I left them for the night.

The baby was buried the next day, again with our money from our church fund. I had notified the city at once, but no one came to investigate and help. The father's heart seemed deeply touched. He had used his leisure time in cleaning up both himself and the house as much as possible. The mother seemed reconciled at the thought that her little ones were in heaven.

This happened a year ago. Since that time the man has paid for both of the funerals, and put a little stone at both of the graves. Yesterday he sent me back the ten dollars I had advanced, with a two dollar thank-offering. The wife and little boy have both joined our church. The father says he is "trying to be good." Surely it will not be long before he, too, is brought in.—[Highways and Hedges.

Never mind whereabouts your work is. Never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see the results in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near, when you may rest from your labors. Do your duty, and trust God to give the seed you sow, "A body as it hath pleased him,"—MacLaren.

The Young People

EDITOR,

R. OSGOOD MORSE.

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Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Bread of Life, John 6: 24-40.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—April 15.

The Bread of Life.—John 6: 24-40.

Instead of the usual "comments" we present the following thoughts appropriate to the Easter season, which we hope may be suggestive to leaders and others interested in the prayer meeting.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

On Easter morning the brightness of the golden city shines upon the believer's face, and his quickened ear can almost catch the fall of its ceaseless song. On this resurrection day the tomb is boldly opened out upon its heavenward side. Death is an open archway. When once you are in it and faced the way of your destiny you do not see it; you see the light, and believe in continuous, uninterrupted life. Death is not

"So much even as the lifting of a latch. Only a step into the open air. Out of a tent already luminous With light that shines through its transparent walls."

Upon one side of the Hall of Inscriptions in the Vatican are arrayed more than 1,500 epitaphs from tombs of pagan Rome; upon the other side as many expressions of hope from surviving Christians touching their departed friends. This monumental collection has been made from the tombs with which the ancient city was surrounded. Upon the pagan side one beholds the valley of the shadow, the King of terrors, and the utterances of despair. Upon the Christian side are holy companionships, evidences of a prepared place, and the consciousness that our best days are yet to come. On one side there is not one word of peace, on the other not one word of despair. And both sides, when deeply interpreted, are proofs of immortality, for one must believe in it, even if it is a dread. We must think that it exists, even if it causes the boldest advocates of unrighteousness to tremble with dismay. So, too, he believes in it when again it rises strongly up in the soul as a desire; also when the evidence appears of a countless number of saints and martyrs who, like St. Stephen, have seen the heaven open, and like St. Paul have met a cruel fate with fearlessness, triumphing in an incontrovertible faith.

Easter brings vitality. The confidence which it has established is the strength of the soul. It nourishes us like bread. There is not one grave in all Christendom, where the story of Christ's triumph over death is known, but derives its one exclusive hope from the single fact we celebrate today. Take away the actual occurrence of the resurrection of Jesus, and you blot the sun from all the religious heavens. If Christ be not risen, there is no proof that man survives the grave, that the fearful secret of sixty centuries has found a voice, and the world within you and the world without you an interpreter and King.

Joy, then, for the news of Easter morning! Joy, too, for the victories of the Prince of peace! Where is our Saviour now? At the right hand, exalted! And our friends, where are they? Transferred, promoted, risen! —Sel.

Resurgam.

Among the buildings destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666 was old St. Paul's cathedral. The great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was directed to build it anew. When the location for the centre of the new dome was decided upon, a workman was ordered to lay a stone on the spot as a guide for the stone-masons. He picked up a fragment of a gravestone from an old burial-place near by. Its inscription was gone with the exception of one word,—*Resurgam!* ("I shall rise again!") And true enough, the symbol of ecclesiastical power in Britain did rise again on the site of its destroyed predecessor, and for three hundred years it has been to London what St. Peter's is to Rome, and the Mosque of Omar is to Jerusalem.

What a note of hope rings in the old Latin word: hope in this life and the life to come; hope to the man whose character is tainted, hope to the man who has been overwhelmed with the waves of sin or misfortune, hope for him who has seen the superstructure of his life swept away in a day—a hope that will seize upon the old Word as a rope of safety, and, appropriating its thought, as John B. Gough did, made a vow to heaven that with the help of the God who helps, "*Resurgam!*"

A Christian believer ought to connect all breaking of bread with the memory of him who is the Bread of Life. —Sunday School Times.

We cleave to the name by which God revealed himself to his ancient people—"I am"—as the name wherein our own immortality is written.—Lucy Larcon.

Contact with Him, whatever it may be, gives life; to the diseased, health; to the spiritually dead, the life of the soul; to the dead in their graves, the life of resurrection.—Alfred Edersheim, D. D.

I do not know where you begin (your faith; I know where I begin mine. I begin at the resurrection. I say, Was Christ raised from the dead? That he was. If he was, then he is a living Saviour, able and ready to save me and every man that comes to him.—W. Y. Fullerton.

The resurrection of Christ is the most magistically sublime fact of Christianity. The corner-stone of the Christian church is laid in his empty grave. On this glad Easter morn let us hail him, the conqueror of sin, the vanquisher of death, the ransom from the grave.—R. Osgood Morse.

"He is risen, as he said." Then a divine seal is set on his very saying, and our faith is valid. "He is risen"; then we have a living Saviour, declared to be the Son of God with power. "He is risen"; then death is vanquished and the uniform victory of the universal victor has been broken, the beginning of his complete and eternal defeat. "He is risen"; the first fruits, the promise, the power of universal resurrection. "He is risen"; then we too shall rise.—D. F. Estes.

Easter Lessons from the Word.

Christ the first fruits. 1 Cor. 15: 20-23; 1 Thess. 4: 14; 1 Peter 1: 3-5.
Christ our Life. John 6: 51-58; 10: 10, 11; Col. 3: 4.
Quickened together with Christ. Rom. 6: 5-8; 8: 11; Eph. 2: 4-6.

We have in hand two excellent articles on the Grande Ligne Mission, which we shall present during the present month. These articles but deepen our impression of that great need of the Baptists of Canada—*unification*. It is the task of our young people. Of this we shall say more soon.

The following letter is taken from a church paper recently received by your editor. It is so suggestive along various lines, that we urge its careful reading by all our young people.

An Interesting Letter.

The following letter, received by our clerk last summer, has been handed to the editor. The letter is in every way so charmingly ingenious, the testimony it bears is so evidently sincere, the spirit it reveals is so loyal and yet so liberal, and the criticisms it passes are so pointed and suggestive that we cannot resist the temptation to publish it:

"Members of the Baptist Church:

Dear Friends: I am a member of an Episcopalian church and I have been taught never to enter any other church. Last Sunday I felt like going to church, but there are no Episcopalian churches around here open in the evening. So your church was a great temptation. I thought to myself, What was that church there for? surely it's not undoing what our church does; so I thought if you are not against us you must be for us; I'll go in and see what kind of a service they have, and no matter what they do I'll worship my God.

I went up the steps, a young man and an elderly gentleman bade me the time of day, and I was told the seats were all free. How unlike the Episcopal! There the seats are not all free, and a strangers, yes, and members, are not spoken to unless they speak first, although all are always welcome.

Well, I picked up a book, for I found only one kind of a book, and I looked through it. There I found many of our own hymns.

I must say that I rather enjoyed that self-made prayer of the clergy's, it seemed so personal and not formal, for all our prayers are printed, and every church must use the same "Common Prayer Book."

But I wonder why the people do not kneel down when they pray to their Heavenly Father? I have been taught that kneeling is the humble position of prayer.

I do not think I shall ever be at your sacred church again, but allow me to thank you again for the privileges I have had by attending your church. I acknowledge it to be as sacred as my own dearly loved house of prayer.

I shall never forget the value of a soul and the meaning of, "to save a soul from death," because it was so explicitly treated that night.

I have ten scholars in my Sunday school class, and I have directed my attention to a pure heart and mind, but an hour in a Baptist church taught me to look after those souls, which I shall attempt to do, with God's help, when I next meet my class in September.

Asking your pardon for my boldness, I remain, a fellow worker in Christ.

AN EPISCOPALIAN.