

"Oh Little Boy," she called, "come across the street. I can't come out because the gate is locked."

The Little Boy ran quickly across the street.

"You have a back-yard, haven't you?" he said pleasantly. "Our's is only bricks."

"Yes," said the Little Girl in a most friendly way. "If the gate wasn't locked I'd show you my flowers. I have a rosebush. Have you a rosebush, Little Boy?"

"No," said the Little Boy, soberly.

"There aren't any flowers yet," said the Little Girl. "It's too soon for roses; but wait a minute and I'll pick you a leaf."

The Little Boy watched the Little Girl's blue dress as it twirled around the corner of the house. She soon came back again with a spray of pinkish-green rose leaves only partly opened. She poked it through the open work iron gate until it fell on the pavement outside, where the Little Boy picked it up.

Some grown up persons called "Supper's ready, Miss Isabel," and the Little Girl had to say "Good-night" and go in.

"Tomorrow I'll get the gate unlocked, and show you my garden," she said.

The Little Boy took his rose-leaves home. He was very happy. He put the rose-leaves in water because it was so kind of the Little Girl to give them to him.

As soon as breakfast was over next day the Little Boy took his paper soldiers and went to sit on the front steps. It was a long time before the Little Girl came. The postman and the iceman had both come and gone; and a man crying early strawberries had disappeared down the street.

At last the Little Girl came and called the Little Boy to come over.

"We are going away tomorrow," she said. This was bad news for the Little Boy.

"I didn't suppose people with back-yards went away," said he.

"We're going to the mountains for three months," said the Little Girl. "We take the baby, and Matilda, and all my dolls."

"What do you do with the back-yard?" said the Little Boy.

"I might lend that to you," said the Little Girl, thoughtfully. "I'll ask mother if I may."

That afternoon, because the sun was hot on the front steps, the Little Boy played train in the house. At 4 o'clock the door-bell rang. It was a lady—the lady who lived with the Little Girl where the back-yard was. She smiled in the same way the Little Girl smiled. She came to see the Little Boy's mother.

"If you are not going away this summer," she said, "I thought perhaps the Little Boy might like to play in our yard sometimes. It is generally cool and shady, and my Little Girl has planted some seeds which will blossom before she comes back. Your Little Boy can water them and pick the flowers. All children love flowers so, and I know you have no place for them in your yard."

"You never did a kinder thing in all your life, I am sure," said the Little Boy's mother. "I can not tell you how grateful the boy's father and I will be."

"Can I go on the grass?" asked the Little Boy.

"Indeed you may," said the Little Girl's mother, and she kissed the Little Boy's mouth.

So the Little Boy had the key to the open-work iron gate, and went in and out as he chose. He watered the flowers, and when they budded he was almost too excited to go to sleep at night until they bloomed. You see, he did not know what they would be like until they blossomed. They were nasturtiums—they blossom all the time after they are started—and there were a few fine red poppies, and a few dear pansies, and some morning-glories; yes, and the rosebush blossomed. The roses were pink. The first one was almost too precious to pick!

A man came once in a while to cut the grass, but the Little Boy and his mother took all the care of the flowers. The paper soldiers marched among the pansies, and the toy ship sailed in the grass. It was a happy summer.

One night after dark—it was autumn now—the Little Girl and her mother and father and the baby and Matilda and the dolls came home from the mountains.

The Little Girl's cheeks were brown, but they were hardly browner than the Little Boy's. He had been farming in the sunshine. His cheeks were brown, too.

The next morning he went over and rang the doorbell. The Little Girl and her mother came down stairs when they saw who was at the door.

"Here's the key to the open-work iron gate," said the Little Boy; "and I want to return that back-yard I borrowed. I'm ever so much obliged."—Exchange.

Against a slander there is no defense. It starts with a word, a nod—even with a shrug with a look, a smile. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wounds are incurable; murder its employment innocence its prey.—Fraternal News.

The Young People

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its Editor, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, Guysboro, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands nine days before the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Trained for Service, 2 Tim. 3: 10-17.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, September 11.—John 7: 1-52. How to know the teaching, (vs. 17). Compare John 8: 43.

Tuesday, September 12.—John (7: 53; 8: 11); 8: 12-59. The true freedom, (vs. 31, 32). Compare Rom. 6: 18, 22.

Wednesday, September 13.—John 9: 1-41. "Lord I believe," (vs. 38). Compare Mark 9: 24.

Thursday, September 14.—John 10: 1-42. "I am the Good Shepherd," (vs. 14). Compare Heb. 13: 20.

Friday, September 15.—John 11: 1-53; (54-12: 19). Jesus' human sympathy, (vs. 35). Compare Luke 19: 41.

Saturday, September 16.—John 12: 20-59. The attraction of all the earth, (vs. 32). Compare Hag. 2: 7.

Topic, September 10: "Trained For Service."

Scripture: 2 Timothy 3: 10-17.

COMMENTS ON TOPIC.

Saved to serve. We study that we may serve. Not only saved souls, but consecrated lives as well. This is the movement which the B. Y. P. U. A. is putting in the very forefront of the work of our churches. Our churches are resounding with the voices of the footfalls of the young people who are filling the churches with fresh tides of vitality and enthusiasm. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is greatly gifted with common-sense often expressed in a pungent way. While Bishop he one day attended a society dinner at which, sitting next to him, was a verdant young Levite. Smitten with a sense of great honor at being permitted to sit next to the Lord Bishop of London the sibilant Levite informed the Bishop how proud he was to sit by him, but how perfectly unfit he felt himself to be for such an honor. "Then make yourself fit, sir!" the Bishop good naturedly responded. That is what we need to do—make ourselves fit for Christ's service.

1. Let us not excuse ourselves by pleading that we have no gifts, no talents for service; but let us heartily set to work to stir up the gifts that we have. Many of the greatest pulpit orators of the ages stumbled and failed woefully in public speaking before they came into the well-balanced control of their trained powers; and many of our young people, who are today amongst our most acceptable leaders, were a few years ago, afraid to hear their own voices in the B. Y. P. U. meeting. In the service of Christ, and in all service, it is practice that makes perfect.

2. Take time to train. Often we are admonished that as a people we eat too hurriedly. Too many of us are like travellers at a railway lunch counter, with one eye on the train and our minds and bodies fervent with excitement. There is a close analogy between the physical and the spiritual life in this particular. The soul is not fed regularly in the green pastures and beside the still water of quietness; but it is either starved or gorged and the result, in either case, is a malformed spiritual life destitute of staying power.

3. Determine to have the very best training possible. Why not? If the best is possible for us, why be satisfied with less than the best? As has been said: "If it be true that God can do without our learning, it is also most certainly true that God can do without our ignorance." Whatever our advantages, many or few, so far as school and college education are concerned we can all find time, if we will, to discipline our minds with the permanent, satisfying literature of the world so easily accessible to-day.

And not only the mind but the heart. Oh! that we might have the heart of Christ! The heart of love, of gentleness, of patience, of long suffering, of sacrificial unselfishness. I would that every member of our B. Y. P. U. A. would learn by heart and then assimilate into the very texture of the soul life 1 Cor. 13. Many well-meaning Christian people make sad havoc of work for Christ, simply because they have not the true love of Christ in their hearts. They indulge in smiting judgments, wholesale censure, and cruel, sharp speech which break the bruised reed instead of healing it. Let us cultivate the social graces, the winsome manner, and ever pray that our souls may be refreshed with the dew of the Divine Spirit. Of the late beloved Dr. A. J. Gordon it is reported that a petition was once presented to him requesting the removal of a diligent officer. Having scanned the list of signatures appended to the petition the doctor remarked: "I note that there are three classes of people here—figure-heads, sore-heads and dead-heads." In the case of those people their powers for service had been perverted, abused and wasted. Salvation does not mean being merely saved ourselves. That is pious selfishness. That is heresy. Salvation includes qualification for service—and a glorious service it is! Let us take time to train, and train all the time. "He died learning" is chiselled on the tombstone of John Richard Green, the peerless historian of the English people.

Scripture References: Matt. 10: 42; John 13: 15-17; Phil. 2: 5-11; Col. 2: 6, 7; 1 Tim. 4: 13-16; 2 Tim. 2: 15; 3: 16-17; Heb. 13: 16; 1 John 3: 16, 18.

W. E. GRANVILLE, in Baptist Union.

To the Young Baptists of the Maritime Province.

In assuming the work of Editor of your department of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, I do so in the hope of rendering some service to the Young Peoples' Work of our churches. One aim, the glory of God, shall be kept constantly in view. This is best attained through faithful service to those whom we are called to serve.

To such service your editor freely pledges himself. This opportunity opens to me an enlarged sphere of usefulness along lines not uncongenial to my tastes. It shall be my aim to make the department serviceable and helpful.

Do not however expect the impossible. Your editor is a busy pastor. His church, not large in membership, is scattered over a large territory. To the service of the Guysboro church his first and best efforts must be given. Next to that shall he attempt to serve you. The work must be done under great disadvantages. Guysboro is distant a long way from St. John. Owing to geographical isolation, it is very seldom that your editor can meet any of the leading workers in the movement. The thrill of such contact he would highly prize. But God and duty are as near in Guysboro as in St. John. It is to God's call to duty that your editor will aim to respond.

The recent Convention in Fredericton indicated that the work of the young people is not so vigorously prosecuted as it should be. Believing that the cure for this lies in the enrichment of the spiritual life of the body, your editor shall aim at that enrichment. Though plans for the conduct of the department are maturing it is too early to announce them in full. Suffice it to say that the "Prayer meeting topic" will be continued, and if found practicable something additional of the C. C. C. attempted. In addition, many of the best minds and hearts of our denomination in these provinces shall be called upon to contribute to your department. Soliciting your earnest support in order that your department of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR may be a success, I am,

Yours for service,

R. OSGOOD MORSE.

Reports from Societies.

Much of the interest of this department arises from the "Reports from Societies or Unions." We hope to receive many of these reports. Will the secretaries kindly report the workings of their Unions or Societies promptly and regularly. Write plainly on a post card addressed to your editor. Brief, pointed communications are best. We shall reserve our right to edit these reports but hope their nature may be such that little "blue pencilling" may be necessary. Send along the reports.

Under the caption, "Blessing of the quiet hour," Rev. W. N. Hutchins, M.A., of Canning, contributes a strong article to "The Baptist Union" for August 19. He names as these blessings,—more intimate acquaintance with God, the enrichment of life, the enlargement of hope, the brightening of joy. The article is both scholarly and spiritual.

Not In Vain.

Much of the toil of men is in vain. All those who work against God labor in vain. Men who go about the country delivering lectures against the Bible, endeavoring to overthrow the faith of Christians, labor in vain. Those who write books and articles in newspapers and magazines designed to demolish the Christian religion, labor in vain and spend their strength for naught. If they should succeed in turning some away from the faith of Christ and preventing others from becoming Christians, this apparent success would be worse than failure. Those whom they persuade are no better off afterwards than they were before. Both they and their victims will regret what now they deem success. But none that labor together with God shall fail. The Lord is with them, and they are laboring on the Lord's side.

Labor is never in vain when it proceeds along the way of the forces and laws which God has established. In the cultivation of spiritual life, in the overthrow of evil, in the edification of the church, in the extension of the kingdom of Christ, no one can labor in vain who works on the Lord's side. This work not only produces good results, but it also elevates and improves the worker. The man who spends years of toil training himself for a pugilist labors in vain, because he has not improved his manhood with all his toil. Parents spend large sums of money and much effort in giving to their children what are sometimes called accomplishments, and neither the children nor the parents are benefited thereby. But the Christian, who spends time, money and toil for God and humanity grows in strength, in goodness, in happiness in manhood, every day.

This work shall abide. "Your fruit shall remain," said Jesus to his disciples. It is not so with the results of all labor. Many things are built up with great labor only to crumble. The works of the ancients have passed away. Much of the work of which men boast to-day shall vanish tomorrow, and vanish forever. But not the work of the Lord. The deed of the woman who anointed the head of the Lord with precious ointment still abides, and the fragrance of that ointment is still fresh and sweet. —Bel.