

hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed; but she was a small woman, and tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal-stove in the sitting room. "I believe I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile, and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—Sunday School Times.

At Mrs. Green's.

"The children ain't very healthy," said Mrs. Green to her neighbor, "and our doctor bills are considerable, off and on; seems as if we couldn't lay up anything! Here's my little Willy, now. I don't know what ails him, but I don't feel as if he was long for this world." And she snatched up and kissed a little slaver whom she pulled out from behind her rocking-chair, and who had a "chunk" of salt pork in one hand, and a piece of new bread in the other. These he had stolen from the pantry.

"Oh, you little rascal!" said the mother, "you are so greasy, you ain't fit to kiss; but I can't help it, Miss Day," looking at the two year-old. "Mothers don't mind, you know. It's strange, ain't it, how we love the little fellows?"

Willy dropped the pork and bread on his mother's clean white apron, threw both arms around her neck, and said, "Me love mamma."

"He's such an affectionate child," said Mrs. Green, "'twould kill me to lose him."

"He doesn't look well," said Miss Day, "I wouldn't dare let him eat such things."

"Wouldn't you? Why, he loves hot bread, and has eaten fat pork ever since he was six months old."

"Doesn't your doctor object to it?" asked her neighbor.

"Oh, he never asks me anything about his eating; he just leaves the medicine, and tells me how to give it. I believe this ain't a healthy neighborhood, Miss Day, though your folks seems well enough, for all there were so many deaths in the house before you came."

"I think we found out why it was," she replied.

"What?" was asked.

"Dirt."

"Oh, well, I'm sure that ain't the trouble in my house! I'm sure I scrub enough to wear one's life out. I always wash my floor on my knees twice a week. My kitchen stove is another thing; I black that every day."

"Yes, your floor is beautiful, Mrs. Green, and the stove makes a nice contrast with the white boards."

But Miss Day had noticed a musty smell in the house when she entered that she could not account for—everything looked so clean. Now she began to think that there was no cellar under the floor, and that the scrubbing water must run through the tracks on to the timbers and ground, and make them mouldy, and so musty smells were all the while coming up and spreading through the room. So, with all the neatness, the house was not really clean.

Miss Day also noticed some other things in Mrs. Green's home, such as a woodbox half-full of decaying chips, and thought maybe there was a whole garden of yellow mould growing up among them. But she was not a health officer, and did not dare to express her opinion.

"It is a pity," she said to herself, "that such a good woman, and one who knows so much, too, about some things, should be so ignorant about others so important. She did not wonder that little Ida had just been having chills. 'I don't see,' she said, still to herself, 'why doctors don't do their duty, and instead of telling people they have malaria, just come out plain and tell them what it means!'"—Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier, in Good Health.

Nixon, Albert County, N. B.

Just before leaving for British Columbia the Rev. S. C. Moore organized a Young People's Society here. They have at present about 25 members and expect to add more. It has been my privilege the last two nights to lead the meetings. It was encouraging to hear fifteen or twenty young and old taking part in some way. The Society has only missed two meetings and those nights were stormy. Many have more than a mile to come. At the last meeting six persons expressed a desire to accept and follow Christ as Saviour. Thank God for the Young People's Society.

GEO. H. BRAMAN.

The Young People

EDITOR,

J. W. BROWN.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Marching Orders.—Joah. 1:1-11.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, February 4.—Psalm 105:23-45. Purpose of God's mercy to Israel, (vs. 45). Compare Tit. 3:4-7.

Tuesday, February 5.—Psalm 106:1-25. A universal confession, (vs. 6). Compare Jer. 3:25.

Wednesday, February 6.—Psalm 106:26-48. A universal cry of the penitent, (vs. 47). Compare Luke 19:10.

Thursday, February 7.—Psalm 107:1-22. An enthusiastic thanksgiving. Compare 2 Cor. 9:10-13.

Friday, February 8.—Psalm 107:23-43. Present protection and prosperity. Compare Ps. 122:7.

Saturday, February 9.—Psalm 108. "My heart is fixed, O God," (vs. 1). Compare Ps. 112:1, 7.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—February 3.

"Marching Orders." Joah. 1:1-11 (Observed by C. E. Societies as Christian Endeavor Day.)

It is always a critical time when leaders are changed; when a trusted and loved "general" leaves the command, and a new and untried man comes to take his place. There are always those whose lives are so intertwined with that of a loved officer that when he is taken away they also want to quit the service. There is something significant in the way God talked to Joshua; it was a message for the people he was leading to Canaan; it is also a striking message for us all in this day. Leaders come and go; commands change; but the battle goes on; there is no discharge in the holy war till God musters out the whole command. "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan." That was a command full of blessing, if the people who were mourning for Moses could only see it. To drop the work when a leader dies, or retires, is no compliment to the departed leader; it is an indication that he made himself the centre of his work, instead of the holy cause for which he struggled.

The "blessed" in this command is not difficult to see: They would cease their mourning by being called to service; they could not see as long as their eyes were blinded by tears. There is a time to mourn for the loved and "lost awhile"; but there is a time to rise and go over "this Jordan." In the rush of the battle, in the demand for vigilance, they will rise above their sorrow; not forget it, but rise above it, make it really an incentive to better service.

Coupled with these marching orders are several conditions of victory we do well to heed.

THE LAW OF CONQUEST. (Vs. 3.)

What a forceful verse that is! "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given to you." But they had had to make that promise true by personal conquest! They could not sit-down and quietly look over the land-scape and then claim the land; true, God had promised it, but they had to go over it and put the soles of their feet upon it. Ah, my young friend, that law of conquest has not changed to this day. Look out over the fields; what land there is to be possessed—but it will be yours only as you go and make it yours, by conquering it, placing the soles of your feet upon it. There are no royal roads to possessions in this world; some seem to think so, when they have received much by some father's will; but that only is theirs which they make for themselves.

And so, with other forms of real life-possession. God has promised us all things. Shall we have them?

THE ASSURANCE OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE. (VSS. 5, 9.)

If they would follow the command of God he would go with them. This is always the case. One place where God will be with you is in the path of duty. No matter how dangerous the path may be.

Meditate upon this precious truth in connection with these Scriptures: Ex. 33:14; Isa. 41:10; Matt. 28:20.

ADHERENCE TO THE DIVINE PLAN. (VSS. 7.)

"Observe to do according to all the law." That is very important; God never sends us out to battle without giving us a plan of campaign. "This is the way, walk ye in it." Our mistake is often at this very point; we want our own way, and so turn to the right or the left, when we ought to go straight ahead. I am persuaded that much of our work is not planned of God. If we should give the Holy Spirit a chance to do what he is here to do, many of our church movements might be different from what they are; we are too far away from the divine plan. It might be well for the leader to read a chapter or two from Dr. Gordon's book, How Christ Came to Church, in connection with this point in the topic. It might help us all to a closer study of the divine plan. If we are to succeed we must adhere to it more closely than some of us are now doing.

In this connection, also, consider Elijah under the juniper tree, and Jonah fleeing away to Tarshish.

WHAT THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IS.

"This book of the law." We also have a sure word of prophecy, whereto we do well to take heed.

Call up the description of the man who delights in the law of the Lord, in Psalm 1; also Paul's suggestion to the Ephesians in Acts 20:32.

THE ASSURANCE OF VICTORY.

"There is no doubt about it; we shall go into the land that he has promised us. Nothing could keep out the children of Israel. The Jordan might seem to stop them, but the river would divide, as the sea had done forty years before. Jericho might oppose their march, but they should conquer by simple obedience to the commands of God.

God promises Paul that he shall go to Rome. That promise is enough for Paul; chains, shipwreck, serpent fastening fangs upon his hand to poison him—none of these things move Paul. He is going to Rome; God said so!

What a meeting this ought to be, as we consider our marching orders. Let us go in and possess the land.

W. H. KRISTWIRT, in Baptist Union.

"The Man With a Message."

BY MRS. HARVEY-JELLIE.

To the trees new life was coming. Fresh vigor pulsed through every twig. The air was touched with the invigorating balm of approaching spring.

All this gave no cheer to the old man as he walked into Hyde Park gate leaning on his stick.

Charlton had seen the going of seventy summers. They had taken from him those he loved; had robbed him of his health and money. Hope and desire had taken flight. A lonely, comfortless being, with cold and aching heart, he wandered on, lost in thoughts that did not give him peace.

On one of the seats he rested. Placing his stick before him, he put both hands on the top, and laid his chin upon his hands.

Behind him there came a man, holding in his hands a letter, so intently reading that he stumbled against the corner of the seat. The old man sighed and started up to see a tall dark-haired person beside him.

"I beg your pardon, friend, you were dreaming. I was reading a message," said the stranger.

"It is to be hoped your message is better than my dream then," was the grumbled answer.

"In that you ought to be the best judge, since you are aged. May I read it out and hear your opinion?" Lifting the sheet of letter paper nearer to his eyes, the unknown man read: "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Romans 8:31, 32).

"I know nothing about that," said Charlton, "I only know

LIFE IS ONE BIG DISAPPOINTMENT.

One is pursuing something that eludes the grasp all through. The end comes before any good is accomplished. Hope cheats, all things leave one, and despair settles in." Again the chin was laid on the trembling hands upon the stick.

"God grant you may wake out of such a terrible dream as that, old friend. May He give you the good he gave me out of this truth. I had wandered into doubts and fears. This letter came to me with kind advice, but the best part is this from God's Word. I find it all here in these few words: God, Jesus, Atonement, Justification, Assurance. Read it with that thought and see."

Charlton took the paper; his hand shook; his keen eye, in spite of years, peered at the words.

"Oh, yes, it may be so. All very good no doubt, but out of my line now. I'll bid you good-day; 'tis cool to sit longer."

The old man wandered on. He shivered at the rising breeze, and as the children ran and laughed, he turned to leave the park.

A cheerless room, with a tiny light from a lamp making a shadow on the whitened wall. A sharp outline of a man's face as he lay upon his bed. He had been very still; now he moves, and eagerly fumbles for a book from the table near the bed.

For days his thoughts had been running along new tracks, feeling after some firm ground to stand upon. The book is old; he had a strip of paper placed within it, where he reads by his feeble light:

"If God be for us." "God!" he repeats, and leaning back he thinks. Then raising himself once more he reads:

"Spare not his own Son." Atonement, "Delivered Him up for us all." "With Him," Jesus, "give us all things, Justification and Assurance." The cold expression changes to a cheerful look. Hope chases despair away. The feeble frame vibrates to the music of redemption. Charlton has wanted this to reach his wretched life, yet knew it not. Now he is old and worn; Nature has received her summons to give up her hold; he has but another week to live; but there, at last he prays, and takes God's unspeakable gift, the Christ who died to save.

"Hannah, come near," he said to his grand-daughter who lived with him; "where is she?"

"Whom do you mean, grandfather?" she asked.

The old face brightened again as he answered, "I mean the man with the message."

"You are dreaming; there has been no one here," she said.

"No, my girl, he woke me out of my dream; he brought me a message of hope. Hannah, I wish he had come long ago, and saved me all the years of needless gloom. But you must wander out, as I did. Perhaps he'll come along your way. I'm tired. I cannot tell you now." She watched him close his eyes. He looked so strangely calm, so really satisfied, she

WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

The sun was shining when he spoke again.

"Get it very quickly, Hannah, while I have power to show you—the old book, there. Hand it to me."

She took the Bible from his shaking hand.

"'Tis all there. Why did I never find it? All there—the balm to heal life's woes, the hope to gladden the heart. Thank God for that man with the message."

Hannah marvelled to see the change. He had been so irritable and sharp. She read the words aloud.

"Take it in, my girl, all your life will be altered, and see to it that others hear of it when you grasp the truth."

"Grandfather, you are ill, what shall I get you?"

A long, still look upward. The old pinched face relaxed into peaceful repose as he said, "He freely gives us all things, even peace in death." This tired man lay tranquil in his last sleep, his soul trusting in his Saviour.

Multitudes traverse our world baffled by life's mysteries, worn by life's cares, longing for some solution and relief. In Christ's name we ask, "Where is the man with the message?" Where are those who know the glad tidings of great joy? Are they so engrossed in their own delight that they cannot spare time to tell to sinners round what a Redeemer they have found? Or are they growing cold and forgetting the time is short?

"Speak, lips of mine, and tell abroad

The praises of thy God.

Speak, stammering tongue, in gladdest tone,

Make his high praises known."

—The Christian.