

colonel, taking in the situation, explained. Couldn't Mr. Smith go to the inn for the night, and come to the castle in the morning? But that is just what Mr. Smith objected to do.

"If you was to come to Attleborough my missus would find you a bed, 'specially if we'd asked you to come; and if you was as hungry as I be, I warrant she'd find you something to eat into the bargain."

The colonel was sympathetic, and took Mr. Smith to his rooms, gave him bed and supper, and took him to the castle the next morning.

The prince consort was ready to receive him. "He shook hands with me quite friendly," said Mr. Smith afterward, "and we got talking about my plow, and I showed him how the models worked. He liked them so much that he ordered one to be made, and said I could call it the 'Albert plow.'"

Then came the queen. Theophilus was astonished. He had expected a woman with "a gold scepter in her hand, and her gown all a-trailin' behind, same as we see in the pictures. But there she was, a comely, simple woman, with a kind look on her face." They talked of plows, and farms, and wages, and cottages, and poor people, and then the conscience of Theophilus smote him.

"By-and-by," said the farmer, in telling the story to a friend, "I began to get uneasy. 'Theophilus,' I said to myself, 'you're brought before princes and kings, and you must testify.' I looked to the Lord for an opening, and 'tworn't long before it came."

The "opening" came from the queen.

"Mr. Smith, however did you come to think of this clever invention?" asked her majesty; and Mr. Smith, now quite at home with his monarch and her consort, took the plow for his text and delivered himself of his sermon.

"Well, your majesty," began the farmer-preacher, "I had it in my head for a sight o' days before it would come straight. I saw what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to get at it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I thowt, but it wouldn't come clear nohow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, an' one morning the whole thing came into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model."

"Why, Mr. Smith," interrupted his royal listener, "do you pray about your plows?"

The queen had given the farmer another text, and on Theophilus went with his sermon.

"Why, there now, your majesty, mum, why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven, he knew I was in trouble about it, and why shouldn't I go and tell him? I mind o' one of my boys when he was a teeny little mite, I bowt him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with it. Well, he comes to me one day cryin' as if his little heart would break. He'd broken the whip, an' he bowt it to me. Well now, your majesty, mum, that whip worn't nothin' to me—it only cost eighteenpence when 'twas new—but it was something to see the tears a-runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him on my knee, and I wiped his tears with my handkercher, and I kissed him I did, and I comforted him. 'Now, don't you cry, my boy,' says I; 'I'll mend the whip, I will, so that it'll crack as loud as ever, and I'll buy a new one next market day.' Well now, don't you think our Father in heaven he cares as much for me as I for my boy? My plow worn't of much consequence to him, but I know right well my trouble was."

He was a rough and ready preacher, and he had no pulpit to preach from; but his royal listeners were moved by the farmer's simple faith. "You're a good man, Mr. Smith," said the queen, "and I am glad that I have subjects such as you."

"Your majesty, mum," replied the farmer, "I ain't got nothing good about me but what comes from God;" and the queen agreed, though surely not in the words Theophilus attributed to her, "No, nor, ain't none of us, Mr. Smith."

The prince joined in the conversation, and it was, said Mr. Smith, "for all the world like a band meeting." Then her majesty dismissed the farmer to lunch, and suggested that he should see the pictures. "Well now, your majesty, mum, I ain't much judge of pictures," said the honest man, "but if I might see the dear babe!" And so Theophilus was allowed to see the little princess royal, the mother of the German Emperor, before he came away. It was in the open air he saw her, and, taking off his hat, he offered a prayer to heaven for the little first-born of the queen.

Theophilus was a proud man when he returned to Attleborough, and he held his head high in the little church. He had "testified" before the great ones of the earth, and was not ashamed. A few weeks afterward there arrived at his house a parcel from Windsor—a splendidly bound Oxford Bible, with these words on the fly-leaf: "Presented by command of Her Majesty to Mr. Theophilus Smith, Hill Farm, Attleborough, Norfolk, Oct. 1, 1841." Mr. Smith was prouder still, and he traveled to Windsor once more to get the queen's signature. Her Majesty gladly wrote her name in the Bible, and underneath the prince consort wrote "Albert." The Bible is now in South Africa, in the possession of a member of the family now living in that troubled country.

The honest farmer died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, and his death is recorded on a tablet in the chapel where he was a deacon. "A silent memento," the tablet runs, "of Theophilus Smith. Born March 23, 1781; baptized (A. D.) 1820; admitted a member and elected a deacon of this church, August, 1825. Died in the faith of Christ, February 27, 1848."—Home Magazine.

## The Young People

EDITOR,

J. W. F. C. W. N.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Lone Star Mission. Alternate topic: Paul, the missionary: the secret of his success. 2 Tim. 4:1-8.

### Daily Bible Readings

Monday, October 29.—Psalm 25. "Guide me in thy truth," (vs. 5.) Compare John 17:17.  
Tuesday, October 30.—Psalm 26. "Examine me, O Lord, and prove me," (vs. 2.) Compare Ps. 139:23.  
Wednesday, October 31.—Psalm 27. "Hide not thy face from me," (vs. 8.) Compare Ps. 143:7.  
Thursday, November 1.—Psalm 28. A gracious prayer, (vs. 9.) Compare 1 Peter 5:2.  
Friday, November 2.—Psalm 29. "Give unto the Lord," what? Compare Ps. 96:7, 8.  
Saturday, November 3.—Psalm 30. "In his favor is life," (vs. 5.) Compare Ps. 63:3.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—October 28.

Paul, the missionary: the secret of his success.—2 Tim. 4:1-8.

1. The secret was that he was working for a winning cause. The gospel is sure to find its way in the world, just as the leaven found its way in the meal.

(a) He preached the Word, not *his* word, nor a word, but the word of the living God, the message from the throne.

(b) "He was instant in season; out of season." He was a strictly, cheerfully and industriously obedient servant.

If you would make life a success, go thou and do likewise.

Our president, Brother MacLean, has spoken very frankly and earnestly in the letter below. Let its message be to increase our zeal in study and service.

### Our Young People's Work.

There is a department of our church work which seems to be in danger of becoming extinct, if we are to judge by the expression of opinion which is most frequently given. I refer to the Young People's Movement in our churches. There has been a growing sentiment of late that the Young People's Movement is not accomplishing the work which it was intended to do, that indeed the organization has no distinct mission to fulfil.

Such expressions have been frequently made to the writer. And while he would faintly refute them, he has been unable for point to the past glorious history of the movement, and to its present healthy condition for the necessary refutation. Those who are most ardent in their support of the Young People's work, should be, and are the first to recognize the fact that hitherto we have fallen far short of our ideal. In the comparatively few instances where the work has been carried on with any marked degree of success, it has been with an unusual expenditure of time and energy, which involved neglect of other phases of church work not less important than this.

The response made by the young people in the various churches to the earnest appeals of the pastor and others, has in the past been very half-hearted. Almost as half-hearted as the response made at our Maritime Convention in August last. If we regard the representation at our Convention as a barometer of public opinion with reference to the movement, somebody must be called upon in the near future to write its obituary. I hope the unpleasant duty will not fall to the lot of the president—nor of anybody else. The fact remains that there is coming to be a very general lack of interest in this work in the various churches, while some are coming to regard it as the fifth wheel of the coach.

This forebodes anything but success. How shall we account for this decline of interest in the work of the young people? It was supposed by many that the cause was pointed out when at our annual Convention it was shown that the best results could not be realized while we remained a part of the international organization of the young people of America. It was also supposed that the most effective remedy was suggested when it was proposed practically to break away from the international Union, and effect a national organization with the special object of meeting the needs of Canadian young people.

When the Maritime Union had definitely committed itself to this proposed change, it was hoped that an era of prosperity in our young people's work was about to dawn. It seemed probable that during the coming winter classes might be organized for the study of Canadian missions. But here we are informed that the proposed

scheme cannot be launched during the present year. Which means that the local Unions have nothing definite left them save the weekly prayer meeting, and any independent course of study which leaders may be inclined to adopt. As president of the Maritime Union, the writer wishes to draw attention to the fact that, under such circumstances, a still further decadence of interest is almost inevitable during the present year. Nor does it seem possible for the officers of the Union to do anything to prevent it. What little interest was taken in the C. C. Courses has been dissipated by the action of the Maritime Union at our Convention in Halifax; and no substitute has been provided.

The president would like to summon the army of young people to aggressive work during the fall and winter. But he has nothing definite to which to summon them. He can therefore only urge the leaders in this work in the various churches, either to follow the C. C. Courses for another year, or to adopt any independent course of study that may be deemed profitable, with the hope that better things may be proposed when this transition year is ended. M. A. MACLEAN.

Truro, N. S., Oct. 16th, 1900.

### Notes from Upper Canada, B. Y. P. U.

Our Union has not been reported for some time but it is not to be supposed that we are spiritually dead or asleep; on the contrary we are in a flourishing condition having every Sunday evening meetings with good attendance, and from which is to be trusted great spiritual good is procured. About a fortnight ago a very interesting Missionary Conquest meeting was held, on our Telugu Mission field in India. These services are held the last Sunday evening in every month, and doubtless they are of much benefit in providing information which otherwise a great many of our members could not get. A Junior Union has recently been formed, and your prayers are asked that it may be the means of leading many of our young people to the Saviour. We would in the closing months of this old century be found always faithful to our Master, "Whose we are and whom we serve." G. A. MACDONALD, Cor. Sec'y.

A fine family-Bible on the parlor table is a fine advertisement of family piety, but it is a poor imitation of a family altar.

It is said that the Christian natives of the South Sea Islands prepare their Sunday food on Saturday. Not a fire is lighted, neither flesh nor food is cooked, nor a tree is climbed, nor a canoe seen on the water, nor a journey by land undertaken on God's Holy day.

## Henry's Temptation.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

The other night when Henry's mamma was putting him to bed, she had a serious talk with him about the temptations that come to boys and young men. She told him about drinking, and gambling, and smoking, and all other dangerous ways that young men fall into, and every now and then Henry would say:

"I never will, mamma; I never will!"

"But," said his mother, "these temptations are so strong, Henry, and the boys feel so brave. They think they will never fall into these bad ways, but, before they know it, a great many of them do."

"I don't care, mamma, how many do, I never will. You need not worry for me," cried Henry.

"Oh, Henry," said his mamma, "don't boast. So many fine young men have been ruined by yielding to temptations."

"Mamma, I will never, never yield," said Henry, very earnestly.

Then he asked:

"Mamma, how old must I be before these temptations come to me?"

"They may come at any time. Some of them come to you now."

"Yes," answered the little boy, in a very quiet voice, "I know one."

"What is that?" asked mamma.

"In school, when we say the Lord's Prayer every morning," he replied, "the teacher tells us that we must close our eyes and fold our hands. The other boys won't do it, and they laugh at me all the time because I do. And then there is one boy who pulls first my ears and then my nose, trying to tempt me to open my eyes, but I won't yield."

"Who is the boy who does that?" asked mamma, very gently.

"I don't know, I never open my eyes to see."

"Why don't you tell the teacher about it, and let her stop the boy?"

"I don't want to tattle," answered the little boy. "That would be almost as bad as yielding."

"Well, good night," said mamma, and then, as she kissed him, she added, "I don't believe that my little boy ever will yield, since he can bear so much and so bravely."

But after that Henry noticed that the boys did not tease him any longer about closing his eyes, and as to pulling his ears and nose, why they even did not touch him during the prayer. When he spoke to mamma about it, she said, "A little bird must have told the teacher," and Henry did not even guess what she meant. —The Presbyterian.