

do it now they have a new one. It is only right for you to rest.'

'Rest!' he said. 'But God's house is the house of rest. I have sat in that old corner and forgotten all my troubles hundreds of times, and God has often had something to say to me that He did not say to the rest of the folk. Aye, how I loved that old place! It was like heaven to me!'

'But the old chapel is gone, William, and the brand new one in its place might have a new pew-opener to-day if you did not go.'

'Yes, I know. The deacons would like to do it themselves, I can see that! But the people know me. They wouldn't feel so much at home if I didn't put them into their pews. Forty years, and never missed a morning or an evening! Fetch me my boots, and let me go, Mary.'

'It pours with rain,' objected his wife.

'Have I ever let the rain stop me or the wind or the snow or the sun? Don't hinder me now, Mary; it is time to get ready.'

His wife fetched his boots and he put them on, though he was a long time doing it. She made herself ready to accompany him, and they went together through the streets. He walked very unsteadily, and she watched him closely lest he should fall. He muttered to himself, and laughed at his own thoughts and words several times.

'Aye, what a job it was to find room for them all! I don't know where to put you, I used to say, and I kept them waiting in the aisle, broadcloth and fustian, calico and satins all alike together. 'Find me a place, William, I am only a little one,' they used to say, and I pushed them in; yes, I pushed them all in.' yes, I pushed them all in.'

'There is room enough now in that big new chapel,' said his wife.

'Not too much though,' he replied, testily; 'our minister can fill a bigger place than that, I warrant you.'

When they reached the chapel the crowd had already begun to assemble, and the two youngest deacons were at the door showing individuals into the pews.

'Late!' said William. 'Why, I was never late before. That clock must be wrong.'

The deacons glanced at each other as the old man came up and began pushing the people right and left to make a way for himself.

'I don't know where you are all to go,' he said, 'but I will do my best endeavors to find you places.'

Many smiled when they saw him. They knew him and his gruff manners very well, and could always count upon his kindness. But the deacons looked a little worried. They had talked the matter over and decided that some one more polished than William should be found to take his place. They did not want to hurt the old man's feelings, but still they were quite resolved to bring about that which was best for the chapel.

William pushed past one of them, beckoning with his finger to several persons who had appealed to him for places, and he marched them up toward the front of the chapel. The deacon tried to intervene, but could not, lest there should be a scene, for a look of grim determination had settled on the old man's face.

'You have put those people in Mr. Jones's pew, and he has visitors; he will not be very pleased at that!' remarked the deacon.

'Mr. Jones's pew? Ah! well, he shouldn't have changed it. He used to sit on the other side. I can't remember all people's fads about their new seats. This new chapel bothers me!'

He marched off with another set, and the deacon waited until he returned.

'It is not that we want to get rid of you, William,' he said, 'we know how much you have done for the church and the old chapel, but don't you think you had better rest a little until you get more used to the new place and the changed seats?'

'Forty years, and I never missed a service, can you say that?'

'No, I cannot. I am not forty years old yet.'

'Well, I am, and a good deal more. And I never went away for a Sunday's holiday in my life, never—not once for more than forty years.'

'It is a wonderful record.' Silence fell upon the vestibule as well as in the chapel, for the minister had taken his place in the pul-

pit and had risen to pray. William closed the door and stood with his back to it, erect and resolute. His mind was perturbed, and his body was full of pain, but though he did not close his eyes, nor bow his head, the prayer tranquillised him.

A few people gathered in the lobby during the prayer, and he conducted them to seats, and then took his own at the door. He had nearly quarrelled with the deacons about this. He wanted to sit in the old wooden chair which he had occupied for the forty years of his service, but they wanted nothing old in the new place. Neither side was disposed to yield, but at length a compromise was effected, it was the same old chair, newly stained and varnished.

It held the pew-opener that morning for the last time, though he was not conscious of it. His seat was behind all the others, but those who sat nearest looked at him curiously several times. He did not stand to sing as was his custom, and once he was observed to walk aimlessly half-way up the aisle and back again. As the sermon proceeded his face lighted with pleasure, and there was a far-away look in his eyes as if they saw beyond the near and the present.

When the service was over and the congregation streamed past him, many smiled their recognition upon the old man, and turned to look at him again because of something new in his face.

He was glad when his wife appeared.

'I suppose you are not ready to go with me?' she said, but he replied by putting his hand on her arm, and walking away. He did not answer when she spoke to him, until they reached the house. Then he fell into his chair with a sigh of weariness.

'Take off my boots, Mary,' he said, 'I shall not want them again. And the deacons don't want me any longer, after more than forty years, and never missed once. Ah, what a crowd there is! What a beautiful crowd! What shall I do with you all? No no. I don't mean that. Come along in. There is room for us all in the Father's House, all and everyone come along all of you. I will take you in.' Then he looked at his wife as if half-conscious that something was wrong. 'What was I saying, Mary? O, I know what I wanted to say: 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.'

Responsibility.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star
ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who
knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest crea-
ture?
No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger there-
by!
The spirits of just men made perfect on
high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the
throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious
their own—
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, hon-
est sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand
they make weary—
The heart they have sadden'd—the life they
leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of
the Spirit
Echo, 'He that o'ercometh shall all things in-
herit!'

—Lytton.

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'Papa's Prayers.'

A great many people are spending their breath praying when they ought to be materializing their prayers. Are you one of them? It is useless to pray down blessings upon your pastor, or the poor and needy, when your granaries and larders are fairly bursting with them. The following may be a timely hint:

Sickness came one year to the poorly-paid pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household, there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer-boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

'What do you want, boy?' asked one of the elders.

'Pa couldn't come, so I've brought his prayers,' replied the boy.

'Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?'

'Yes, brought his prayers, and they're out in the waggon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in.'

Investigation disclosed the fact that 'pa's prayers' consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, oatmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned at short notice.—Gospel Banner.

Don't Trifle With Death.

The suddenness with which death may overtake a man was never illustrated in a more real or terrible manner than in the following instance: Archbishop Leighton was travelling in Scotland one day, when he came across two men of bad character, who were determined to get some money from him, although they had not the courage to rob him openly. As soon as they spied his Grace approaching in the distance, one said: 'I will lie down by the wayside here as if I were dead, and you can inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning' (a thunder-storm was raging at the time), 'then no doubt he will give you something towards my burial.' This wicked intent was put into practice, and the Archbishop, on coming up, sympathized with the survivor and gave him some money, and then recommended his journey. When the man, however, returned to his companion, he found him really dead. 'Oh, Sir!' he cried out to the Archbishop, 'he is dead! he is dead!' And his Grace then learnt the fraud which had been practised upon him, and its terrible result. It is a dangerous thing indeed to trifle with the judgments of God.—Helen C. Tancock.

LOYAL CANADIANS

Are Going to Wear a Maple Leaf on
Dominion Day Next.

It is fitting that in these days of growth and prosperity we do more than we have been in the habit of doing by way of celebrating our great national holiday. Dominion Day is a great day because it commemorates the confederation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the laying of the plans for the larger nation that now is—and the larger still that soon will be.

It is the more necessary that we cultivate a pride in our great Dominion that we may the more speedily infuse the great herds that are coming to our fair land with a like pride. Many of them speak a strange tongue and have stranger ideas, but they can see a flag, and they can see a maple leaf, and these will tell them of the love and pride that we have for our country, and they soon will hoist the Canadian Flag and wear the Canadian Emblem with a like enthusiasm.

With this in view we have ordered a large supply of very beautifully colored maple leaf brooches and stick or cravat pins, in hard enamel and inlaid. See announcement on back page. The latter part of the announcement will greatly interest scholars of day and Sunday Schools.