

nice." He then looked with childish pride at his nice shoes and stockings.

"That's so," answered the other, trudging along. "S'pose we speak to Mr. White about it; he may not see Johnnie in the crowd. My mother'd be shocked to have me ride with a barefooted boy through town."

Billie assented, and they hurried round to the side of the hall to speak to the superintendent before the school started. He heard their remarks very kindly, but simply said:

"Johnnie's bare feet won't hurt you any, my boys, and they may do somebody some good before night. We'll let him go."

When the children arrived at the beautiful park, and ran down to the shore of the little pond, there were many who stripped off shoes and stockings, and Johnny had lots of company for his wading in the water. So he forgot for a while that he was different from the others. When the rest hurried on their shoes and stockings to go to the big tables for dinner, Johnnie felt the lump in his throat again, but he went on with the rest.

After such a dinner as he had not had since last year's picnic, Johnnie walked over to the big swing, and was soon in the height of glee. Rising away, away, oh, so high in the air! then sinking swiftly backwards, but to rise again still higher. After a little while Billie and Jimmie came up and watched him. Nobody had swung so high before, and they could not help wondering how he did it.

Pretty soon, Billie asked if he might get on too, and Johnny gladly "let the old cat die"—that is, he let the swing stop itself—and then the two swung together a good long time. Suddenly, when they were high at the back just starting down on the swift long sweep, they were startled by the cry, "Run away, sissy, Run, quick!" They saw a toddling baby right in their path. They would surely kill her.

"Down with your feet, Billie! Stop her hard—and hang on!" yelled Johnnie to his seatmate as they came down like a flash. But Billie was too scared to do anything but hold on while Johnnie struck the ground in full force and held himself straight and stiff until the swing stopped, just beside the little girl.

The crowd rushed up to cheer the brave boy and take the baby out of danger. Then they saw that Johnnie's poor bare feet had great gashes cut in their soles, and that he had stood the pain like a hero to save the little girl's life.

Kind hands quickly bound up the bleeding feet, and two boys, besides some others, felt that those bandages were far more honorable than the finest shoes and stockings that were ever made. What made Johnnie happiest however, was that one man promised him work at good wages. Do you suppose Johnnie disappointed him?—J. Fred. Smith, in S. S. Times.

Midsummer Music.

Oh, hear the blithe bumblebee booming along,
His trail in the garden a ribbon of song;
He drifts from the porch to the trim hollyhock,
Then pauses awhile on the rose-tree to rock.

He tosses and tumbles
About in the sun,
And buzzes and bumbles,
His heart full of fun;
Then out of the garden he whirls on his way,
To frolic and frik with the breezes at play.

Oh, hear the gay bobolink carol in glee,
A beam on the bough of the low apple-tree,
Or circling about in a dream of delight
Where clover-seas dimple in crimson and white.

No care his heart troubles;
With rapture he brims,
While madly he bubbles,
With song as he skims
Across the green field and the swift-flashing stream,
Whose gold-hearted lilies in peace dip and dream.

Oh, hear the red-squirrel that gambols, care-free,
And chatters 'way up in the hickory-tree
O'erjoyed as the cricket, whose notes rise and fall,
As shrilly he fifes in the mossy stone-wall.

The wind in song's fitting—
The tree-toad in vain
Is rasping and splitting
The welkin for rain;
While, leaf-screened, the locust, in sharp and in flat,
Sound loud the ta-ra of his rat-tat-tat.

Oh, midsummer's music's supreme in the mead;
It laughs in the rillet, and leaps in the reed;
It rustles and ripples and romps in the leaves;
It sobs in the rain, in the whirlwind it grieves.

The bright daffodilly
It lures to repose;
It sighs in the lily
And dreams in the rose;

While haunting the nooks where the fairies abide,
The charms it interprets of midsummertime.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in the August Woman's Home Companion.

"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it."

"The real man is the one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself."

"In the path of duty you are sure to journey with God."

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

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. F. U. Topic.—Spiritual Acquaintance. Job 22: 21-23.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, September 2.—Job's complaint at his friends' cruelty (vs. 3). Compare Gen. 31: 7.
Tuesday, September 3.—Job 20. Zophar—the end of the wicked (vs. 29). Compare Job 27: 13.
Wednesday, September 4.—Job 21.—Job—the wicked perish at last (vs. 19). Compare Ex. 20: 5.
Thursday, September 5.—Job 22. Eliphaz—Job exhorted to repent (vs. 23). Compare Ps. 119: 11.
Friday, September 6.—Job 23. Job—God knows my ways (vs. 10). Compare Ps. 139: 1-3.
Saturday, September 7.—Job 24. Job—the wicked get their dues (vs. 17). Compare Prov. 10: 7.

By the time that this issue reaches our readers a new editor will have been appointed for this department. We are fully conscious that we have rendered an imperfect service. We have not reached the ideal which we set at the beginning of the year. With the many urgent demands of a large pastorate upon us, much of the work has necessarily been done under a high pressure. We have tried to do our best.

We express our gratitude to the Unions that have co-operated with us in making a success. We likewise take pleasure in expressing our thanks to all the brethren who have so acceptably treated the Prayer Meeting Topics, and also to those who have responded to our requests for articles from time to time. Many valuable suggestions have been given in these articles. We sincerely trust that some one with more ability and more leisure to devote to this work will be chosen for the coming year.

Prayer Meeting Topic—September 1.

Spiritual Acquaintance. Job 22: 21-23.

It is wisdom supreme to know God. There is no such thing as deep and true peace without an acquaintance with him. Suppose the case of one possessing high intelligence allied with all the virtues of human life, but who lacks entirely any personal faith in God as a person. If you ask if his nature is at peace, he answers, Yes; I have no fear, no trouble, except that which comes by ignorance or inattention to law. Life is not long; I shall soon be in the dust, and that will be the end of me. I am at peace. The peace of such a man may be calmness, indifference; but it cannot be the same thing that comes into a soul and flows through it and down into its far depths as the result of acquaintance with God.

Imperfect and partial knowledge of God is practically more disturbing and alarming than complete scepticism. Once allow his existence, and it is impossible ever to put that existence anywhere but in the primary place. Those who are imperfectly acquainted with God look at some of his attributes separately, but never at the centre and essence of the character where all the attributes meet.

Acquaintance with God means dwelling with him; making one's home with him. Even as the branch dwells or abides in the vine we may abide with him. This is not done by unceasing effort on our part, but by quietly accepting Christ as our home and living in him. Worry and anxiety will then give place to trust and sweet repose. The branch is simply held by the vine, and lives because the vine lives. So we live because Christ lives. Our life is hid with Christ in God.

Our lesson sets forth the result of acquaintance with God. Good will come to us, and we will be built up. Job had been shattered, but now a return to God was to bring reconstruction—he was to be built up. We have all been shattered with sin, and are in need of reconstruction such as is found in Jesus Christ. Good will surely come to those who become acquainted with God. No man is good who avoids the society of God. This is the supreme criterion of goodness, and the pledge that all goodness in abundance and variety will come. The "good" that comes is nothing less than all the benefits and blessings of the gospel.

Gathered Thoughts.

'What is the difference between anarchy and Christianity?' asks some one in the 'Advance,' and the reply is as follows: 'Anarchy says what's thine is mine. Christianity says what's mine is thine, and the difference is world-wide.'

The religion of Christ is suited to tired women and peevish children. It is suited to the office, the cradle, the sewing-machine, the headache, the heart-ache, the nursery, the school-room, the lonely attic, the evening ramble. It should sweeten all the moments, thoughts and feelings, the voice, the conversation, the toils and afflictions of life, the temper, and the heart.—Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, D. D.

The greatest danger Paul sees for the Christian soldier is just at the point where he has 'done all.' And is not Paul right in his perception? Is not the arduous bit of a Christian's life rather the camp than the field? When a man feels he is surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses it is comparatively easy to lay aside every weight. But when there is no outward battle, no visible foe, no possible wreath for the victor; when the field is his own heart, and the enemy his own wish, and the spectator his own conscience; when there is no human voice to cry 'Well done,' and no public opinion to say, 'He has fought the good fight'—that is the time when he needs the Christian armor.—George Matheson, D. D.

It would be well if many Christian workers would ponder the following remarks of a writer in 'The Life of Faith': 'A Sunday School superintendent, speaking of one of his teachers, recently said, "He is a good, earnest fellow, but he is always a quarter of an hour late." The thought at once occurred as to how this chronic unpunctuality could be consistent with the teacher being "a good earnest fellow," and, further, whether his goodness and earnestness would avail him with an earthly master if he were invariably late for business. Is it not puzzling that Christian people offer to the Lord what they would never dream of offering to an earthly employer? How are we to account for this persistent forgetfulness of faithfulness "in that which is little?"—"Faithful Witness."

Of the story of the Prodigal Son, Dean Farrar says: 'Never certainly in human language was so much—such a world of love and wisdom and tenderness—compressed into such a few immortal words. Every line, every touch of the picture is full of beautiful, eternal significance. . . . Put in the one scale all that Confucius, or Sakya Mouni, or Zoroaster, or Socrates ever wrote or said—and they wrote many beautiful and holy words—and put in the other the parable of the Prodigal Son alone, with all that this single parable connotes and means, and can any candid spirit doubt which scale would outweigh the other in eternal preciousness—in divine adaptation to the wants of man?'

It is the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson that God can not use a man for his glory while the man is intent upon his own glory. He goes on to speak of his own early ambitions after entering the ministry, his thirst for a great pastorate, a fine church, for literary successes, and all that. While these ambitions were consuming his energies he marked the lack of spiritual fruit in his ministry, as betokened by few conversions and no great advancement in the spiritual life of his parishioners. His soul was troubled. He felt that he must choose at once and forever betwixt carnal ambitions and spiritual usefulness. He prayed over it, told his wife about it, talked with evangelists, and finally resolved that soul-saving should become the absorbing work of his life. From that time on he was supremely blest.

A fire may be fanned with wind, but it must be fed with fuel; and facts are the fuel to be gathered, then to be kindled by God's Spirit, and then scattered as burning brands to be as live coals elsewhere.—A. T. Pierson, D. D.

"Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life."