

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; and 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 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, 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 did not even 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. —Presbyterian.

The Little Lantern.

There was once a tiny Japanese lantern. It was so small and homely that no one wanted to buy it. It happened by mistake, one day, to be sold in an order of costly and beautiful lanterns.

The little lantern was mocked by the large and handsome ones. It said nothing, but it felt very badly.

The man who bought the lanterns wanted to use them to decorate his seaside villa in honor of a great procession. The night came for the procession, and one after the other the lanterns were taken out and strung around the house. They were all much admired, except the homely little lantern, which, when first seen, was laughed at by everyone. From its obscure corner it looked out upon the gay scene, and said nothing, although it felt very badly.

The lanterns were all lighted, for the grand procession was soon to go by. They all danced gayly around in the evening breeze.

Suddenly there was a cry: "The procession is coming!" Just then there was a quick gust of wind; and, to the dismay of everyone, one after the other, each lantern went out—every one except the homely little lantern, which shone steadily on.

"Quick! Matches!" the master shouted. But, for some reason, none were to be had.

"What shall we do?" he shouted again. "The procession is just around the corner, and here all is darkness."

The master glanced at the homely little lantern. The music from the procession was coming nearer. He glanced at the little lantern once more. Its light was small, but still it was burning.

Quickly he took it; and carefully, going from one to the other, he relighted the darkened lanterns by its aid, and was just hanging up the little one again when the procession appeared.

"The homely little lantern, by its faithfulness, has done more than all the rest," the master said.

The little lantern said nothing, but was very happy. —Zion's Herald.

A boy of twelve, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed, "Johnny, you appear to eat well."

"Yes, aunty," replied the urchin, "I've been practicing all my life." —Tit-Bits.

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Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—A Nameless Girl Heroine. 11 Kings 5: 1-4.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, May 20.—1 Chron. 23: 1-6, (7-24), 25-32. Servants in the Service of the Lord (vs. 28). Compare Ps. 84: 10.

Tuesday, May 21.—1 Chron. (24); 28. A father's wise Advice (vs. 9). Compare 1 Kings 2: 1, 2.

Wednesday, May 22.—1 Chron. (25); 29. David before the whole congregation. Compare 1 Kings 23: 3.

Thursday, May 23.—1 Chron. 26; 11 Chron. 1. A young man's wise choice (vs. 10). Compare Prov. 4: 7.

Friday, May 24.—1 Chron. 27; 11 Chron. 2. Solomon's idea of God's greatness (vs. 6). Compare Acts 7: 18, 49.

Saturday, May 25.—11 Chron. 3; 11 Chron. 5: 1-6; 11. Solomon fulfilled God's word to David (6: 10). Compare 11 Sam. 7: 11, 12.

Article No. 5 in last week's issue was uplifting and hopeful. The next subject, No. 6, "Should all of our churches have a B. Y. P. U? If not what sort of churches should have them?" will be treated by Rev. D. Hutchinson, pastor of Moncton church. His article will appear next week.

Prayer Meeting Topic—May 19

A Nameless Girl Heroine. 11 Kings 5: 1-4

The picture is that of a great general, and popular hero, flushed with victory. In contrast with this we see a little captive maid, nameless and helpless. But there is a greater difference than this; the one in his greatness has the awful taint of leprosy in his flesh, and the gangrene of idolatry in his soul, while the other, having been robbed at once of her home, her freedom, and her childhood, has what is far better, that which makes history for a person or nation, a simple faith in the God of her fathers. Naaman looked upon himself as a great general who happened to be a leper; while we now see him as a great leper who happened to be a general.

The little maid was a heroine, because it took wonderful pluck as well as faith for her to dry her tears, look with pity and sympathy upon the misery of her master, and remembering the God of her fathers, to recommend him as a physician who would heal her lord's ill. She was a heroine, not because her memory abides, she would have been just as great in the eyes of God had her history perished with her name.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But for that purpose they were created, and it has taken all that wasted sweetness to make the fragrant sweetness of this beautiful record. The world is made fragrant by the witnessing of brave "shut-ins" who will never be known as this little maid, and yet their work is as great as hers. How many Unioners who will read these notes have had life's ambitions nipped in the bud, the care of some helpless loved one devolves upon you, while you would be free. O what a witness you can give. How many of you school girls and boys find your tasks distasteful or a positive burden, of what are you witnessing? This little maid had lost all that she had, and yet she did not fail to witness.

In this connection note the significance of God's agencies. "And God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong." 1 Cor. 1: 27. And this is the reason he has given so many of us such a poor opportunity for service. We find some astonishing things in this narrative: In all of wicked Israel there was at least one father and mother who believed it to be worth while to instruct their little girl in the wonderful truths of the religion of Jehovah. And was that a very small thing? As a result of this instruction there was a little maid, in circumstances the most trying that could come to her sweet girlhood, who could and did witness to her faith in God. There was one man, though great as this world counts greatness, who was willing to listen to the simple message, though given by a little slave girl. Again "there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, and none of them were cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian," and he was cleansed because he was willing to do so simple a thing, as to believe the slave-girl, and to wash as he was bidden.

Yes it is a paradox, but true, the little things are the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. The boy Joseph telling his dream is the occasion of four hundred years of Israelitish history; the little hand of the child Samuel was lifted to God, and his little voice was charged to tell Eli the coming of an awful doom. By her simple testimony, this little 13-year-old mistress, her master,

The Young People

the king of Syria, the king of Israel, the prophet of the God of heaven, and the very throne of God himself. And would you count this a very small thing? A boy, the son of a wealthy man who lives not one mile from the study where I am writing this, was converted, and came home from school a year ago, and told a thirteen year old girl friend of the Saviour he had found, and as they talked she gave her heart to Jesus. This spring in our meetings this same girl led her father, a wealthy man, to Christ. As a result of this the father of the boy who first told of his soul's possession, was led to submit to Christ as his Saviour. Thus a sequence of quiet influence girdles the earth; as Tennyson says,

"This earth is every day bound by gold chains,
About the feet of God."

One of these chains was put there by this little Hebrew maid, another was put there by the boy referred to above; and still another by the thirteen year old girl; and juniors and seniors you can surely throw another about some shipwrecked life or lost soul, and bind them together with this great earth to the four corners of God's throne. It is all done by witnessing for God.

We see here that some of the mysteries of divine service is revealed. What an awful fate befell the beautiful daughter of this quiet home. She was seized by a gang of free-booters, and dragged into an unknown life, that promised nothing but misery, infamy and woe. We rebel against the providence which would allow it; but note the God who permits us to lose guardian, parents and loved ones, and oftentimes permits our lot to be cast in unpleasant places, will not permit us to be without a guardian: "When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." Ps. 27: 10. Wherever we may be placed, whether we are discontented or sad, there is a service to be rendered to God. If we permit our trouble to absorb all of our attention we will miss being used of God. HOWARD H. ROACH.

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E exhausting a Meeting

One of the common mistakes made by leaders of meetings is the preparation of elaborate papers or addresses, to be delivered in the devotional service. It frequently occurs that the leader is so overloaded with material that before he gets half through with it he has not only exhausted himself, but has thoroughly exhausted the meeting; it drags itself on to a close, with no inspiration, no uplift, and the meeting has done harm to the next service. For people will not go to two dead services in succession. It is one thing to lead a meeting; it is another thing to deliver an address or a sermon. No one expects a layman to preach a sermon; and he certainly should not attempt it in a prayer meeting. Indeed, it might be said with truth that no one expects the pastor to preach in the prayer meeting—but that is not in examination just now. One of the Unions in Michigan has a strict rule which every leader is expected to follow; never to speak over ten minutes on the topic. The service should be thoroughly planned, but the helpers should be many, and not one or two. Do not exhaust yourself—and do not exhaust the meeting.—Baptist Union.

Meetings for Leaders.

One of the Unions in Illinois has adopted a plan with the leaders of the devotional meetings which cannot be too heartily commended to workers everywhere. At the beginning of the quarter, the devotional or prayer meeting committee selects the leaders for the following thirteen meetings. As soon as the list is completed a special meeting is held with all these leaders, with the devotional committee, the president of the Union and the pastor. Each topic is gone over, and friendly suggestions are made as to their treatment; music is suggested, solos arranged for; and such other matter selected in the way of poems, etc., that the leaders are well equipped for the work expected of them. Sometimes the topics are difficult to unfold, in which case the discussion is especially helpful to some timid leader who otherwise might fail.—Baptist Union.

Front Seats.

One of the common problems in every religious meeting is the seating of the audience. It is desirable, from the leaders point of view, that the front seats be occupied; there never was, is not now, and never will be any inspiration in vacant chairs. What can be done to get people to the front seats? One Union has tried the plan of tying tapes along the aisle, running the line close to the front, thus compelling people to move up to the first row. But the plan does not work successfully; experience shows that more people are driven away from the service than are attracted to it. Another plan is suggested, where only a few rows of chairs are arranged in the room, and others carried in as they are needed.

Perhaps the difficulty is best remedied by a wise leader who simply urges people to come to the front in order to help him, and help the meeting. If the active members of each Union covenant together to take the front seats, and then do it heartily each meeting for a month or two, others, who may be strangers, will gladly "close up" the ranks, and the room show few gaps. In this, as in many other things, a right heart will win wise action.—Baptist Union.