

shadow raised a gigantic arm and hand to its mouth.

"Mother!" said Jock. "Ye're home!"  
"Ay, laddie; I'm here. I thought ye were sleepin'," she answered.

"I was dreamin', mother. I dreamt I was in heaven gatherin' roses."  
"Heaven?" Mrs. Nesbit laughed harshly. "There's no much sign of heaven in Wilson's Wynd; it's more like the other place."

"I'm to go to see the King when he comes to Glesca!" Jock announced joyfully.

"You? See the King? Hoots, laddie! Who'd take a cripple bairn to see the King? He's no wantin' ye to see him."

"Miss Lou says he'd come doon the wynd if he kent I was lookin' for him; but she's goin' to take me in a hammock to see him."

"Well, haud yir tongue an' gie me peace. I'm fair wearit to death wi' wrestlin' through."

Jock lay with his face to the grey square of the window; the summer nights were scarcely dark at all. His favorite star twinkled at him, and strange, happy fancies thronged his brain. He was awake, but far away from that dingy room—away among the

that night from the black bottle, lying down without a glance at Jock.

In the dawn of the morning she awoke, her dulled senses on the alert; fog darkened the window, and the rain plashed drearily on the stones below.

Jock was sitting up in his cot, his wide grey eyes fixed on the window, his thin arms outstretched.

"Ye're no' to see the King the day, Jock," she said. "Miss Lou willna' send for ye in that rain."

He did not seem to hear her. He was murmuring to himself with smiling lips.

The mother-heart in her that had not been quite benumbed by hardships leapt to her throat; she jumped out of bed, going over to him and grasping his shoulder.

"Lie doon, laddie! Lie doon, I tell ye! What for are ye wakenin' me up at the dawnin'?"

"Eh, mother! D'ye no' see Him? It's the King—the King of Glory! See He has on His crown! It's no' a crown o' thorns. He—has—come down the wynd for Jock!"

Miss Lou's tears fell, but they were not all of sorrow; for the ineffable happiness of a fulfilled hope was on the wan face of her little lad.—*The Sunday Companion*.

### Workable Plans

What Young People Can Do—Hints for Your Society

The organ of the Young Men's Christian Association gives some axioms or principles of religious work, which are as follows:

Young people can pray.  
Young people can study the Bible.  
Young people can do personal work.  
Young people can be unselfish.  
Young people can be reverent.  
Young people can testify in public.  
Right alongside of this is another set, quite paradoxical, yet just as true:

Young people need to be taught to study the Bible.  
Young people need to be urged to do personal work.  
Young people need to be taught to be unselfish.  
Young people need to be taught to be reverent.



PREACHERS LANFORD AND RUTHERFORD "YARNING."

never-fading flowers that Miss Lou sang of, in the green pastures by the still waters, and his hand was in a Hand that had been pierced for him.

Nobody, not even Mrs. McNab, guessed the strong thrills of joy that shook the little lad's frail body through the long, lonely days. Only a few hours more, and he should see the King.

His mother was openly scornful of the project, but she did not stand in the way. Miss Lou was too good a friend to estrange.

Mrs. McNab came in with wonderful stories of the decorations.

"My word!" she cried. "Glesca is lookin' real fine! An' to think that, when the King o' Kings cam' to His ain city, there was naught but the bairnies to strew branches in His way; an' syne they gie Him a crown o' thorns."

The words sank into Jock's mind; he pondered them in his careful way, and his ideas got mixed between the heavenly Monarch and the earthly.

The bairn looks gay weakly, Mistress Nesbit," said her neighbour. "His heart's ower big for his frail body."

"He's a' right if folk didna put notions in his head," she answered sharply. She had had a long day's chafing, and she took a deeper draught than usual



MR. AND MRS. C. E. MAHON.

Mr. Mahon is Supt. of Mt. Pleasant S. S., Vancouver, the largest S. S. in B.C.

The weak little voice rang out in shrill notes of joy. Even in the dim grey light she could see the ineffable sweetness of the smile that spread from eyes to lips; his outstretched fingers closed as if clasping a Hand; he fell back on the pillow. Jock had seen the King.

Miss Lou came up the stairs lifting "God Save the King." Two men were behind her, carrying the hammock.

"Hi, Jock, here we come!" she cried, as she stopped panting on the upper step. "Are you ready for the King?" Then, on the threshold of the quiet room, she became aware of the presence of a Gentle Guest.

Mrs. Nesbit sat huddled together on a stool by the window. Mrs. McNab came forward softly.

"He's awa', missie," she said. "The King cam' doon the wynd at the break o' day—the King o' Glory!"

Miss Lou laid a tender hand on the white brow and smoothed back the red curls. The stunted bud of Jock's rose lay on his breast, where Mrs. McNab had placed it.



CAPTAIN OLIVER AND INDIAN MISSIONARY PIERCE SAY "GOOD MORNING."

Young people need to be influenced to testify in public.

The devotional meeting is the place to encourage prayer and testimony and to promote a knowledge of the Bible and a spirit of reverence.

"Prayer is neither a notion nor a sentiment." It "moves the arm that moves the world." "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." From week to week let the resident or devotional committee chairman announce some special object for prayer; such as, for the pastor, the church, the sick, the unconverted friends, or the missionary interests.

If a definite object for prayer is before the society, it intensifies the work of the Spirit and the young Christians are encouraged and are stimulated to pray. They will become interested in seeing answers to their prayers and their devotion will thereby be increased.

"True prayer always has its reflex influence on character. In the way named one will become more prayerful, and being more prayerful will become more spiritual, and being more spiritual will become better fitted for Christian work." "The presence of the Holy Spirit should be keenly felt in every devotional meeting."—*Service*.