

the many unaccustomed sights and sounds about him. Just opposite the pier he heard some one crying. Looking around he discovered a little boy about his own size huddled in a doorway, hatless, shoeless, ragged and forlorn. Jamie stopped; his pitiful heart was touched at once by the forlorn object.

"What's the matter, boy?" he asked, timidly.

"I want to go down the bay and they won't let me."

"Why won't they?" asked Jamie wonderingly. "I thought the Poor Air 'Scursions was for boys like you."

"I haven't got no ticket, and I can't go without."

"Well, you just shall go! I've got a quarter and I'll buy you a ticket if they won't give you one. Here comes Aunt Rhoda, she's a Poor Air Committee, and they'll have to mind her."

The little fellow looked up hopefully as Aunt Rhoda captured her small nephew and prepared to whisk him away with her; but Jamie refused to go without his new friend.

Aunt Rhoda looked with pitying eyes on the dejected little bundle of humanity as she heard his story of disappointment.

"Poor child!" she said. "No they don't sell tickets, Jamie dear, and I'm afraid it's too late to get him one. Come over and we'll see what can be done about it."

"I knew you'd fix it," said Jamie, delightedly.

Aunt Rhoda looked doubtful, but said nothing till they reached the gang plank, over which a steady stream of people poured. A man held out his hand for their tickets.

"Can't you take this child without one, just once?" asked Aunt Rhoda. The man shook his head.

"We can't do it ma'am," he said, respectfully, but decidedly. "You know we're not allowed to take anybody without their permits. The boat is always crowded as full as is safe, and if we make exceptions for one we'd have to for others. It's as much as our places are worth, ma'am, to break the rules."

Aunt Rhoda stepped back.

"My boy," she said, "it is impossible for you to go today. But tell me where you live and I'll try and get you a pass next week. Won't that do?"

But the tears were flowing again.

"I don't want to go next time. Mamma is on there, and Daisy, my little sick sister. She's awful sick, and they said if this didn't help her she'd die. She wants me, and she loves me, and she held out her little hands to me and called 'Bubby,' and mamma cried and said, 'Kiss her good-bye, for I'm feared you'll never see her again alive.' I must go with her!"

Aunt Rhoda wiped her eyes and looked about, as if vainly hoping for some one to come to her assistance. Just then the big whistle sounded hoarsely, some one called, "All aboard," and the little stranger sobbed wildly as his last hope vanished. Jamie's tender heart could bear no more. He thrust his ticket into the grimy hand he held, and his basket into Aunt Rhoda's, saying huskily, "He can have mine, auntie, and my lunch and things, he and his mamma and the baby; please take care of mamma's basket. Good-bye, little boy; I hope Daisy'll get well."

Two big drops splashed on the clean linen sleeve, but they left the brown eyes clear to see a happy little urchin with a very dirty, tear-stained face dart up the gang-plank and disappear in the crowd, looking for mamma and Daisy.

Aunt Rhoda couldn't trust herself to speak for an instant, and she kissed her little nephew very tenderly before she gave him into the care of a big policeman to take to the car.

Mamma was surprised and a little alarmed when Jamie came home, especially as the very first thing he did was to throw himself in her lap and burst out crying.

But he wasn't sorry for what he had done, not for a minute, and when Aunt Rhoda came next day and told him of the poor mother's gratitude and that the little Daisy was really better, he said, with a quiet sigh of satisfaction, "If I'd gone to the Poor Air 'Scursion myself it would be all over now. But because I let the boy go I'm happier today than I was yesterday. An unselfish happy lasts lots longer than a selfish one."—Christian Work.

Telescoping Three Meals in One.

An old miser owning a farm found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and offered any man food to perform the labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, readily accepted them.

Before going into the fields in the morning he invited his servant to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer, politely, "I never work after supper."—*Rx.*

EDITOR,

R. OSGOOD MORSE

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its Editor, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, Guyaboro, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the Editor's hands nine days before the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Indwelling Presence, Colossians 1: 21-29, Galatians 2: 20.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, December 11.—Exodus 24: 1-25: 9. [10-40]. Blessed agreement, (vs. 24: 7). Compare Heb. 9: 19-20. Tuesday, December 12.—Exodus [26]. 27. A continual light before the Lord (vs. 27: 21). Compare Lev. 24: 1-4.

Wednesday, December 13.—Exodus 28. "Holy to the Lord" (vs. 36). Compare Zech. 14: 20.

Thursday, December 14.—Exodus 29. Priests consecrated for service. Compare Heb. 7: 28.

Friday, December 15.—Exodus [30]. 31. Keep the Sabbath (vs. 13). Ex. 20: 8-11.

Saturday, December 16.—Exodus 32. Confidence in a calf (vs. 4-6, 35). Compare 1 Kings 12: 28-30.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—December 10.

The Indwelling Presence, Col. 1: 21-29, Gal. 2: 20.

"I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." A wonderful paradox; and yet wonderfully true. Do we believe in evolution? We have it in the process of the divine life. The life of Jesus Christ is evolved in the lives of his redeemed, in the heart of his church. The cross was but an epoch in the development of the life of the Son of God. It came with sad and sacred emphasis. None can fathom the depths of its meaning. "Who loved me and gave himself for me." The atonement was but a second incarnation. It was initiative rather than terminal; the beginning and not the ending. The sequence becomes a cause. Ours is not a dead Christ but a living Lord. Christianity differs from all other religions, in that the death of the originator means the beginning of a life of increased power. "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain and we are false witnesses." But he does live, an abiding, developing presence in the lives of his saints. I place my hands on the ends of the wire cords connected with a galvanic battery, and immediately the electric current begins to pulsate through my veins. Another touching me will feel the power. Every redeemed soul is, or should be, as the wire cord, connected with the centre of power, and all with whom he comes in contact should feel the electric thrill of that presence. "And men took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

This indwelling presence is found evolving itself in the hearts of all of God's redeemed ones. I prick the smallest point in my smallest finger, and immediately a telegraphic message is forwarded to the brain. The smallest part of the smallest member of the body holds a vital connection with the head. There is no member of that body of which Christ is the head, no matter how insignificant that member may be, but holds a vital connection with the head of the church, even Christ. It is "Christ in you the hope of glory." Every true life is but the development of the Christ life within, "the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." "I yet not I." In regeneration the germ of eternal life is placed in the soul by the Holy Spirit. It was intended that that germ should develop into a complete organism. Give the germ a chance to develop and the result will be complete in him. The acorn is not an oak. But the acorn has within itself that which, placed under favorable conditions, will develop into the oak. "The Lord will increase you more and more." It is the duty of every regenerate soul to place himself in the midst of surroundings that will tend to the development of the indwelling presence.

(1) He is to live in the atmosphere of prayer. Its "genial glow" is most conducive to growth. "Everything is sanctified (developed into completeness) by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. 4: 5) (2) Of Faith. Since his crucifixion with Christ, the apostle declares that he lived by the faith (in the atmosphere of faith) of the Son of God. (3) Of Love. "Continue ye in my love," thus shall Christ abide in his disciple and he shall bear much fruit, John 15: 4-9. (4) Of Obedience. He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father and I will love him, and manifest myself (be an indwelling presence) to him. John 14: 21.

It was intended that the germ of eternal life should develop, indeed we have the divine injunction "grow in grace," and we must give it a chance. One with a passion for strong drink, has no right to place himself in a liquor saloon, if he wishes to overcome the passion and be a sober man. The grape vine indigenous to the South, cannot be expected to grow and be fruitful in the Arctic regions. "He that abideth in me, and I in

him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." That this indwelling presence be a developing power in our lives, how much then depends upon the individual. It is the I plus Christ, and while Christ is everything the I is something.

All glory to the power of the indwelling presence. I visit a large factory. Here the different machines are turning out different kinds of work, beautiful and useful. The power is in the engine, as it reaches out its iron fingers in different directions giving force to the machines. All honor to the engine! It is "Christ in you" that makes you what you are. If I glory, let it be in Christ "who loved me and gave himself for me."

But will Christ indeed be an indwelling presence in this sinful heart, this poor life of mine? Will he be to me what the sun is to the natural world, giving light for darkness, or beautifying the dark cloud with its fringes of gold? Will he indeed throw a rainbow over the doorway of my life? Will he indeed plant the rose of immortality in the valley of the shadow of my death? Listen! "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." "If any man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Bridgetown, N. S.

F. M. YOUNG.

We are in receipt of the circular letter which President Lawson is sending out to all our Unions. It will well repay a careful perusal. He rightly places emphasis on the service of the individual. If his earnest words are heeded there will surely be an advance all along the line of our work.

The organization of Young Peoples' Societies grew out of a defect in the working out of church life. There seemed no place to harness the young life coming into the church home so a large proportion of it was lost to effective service. These were the conditions giving birth to the movement. Possibly the strongest argument for the existence of these Societies is that they furnish about the needed organization for these hitherto unused forces. It is a fatal error, however, for any church to think the organization of the Young People's Society a necessity to the training and service for which they are designed. Indeed we hope it will not be deemed treason when we say that in many instances the separate organization is as needless as the fifth wheel to a coach. The divinely instituted body for the development of spiritual life and activity is the church of Christ. Many of our small churches may find it impractical to multiply organizations all officered with practically the same set of workers. Let then the specific work of our Young People be done as a normal part of the church's work. Have your committee whose duty it shall be to provide for the study of the Bible Readers' Course and the conduct of the prayer meeting. Let your missionary committee adapt the Conquest Missionary Course to the use of the whole church, and let another committee, where possible, secure the study of the Sacred Literature Course. When our churches shall have provided adequate means for the nourishment, direction and expression of the younger life of the church the Young People's movement will have fulfilled its mission and the church of Christ entered upon a new era of conquest.

Give Christ the Keys.

Charles Dickens tells of a woman who was very depraved, and he says, "You might enter that woman's nature, and go down a long corridor of passage and up a flight of stairs and along another corridor, and at the far end you would come to a little door, and on that door the word 'women:' meaning that her womanliness had retreated far back in her life until it had become most remote, and all her nature was corrupted with that which was unwomanly. So when Jesus entered your life he meant to be a king, and to fill your whole being with the perfume of his indwelling; but you have filled one room after another with your household stuff; you have been pressing Christ backward until you have driven him to some remote closet of your being, and all your life is filled with vanity, with worldliness, with the love of money, with desire and ambition, and you will never get right until you have pitched all of these things away, and have called Christ back from his retreat and given him the keys of your whole nature.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

"To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market place on equal terms; to live among them, not as a saint or monk, but as a brother-man with brotherman; to serve God, not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burden of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political and philanthropic, this is the religion of the Son of Man and the only fitness for heaven which has much reality in it. . . . Traveller to God's last city, be thankful that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your doors and for the chance to build its walls a little higher before you go. Pray for yet a little while to redeem the wasted years, and week by week as you go forth from worship, and day by day as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to seek a city here, and in the service of its neediest citizen to find a heaven."—Henry Drummond.