

all day. More asleep than awake, I invited him into the room. As he entered he went over to a wardrobe, evidently attracted by something unusual. It was but the work of a moment to take a chair and to seize hold of his favorite parrot, which somehow or other had managed to escape from her cage in the study, which adjoined the spare bedroom in which I had passed such an unfortunate night. There was a general stampede in the passage, and several excited children's voices one could hear exclaiming with evident delight, "Poor Polly is found!" I am afraid my sentiments were not quite so jubilant over the recovered bird, but I kept them to myself.

I pleaded the change of air, the long journey on the previous evening, and being generally tired, as direct causes of my over-sleeping myself; but I never saw that parrot again without wishing inwardly for its speedy annihilation. We spent a merry Christmas together in spite of all these drawbacks, and I am still living to wish all reasonable compliments to my readers of next Christmas.—W. H. B.

No Lost Effort.

A young Sunday School teacher in Boston had in her class a boy who seemed formerly incorrigible. Still she clung to him. She prayed for him every day, and often a dozen times a day. She had moments of discouragement when she heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life.

Finally he was arrested as an accomplice burglar, and sent to prison for two years. She did not give up then, but visited him often in prison always finding him hard, sullen and defiant.

After his release from prison he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but everyone was confident he had gone to destruction.

Years have passed and the teacher married and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific Slope to visit relatives and friends. They found the town or city in which one of their friends lived greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying to elect a 'no license' mayor," said the gentleman they were visiting. "He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came she saw a tall, fine looking man, whom she would have said at once she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M—?"

"I was Miss M—," she replied.

"And you taught a class in a Sunday School called the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in that class named Roger Martin?"

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know him when he stands before you for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M—'s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left home, but in all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but the letter came back to me through the dead letter office. I wanted you to know that after many days and years God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that they were lost," said Mrs. H—, "and I have been praying for you all of these years."—Sel.

What a Small Habit Costs.

"How can you afford all these books?" asked a young man calling upon a friend. "I can't find even the spare change for the leading magazines."

"Oh, that library is only my one cigar a day," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired the visitor.

"Mean? Just this. When you advised me to indulge in an occasional cigar several years ago, I had been reading about a young fellow who bought books with the money that others would have burned in cigars, and I thought I would try to do the same. You may remember that I said I should allow myself one cigar a day?"

"Yes; I recall the conversion, but don't quite see the connection."

"Well, I never smoked, but I put by the price of a cigar every day; and as the money accumulated I bought books—the very books you see."

"You don't mean to say that your books cost no more than that? Why, there are dollars' worth of them!"

"Yes, I know there are. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you advised me to be a man. I put by the money which, at one cigar a day, amounted to many dollars in six years. I keep those books by themselves as a result of my apprenticeship cigar-money; and, if you had done as I did, you would have by this time saved many more dollars than I have and would have been better in health and self-respect besides.—Ex.

The Young People.

EDITOR

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space, all articles must necessarily be short.

A. T. DYKEMAN

Officers.

President, Rev. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. G. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

Our Aim

"Culture for Service."
"We study that we may serve."

Missionary Freeman's Salary.

PLEDGES.

In addition to the list of pledges given in MESSENGER AND VISITOR of July 13th, please place the name of the Fred-erick B. Y. P. U. for twenty-five dollars.

We are informed by Pastor MacDonald that the Fred-erick Union voted that amount some time ago but we have not been notified of the same until now. This makes the amount now pledged by our young people four hundred and twenty dollars.

Industrial Guilds.

ORGANIZED BY REV. A. T. ROBINSON.

1. Middle Sackville, N. B., Pres. Seldon Read; Sec'y, Wm. Wheaton.
2. Bass River.
3. Great Village, N. S., Pres., McLachlan; Sec'y, H. A. Flemming
4. DeBert, Pres., Lewis Fletcher; Sec'y, Carrie Carter.
5. Belmont, officers to be appointed.
6. Onslow, Sec'y., Miss Ida Dickson.
7. Clementsvalle, Sec'y., L. C. Sproule.
8. Smith's Cove, Sec'y., Miss Austen.
9. Spa Springs, Pres., Edwin Tucker; Sec'y., Miss Minnie Balsor.
10. Torbrook, Sec'y., Mr. A. S. Brown.
11. Nictaux, N. S., Pres., H. P. Gatez; Sec'y., Miss Eva Armstrong.
12. South Williamston, N. S., Pres., E. C. Shaffner; Sec'y., Frank Morse.
13. Inglisville, N. S., Pres. to be elected; Sec'y., Wm. McGill.
14. Little River, N. S., Pres., G. I. Thompson; Sec., Miss Bertha Parker.
15. North River, P. E. I., officers to be elected.
16. Long Creek, P. E. I., Pres. not selected; Sec'y., Miss Florrie Stretch.
17. Hopewell Cape, N. B., Pres., Chas. Ayer; Sec'y. Jas. A. Edmund.
18. North River, Pres. not selected; Sec'y., Mr. E. A. Ayer.
19. Collina, Pres., Rev. W. Camp; Sec'y., Newton Sharp.
20. Upper Dorchester, N. B., election of officers later.
21. Hopewell Hill, N. B., Pres., G. M. Russel.
22. Albert, N. B., Pres., Archie Downing.

Convention Echoes.

Dr. Trotter of Acadia University made the address of the Convention, J. E. Hounson of Ontario says in Canadian Baptist "A more Comprehensive View of Education" was the subject of a brilliant address by Rev. Thos. Trotter, D. D. of Acadia University, Nova Scotia. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Trotter had to respond to the repeated applause by rising. "Canada always sends us great speakers" said Dr. Calley.

Herbert White in the "Watchman" says: "The speech of Dr. Thomas Trotter of Nova Scotia on 'A more Comprehensive View of Education' was a mighty demonstration of the glory of Christian culture in personality." Mr. White further says:

The Friday evening addresses by Drs. Roselle of Pennsylvania, Bitting of New York, and Jones of Kentucky, will be remembered for a lifetime as the most remarkable group of addresses ever heard at one time. The great armory crowd sat for two hours as in a trance under the spell of eloquence born of spiritual vision. Some of your leaders who are convention experts declared that it was like a mount of transfiguration. But each session seemed to add to the impression of strength and value, in this exceptionally rich programme. Canada and our North and South sent their prophets, poets, preachers, seers and leaders and seemed like the outpouring of another alabaster box of precious ointment upon the head and feet of our adorable Lord.

Some vital changes were made by the Union. It was decided to hold international conventions biennially instead

of annually, and a very warm invitation come from Kansas City for the next Convention; it is probable that it will go there in 1906.

Again, it was voted to change the weekly paper, "The Baptist Union," into a monthly magazine to be call "Service."

It was the greatest Convention the Union ever held, in numbers, enthusiasm, perfect arguments, arrangements, meeting place, sustained tone of addresses, normal classes and solid permanent results.

Prayer Meeting Topic—July 31st.

THEME: The Final Glory, Isaiah 35: 1-10.

DAILY READINGS.

Monday.—A New Heaven and New Earth, Rev 21: 1-7.
Tuesday.—An Inspiring Outlook. Isa. 60: 18-23.
Wednesday.—Death Swallowed up in Victory. I Cor. 15: 46-58.
Thursday.—A Source of Comfort. I Thess. 4: 13-18.
Friday.—Afflictions Changed to Glory. II Cor. 4: 13-18.
Saturday. The last Enemy Destroyed. I Cor. 15: 12-26.
Sunday.—Eternal Glory. II Tim. 2: 1-13.

This is prophecy having application in the history of Israel, when in a literal sense they returned from their captivity in Babylonia. It also has an application in the completed redemption of the literal and spiritual Israel of God.

THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL.

The tone of the gospel is hopeful and sincere. It is a great thing to know and feel that God will win in the great battle with sin. The dark things in Revelation and in life are not so dark as to obscure the certain, final triumph of Jesus. The outlook may be stormy; but behind all the dim unknown God stands. Time is nothing to Him and so he waits. The kingdoms which God claims are now solitary wilderness deserts, yet we have his promises, and our expectation is that one day all these shall become as the garden of the Lord.

DECLARE IT.

For the benefit of the timid, weak and fearful we are to declare this. Proclaim to that one weak in faith and discouraged in his toil, or is timid and doubtful, the fact of his certain relief and final emancipation. This hope will sustain him and its realization will surely satisfy. Not only so but in a literal and spiritual sense, eyes which do not now see, and ears now so heavy, shall see and hear that of which "the half has not been told." This shall cause him to forget his halting and stammering.

DO NOT REST HERE.

It is intended that the contemplation of all this shall set us to work. It is required that we go out to prepare others for this day. There are so many that stammer, and halt, so many that are blind and deaf, that are fearful and feeble and weak, who need help. We are to play the part of an interpreter of a witness; to be living examples, earnest, faithful and true, for these frail ones have such slender spiritual faculties and perceptions, so if they have much of the redemption offered to them and of the highway especially prepared for them we must be eyes and ears, feet and hands. Yea "a man shall be a hiding place" for them and "a covert from the storm." My dear young friend you must be that man.

TELL THEM OF JESUS.

Tell them of the forgiveness of Jesus, of his redemption, and deliverance, witness to his power to save you, and fill you with hope. Tell it and live it, praying the intercessory prayer "Thy kingdom come." HOWARD H. ROACH.

Daily Thoughts.

Monday.—I must every day have fresh grace from heaven and I obtain it only in direct waiting upon God himself.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Tuesday.—The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quite breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.
—John Vance Cheney.

Wednesday.—The request we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Thursday.—Ever and everywhere the religion of Jesus is a cult of hope, of brave joy, of cheery optimism.—N. Y. Observer.

Friday.—God's promises are stars that are always shining for the eye of faith.—Exchange.

Saturday.—Watchfulness keeps us prayerful, and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.—MacLaren.

Sunday.—"In just that very place of his
Where he hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!"

—Mrs. A. C. T. Whitney.