

right things, but Silas would not listen; he had been unfairly used, and he left the blame on his younger brother, but the bitterness had worn partially away during the years of separation, and thoughts of boyhood days had softened and saddened Silas Brown. He tried to quiet his disturbed feelings and would say, 'Jim's contented enough without any of my doin's, I'm thinkin'.' And so time passed along.

When the train puffed in at the little village station only a few loungers were around and they were wondering why Rob Brown was there with the top buggy. It was seldom that the carriage made its appearance.

Esther stepped quickly from the car, and stood looking about her; seeing Rob, she decided at once he was her cousin, and she went to where he stood holding the horse.

'Are you cousin Rob?' she asked pleasantly.

'I think I am, if you're Esther,' he replied, blushing harder than he wished to. 'I did not know as you knew me, and I could not leave Daisy here; she is timid.'

On the way home, Esther tried to be sociable and Rob did his best to entertain her, but he felt very grateful that she kept her eyes on the woods and fields and not on him, but he was almost sorry when they reached the farm. It had been a pleasant drive, after all.

'Well, Rob, what is she like?' called his father from the opposite stall where he was graining the horses.

'She's the nicest girl I ever saw. Why, she knows a lot about the country and she isn't proud and stiff at all.'

Rob's friendship was won, and that was a good beginning, had Esther only known it.

Farmer Brown welcomed his niece warmly. Rob's words had paved the way for kindly feelings. 'If Rob liked Esther, why, any one ought to,' he said to his wife in the kitchen, to which she replied: 'Nice enough, but it's only put on and won't wear well, I'll warrant you.'

Esther went to her room that night with a heavy heart. Aunt Lucy's manner chilled her. She prayed very earnestly for wisdom and a spirit of love and tenderness, and before she went to sleep she felt comforted, knowing she was sincere in wishing to do right and to be a peace-maker.

Aunt Lucy was surprised when Esther came into the kitchen early the next morning, and more so when she insisted on paring the potatoes.

'Why, no, child, you're not used to this sort of work.'

'You must let me help you, Auntie; that is what I came for. I knew you would be very busy at harvest season, and you will see I know how to do more needful things than playing the piano and doing fancy work,' Esther answered cheerily.

The summer days wore away and Esther could see she was winning her way into Aunt Lucy's heart. But it made her feel sorrowful when she saw how little brightness was really there. It was nearly time for her to return home and she had hoped to have her father come for her, but no one had mentioned it. One evening after the supper work was over, and Aunt Lucy was busy with her mending, Esther took her guitar to the porch and played some soft low music. She felt lonely and homesick and she wondered if her mission had been a failure after all. The thought of what the summer days had brought to her; of the little talks she and Rob had had and how he had said, 'I believe there is

more in this life than we get out of it, Esther.' Was he thinking of another, better, truer life?

She looked at the beautiful clouds as the sun sank out of sight and their brightness was reflected in her soul, and striking a chord, she commenced singing:

'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,  
More glorious and bright  
Than shines in any earthly sky,  
For Jesus is the light.'

Her voice was clear and sweet and found its way to where her uncle was feeding the cattle. He stopped his work and listened. 'I guess she knows somethin' about 'sunshine that the rest of us are strangers to,' and he brushed a mist from his eyes and said softly:

'I'm thinkin' I was wrong about Jim.'

The song reached Rob at the wind-mill and he bowed his head on the pump handle, and beneath his old straw hat was a serious face as he offered a silent prayer for sunshine in his soul. Aunt Lucy came slowly from the house and touched Esther's arm, and in a broken voice said earnestly, 'Oh, Esther, can you tell me how to find the joy in life that song tells about?'

Esther's mission was accomplished, and the autumn days brought peace and gladness to many hearts.

## Jehovah Jireh.

(Gen. xxii., 14.)

(By the Rev. John A. Brown, in 'American Messenger'.)

A God provides! Shall I know fear  
When the Source of all holds me as dear  
As Christ, the Son? I am His son,  
Adopted through the blood of Christ, the Holy One

Who died on Calvary. Shall He not care  
For me, for whom He suffered there? •  
Is God not just? Has He not said  
To 'Take no thought for daily bread?  
He knows our need; His Son was hungered,  
Tempted, tried; all Heaven wondered  
To see Him thus: 'twas love that led  
Him 'till He had not where to lay His head.  
'O, ye of little faith,' the Man of Sorrows knows

And feels the weight of all your woes;  
The sorrows of your inmost heart  
Are seen by Him; in all He has a part.  
His Father's mine, and shall we see  
In Him less love than in earth's parents be?  
Ah, no! but trust His love, the strength  
He'll send  
Us day by day, until the end.

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Macleod takes the Pledge.—At a temperance meeting held recently in Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, Scotland, the Macleod of Macleod, chief of the Clan, marched up to the table, at the close of the address, and took the temperance pledge. Fifty other Highlanders followed their chief's example. A branch of the Highland Temperance League was formed for the district and the Macleod Chief of the Clan was elected president.

## Two Girls and an Idea

(By E. J. Guest, in 'Christian Guardian'.)

'Yes, we have what you would call a flourishing league, I suppose,' said Nell Gray, slowly, from her perch in the top of the cherry-tree, 'but—'

She left the sentence unfinished as she pulled down a laden bough and nimbly stripped it of its shining fruit.

'But what?' asked her cousin, glancing up at the trim figure half-hidden among the green and red boughs. 'I thought that meeting last night was all that could be desired. The singing was hearty, the papers and the discussion on the topic were live, the members were prompt to lead in the prayer service, there seemed to be the greatest sociability among you. Why, do you say "but" in that dubious tone?'

'Well, you see—,' hesitatingly.

'No, I don't see. You are almost all active workers. You have nearly everything you want. What more could you wish?'

'But that's just it,' broke in Nell, 'we all do take some part in the league work (for it is one of our unwritten rules that every member must do something), and we have nearly every thing we want, from a material standpoint, but almost every single thing we do is for ourselves, and ends there. We're getting narrow and selfish, and we don't know it.'

The girl below stared.

'Don't you give to the missionaries?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, we do, a little. But though the young people here have good homes and all they want to eat and wear, they haven't much spare money. You see, the sons and daughters of farmers don't have cash incomes. But that isn't just the point, anyway. Giving money isn't giving the best, after all, if you don't give yourself with it. We need something to broaden our interests and increase our self-sacrifice.'

'Whatever do you mean?'

'Well,' said Nell, looking away over the yellowing grain-fields, which stretched for miles on every hand, 'there isn't any one—actually there isn't one person that I know of—around here in want of the necessities of life. And yet there are lots of them in the world. Sometimes I envy you city people your poor folks,' she burst out suddenly.

'Well, of all the things to envy!'

'It's true, though. You see needs, and it makes you think and plan, and you are there to see for yourself, and to help yourself in meeting these needs. You see what I mean. You work for others, while with us, every meeting, every bit of music, even the missionary study classes, are really all for ourselves in the end. We are just shrivelling up, working for nobody but ourselves.'

'Oh,' said her cousin, beginning to comprehend. 'I see.'

Before her arose the vision of a Toronto deaconess's face, as she had last seen it, whose eyes were moist, and in whose voice was a quiver of pain, as she said, 'Oh, I have such a depressed feeling whenever I go into the country. There are such loads and loads of stuff everywhere, and often going to waste, that we should be so glad to have. Only think of feeding apples and potatoes to pigs, or letting them rot, that would help us to keep our poor people from starvation. Oh, I wish people in the country knew, or cared!'

Like a flash an idea came to Jenny. 'Listen, Nell,' she cried, and she rehearsed