

be? Puffy looked here and there. He poked his sharp little bill under the stones and then he overturned a dead leaf, and there was the bug. Puffy jumped for him, but the bug was too quick, and away they ran again. Puffy was gaining every minute, he would catch him soon. Just ahead was an old board. Puffy was ready to peek at the bug when it ran under the board. Puffy pecked, but couldn't quite reach that bug. Far away he heard his mother's danger call: "Come, children, come quick!" He would try just once more, catch the bug, and run home as fast as he could. "Come, children, come quick!" called Mother Speckle.

Puffy reached far under the board, but the bug crawled farther in. He heard his mother call again, "Quick, quick!" she said. Puffy raised high on his toes and stretched his little neck to see where home was. Away down the orchard he saw it. He had no idea he had run so far away. "Come, quick, quick!" called Mother Speckle, and Puffy ran as fast as he could. He was halfway there when something big and black flew down through the air. It caught him in its claws, and flapped its big wings and flew up from the ground with him. "Mama!" called Puffy. Madam Speckle heard and answered, but she couldn't come to help. "Mama, mama!" he called again and far away he could hear his mother calling excitedly, "Come, quick, quick!"

Just then he heard a bignoise, "Bang," it said. The bird let go, and Puffy fell straight down through the air. He was all out of breath when he tumbled on the soft grass. For a minute he lay still, too dizzy and frightened to move. Then he heard his mother's voice calling. He raised on his shaky little legs and looked for home. Oh, joy! there it was only a little way off! How fast he did run! and how good it was to cuddle under Mother Speckle's soft wings and feel that he was safe!—S. S. Times.

### Santa Claus Knows.

Grandmother says I'll lose my head next.

Papa says he can't afford to buy me any more knives. Mamma says she'll have to sew my clothes on.

That's because I left my jacket on a fence corner when I took it off to play ball, and I came home without it; and, when I went back where it was, it wasn't there.

Nora says we'll all starve next.

That's because I went to buy some things, and I lost the paper they were written on; and, when I was looking for it, I found a cent, and I heard an organ-grinder and a monkey, and me and Billy Watkins went to give 'em the cent, and when I got home it was dinner-time, and the things to eat weren't there.

I wish my things wouldn't always get lost. Mamma says it's because I'm not careful of them, but I guess she doesn't know how easy it is to lay down your knife by the creek when your making willow-whistles, and forget all about it.

Or to throw your ball the last time, and never see where it goes when they call you to wash for supper, and never think of it again till the next time you want it, and then you don't see it again till some one picks it up under a bush, all soaked.

Or to leave your new felt hat on the grass when you're playing "Humble Peg," and Rover finds it and tries to eat it up.

Or to have your tops and handkerchiefs and shoes and gloves always getting lost all kinds of ways.

One day grandmother asked me if I thought Santa Claus would bring anything for boys who lost everything.

"I guess he don't know," I said.

"I believe he does know," grandmother said. "He always seems to know pretty well what you want in your stocking, don't he?"

He does, you know! And I began thinking I'd better be careful, for Christmas was coming. But somehow I wasn't; for that very day mamma sent me with a sponge cake over to old Miss Pratt's, and I just sat it down while I was looking for some gum on the old cherry tree. And the first thing I knew Rover had it half eaten up, and I guess he thought it was better than felt hats.

But I was hoping Santa Claus would not hear about it, and about some other things, when he had so much to see to about Christmas time.

We all hung up our stockings. I had a great time trying to find my best red ones; and at last I found one where I'd rolled it into a ball to shy at Tom, and it fell behind some books. And it had a dreadful hole in the toe, because it hadn't got into the wash, and so it hadn't got mended; but I thought Santa Claus'd be too busy to notice that.

On Christmas morning we boys all jumped for our stockings; and I was just seeing that Jack and Tom were hauling out things with paper round. And they were silk mufflers. And I hauled out a paper, too.

Was it a new silk muffler, all soft and nice, with pokedots on the edge?

No, sir it wasn't. It was three old mean handkerchiefs of mine that I'd stuffed into a hole in my ship when she leaked.

And there was a knife, all rusty, that I'd been making a dam with. And there was another knife I'd left out when I'd taken a snow man, and a pearl handled one of mamma's I'd taken to make a grave for a beetle when the ground was frozen; and it was all spoiled too. And there was a top that I had cracked when I threw it at Billy Watkins's dog.

I wouldn't look at another thing; I saw down on the floor my beautiful picturebook I left out in the rain, and my ship I left in the sun till she cracked, and my whip I poked the fire with. And I pitched the old stockings away, and I—well—I cried.

Soon the folks came to see what the matter was, and grandmother came right in. Tom said:—

"He don't like his stocking and I wouldn't either. It's a mean old stocking!" And grandmother said:—

"Why, this is a nice stocking. Look here!"

I looked; and I saw my other red stocking that I couldn't find hanging there all clean and mended—And I don't know to this day how I didn't see it before. And there was a muffler for me, and a new knife and lots of other things. And Tom showed grandmother the old stocking; and she took up the things that were in it, looked at 'em, and said:—

"Yes, yes; I see how it is. These things were for a careless boy. Of course Santa Claus couldn't put nice things in such an old stocking as this; and the new things are for a boy who is going to be careful and orderly."—Household.

## The Young People

EDITOR . . . . . A. T. DYKEMAN.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands on week at least before the date of publication.

### Officers.

President, Rev. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.;  
Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. G. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

### Our Missionary's Salary.

#### PLEDGES.

Windsor,	\$40.00.
Woodstock,	25.00.
Germain St.,	25.00.
Springhill,	25.00.
Middleton,	50.00.
Main St.,	25.00.
Rev. J. W. Manning,	25.00.

Note.—Send your remittances to Sec'y Treasurer Lawson.

### Reports From Societies.

**F Bear River.**—Our society has pledged \$25.00 to the Glendening Fund. We are having good meetings, with a good attendance, and praying God for a rich outpouring of His Holy Spirit among us.

#### Main Street, St. John.

Our society has held 36 meetings during the past year, and has an average attendance of 50. During the year a few of the members were given tickets as talent money, to be kept 3 months. When returns were made we found they were \$12.10. The society has pledged to give fifty dollars to the Y. M. C. A. and twenty-five (25) to help support the Missionary which is to be sent out by the Mar. B. Y. P. U's. On Nov. 25 a class, for the study of the Story of Christian Life was started, which has a membership of 35. Mr. Roach, our pastor, is teacher and it has been very interesting so far.

The annual business meeting was held on Dec. 7, and following are the officers for the coming year:—Mr. L. H. Thorne, President; Miss N. C. Scott, 1st Vice President, Miss E. McAlary, and Vice President; Miss N. Cowan, Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Jones, Treasurer; Miss Fannie Thorne, pianist; Miss Ada Marvin, Assistant pianist; Mrs. W. H. Dunham, Supt. of J. Union.

Yours truly,

M. R. ANDREWS, Sec'y.

### Daily Bible Readings

Monday—All Nations to be Blessed. Gen. 12:1-3; 22:15-18.  
Tuesday—The King in Zion. Psalm 2.  
Wednesday—Christ Lifted Up. John 12:20-33.  
Thursday—Conflict and Triumph. Mark 13:24-37.  
Friday—An Inspiring Faith. Job 19:23-27.  
Saturday—The Scope of the Gospel. Matt. 28:16-20.  
Sunday—A Question and an Answer. Luke 13:23; Rev. 7:9.

### PRAYER MEETING TOPIC—Dec 27.

AN OPTIMIST'S PRAYER MEETING.  
(Is. 60:1-5).

It is a dark picture indeed which the preceding chapter presents to us. One faint gleam of light only appears in the twentieth verse, "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion." That gleam of light which the prophet saw suddenly breaks into the splendor of the dawn, "Arise, shine for thy light has come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The figure changes, and Jerusalem is not only the one radiant point in the illuminated world; she herself is to be the light-bearer.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"The day-spring from on high has visited us" as the prophecy is in a measure fulfilled.

"The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war."

Much of the world is yet in darkness, not because there is no light but because men are blind to "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The light and glory of Jesus Christ is near to us all. "Say not in thine heart who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down or who shall descend into the abyss to bring Christ up from the dead? The word is nigh thee even in thy mouth and in thy heart." But as the world at first could see the light only as it shone through the man Christ Jesus, so now it can only be made manifest through the sons of God, to whom he has said, "ye are the light of the world."

PROGRESS OF A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

There are now 558 societies among the Protestant churches of Christendom engaged in Foreign missionary work with an annual income of \$20,079,698. There are

employed 18,682 missionaries with 79,396 native workers. The number of stations occupied is 30,536, which represents 14,364 regularly organized churches. The membership of these churches is 1,550,729 with 4,325,564 adherents. The various societies employ in their work 94 universities and colleges, with 35,539 students. In addition to this there are in the various mission fields 375 theological and training schools with 11,965 students. The various elementary schools number 18,742 with 994,442 scholars. 159 printing houses publish 379 magazines and papers. The number of physicians devoting themselves to this work is 711 with 379 hospitals, 783 dispensaries, reaching 2,347,780 patients annually. In the work of philanthropy 247 orphanages, 100 leper homes, 30 institutions for deaf, dumb and blind and 156 refuges for victims of various kinds of vice are performing their mission under Christian auspices.

### A CALL TO FURTHER SERVICE.

The call to "arise and shine" which Isaiah heard finds a counterpart in the messages which continually come to us from across the seas. During the Student Volunteer Convention held in Toronto, less than two years ago, India sent a message. The fields are white, the time is short. Send volunteers full of faith and power. China broke its silence of centuries as she called: One million students, leaders of four hundred million people suddenly awakened. Pray. Japan spoke a heartening word: "Christ is conquering Japan." And from Ceylon came the call: There is great need of more laborers in fields white and waiting.

"Kingdoms wide that set in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, thy gracious light;  
And from Eastern east to Western  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption  
Freely purchased, win the day."

J. A. MACDONALD.

### Illustrative Gatherings.

(Selected by the Editor)

Theme: Missions

Interest in missions constitutes the difference between a dead church and a living church. —Canon Farrar.

Wherever, whenever, and by whomsoever Christianity is sacrificed on the altar of worldly expediency then and there must the supreme good of man be bleeding at its base. —Dr. Duff.

The foreign mission activity of any church marks the standard of its spiritual vitality. —Dr. Merriam.

A missionary, is God's man, in God's place, doing God's work in God's way, and for God's glory. —Miss Guinness.

Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India; the missionaries have done more than all agencies combined. —Lord Lawrence.

Where is your heathen brother, from his grave  
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,  
From the thronged depths of oceans murmuring wave.  
His answering blood reproachfully doth cry,  
Blood of the soul! Can all earth's fountains make  
Thy dark stain disappear? Stewards of God awake.  
—Mrs. Sigourney.

"Prayer makes a person a Magazine of Power."

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice,  
Rise like a fountain for me nigh and day,  
For what are men better than sheep and goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they raise not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chain's about the feet of God.—Tennyson.

### A Code of Moral Law.

Temperance.—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.  
Silence.—Speak not but what might benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversations.  
Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part your business have its time.  
Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.  
Frugality.—Make no expense, but to do good to others or yours; if that is waste nothing.  
Industry.—Use no time; be always employed in something useful; keep out of all unnecessary action.  
Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.  
Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.  
Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.  
Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in the body, clothes or habitation.  
Tranquility.—Be not disturbed about trifles or at accidents, common or unavoidable.  
Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ. —Franklin.