

"Honor Bright."

"Yes, mother. I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did."

And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly as she looked down into the honest eyes, which never in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years had failed to look straightforwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now I'm off!"

And Harry sprang down the steps, and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends: for father and Mother Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell had to perfection the "knack" of making a "good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to quarter of ten! No one else looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle which was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks!"

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't fate," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous."

Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet invalid mother! And he knew little Day was not well. She had been pale and fretful all day. And he had promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the "nine," and its honor depended on his speed and surefootedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace which brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen old man looked very serious as he bent over Day; but he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been of much use to call me, or any one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, oh, mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, honor bright! I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.—Minnie Leona Upton, in Zion's Herald.

Every Boy a Weather-prophet.

There is no reason why every boy—or girl, either, for that matter—should not be his own weather prophet. It is a simple matter to make a cheap but serviceable little barometer which will foretell nearly all the changes in the weather. And that's a good deal of advantage if you happen to be going fishing or camping.

Buy one ounce each of camphor, saltpetre and ammonia salts at some drug-store, and dissolve them in about thirteen drachms of alcohol. Shake the mixture well, and pour it into a long slender bottle, which must then be corked tightly and sealed, so as to prevent air from getting inside.

Hang this barometer on the north side of the house, and here are the weather indications which it will tell you about:

Absolute clearness of the liquid denotes fair weather. If the liquid becomes disturbed or roily, as we say, it is a sign of rain.

If downy masses form in the bottom of the bottle, it will freeze, or at least the thermometer will descend; the more these masses rise to the top the more rigorous will the cold become.

Little stars in the liquid foretell a hard storm. Threadlike objects on the top of the bottle indicate wind.—Christian Observer.

The Young People.

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A. H. CHIPMAN.)
Kindly address all communications for this department
to A. H. Chipman, St. John.

Maritime Unioners will be glad to learn that Dr. Chivers will attend our August Convention.

Prayer Meeting Topics for May.

C. E. Topic.—Some things worth living for, 1 John 2: 12-17.

B. Y. B. U. Topic.—Giving to the Lord—why? How much? 2 Cor. 9.

B. Y. P. U. Daily Bible Readings.

(Baptist Union.)

Monday, May 17.—Job 26. The vain help of the self-confident, (vs. 2). Compare Isa. 30: 17.

Tuesday, May 18.—Job 27: 1-11. A thrilling resolution, (vs. 4). Compare Rev. 14: 5.

Wednesday, May 19.—Job 27: 12-23. The end of the vicious. Compare Prov. 14: 11.

Thursday, May 20.—Job. 28: 1-11. The hidden things brought to light, (vs. 11). Compare 1 Cor. 4: 5.

Friday, May 21.—Job 28: 12-28. To the vicious, wise words, (vs. 28). Compare Deut. 4: 6.

Saturday, May 22.—Job 29: 1-12. Job's noble example, (vs. 12). Compare Jas. 2: 13.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

Prayer meeting topic for the week beginning May 16.—"Giving to the Lord why? How much? 2 Cor. 9."

The Greek word, which is translated cheerful is the word from which we get our word "hilarious." We might read the text, "the Lord loveth an hilarious giver." So does everybody else. The subject is one of great importance. The young Christian should be taught as soon as conversion to realize a responsibility in this matter. Even the child who loved Christ should know that the God who owns the world does not despise pennies. The poor woman who gave the mites gave more than the rich who cast in the gold.

The subject contains two questions, why give and how much? Give because we are taught to. It is our duty. The 8th and 9th chapter of this book marked it very plain. If we fail to give of our substance we rob God. A man was once asked "have you joined the church?" He replied "the dying thief did not." "Have you been baptized?" was next asked, "the dying thief was not," was the answer. "How much have you given to missions?" was then asked. "The dying thief gave nothing," was the reply. "Well," said the interrogator, there is this difference between you, he was a dying thief, but you are a living one. Is the language too strong? Does not Malachi teach us that it is scriptural? There is a must in giving.

Then we should give on account of the great need for the gospel. The Christian that realizes the value of a soul may know the worth of a dollar, but he will not withhold it when God asks for it. If Jesus gave His life for men, it is as little as we can do to give our money. There is no investment into which our means can be put that promises such large returns. No one is neighbor to his lost fellow man, who shuteth up his purse against him by refraining from giving to the cause of truth.

Then we should give since we have given ourselves. By our own voluntary act we "are not our own." A man is larger than his person. When he gives himself it includes his possessions. A man was about to be immersed. Before going into the river he was advised to take his wallet out of his pocket. "No, no," he said, "let it alone, I want my pocket book baptized too." All we are and have belongs to Jesus. We are simply stewards of the grace and gold of God. No man belongs to Christ in earnest who thinks he has a right to do as he pleases with his money.

Then how strong is its power to convince men that we value and believe in religion. A dollar bill is a good foot rule for our love and faith. Paul says in 2 Cor. 8: 24 that it is a proof of love. Some admire a bill on the plate more than in the wallet. Men respect almost anything that they see backed up with green backs. They say behold how they love him, when they see us cast our dollars at his feet. Jesus would speedily have a triumphal entry into many a heart if the wings could be provided to carry the messengers. Then we always get more out of it than we give. Peabody, the great philanthropist, was once asked which he enjoyed the most, making or giving money. "Without hesitation he replied "the latter." The Dead Sea gives nothing. Around it there is desolation. So is it with every life that simply centers in self. The road to spiritual beggary is called withholding from the Lord. The law of the kingdom is "give and it shall be given you." But how much shall we give.

Of course it depends upon what we have. Responsibility grows with possession.

"Little my debt when little is my store,
The more thou hast, thy debt shall grow the more."

As an old divine said, "The Lord looks not so much at what you give as at what you've got left. It is said that when Mr. Spurgeon was building his tabernacle a man came to him and questioned him about how much he thought he ought to give. Mr. Spurgeon asked him if he could give \$250. He replied easy. Could you give \$500? was then asked. Yes, without any trouble. What about a thousand? I could give it with a little self denial. Could you give \$2,500? Yes, he again replied, but it would mean some sacrifice. Then said Mr. Spurgeon, that is about the sum it seems to me you ought to give. The advice seems sound. When we ask ourselves how much, then let us enquire how much do I wish to reap. The man that sows not only thinks about the seed in hand but the harvest he desires. When you give get under calvary. If a cross has a place anywhere it is on our collection plates. "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

Halifax District Union.

The quarterly meeting was held in the First Baptist church, Friday evening, April 23rd.

Bro. D. G. Whidden, president of the Dartmouth Union, conducted devotional exercises for a short time, when the business of the evening was taken up. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Ex Mar. Pres. Geo. McDonald was called to the chair. The District considered and afterward adopted for their guidance, a constitution, embracing Unions and Baptist churches in the county.

The hand of welcome was given in behalf of the District to Bro. D. G. Whidden, representing the Dartmouth Union, 23 members being present in the meeting and standing, whilst Bro. Rev. W. E. Hall performed this pleasant duty. The District sang their welcome to Dartmouth, "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Bro. Harold Freeman offered prayer, voicing the sympathy of the meeting in behalf of the bereaved family of the late R. R. Philp, the vice president, being a member. At the conclusion of the business Bro. Rev. G. A. Lawson conducted an evangelistic service, many present taking part.

Our next meeting, by request, will be held with the Younger Sister, Dartmouth. The quarterly meeting is now looked forward to by our Unions with delight, the seasons of prayer and testimony and coming together of heart and voice are so hearty, cheerful and inspiring. Cor. Sec'y for District.

Paradise, N. S.

The meetings of our B. Y. P. U. during the past six months have been well attended, and a good degree of interest manifested. At our last meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing half-year:—Pres., Eugene Morse; Vice-Pres., Herbert Starzatt; Sec'y., Miss Rowena Morse; Treas., Mrs. D. C. Freeman; Cor.-Sec'y., Mrs. J. S. Longley. The social service, led by Bro. Hamilton Young, was one of unusual interest. The subject for the evening, "How may our Young People's Society do better work?" drew forth a very general and strong expression of resolve for greater zeal and activity in the work of the Union and the cause of Christ. We hope to be able to report a large amount of progress during the summer. TRYPHENA LONGLEY, Cor.-Sec'y. May 6th.

"She had done what she could." The members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Indiana State prison at Michigan city have no money to contribute toward State Christian Endeavor work, but the other day the State treasurer received from this society fifty-two stamped envelopes. One of these envelopes is issued to each prisoner every two weeks and an extra one is given instead of a ration of tobacco. By abstaining from the luxury of correspondence, and from the use of tobacco, the men were enabled to fulfil their pledge.

An endeavor after apostolic fashion is recorded of a native Christian Endeavor society in Shaingay, West Africa. The young men of the society set out, two by two, to preach the gospel throughout all their district, a region forty by seventy miles in extent. They held 238 services and reached 4,572 hearers, and all without a penny of expense. The young men have many interesting experiences. One of them philosophically remarked, when deterred from crossing a river by the alligators in the stream. "The Lord sent us to preach the gospel, not to feed these fellows."